

Crisp and the Luck of the Irish

By: Terinas Tiger

"Ugh, I just have nothing to wear!" The husky pouted, looking in his closet, bent over, his tail up in the air. The slate gray of his fur shimmered gently in the light of his room. It was a mess. He'd tried clothing on for the past hour, setting aside shirts, pants, and underwear in various assortments. He pouted, sighing as he stood up and closed his closet. "I can't go out to the bar tonight looking like this! None of these are suitable!"

His roommate, a skunk, was laying on a couch in a room adjacent to his. He looked up from the book he was in the process of reading. "Crisp, you've got like twelve outfits laid out in front of you."

"Oh pooh, Michael!" Crisp waved a paw. "I don't mean CLOTHING! I've got plenty of that stuff." He growled. "I mean shoes! All my shoes are so messy and worn out." He sighed. "I don't want to wear dirty and smelly shoes to the bar, but..."

The skunk named Michael chuckled, turning a page as he turned back to his book. "Isn't it in an hour?" He grinned. "You waited too long to really go shoe shopping. Especially with your specific tastes in footwear."

Crisp folded his arms against his chest and scowled. "I just like Converse! They're comfortable and stylish." He pouted.

The skunk raised an eyebrow. "You own like four pairs of them. What's wrong with them?"

Crisp growled. "One pair's stinky, another one's got an oil stain on it, the third pair's got holes in their soles, and the fourth one doesn't have any laces right now!"

"Wait, why would they not have laces?"

"Not important right now!" Crisp waved a paw, then sighed. "I guess I've got no choice but to wear the stained pair. I'm out of time, anyway." He tore open his closet door, grabbed a pair of red and white Converse shoes, and sat down on the purple sheets of his bed to get them fitted on. In a matter of minutes, he'd gotten dressed, and moved onto doing his hair. He brushed his hair and fur, putting on his favorite hoodie: White cotton, with red trim lining the edges of it. "Alright Michael, I'm going!" He smiled, waving from the front door. "Stay cool, don't wait up!" He smiled, opening the door and dashing out, slamming the front door behind him.

"Yeah, whatever..." Michael turned another page. "Man, that guy always has the worst luck. I wonder what's going to happen to fuck him up this time?" He yawned, reading. "The last time someone threw a blender at him during Black Friday... oh well. At least he gets some good stories out of it."

The bar known as The Hoof Tapper was Crisp's destination, and he had drove across town to get there. The reason being that it was Gay Single's Night, as Crisp got out of his car, he stared up at the setting sun, wondering if he would be lucky enough to meet someone. The sky at sunset was beautiful: A mix of reds and yellows and oranges, crowned by retreating rainclouds from the downpour that had rained across the city earlier this day. It was as he stared up into the sky that Crisp saw it: A rainbow, outlined in the light of the sun. "Wow, lucky!" he wagged his tail as he shut the door of his car. "It's really huge, too! In fact, it looks almost like it's setting down near the... bar?" He looked towards The Hoof Tapper. The rainbow arched down into a small glade of trees in a park just opposite to the bar. "Woah. I've never really seen one that close before! Maybe I'll find a pot of gold!" He turned away from the bar, running across the street and eagerly heading towards the glade.

The air was saturated with the scent of pine needles as Crisp crashed through the underbrush, covering his face with his arms. The glade he'd found himself in was a ring of pine trees, almost a perfect circle in shape. "You know, this is kinda weird." He looked around. "This is the only place in the park where you can find pine trees. And they're in this order. That's... really kinda bizarre." He snapped his fingers. "Wait! The rainbow!" He turned his head up. By the time he'd gotten there, the rainbow had receded. He couldn't see it in the sky anymore. "Aww..." His ears drooped and he whimpered, pacing around the grove. "Dang, I was hoping to see a rainbow up close. I bet it could have been neat. And all I got to show for it was pine needles and tree sap in my fur." He took a few steps towards the edge of the grove, when his foot hit a root and Crisp went flying forward, tumbling to the ground. For a moment, everything went white as his head hit the ground.

The husky awoke, sprawled on the ground, his muzzle just a few inches from the trunk of a tree. "Yeesh. Almost wrapped my head around a hard shaft of wood." He blinked. "Did I just make an innuendo? Arf, I think the fall knocked the sense out of me. And my poor shoes are all scuffed now!" He whimpered as he looked around. Out of the corner of his eyes, something glinted. He turned his head slightly. To his right, next to some deep grooves in the soil, was something glittering. A bright, golden coin. "Marf?" Crisp pushed himself up to sit, reaching over and taking the coin. It was heavy in his paw. He felt around the sides for any foil wrapping, just in case it was chocolate. "No way!" He felt his tail wagging as he held the coin in front of him with both paws, his eyes wide. "This is gold! I found a literal golden coin!" He looked over to the ground next to him. "Looks like someone was dragging something heavy here. With three prongs in the ground and a wide, circular center. Almost like... a... pot." He shook his head, standing up. "No way. No way would there be an actual, REAL pot of gold. I mean, I joked about it, but that's just SILLY." He stuffed the coin into a pocket, and walked towards the club, wiping pine needles out of his fur as he walked off. "Still, it's pretty lucky to find a gold coin, right?"

As he did, a bush rustled, and someone whispered to themselves as they watched the husky leave. "Silly, be I? Oh just wait, laddy. Just wait..."

The Hoof Tapper was a large establishment, a bar with several pool tables, four dart boards, a jukebox, and wall to wall guys. Crisp grinned as he walked in. He felt excited. After finding his good luck charm, he felt exceedingly lucky. The husky descended upon the crowd of guys, ordering a drink and enjoying the atmosphere. He chatted with a lot of guys, played several games of pool, and got several numbers. And everything seemed to go his way. He won all the games of pool he played, never seemed to say the wrong thing, and all the guys he met seemed to be really nice. At the end of the night, he found himself walking home with the numbers of several guys, each of them very hopeful prospects. Crisp had arranged for a date with each of the guys he'd met at the bar that week, already scheduled. The husky was as happy as he could be while walking out to his car. He took a moment to look down at the golden coin he'd found earlier in the day, pulling it out of his jeans pocket. "That was wonderful! You've brought me such good luck! You're my good luck charm, aren't you? I'm never giving you up!"

He got into his car, closing the door. As he started it, a small figure lept out to cling to his bumper, unnoticed by Crisp as he pulled away. "Steal me gold, will ye? Well, ye'll get yours, heh heh heh..."

Something felt different as Crisp stirred. But his mind, foggy from the night's rest, couldn't quite figure out what it was. As he stirred in his bed, something rustled against his face. He licked his lips, feeling the taste of paper as he did. And his feet felt tight, and a bit constricted. Almost like he was wearing something over his footpaws. The husky reached up to his face, and touched paper. He grabbed onto it, sitting up and looking down at the sheet of paper in his paw. After a few seconds, his vision started to clear. The sheet of paper was a handwritten letter, written in green ink. Each letter was swirly, and they appeared to be glittering to him. "Nnngh... what is this?" He wiped his eyes with his free paw, and then stared down to see what the letter had to say.

"Return the gold to me, or suffer me curse!"

The note was signed "L. P. Chaun"

Crisp stared at it, in a waking stupor, for a minute or two. After that, he growled. "Oh ha ha, Michael! Very funny!" He stood up to get out of bed, the shoes he was wearing making a clunking sound as they hit the wood of his floor. "Real hilarious! How did you even know I found a gold coin last night?" And then, suddenly, it hit him. Why was he wearing shoes in bed? He looked down. And then yelped.

Wrapped around his footpaws were a pair of lime green sneakers, with white rubber lining the bottom. The sneakers were neatly laced with green laces, entwined with small gold threads that criss-crossed the length of each lace. They ended in proper bows, which bounced as he lifted a leg to stare at one. "What in the world?" He didn't own this pair of shoes. They had no

manufacturer's symbol on them, and he'd never seen a pair like this before. "Uh..." He swallowed, bending down to tug at the laces on the left sneaker. "Hey Michael, you DID pull this prank, right?" He said aloud, hoping his roommate was awake and would hop out to tease him in a moment or two. "Yeah, it kinda got to me, but I can just take them off, so what was the point?"

As he pulled on the right shoe's laces to undo the knot, the lace slipped out of his fingers. It shot out, cracking like a whip against his fingers, smacking at them with more force than he would have believed a shoelace could muster. Crisp yelped, as he popped his fingers into his mouth, sucking to alleviate the pain. "Um... ok..." He sat on the floor to try and pull one of the shoes off. After a few moments of fruitless tugging, he came to the conclusion that the shoe was stuck. It wasn't coming off. Panic growing in his gut, Crisp moved to try yanking the other shoe off. After a few minutes of grunting, pulling, and attempts at using a shoehorn as leverage, he conceded. "MICHAEL!" He shouted. "GET OUT HERE!" he stormed to his roommate's room, knocking on the door. "VERY FUNNY!" He growled. After a few moments, when no one came to the door, he moved to open it. And that's when he saw the note.

"Crisp: Have fun at your bar romp. This is just a reminder that I'm going to be out of town visiting my cousin Xavier for the rest of the week. I'm flying out tonight, so you're on your own for cooking and cleaning the place. Have fun and don't trash the apartment. Again. Please."

Crisp tugged the note off of the door. "Ugh, he even did that nerdy thing where he dated it. Who dates notes to friends, seriously?" He looked down at the offending shoes beneath his feet. "But if he was out last night when I got home... who actually put these ON me?" He bit his lip, turning to the front door of their apartment and checking it. It was locked, and the deadbolt was slid in. So no one could get in or out without one of keys he and Michael carried. After a moment, he called the Landlord, who confirmed the third key was still in their possession, twenty miles downtown in their personal home.

"Oooohkay." he whimpered, staring down the gaudy, shimmery green shoes. "This is just the slightest bit freaky, not gonna lie to myself about that." He folded his arms. "Maybe I can cut them off?" He went to open a drawer in the apartment kitchen and pulled out a pair of scissors. With the cutting implement, he attempted to cut along the laces of the shoes. After a few moments of strenuous effort the plastic head of the scissors snapped in two. Crisp whimpered, looking at the broken scissors, which had failed to even sever a single fiber of the shoe's laces. "I'm starting to be ready to admit that something weird is going on here." he stood back up, walking over to a rack of knives on the kitchen counter. "Maybe something sharper might work?" He reached up to take a bread knife off of the rack.

Without warning, his left paw shot up into the air, knocking him off-balance as he was pulling the knife up. It clattered back onto the knife rack as Crisp went tumbling down, hitting his back against the floor with a loud thud. He winced, looking down at his left leg, as it settled down. It'd felt as if someone were pushing the paw of his leg up from the shoe itself. "O-ok! message

received.” He whimpered, as the leg relaxed. “No knives.” He blinked. “... I’m talking to a shoe. Did I hit my head? Again?” Sighing, Crisp pushed himself to his feet. “Ok, so let’s say this really is a curse. What do I do now?”

As if on cue, his cell phone, plugged into a charger on the kitchen counter, chimed and vibrated. “Meep!” He turned and ran over to it. One of the guys whom he’d set up a date with, a fox named Winslow, was texting him to see if their park date was still on. With all the panic over shoes, he’d entirely forgotten the first date he’d set up was for this morning. He didn’t have any time to figure anything out unless he rescheduled the date. For a moment, Crisp hesitated, weighing his options. After a few seconds, he sent a confirmation back to Winslow that he’d meet him in an hour, as planned. The husky was nervous, but they were just shoes, after all. He’d figure out how to get rid of them later, but rescheduling now would just make him seem flakey. He got dressed, as best as he could with shoes stuck on his back paws, and cleaned himself up. As he approached the door to his apartment, he looked down at the green, gaudy shoes. “Gonna behave? Good! It’s bad enough I’m stuck in you guys for this date.” He sighed. “But I’m not gonna freak out and reschedule. Because, after all, what’s the worst that could happen?”

Over the course of the week, Crisp came to regret asking that question. His date with the fox Winslow had started out well enough. The two men met in the park to walk and talk, grab some food, and get to know each other a bit better. They’d spent some time looking at the trees and flowers, talking, and after a little while, Crisp was excited when the fox’s left hand reached over slowly to take hold of his palm. That’s when things began to go down hill. Crisp felt the glittering green shoes tingle around his feet ever-so-slightly, and then he began dancing. His feet rapped against the ground rapidly, as he tap danced backwards, yanking Winslow back with him, as he danced a jig he’d never known before. Much to his own protest, he couldn’t even manage to convince his arm to let go of the fox. He felt like a prisoner in his own body, dancing with a big stupid grin on his face, as he spun the sputtering Winslow around with a whip of his arm. However, the momentum of the spin pulled him along with, sending the two men plunging into a mud puddle. Crisp begged forgiveness once his festive irish jig had ended, but something about the way Winslow stormed off told the husky that his date wasn’t ready to forgive him.

The date Crisp had the next day was with a horse named Edward. He’d tried to take the shoes off, he really had. Scissors broke instead of cutting them, shoehorns bent to a point of uselessness, and even soaking the shoes in olive oil didn’t loosen them enough to let his footpaws slip out. (It did, however, make me reek of olives when he went to see Edward, something which made the stallion lick his lips several times over the course of the date.) Their date had been a night out dancing, which Crisp had insisted on, assuming that at least if the shoes pulled the same trick as they had before, he could write it off as just getting in the spirit of things. And so, dancing they went. Everything was going fine, until Crisp’s big strong date pulled him in close for a slow date... and the cursed shoes beneath Crisps feet clicked their heels

together. Crisp groaned, as he felt phantom fingers stroking up and down his cock as they danced, unable to escape from Edwards's strong, masculine embrace as the shoes pulled their prank. He shuddered, the full length of his boner rubbing against his pants, poking against Edward, who proceeded to give Crisp several strange looks. The phantom fingers picked up their pace, coaxing out the husky's knot, which provoked Crisp to groan, firing his load all over his pants. Edward's eyes went wide as he felt Crisp's crotch grow wet with the excess cum. Crisp had never seen his date move as fast as he did when the horse abandoned him and raced for the door.

The day of his third date, Crisp awoke to discover that in addition to the shimmery green shoes, he'd somehow been put into a pair of long, green and white striped stockings, with a shamrock emblazoned on the side of each stocking facing outward. He tried to get rid of the darn things, but, just like the shoes, they wouldn't even tear. At first, this had seemed to just be confusing. But his date, a rat named Vincent, had taken one look at him and just turned and walked off. It was almost as if the shoes were deliberately sabotaging his chances with any date he had.

At the end of the week, Crisp had just a single date left, and he'd already given up hope on it. There were only a few hours before he was supposed to meet the guy he had a date with, at a Sapphire Saturdays restaurant. He entered in the guy's number, thinking about what he was going to say to cancel out of this. Oddly enough, he didn't remember who'd given him the number. He'd been somewhat drunk when he'd gotten it. And unlike his other prospective dates, whoever had given him the number hadn't added a name to go with it. Even with his canine sense of smell, all he smelled on the slip of paper with the number on it was cheap beer and pretzels. With a sigh, he sent a text message:

"Hey dude. Cant make it 2 the date tonight. Pers. issues."

After a few moments, he got a reply.

"What?" And then a poop emoji.

He frowned weakly. His date was accusing him of bullshit. He responded back. "No, 4 reals. U don' want 2 see me like this."

"Fine" His date replied, without a period. After about a minute, Crisp's phone vibrated again, and he got another text message. "I'm still going out to the restaurant, though. If you're really feeling that bad, I can understand not going. But I was really excited to see you again. If you feel up to it later, please come?"

Crisp's ears flopped as he stared at the text, whimpering. "Dang it." He mumbled to himself. "Dang it dang it dang it." He put his phone down, as forcefully as he could with the sensitive smartphone (which was gently, so as not to break it) and turned to his bedroom to find something nice to wear with his horrible green and white stockings, and the shoes that wouldn't

quit giving him fits. As he walked towards his room, he unzipped his pants, getting ready to yank them down. "Dang it dang it dang it dang it!" he growled. "I'd be really excited for this, if it weren't for these... STUPID.... SHOES!" He growled, kicking his right shoe into the frame of his door.

His right footpaw tingled as it slammed into the door, and he felt the shoe pushing back off of the doorframe, sending Crisp sprawling back with a whimper. He landed on his butt, feeling his legs shaking. His pants were down below his knees, leaving him only in his red chili pepper boxers. His shoes clicked together, as he felt the phantom hands moving up and down his cock again, another hand rubbing around his tailhole, pushing and prodding. "NNnnghh... Oh!" He shuddered, feeling a wave of heat crossing his body. "W-what are you doing?" He said to the shoes, as he felt his feet curling upwards. Slowly, his cock began to swell upwards, as the phantom fingers began to coax inch after inch out of it. Crisp groaned, propping himself up with his arms, panicking.

Crisp's legs moved with the flexibility of an olympic gymnast, both footpaws tingling, as he saw his legs bend upwards at the knees, running the fabric of the shoe on his left leg along his growing bulge. "Aaah!" he shuddered, his body tense. In the back of his mind, he wondered why he wasn't feeling any pain about his legs bending like that. However, as his left shoe began to grind up and down against his cock, rubbing it through his underwear, the thought was quickly banished from his mind. The right shoe, not to be left out, unraveled its laces. The laces slid up like a snake, hooking into his underwear and pulling it down, tugging it slowly until there it was down below his waist, leaving his balls, and rapidly moistening cock exposed. "Ooooooo, stop that!" Crisp felt a shudder run through his spine as the left shoe ground against his cock, the nylon fabric of the shoe's tongue growing warm and slick with his precum. "I've h-h-had it with you stupid shoes!" He whimpered, as he felt the laces from the right shoe moving up, tracing along his ballsack.

"Nnnngh! Can't fight it!" He yelped, gritting his teeth as another wave of pleasure swept over him. The phantom fingers, which had seemed to vanish when the shoes had started, returned in force. They slid along the parts of his cock that his left shoe wasn't caressing. Another pair were pushing in and out of his tailhole, slowly pumping in a rapid motion. He groaned and shuddered. "C-can't!" He managed to bark out, before he spurt his load, firing out his seed all over his stomach fur. Crisp fell over, his mind lost in a sexual haze, breathing deeply. His shoes finally settled down, his legs lay limp against the floor like the rest of him. He let out a soft huff, amidst his post-sex panting.

He had a lot to think about, but it could wait until after the afterglow.

Sapphire Saturdays was a family friendly restaurant, but they had an open bar, and a lot of adult patrons liked visiting for that exact reason. It was actually where Crisp's date had told him to

look when the husky finally texted an affirmation that he was coming. He has only been told to look for a green and white baseball cap, with a shamrock on it. The words had chilled Crisp to the bone, until he finally found who he was looking for, slumped over the bar.

The otter Crisp was meeting was startlingly familiar. Brown fur, kept a bit long, especially over his eyes. Unlike most otters, he was muscular, with the burly, barrelchest of a bodybuilder, and arms that were as large as small tree trunks. He'd spent a lot of time working on developing his physical fitness, and it showed. He was wearing a button-up brown polo shirt, which matched his eyes, and a pair of khaki pants, adjusted to accommodate for his fat tail, which swished up as he caught sight of Crisp for the first time. After a few moments, he reached up for the hat, which he tossed aside, as if it were trash.

"Crisp!" He approached, hugging the husky happily. "You know, I almost went home before I got your text. But I guess I just had to hope." He gave Crisp a warm smile. "It's really good to see you!"

Crisp's own smile was a bit more forced. "It's good to see you too, Kevin." Kevin the otter had been a childhood friend of his, up until near the end of high school. After a mutually shared disturbing experience involving a haunted house, they'd stopped talking to each other. It had been awkward, for one, and they'd agreed that even looking at each other was just too much of a reminder of what the heck they'd been through. "Although I can't help but be surprised. I mean, given how we didn't part ways on the best of circumstances..."

Kevin waved him over to a table he'd had reserved, rolling his eyes. "Ugh, don't remind me. But, you know, it wasn't all bad." He said, giving the husky a weak smile. "I really wasn't comfortable with, you know, those sorts of feelings before our... experience. Still I'm surprised you took my number at that bar."

Crisp looked away. "Well, you know, I'd thought about it, and I decided to let bygones be bygones, and-" he slumped over against one of his arms.

"You were too smashed to recognise it was me, weren't you?" Kevin gave him a grin.

"I was lit up like a christmas tree, yeah." Crisp sighed. "But that doesn't mean I'm not happy to be here!" He pushed himself up to stare into Kevin's deep brown eyes. "I mean, I really did have a crush on you. I mean, before the thing we agreed didn't happen."

"What thing?" Kevin nodded.

"Exactly." Crisp nodded back. "I always meant to give you a call back, but I never had the guts." He scratched the back of his head and whimpered. "I'm sorry, man."

Kevin sighed. "I was kinda in the same boat. I'm sorry too." He turned to lean around the table, looking down at Crisp's shoes, and the matching stockings. "Nice choice of, uh, footwear there."

"Huh?" Crisp swallowed, ears flattening. "Y-yeah. Those. They were a gift. From someone." He stammered out. "I was gonna take them off, but well, they're kinda growing on me." He remembered the orgasm the shoes had driven him to just earlier that day. It had been surprising, yeah, but also the first good thing he'd experienced with those dang cursed shoes ever since he'd woken up with them on. Yet the reminder that he had them on was also a reminder that something was bound to go wrong. He swallowed, as he reached a paw into his pocket, fondling the gold coin he'd considered his good luck charm. Hopefully it'd work. He needed all the good luck he could get!

A waiter came. Kevin ordered the seafood salad, while Crisp ordered a hamburger and fries. As the two of them made small talk, Crisp felt his footpaws begin to tingle within the shoes. "Oh no. here it comes!" He thought to himself, as he felt his feet lifting, shoes tapping against the floor rapidly. Kevin, mid-sentence, froze, tilting his head. "Are you hearing that rapid rapping? What is that?"

"Er." Crisp clenched his teeth. "ADHD." he mumbled. "I'm, um, really excited to be here, and can't control my energy. Haha!" he said, feeling his feet tapping a festive irish dance against the metal supports of the table. "You know how it is."

"Huh." Kevin raised an eyebrow, but shrugged. "Well, anyway, as I was saying..." he launched back into the story he'd been telling, the one about the roboticists that Crisp was interested in.

Not too much longer afterwards, their waiter returned with their food. Crisp was salivating as he looked down at his burger, his ears perked as he moved to bite into it. As he did, his heels clicked together, and he felt phantom fingers moving up and down his flaccid shaft. "Mmmph!" His eyes went wide, as he nearly spat out his burger.

Kevin frowned. "Crisp, are you alright?" he leaned over the table, his face a mask of concern, his eyes wide. "Are you choking?"

"N-nofff!" Crisp shook his head, suppressing a moan as he felt his cock tenting his pants. "It's just this, uh, burger! It's-" he felt a phantom hand masturbating his stiffening cock, as fingers began to tickle his tailhole, circling it like the hands of a clock, with a slow deliberance. "-sooooooooooooooooooooo good!" he groaned out, arching his back as he pushed into the hands, momentarily lost in lust. After a moment, the hands vanished, and he realized what he was doing. Half the restaurant was staring at him. Feeling his face get hot, Crisp blushed, looking over at Kevin and laughing. "Er, sorry. Heh." He whimpered, leaning down to finish his food, as fast as he could. His balls were badly blue, and ached as he kept eating.

The rest of the night had gone about the same way. Several times during his meal, the shoes had given him boners. He'd even spit out some of his coconut cake in surprise during one of them. Whenever he'd stood up, he'd find that he'd start to tap dance. When he'd went to the bathroom it had been especially bad. Kevin had watched as Crisp, his feet furiously dancing, his arms pumping to the beat of a tune he couldn't hear, did a jig all the way to the bathroom. By the end of the evening, Crisp pants were visibly stained with precum. He was equal parts mortified and aching with pent up arousal as the waiter brought the bill. He was certain that the only reason Kevin was still there was because he wanted to be polite.

He reached out with his debit card to pay the bill, only to find his paw smacked away. "Nuh-uh. I'll buy." Kevin said. "Least I can do for all the fun."

Crisp blinked. "Y-you had fun?" He looked up at Kevin, surprised.

"Uh-huh." Kevin grinned. "It was interesting. Can't say that about all the dates I've had. Didn't you have fun?"

"Y-yeah. I did." Crisp meant it as a lie, but was surprised when he realized he actually meant it. "I guess I did, at that." He stood up, his face hot. "Well, I guess you want to head home, so I'll just..."

"Hey, let me walk you out to your car, at least." Kevin stood up, putting his arm around Crisp's shoulder. The Husky felt himself blushing as he instinctively leaned in against his date, nodding silently in affirmation.

The two of them walked outside, Crisp staring up at the starry night sky. Kevin stopped, and Crisp stopped as well. After a moment of silence, Kevin cleared his throat. "Those shoes are magic, aren't they."

Crisp's mind went through many stages as he processed that statement: Panic, surprise, confusion, hope, and even a bit of fear. After a few moments, he sighed. "Yeah. They dance, tease my cock and hole, and probably other stuff as well. I can't get them off. I've been stuck in them for a week now." He looked up at Kevin. "How'd you figure it out?"

The otter chuckled. "Well, I could say something about how reluctant you were about coming tonight. Or the fact that you said the shoes were growing on you, in spite of the fact that I know you've had a love affair with Converse High Top sneakers for the past few years of your life. Or I could mention the dancing to the bathroom thing, which was suspicious. Or the event I'll only refer to as "burger orgasm"."

Crisp rolled his eyes. "Ugh, don't remind me of that." He covered his face with his paws. He'd never live that down. "The worst part is these darn shoes have been blue-balling me all night."

“But the real reason I guessed it was magic was because you literally started reeking of spearmint a few seconds ago. It’s like you were sprayed by a skunk advertising a new flavor of gum, and you never seemed to notice.”

“What?” Crisp sniffed at himself. He smelled like he’d been dipped in a vat of fresh pine scent. “Oh gawd dangit!” He glared down at the shoes. “Just when I was starting to LIKE you guys!” he glared at them, sticking his tongue out.

He was taken completely off guard by the otter’s paw, as it reached down to squeeze his balls. “So you mentioned you were blueballed?” Crisp turned up to see the otter grinning like a cat that ate the canary. “Maybe I should help you with that. Back at your place?”

They’d started making out literally after Crisp opened the door. The strength of Kevin’s arms as he wrapped them around the husky was permanently tattooed into Crisp’s mind. Ever since that night they’d spent in the haunted house, he’d craved the feeling of being held in those arms again. His tongue wrestled with Kevin’s, as the otter ground into him, their cocks rubbing against each other through their pants. Crisp trembled, his pants still quite soaked from all the leaky erections he’d suffered back at the restaurant. “Aaah!” He broke the kiss, shuddering and groaning, as white fire poured from his loins, spurting out into his underwear and pants. He panted, tongue flapping out of his lips, as he looked up at Kevin. “S-sorry... just... so pent up...” He mumbled.

“So are we done?” Kevin narrowed his eyes and gave him a smug grin.

Crisp’s response was to move down and cup the otter’s ass. “Don’t you DARE let up now.” He pushed Kevin away from the wall, giving him some wiggle room, and moved over towards his couch. He began to tug his pants down, along with his boxers, and lifted his tail up. “Fuck me, Kevin. I want to feel you inside me again... like that night we don’t talk about...” he looked back, whimpering and giving the otter a hint of pout, his lower lip trembling.

Kevin grunted, unzipping his pants, letting his cock flop out. He stepped forward, as the husky watched his full eight inches bouncing with every step, a bead of precum forming as he approached, dripping onto the carpet below them. The scent of the otter’s musk hit Crisp’s nose, making his cock twitch. Even after cumming, it just took minutes for him to get hard again. He lifted his tail, closing his eyes as he felt Kevin pushing up against his tailhole. “I didn’t pack any lube, so this will have to do.” He said, circling the husky’s tailhole with his cock, smearing precum all over it. He pulled away, provoking a whimper from the puppy, until Crisp felt several fingers pushing inside him, lubing his insides. Pushing back and forth inside him.

“Oooooo!” Crisp moaned, his rear wiggling as he anticipated the joining of bodies. He wanted to feel his ass stretched tight...

The otter pulled his fingers out. "Now it's time for the main attraction." He gripped his cock with his paw, leading it up towards the husky's hungry, needy tailhole. "How do you ever get by single? It's clear to me, puppy, that you need a big strong man to keep track of you. To take care of you. To fuck you rotten every night." He pushed inside Crisp, snorting as he felt the husky's bottom clenching down against his thick shaft. He began to hump, back and forth, slowly at first, but picking up the pace. The otter leaned down, pressing his chest against Crisp's back. He growled and nibbled at the husky's neck, as he felt his orgasm building. And then, as he'd hit his apex, he howled, firing inside Crisp, filling him with ribbons of ottercum. He sighed, panting.

Crisp looked back at him, a euphoric look on his muzzle. "So are we done?" He teased back to the otter, throwing his own words back at him. "That was faster than I expected from a big guy like you." He winked.

Kevin scowled. "Into the bed, pup. Let's see who tires who out."

The rest of the night faded into a blur for Crisp. He recalled the otter pushing him backwards, pressing him up against a wall and grinding into him, as their tongues wrestled with each other. He remembered how warm and safe he felt, being carried by his new mate to his bed, as Kevin lay him down, tugging the zipper of his pants down with his teeth, a smug glint in his chocolate eyes as he undressed the husky. Crisp remembered how it felt, spooned up against his lover, feeling the otter's cock pressing up against his rump. And he remembered his lucky gold coin helping him get lucky one last time, as he came five times that night. He'd have to change the sheets the next day. After sleeping in for a very late morning, his head nestled against Kevin's chestfur. The whole time, his shoes had been tingling.

He remembered falling asleep. He'd remembered being content.

Until he felt something pressing into his stomach. He rubbed his eyes, sitting up and staring, with a slight "wurf?" noise. It was the middle of the night, and he had been having a nice dream.

Standing on his body, a corn cob pipe sticking out of a toothy grin, was a little gopher of a man with resplendent golden fur and green eyes, the irises twisted into clovers. He wore a small green hat, and a green suit with wooden shoes, also painted green. "Enjoy me curse, laddo?" he said, puffing a few rings out of his pipe.

"Your-" It took Crisp a few minutes to process what the tiny little man had said. "Urgh. The shoes." His face contorted into a scowl, as he bared his fangs. "The shoes were your doing. You sent me that letter demanding your gold back!" He pointed at the leprechaun. "You're the reason I've been having such trouble!"

"Aye!" The gopher cackled. "Such mischief it's been! But ye coulda made it stop at any time, iff'n ye'd only given back the piece o' eight ye stole from me."

Crisp rolled his eyes. "Ok, it's too frigging early for this. First off, I picked it up off the GROUND. In the middle of a park. It's not like I stole it from your home or anything."

"That park is me home!" The leprechaun began to play a ditty out of his corncope pipe, as if it were some kind of flute. Crisp raised an eyebrow, as the tiny little man began to dance.

"SECOND," Crisp said, wondering vaguely why Kevin wasn't waking up, but writing it off to little gopher magic. "You never told me where or who to return it to. Even if I'd wanted to, I had no idea what to do with it."

The gopher froze, mid-jig. "Er- well, it be the job of us wee folk to confuddle and confound ye big things, laddo!" He said, his perpetual grin looking a bit more sheepish to Crisp.

"Uh huh." The husky narrowed his eyes. "Pull the other one, it has bells on it." He sat up, folding his arms, as the leprechaun pulled back off of his stomach to stand on one of his thighs. "Fine. So you're not going to admit you screwed up." He rolled his eyes. "How about this? I'll return the gold to you... if I get to keep the shoes. With the ability to take them on and off, that is."

The tiny little gophers face went blank. "...you LIKED me curse, laddy?" His smile finally fell from his face.

Crisp looked over at Kevin. "It... kept things interesting. I think I could learn to like it, given time. And besides, if it weren't for those damn shoes, I probably wouldn't be here, next to a wonderful guy, like this." he let out a dreamy sigh, blushing a bit. "So yeah, I want to keep them. They're fun, as long as I can take them off when I don't want to deal with all the pranks."

"So be it!" The little leprechaun clicked his heels together. Crisp felt his cock twitch as he heard the sound. "The deal be made, then!" The gopher held his tiny hand up for Crisp to shake it. "Ye be handling seeing one of the wee folk quite well for a first timer, laddy!" He giggled.

Crisp shook the gopher's tiny hand, his expression deadpan as he thought back to the haunting he'd experienced years ago. And that incident with the shoe genie during college he'd never told anyone about. "You don't know my life, little man. You don't know my life."

"Indeed I don't, laddie!" The leprechaun giggled again, before clapping his hands together and vanishing in a puff of green glitter, shaped like a shamrock. "Enjoy yer cursed shoes!" He even giggled as he vanished.

Crisp felt his footpaws shiver, as he looked under the covers. The garish green shoes were still there, quite glittery and green, complete with their matching stockings. However, something felt

different. There was a distinct looseness to them that there hadn't been before. He instinctively just knew that he could get them off if he really needed to. But that wasn't the only thing he knew... He clicked his heels together. Next to him, Kevin began to moan. Crisp looked down, seeing a tent growing in the bed, right between the otter's legs. He saw as Kevin began to thrust back and forth into it. Crisp giggled. He couldn't wait for the otter to wake up!

The End!