

# Little Bit O' Luck

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Jessie knew she was being overly optimistic. Being a Spice Witch, getting to the end of a Rainbow wasn't that hard of a task. Average people would never understand that the optical effect of a rainbow may shift or vanish depending on your position to the sun and the rain, but the magical end, THAT could be calculated with simple math. It had to be precise, one step left or right if it and you would never know, but the biggest hint when you were close was the rainbow would look like a rainbow-halo above you. Finding the end of a rainbow was neither here nor there as the point of it was to find a leprechaun's pot of gold at the end of it. And as the true way to find a rainbow's end had been figured out by magic users long ago, Leprechaun's had added all sorts of tricks, traps and alarms to make certain no mortal would find their gold and glean that precious wish.

Thing was... Jess was drunk. It had been a hell of a year so far and she had been drinking well before St. Patty's Day. All that had changed was the color of the beer, now that emerald green. So she staggered on taking a shot at gold hunting with probably more chance at hitting the lottery. "Come 'ere pot o' gold, Jessie needs some luck." The witch fell on her plump bottom and slid down the hill, green stains streaking on the seat of her pants. At the bottom of the hill the momentum carried her into some bushes, poking and prodding flesh as she gave out an annoyed grone. Jess swatted the prickly leaves till suddenly she was sidetracked by hues of a rainbow shining on her arm. Something that wouldn't be possible here in the shade with no water around, unless... she had found the end. "Ha! Easy peeshy" she cackled punctuating it with a drunken hiccup. At least she accomplished this part. Drunk and dizzy as she was there was no way she would find the- "Holy shit"

Her eyes went huge like two golden suns reflecting back the shimmering light that was glowing up into the spice witch's face. There it was. A short little black cauldron the size of a cereal bowl, but instead of milk and lucky charms... it was full of luminous, glowing magical gold. "This... this is too easy" she blinked. There had to be a trick, or a trap.. and yet... she grabbed it firmly with both hands. "Huh. I have your gold! Show yourself... somebody" It was silent. If this was a real pot of gold some little magical bugger would be here trying to twist her wish and get their gold back already. "Okaaaay, this must be a fake one I"

"EH! Is this thing Ouun? Taesting Taesting can ye hear me?" a honorary little male irish voice boomed from the gold.

"Um.. yes I can hear you fi"

"Me name is Shamus O'Shawnacy and ye are the loocky soul to be find'n me pot o gold and last

will and testament.”

“Last will and testament?” This seemed... super shady to Jess. Maybe she should put it down

“That’s right Lassy! I have recorded me last will and testament in me gold so that things may be sorted... now that I’m dead and all”

“Wha- recording? But you’re talking to me now?” She blinked confused

“I mean yes but... hey...You’re arguing with a pot of precious metals and ye are shocked by the fact I made it able to hold its own in utterances and conversing? As if I’m thee one whos daft?” the pot shuddered and shivered as Shamus’ voice upped the angry anti.

“Ok ok, so... what good is a Leprechaun’s gold if it isn’t attached to a Leprechaun. I’ve been duped my wish.” Jessie pouted at the pot in her grasped in her hands.

“How dare yee! Swinging your greed over me grave yee gold digger!”

“HA! I am so sorry to offend you from beyond the grave dear Shamus, I wasn’t aware a disembodied voice that isn’t even the actual person it represents could take true offence.”

“I... er...” the pot stopped as the small voice thought over her words. “Yee know yee have a point there Lassy. I supposed I can’t really have much reason to be upset as I am not me buta recording of me. Maybe yee are the perfect pick for me gold to be left behind after all ye witty thing”

“Nor was I aware I needed your will to collect gold that you left.. In a Bush! I figured the old and infallible law of finder’s keepers would be enough.” Was she always this funny when drunk, was she even funny. It didn’t matter.. The whole of this situation was hilariously thick with nonsense.

“Ya can’t just take me gold without the rules around it! What tomfoolery would that be?! No no ye must have the role that fits the gold! Ha-HA!” The pot glowed, growing hot in her hands, trembling faster and faster.

“Woah now, what role? What are yee... yee.. Ahem you talkin about yee disembodied mischief maker?” The gold magic swept through the air circling Jessie’s body. She dropped the hot cauldron and shook her hands to get off the gold glow, but the pot stayed floating in the air. “And what have ye done to me speachables and enunciations!” Her growling utterances grew higher and higher in pitch. The witch screeched as she shunk a foot, and then another. Her tight pants and shirt became a tent of material around her shrinking body. Her rapid loss in height halted when she was about a third her original size, about as tall as a six year old child... or hobbit. “What the fek!? This in’t goin to due at all.” and with a snap of her finger her blouse, pants and heels reformed into tight leather breeches, a peasant top blouse that hung off her

shoulders and an emerald green corset. "This isn't what I casted. What are these shenanigans Shamus O'Shawnacy!? Answer me lest I throttle you from beyond the grave!"

"I told ye! The gold is yers now and ye be the leprechaun it belongs to! Yer magic is just makin' somethin fitting for a cute Leprechaun maiden such as yourself." Jessie summoned up a hand held mirror and looked in awe at her new tiny face and body, everything had been downsized from her height to her figure. Her curves were still quite prominent but she thanked her lucky stars they had stayed proportionate. If they were still their old mass she would barely be able to walk. Her face had more of a pixie shape, with pointed ears and sharp canine teeth to match. Jess took a deep breath, unsummoned her mirror and marched off in her tiny boots. "Hey! Hey where do yee think yer going" the pot cried out in alarm.

"Well" said Jessie, with a very prevalent Irish lilt. "First and foremost I'm gettin me self a drink. And once I come out of the drunken stupor and the hangover that is sure to come heavy on it's heels, I'm going to sort out how to undo this mess you stubby little stinker who's past and gone."

"But what if someone finds yer pot o gold!?"

"Then I'll send them an Irish blessing and wish them well with being a Leprechaun. Better it be on them fer tis isn't fer me!" She huffed and began taking tiny steps back up the hill towards the pub.

"That's not how it works! It's already yours. If someone were to find your gold you would be bound to grant them a wish with your new magic."

"..." Jess stopped cold. The witch turned ever so slowly, her freckled face contorted in an angry scrunch "You better be full of shite Shamus O'Shawnacy or I swear I'll have someone wish up your ghost to be possessed into the arse of some farm animal or the like so help me lord and lady of the faes."

"I'm just tryin to help! Feel free to figure how to pass the buck but until then... guard yer gold!"

The witch slunked her tiny freckled shoulders and attempted to deep breath her stress away. "Oh well then... if that's the case. I'll be sure to put it where no one will ever find it.

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The pub was going wild for the little woman doing her irish step dance on the counter of the bar. Her large (for her) tits bouncing with each high kick and shuffle. Everyone just assumed she was a tiny woman (unbelievably tiny) in special fantasy makeup, a much easier thing to believe than a leprechaun. She seemed to glide around the fire lit pup, performing for drinks and infecting everyone with her high pitched cackles and large toothy smile. A few men had even

attempted to hit on her but they must have struck out on their tiny woman fetish attempt, for they were nowhere to be seen. Probably the lot of them were sulking outside in their cars. Another song came to an end, and she grabbed a green beer and waltzed over to a chair, her elbow able to rest on it like a ledge. Each step there was a tiny jingle from her bra and looking closely one might believe they spotted glimmering jewelry in her cleavage.



Taking a big swig from her oversized mug she chuckled again “These boys may be overly thirsty, but when it comes to this Lass... they’ll never fin’ me pot o’ gold, gahahaha” Others laughed as well, one especially large man staggered over to her as she hopped up and floated into her seat.

“So I hearl yer tell’n folk you’ve been cursed into a Leprelass? Gotta say it’s quite believable at yer size... if people believed in magic that is.”

“Oh but it is magic, cross me heart and may fate smite me if I lie.”

He leaned over the table chuckling “Well then however will you get yourself sorted.”

“With a little bit o’ luck me darlin. Now if you’ll be scusin’ me, me mug seems to be a bit dry” she tried to slip away but he grabbed her tiny wrist. “Hey!”

“Why don’t you stay will ol’ Jimmy and I can help ye find yer pot o’ gold” He smiled a crooked yellow tooth smile, his breath reeked of beer and corned beef.

“And what would ya wish fer, Jimmy? A woman, big and buxom always horny fer a man?”

“Oh yes!”

“Yeh? With soft wide hips perfect fer poppin out the wee babes?”

“I mean we don’t need kids but the hips are ni-”

“Ass as firm as her tits, enough to sink your fingers into but hold their shape against gravity and time? Nipples hard and nethers overly sensitive, addicted to touch and never satisfied till she’s had hours of fek’n and screwin? Don’t lie to me Jimmy dear, I’ve had the same talk with four other fellers tonight already. You’d wish for it wouldn’t ye!”

“Well ... yes I would wish for such a woman!” Jess winked and bumped her tit, a single gold coin bounced on the table and rolled around.

“It’s magic gold Jimmy! Give it a go!” Jess’s leprechaun fangs sparkled in the fire light of the pub. Jimmy stared at the gold taking a deep breath and grasping it with his fingers. His mouth opened and-

“LAAAAADY!” In the doorway stood a blond woman in workout clothes that showed off her curves just as well as her abs. She had called Jess Lady, not as a description, but as a pet name. A literal pet name, because though she didn’t look it to the world, this woman Sey, was Jessie’s cat.

“Oh shite, Girlfriend alert Jimmy I’m gonna need me coin ba-”

“You know how much trouble we will be in if word gets out you’ve been zapping people into their dreamgirls? Permanent changes could be super super serious!”

“It’s not me fault if people are changing themselves by being stoopid and lusty. I didn’t want to be a Leprechaun! I’m the victim here!”

“Oh and those four women outside in kilts with tits bigger than their head... that has nothing to do with you?” Sey crossed her arms and eyed her witch.

“Like you never cause shenanigans when you get in feisty kitten mode?”

Sey squinted and let out a low catty growl “I am your familiar. I am supposed to get into naughty mishaps, not have to bail you out of yours. You are the spice witch, that makes you like... designated driver for life. Now you are com’n with me ‘little’ Lady!” Set scooped up her tiny lesbian lover witch and tucked her under her arm. “I’m getting you home and we’re getting this fixed.

“Put me down ye bossy pussy! I can’t be seen bein hauled off like luggage by me own cat!”

“I’m not in that form right now, can you hush. Oh lady... you had waaaaay too much to drink”

“I will not hush, and I aren’t even that drunk! I am a mighty madam even at bite size, tell me to hush ya brazen sex pot of a familiar... oooh when we get back to our home I’m gonna unleash an Irish fury on your blarney bottom till all ye see is rainbows and clover!”

“Sure you are lady, and when I get you full sized and out of this irish stereotype we’ll see how you really feel”

The man watched the tiny woman kick and scream under the blond woman’s flexing arm, the gold coin in his still in his hand. Could there actually be some magic about this after all? He closed his eyes and whispered “I wish for the woman the lady talked about.. to exist.” Jimmy opened his eyes slowly. “Like... totally not magical Jenny” he huffed slouching forward, his giant mammaries spreading out on the table. “Like wait.. My name is Jenny, not Jenny... no it’s Jenny! Ack I have big... boobies!” She gave her cleavage a poke and shuddered in shock that she could feel it.

The coin was snatched from his newly manicured fingers “Sorry um.. Jenny. We are gonna need this. Don’t worry though! Maybe we’ll get lucky and figure out a fix for you as well!” said Sey, with a very nervous pasted on smile. She quickly made an exit while the ginger leprechaun Jess under her arm let out a stream of giggles that could be heard out the door and down the street as they ran, hopefully to get Jess away from any more St. Patrick’s day shennigans.