

## **Wearing of the Green**

**By Cassie Exline**

“Come on, honey!” Bert called for his wife, trying not to get angry. “We’re going to be late.”

“What do you think?”

He turned to see Clarice dressed in a yellow button-up dress with white dots. “What in the hell!”

She blinked. “Don’t I look good in this outfit?”

“We’re going to the pub for a St. Patrick’s Day contest, and you’re wearing yellow. You do the math!”

“I have green on,” she said.

“A shamrock pin is not wearing of the green.” He had to admit she was gorgeous. Her strawberry blond hair glistened, the dress clung to every curve, and the heels accentuated her legs to perfection, but they were in a contest.

Clarice unfastened each button and let the dress puddle at her feet. Bert gasped. She wore a half-cup emerald green bra that lifted and separated each delicious mound. A triangular piece of green lace covered her bush, her curls clearly on display.

“Oh, baby.” He swooped her up and dropped her on the bed. In seconds, he was stripped and was between her legs with his cock in hand ready to fuck. He moved the sliver of nothingness aside and rammed home. She was wet, warm, and ready. Her pussy swallowed his johnson and hung on with a force that drove him wild. It took all of two minutes before he exploded. He rolled off and they cuddled.

“You’re definitely wearing green.”

She caressed his jawline.

“After five years, we just might win that cruise.” Then Bert frowned. “Wait a minute. The judges have to verify we’re eligible to enter. Did you think they’d take my word for it that you were wearing hot looking green undies?”

“Nope.”

“Then how?”

She grinned. “You do the math.”

**End**

## **Stroke of Luck**

**By Cassie Exline**

There she was, the woman I was going to marry in six months, on her hands and knees searching through blades of grass and clover as if she were hunting for gold. “Wendy, can’t we at least walk around the lake?” I asked.

“You can go, Derrick. It’s St. Patrick’s Day. I have to find a four-leaf clover.”

I dropped to the ground to help her. When I glanced over, I was well rewarded. Wendy’s top had gapped open, giving me a view of her lacy green bra. In fact, I could see the valley perfectly. The twin peaks shimmied and shook. I strained to see those luscious breasts.

“Maybe this will help.” Wendy whipped off her top.

“Yeah.” I focused on them. “Why is it so important to find a four-leaf clover?”

“So, my wish will come true.”

I snorted. “Babe, that’s superstitious nonsense.”

“It’s worked before.”

“Oh.” News to me. “When?”

Wendy looked up. Our eyes met. “When I met you.” If I hadn’t already been in love with her, I would have fallen at that moment.

“I see.” I watched her breasts sway. “Honey, what are you wishing for? We’re getting married soon.”

“Did I ever tell you how much I love spring?”

“Really?”

“It’s a time of rebirth. Green and fertile things. New growth. New life.”

I’m dense at times but I knew what her wish was. “Take off those panties.” I shoved down my bottoms. Her hot pussy swallowed my hard cock as those bouncing beauties escaped their green lacy prison. The bra landed on my face. When I tossed it on the grass, I spotted a four-leaf clover.

With a stroke of luck, I’ll make that second wish of hers come true.

**End**