

No Strangers Allowed in Tombstone Part III

By harrylime

Published on Lush Stories on 05 Sep 2011

All Harry Lime stories are copyrighted under application made August 15, 2011 #441275 copyright @ directlegal.com All requests to download or reprint these stories will be granted after contacting the author at this site or at kattawatta33@hotmail.com. All Harry Lime stories will soon be available on Amazon.com as kindle E-books Volume I is released. Vol II will be released October 2011 and Vol III will be released December 2011. Additional copyright information will be posted on the Amazon. com site.

Agatha had to howl when the flood of cum started to fill her up inside.

<http://www.lushstories.com/stories/anal/no-strangers-allowed-in-tombstone-part-1.aspx>

Marshall Hardison was ready to make a courtesy call at the jailhouse to let the sheriff know he was in town and would be here for some time to investigate some complaints about land-grabbing and general extortion of honest citizens. The reports indicated the activities of Sheriff "Bat" Younger were under a great deal of suspicion but no evidence to point in his direction. It seemed like whenever a witness turned up, they tended to disappear in a hurry.

The first thing He took into account after arriving at the jail was the sound of sobbing filtering down from the living quarters above. The steady slap, slap, slap of heavy hands hitting solid meat signaled him that some female was getting what for most likely on her rump. The Marshall figured it was none of his business. Generally, these things were a two way street and not suitable for meddling into.

The grunting moans that followed confirmed this was more a form of foreplay than some variety of punishment for unruly females.

Sheriff Bat Younger was laughing as he stomped down the stairs. The ex-schoolteacher was prime ass-fucking material and he just could not get enough of her pretty bottom.

Hardison saw the Sheriff move his hand instinctively to his hip as soon as he was aware of a stranger in the office. Unfortunately, his gunbelt was slung across the back of his chair. It was a mistake that Hardison would never have made himself. It was the kind of mistake that could lead to an early final visit to Boothill.

“You got business here, stranger?”

“Morning, Sheriff, my name is T.S. Hardison. U.S. Marshall Hardison. I will be over at the hotel for a couple of weeks to take care of some business in these parts. I wanted to let you know who I was and where I was staying to prevent any misunderstanding.”

“Mighty nice of you, Marshall, if you need help with anything, just let me know. I am always happy to assist a fellow peace officer.

Just at that moment, a disheveled looking Miss Lily, ex-schoolteacher slut walked gingerly down the stairs. She was taking very little steps to avoid causing discomfort to her reddened ass cheeks and probably still gaping pucker hole. Her face reddened up a little when she saw the look on the Marshall's face. Lily realized the stranger had guessed what Bat had just done to her on the bed upstairs. She still had the grace to feel embarrassment for her lover's kinky sex habits.

“This is my little lady, Miss Lily. She is my special deputy for entertainment. This little lady can be real entertaining and that is God's honest truth.”

The Marshall saw Bat cup his hand possessively on Miss Lily's ass cheek. He saw Miss Lily's eyes water up just a little bit and realized that the girl was not a cheap dance hall floozy but more likely a good girl fallen under the influence of an evil man. He had seen many girls of good character come west and revert to the base instincts of immorality. It was simply a question of survival in a man's world.

He was also aware that when Sheriff Bat tired of her goodies and she was not longer attractive to him, he would cast her away like a piece of buffalo dung. Then, she would be only a footstep from being a dance hall slut. Her price would slowly fall from a dollar to only a single quarter. She would deteriorate into the standard two-bit western whore at the end of the line.

The Marshall felt sympathy for the pretty little girl, but it was none of his business. He had learned a long time ago never to meddle in business not of his own making.

Miss Lily was mortified.

She could put up with the most depraved demands on her body by the kinky Sheriff, but to be made a public spectacle of was just too humiliating.

She was disgusted with her own weakness in thrilling from the punishment he inflicted on her poor bottom. She dreaded the huge cock invading her tiny pucker hole night after night. Her problem was

that once Bat's long cock was seated deep inside her shapely rump, she loved the feeling of being filled, the enthusiasm of intensity, the sense of doing something so filthy, she didn't even want to talk about it. The way he groaned out his pleasure every time he hit bottom in her ass. Even now she could hear the sound of the squishy suction as he pushed in and pulled out.

She loved to be able to scream out her dirty thoughts as his creamy cum flooded her rectum. She wanted to feel the release of her own fluids as she furiously rubbed her own clit each and every time. It was so addictive that Miss Lily knew even if Bat was gone from her side; she would search out another male with a long cock to keep her back door opening well exercised.

The Marshall went back to the hotel.

Theresa had told him she would be making him a special dinner tonight. He wondered if it involved the placement of her pretty ankles around his neck.

The sound of the train whistle broke through the still morning air.

Blackie stopped cleaning his guns and checked his watch. For the first time in a long while, the eastbound train was on time. This was the day the widow Primgrass was due to return to Tombstone.

He pulled on his leather boots and spun both cylinders on his colts before he headed to the train station platform. He had some unfinished business with the widow.

The smoke plume was drifting over Main Street when Blackie reached the platform. There was only a family of sod busters heading back east. Probably, they chucked it in after the long summer drought. The daughter, a pretty thing of about 18 kept twisting her hair and giving him a sideways look like she had a real itch between her legs. Since they were leaving, it didn't seem like it would be worthwhile to give the girl a tumble and he was waiting on Mrs. Primgrass. Mrs. Agatha Primgrass to be specific, the bereaved widow of the recently departed editor of the local newspaper.

Blackie recalled the soft feel of her haunches rubbing hard into his groin as she left town only a few short days ago.

There she was!

Agatha Primgrass was still wearing the standard black garb of mourning widows. She had deleted most of the frills such as gloves and veil. The widow was also sporting under her widow's garb the most sexy of lacy pink undies and absolutely no corset to speak of. She reveled in her hidden

expression of sexual freedom.

The widow was a bit more comfortable with her ability to attract men after her horny brother-in-law had taken advantage of her privacy while her sister was depositing Agatha's son, Chester, in the local school. The feel of the older man's whiskers on her pussy made her gush with female juices in a very short time. She returned the favor by sucking his cock into her ready mouth for a memorable oral pleasuring. The taste of his creamy cum was a welcome pleasure to her. Her departed husband did not abide by any sexual activities other than required cleaving on Saturday nights to be properly prepared for the Sunday good book.

Her brother-in-law, giddy with the draining of his juices with her suctioning mouth, confided in her that her sister never would open her mouth for anything except food or drink or yelling at him when he displeased her. She allowed him to push a couple of his fingers into her poop hole because he lamented her sister would never tolerate such treatment and he was desperate to wiggle his fingers in "A lady's secret place."

The night before she left, he stole into her room and licked her cunt so vigorously that she expended her juices 3 times before he would desist. She held the poor man in her arms for a long time as her trembling quieted down. It was strange that such a hot-blooded man should have a wife like her sister and that she with some hot-blooded desires of her own should have married the stuffy newspaperman with a tiny cock.

Agatha saw Blackie immediately, but she pretended like she didn't notice him.

"Mrs. Primgrass, may I assist you with your bags?"

"Oh! How are you, Blackie? I could use some help. That boy is never on time."

They proceeded up the street to the newspaper office and the residence above it where Agatha had lived with her husband. The newspaper was still shuttered. It was not due to resume print until the end of next week.

Blackie followed Mrs. Primgrass up the narrow stairway. He had his eyes glued on her rolling hips and quivering ass cheeks as she leaned forward going up the stairs. He was certain the widow was not wearing any foundation garments at all. She must be wearing only a thin pair of bloomers.

He carried the bags into the living room. Agatha asked him to carry the heavy bag into the bedroom. She followed him into the bedroom and told him in a very seductive voice,

“I just have to get out of these sticky clothes. Turn around, sir, I have no corset on.”

Blackie looked over his shoulder. He saw the widow bending over to remove her dress. Her pink bloomers were most likely imported from France with all kinds of lace and bows on them. The widow's ass cheeks were outlined through the sheer material so clearly that she might as well been stark naked.

That was all the invitation Blackie needed.

Agatha gasped as Blackie pulled her smooth flanks back into his rock hard cock. His erection pushed her flimsy pants aside and she felt the firmness rub up and down her ass crack. Blackie reached underneath and grasped her unfettered, swinging breasts. The poor widow lady was impaled on Blackie's cock from the rear and her nipples were being worked over by smooth hands of a gunslinger for hire.

She had an orgasm before Blackie even had a chance to push his engorged cock into her dripping pussy. She begged and pleaded with him to go easy with her because she had so little experience in the art of making love.

Blackie listened to her and slowed down. He ran his fingers up and down her sopping wet slit. Agatha was panting with raw emotion. She wanted it so bad she could almost taste it. The slow entry was difficult for Blackie who was used to just slamming his cock up deep and riding his females until they collapsed from sheer exhaustion. He gave it to Agatha nice and slow. His strokes were delicate and deep. She shuddered with each deepening penetration. She had never been filled by a cock of this length and girth. It was all a mystery to her. Her juices kept running without pause. Soon, she was in the throes of another orgasm that convulsed her entire body.

Agatha lay bent over the bed.

Her pretty ass was sticking up in the air and Blackie's cum was slowly leaking out her tight little pussy lips. She was still making little whimpering sounds of overwhelming pleasure. Blackie was getting hard just looking at her laying there. She was probably the most handsome mature woman he had ever seen and she had just given him her ultimate favor.

Blackie scooped up some of the juice from her well-trimmed slit. He pushed it into her ass crack and with his finger he pushed it into her pretty little pucker hole to lubricate it for his raging cock.

Agatha looked back at him with a puzzled look.

“Surely, he doesn’t mean to poke his thing into my poopy hole”, she thought to herself.

When Blackie’s cock touched Agatha’s tiny pucker hole, she stiffened up in fear. This was something she had never done before. Blackie could feel her ass cheeks come together to deny him access to her secret hole.

“OK, honey, just relax and Ole Blackie will park the train in the tunnel nice and deep.”

“Blackie, I never had a train in my tunnel back there. I am very frightened.”

Blackie massaged her beautiful, heart-shaped ass cheeks and slid his finger up and down her ass crack. When he came to her tiny opening, he pushed his little finger inside and began to rim her hole in every direction. This was not too strange to Agatha; she had allowed men to put their fingers in her back door from time to time and liked how it made her feel. She liked the feeling of excitement and the sense that she was being a bad girl to do something so dirty.

Then, Blackie leaned down and began to flutter his talented tongue all around the rim of her quivering anus.

Agatha sighed with absolute satisfaction. The tongue on her ass was new to her and she loved it. When the tongue pushed inside, she tried to open up for it to go in deeper. Blackie then used his fingers to widen the entryway. The combination of his tongue and three fingers made her anus open enough to accommodate the head of his long and thick cock. She could feel the cock taking up residence just inside her little pucker hole and relaxed even more. Her sphincter muscles finally gave up the battle and Blackie’s cock slid all the way inside her ass and deep into her rectum. She felt totally filled and that she and Blackie were so joined together, they were almost like one person.

Blackie started to fuck Agatha in her ass and she exploded like a firecracker on the 4th of July. She humped her ass up hard into Blackie’s groin and started to shout obscenities like a woman possessed with the devil. Her vagina was leaking non-stop and she quivered with repeated orgasms as his cock continued to pound her ass. Agatha knew she belonged to Blackie right at that moment and she knew her ass would be his plaything whenever he wanted.

She felt the cum starting to fill his thick shaft buried deep inside her. The first spurt was a shock to her system. Agatha had to howl when the flood started to fill her up inside. She didn’t want it to stop. She didn’t want Blackie to ever take his cock out of her.

All she wanted was to be his cum-slut forever and ever.

Blackie turned the widow over. He wiped her tears away.

Their lips met and the sparks flew. They both kept their eyes open as their tongues explored the depths of each other's mouths. They were lip to lip, mouth to mouth, skin to skin, melting together into a single pool of intense desire.

Blackie and Agatha were soul-mated forever.