Cornelius Xavier McGillicuddy Esquire

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The alternate title of this story would have been "Leprechaun in Love"

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CORNELIUS XAVIER McGILLICUDDY ESQUIRE

Mac was planted flat on his backside under the shade of a fully leafed tree. In fact, it was the only tree of any significance on the rocky hillside. He often dozed there in the heat of the mid-day sun to gather his thoughts for his evening schedule.

Of late, Mac frequented Paddyâ s Pub on Shamrock Circle and his face was so familiar to the steady patrons that they considered him one of the regulars.

He had drifted down to this rural area from the more populous North and made a point of avoiding all persons of government connection, especially the Garda and anyone in uniform of any type. It was a habit that served him well making him virtually unknown and not on anyoneâ s list.

Money was not a problem for young Mac.

His purse was somewhat bottomless and he always seemed to find a gold coin when he needed it to pay for the rounds of brew and snacks.

He really was a lot older than he looked but that was typical for his sort of type. His parents were back in the â Kingdomâ in a region long thought deserted but still home to many types of creatures from times long forgotten. Mac couldnâ t stand the formality of the place and took the opportunity to go a roving as soon as he passed the age of independence.

He had left behind a veritable bevy of dew-eyed little golden princesses with shapely figures and comely faces. It annoyed him no end to discover not a single one had the desire to accompany him on his journey into the world of the human despoilers of Mother Nature.

Several times lately, Mac had been bedazzled by a fair young thing at Paddyâ s Pub. Usually, it was after the consumption of a sizable amount of liquid refreshment. His advances, which had been considered first rate in the Kingdom, suddenly seemed totally inadequate in the confusing give and take of social niceties conversing with young ladies who seemed interested in â Where do you work?â or â What do you do for a living?â His blank stare generally drove them off with no further effort on his part.

He was tempted to tell them of his magical member tucked safely away between his legs but it seemed far too much like boasting and he was a feared of being taken for a braggart.

So, poor Mac was surrounded by pretty girls, with loads of cash in his pockets and a tool of magnificent proportions, unable to convince a single female to let him sample her sweet honey.

The barmanâ s daughter was a young lass of about 20 with the reddest hair he had ever seen.

She told him her name was Moira and that she wouldnâ t put up with any sneaky feels when no one was looking and didnâ t tolerate any ungentlemanly words being tossed in her direction.

He looked at her plump rounded buttocks with deep-seated regret, but obeyed her bidding without question.

One night, when it was really crowded with a rowdy, boisterous bunch of partygoers, he helped her clear some of the tables and even set up the bottles for distribution to the impatient revelers. When she told him to go down to the dark cellar for some new supplies, he didnâ t hesitate because the dark underground areas were more like home to him than the world above ground.

He was really surprised when she asked him to â Walk me homeâ at closing time.

The route to her cottage was dark and they had no light between them. To make matters worse, the moon was often hidden behind the swiftly moving clouds that foretold a storm approaching. As they turned into the gravel lane that led to her front door, she took his hand in hers and told him,

â You can kiss me if you want, Mac, Iâ m sure I wouldnâ t mind at all.â

He was pretty inexperienced with human girls, but he gave it all he had and they seemed to stand suspended in time with their lips and tongues intertwined in a fluttering world of fast beating hearts and suddenly aroused flames of passion.

When they pulled apart, Moira hung onto his arm to keep from falling, she was that inspired by the ardor of his kiss. He had poured out his loneliness and desire and transferred the deeply felt emotions into her logical human soul.

She stood panting and silent in the dark holding him close but still keeping him at a distance as if she was afraid of her own lack of restraint.

Mac was overjoyed.

He could sense when a female was ready to mate and was attracted to his searching male desires for physical merging.

A light went on in the front window and a voice called out into the still dark gravel path.

â Is that you, Moira, love, It is fearful late and your sister is suffering from eating a spoiled bit of meat pastry at the church.â

Moira looked up at Mac and pulled him in close to her body.

â Yes, Ma, I am coming. We had a busy night at the pub and my friend Mac walked me home.â

She lifted her lips to him and whispered,

â Good night, Mac. I hope I see you tomorrow night.â

He leaned down and pressed his hot lips to her soft, wet ones feeling her tremble just like the little princesses back in the Kingdom.

Mac made his way to the dry cozy cave just beyond the single tree on the hillside and fell asleep dreaming about the soft feel of Moiraâ s bare shoulders and the taste of her ruby red lips.

Sometime, in the middle of the night, he awoke thinking he heard a voice far away in the distance calling him to come home before too long. He was not certain if it was just a dream or a premonition about him being needed back in the Kingdom for some unknown reason. He prayed it was not so because he had just found his true love and did not want to leave before he could tell her how he felt deep inside.

Instead of lazing under the tree, Mac helped the young farmerâ s son to bring his cows in for the milking getting a glass of fresh milk in payment. The boy seemed curious about Mac but had no suspicion that he had one of the elusive â Little Peopleâ for his helper.

The farmerâ s wife had a certain twinkle in her eye that let him know his secret was safe with her. He could tell she was well acquainted with his kind and had probably been close to another version of himself at an earlier time and place.

Thank goodness, the pub was not as crowded that evening.

He helped Moira clean the glasses until they were all sparkling bright. Every time she passed him behind the bar, she managed to get close enough to become familiar with his anatomy all over. Her father was giving her the eye so Mac was careful to stay subdued and well behaved at all times.

They sat down in the private back booth away from the customers. Mac told her,

â I have a feeling for you Miss Moira. I canâ t stop it no matter what I do. Do you think you and I can be together like a real couple and see if we have the spark of soul-mates?â

She looked into his eyes and he waited what seemed like a very long time before she replied,

â You have to be honest with me, Mac, I sense there is something different about you and you are not telling me everything.â

Actually, Mac was happy that Moira was so perceptive and lowered his voice to tell her,

â I am of another world hidden nearby. I come from the ancient â Little Peopleâ and we usually donâ t co-mingle with the above ground people. I am a bit different because I am half human and want the company of humans to make me feel complete. My father is the King of the Leprechauns and I will inherit one day but I need a wife to stay always at my side and understand how I feel about belonging to both worlds.â

Moira looked at the handsome young Leprechaun who was not really all that little.

â I too have feelings for you, Mac and I think we can make a go of it if you think I will be as accepted in your world as you are in mine.â

Mac swept her up in his arms and held her tight as he explored every little corner of her mouth with his devilish tongue.

Moira felt her body tingle with the desire to be a woman in every respect. She knew her father would probably not approve but she also knew it didnâ t matter now that she knew Mac wanted her as much as she wanted him.

The priest in the village had them exchange the vows when Mac made an offering to the poor of the parish with a generous number of his secret trove of gold coins from deep in his secluded cave. The plain gold rings were hammered out of the gold coins a long time ago and carried by Mac for just such an occasion.

When Moira told her family she was married and moving North with her new husband, her mother and father were fair well astonished, but seeing the love in her eyes, they quickly helped her pack her bags and wished her â Godspeedâ .

Mac was welcomed back into the court of the Kingdom by the entire conclave of â Little Peopleâ . They were very welcoming to his new â Wifeâ Moira and called her Mrs. Mac. The chief counselor informed him that his elderly father had passed peacefully in the night and that he was now the rightful King of the land of the Little People.

He was not sad at the passing of his father because they had seen it coming for a very long time.

It was only a few short months later that Moira told her new husband that there would be an addition to the royal line of Leprechauns. Then, she slyly asked,

â What if it is a girl?â

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