

Long Rides and Leprechauns

March 2024

What a fucking boring bit of road this was!

A tourist might have thought the rolling green countryside flashing by was breathtaking – but not Fiadh.* She'd lived here on the bloody Emerald Isle all her life, and now at the ripe old age of twenty-six she was far too bored of it to do anything more than stare resentfully out the bus window. Wonder how to spend as little time as possible with her family this weekend. Maybe close her eyes a spell. Daydream about that sordid, kinky fanfic she'd been reading online.

And yeah, maybe just let the swaying bus lull her off to sleep.

She was running. Chest hammering, feet flying, hair blowing. Through the trees she tore, eyes on one thing and one thing alone. That glimmer of green before her, darting through the brush, frantic to escape. But she would not stop – not now. She was so close, so very close-

"Hah!!!" And with a headlong lunge, her scrabbling fingers closed at last: on the unexpectedly thin and bony leg of the tiny, bearded man she'd been chasing.

"Okay, okay, easy! You got me! Fair enough!" It wasn't exactly the sort of voice she'd have expected a leprechaun to have: raspy and low and as rough as tree bark. "What's the big deal, lady? Can't leave a poor old fellow in peace, can ya?!"

Fiadh gulped... fought to catch her breath... sat up sheepishly on the damp grass. But once her breathing had slowed, she found the words spilling from her lips as if of their own accord. "You're a leprechaun, right? You have to... you know, grant me wishes! That's how it works, isn't it?"

"Wishes, shmishes," the tiny fellow grumbled, rocking back and forth and tugging at his flaming red beard. "You young folk are all way too smart for your own good. I bet you haven't even thought about what you want to wish for, have you? Hmm? HAVE YOU?!"

She opened her mouth – then, as nothing showed signs of coming out, shut it again. "See? Don't even know what you want," the leprechaun jeered, hopping now from foot to foot. "I say if you

* Pronounced FEE-uh.

don't know, I might as well be going-"

"No!" Fiadh blurted, reaching out desperately. "No, I- I *caught* you! You have to grant me my wishes! It's just that I- I need a minute-"

"I haven't got a minute," returned he – but then, a mischievous spark glinted in his eye. "But if you insist – here. Let *me* take a look and see what you've been dreaming about..." Before she could do more than gape, he was pressing both his grubby hands tight against her temples. The scene went black. She felt herself being whisked away as if by magic, floating through some undefined ether...

And then came to herself with a jolt.

She wasn't in the forest any longer, nor on the already forgotten bus. A hard, icy floor pressed against her naked knees. Heavy weights dragged at her limbs, and as she tried to rise, she found her arms immobile and pinioned behind her back. A chill breeze blew across her, and she realized with a start that she was naked as the day she was born. But most intense of all was the urgent pressure in her bladder, begging for release...

"Who's a dirty little slut, hmm? Who's my fucking little whore?" The voice was strangely familiar: raspy and low, with a fierce growl of sadistic pleasure suffusing it. "Yeah, look at that drippy cunt! You get off on being my cock-sucking slut, don't you? Don't whine! I know you love it-"

"Please," she was begging, and the voice in her ears was nothing short of pathetic. "Please, let me- I need the toilet! I- I can't hold on much longer-"

"Seriously? You *seriously* think you deserve a break just for a fucking piss?" A searing pain flashed across her exposed ass, and she let out a strangled bleat of dismay. "Don't you dare, now! You hold it for me. Hold it like the big girl you are, or you'll wish you had-"

The world went dark again, and now she was tumbling through space. Falling. Shivering. Quaking at the intensity of what she'd just experienced. Quivering with a nameless sensation deep between her thighs. And then...

"Aww, who's a wee darling, huh? Who's the dearest little lassie around?"

She was flat on her back this time. Above her gleamed the soft pastel of a nursery ceiling. Beneath her rustled the plastic cover of a nappy changing table. And as she lay there, she felt tender hands

caressing her exposed pussy, massaging a powdery-smelling cream deep into the naked folds between her thighs.

"There we are! Lovely and thick this time – double thick and boosted to boot. Nothing but my softest, thickest nappies for the most darling baby ever..."

She tried to rise – but her muscles wouldn't obey. All she could do was stare helplessly, while the low, gently growling voice droned on. She was a good wee lassie. She was the best baby in all the world. She was a dear, leaky little dolly. Maybe someday she'd outgrow her nappies, but not yet. Not for a long time.

All the while, she lay there limp and nerveless, feeling the babyish garments drawn snug around her. Yet even so, from deep within her core the painful urgency of her aching bladder was now melting into the oddly fierce, rising glow of arousal...

Darkness took her a third time, sucking her out of the fantasy and back into the ether. She jerked – spun – flailed. And by the time the crazily-spinning universe had settled down around her and she'd ventured to open her eyes, her body was already quivering under the onslaught of fantastical sensations.

Delicate tickles were rippling slowly up and down her sensitive underarms. A hysterical giggle rose to her lips, and she attempted to jerk her arms downward in self-defense – but utterly failed. For a quick glance upward and then down showed her that once again, cuffs now bound her fast. She was spread-eagle on a wrought-iron bed, stark naked once more, while above her hovered a nightmarish multitude of identical faces: each belonging to the little man who had started it all.

Which, though terrifying, wasn't even the worst of it. Because once more, her bladder was screaming for release.

"Ha- hahaha!" She couldn't even pretend not to be ticklish now: not when those feathery tingles were touching her in all of her most sensitive places. She bucked and struggled in her bonds, but if anything the tickles only intensified. "Haaah! Ha, hahahaaaaa- Puh- please! No, no- sto- haaa! No, I- I'm gonna- gonna-hahahaahaaaaa!!!"

Of course they didn't stop. Not in the slightest.

Only when the urine was shamelessly spurting out of her with all the hissing force of a water hose

did the tickles begin to subside: amid hoarse laughter and the wild clanking of the cuffs on her pathetically struggling limbs...

"AAaahhh!!"

Fiadh jerked upright in her now-motionless seat. About her, fellow passengers paused on their way to the exit – stared – then glanced tactfully away with uncomfortable expressions. Only one young child kept staring back at her as he was tugged off the bus. Yet even as he disappeared into the crowd, she could hear his loudly querulous voice...

"Mam, that lady just wet her *pants*! Did you see?!"

She stared down in sudden chagrin – only to find that the words were horrifying true. Already rivulets of rapidly cooling urine were dribbling down the edge of the hard plastic seat, and even as she sprang forward out of her seat, her shaking fingers confirmed the worst: that a massive, wet patch was already spreading far and wide across her ass.

That was how she was standing when he approached: the red-bearded bus driver, stepping briskly back the aisle with a quirky twinkle in his eye. He drew up beside the mortified young woman. Looked her dead in the eye. And then, from his vest pocket he pulled a pad of paper, upon which he deftly scribbled a note that he then firmly pressed into her hand.

Only once she'd frantically wrapped her jacket around her waist and stumbled off the bus did she manage to unfold the note with shaking fingers. There, printed neatly across the yellow paper, was the following invitation:

"Three wishes confirmed. Stop by this address to have them fulfilled."

Anyone else would have called it the stuff of fantasy – or more likely, the work of some creepy perv. But as Fiadh stared down at the paper, she could already feel her stupid, humiliation-loving, piss-covered pussy clenching at the thought.

Because maybe, just maybe, leprechauns could be real. And more importantly, maybe her weekend wasn't going to be so boring after all.