

# Intriguing Marshall

By Stoneypoint

Published on Lush Stories on 27 Jun 2011



*Marshall escorts young woman home; has sex*

<https://www.lushstories.com/stories/mature/intriguing-marshall.aspx>

“The Marshall will take me?” I said. I wasn’t sure about that. He was a tall and grizzly looking man who stood nearby us. I questioned whether or not I wanted him of all people to ride along with me back to my home town.

The other man said he would ride along you with me. I wasn’t sure about that either but I knew it would be a “long” and treacherous ride if I didn’t take precautions. I looked at the Marshall. He did look brazen to say the least but I had heard without that heavy and ugly beard of his he could look rather dashing.

“May I think about it?” I asked.

“I suppose” the sheriff said “but I will tell you he is the very best there is.”

I looked at this man again. He sure didn’t look it to me I thought so I went up to him and introduced kind of and told him who I was.

“Yes mam, I know who you are” he said kindly. “I would be more then happy to escort you home when you are ready. Where is your husband?” he had asked.

“I no longer have a husband” I told him but not too sadly. “He is no longer with us.”

He understood after I told him how. We had decided to leave a couple days later. When it was time, I asked around where the Marshall was and a man pointed him out.

“That is him?” I exclaimed. The man confirmed that it was indeed him.

He had cleaned up. He had cut his hair short and shaved off his rather ugly looking beard as well, and he put on all new and freshly pressed clothes which impressed me. He looked as if he was a

traveling sales person I thought as I looked him over and admired this fellow who was a tall and burly. I now thought he was rather dashing and daring looking as well all wrapped up in one.

“Marshall?” I had called out.

This tall man turned around. He was as handsome as they came. I was more then impressed with him and as well, intrigued by his good looks. Due to him cleaning up and all and having put on all “new” clothes too, he appeared fashionable as ever. I didn’t mean to but I smiled numerous times once I saw him in his new fashionable outfit.

“Yes mam?” he said.

“Oh nothing sir” I told him.

He smiled and I found I loved his smile too. “This is a rather social trip miss” he said first and that’s when I noticed he’d call me miss and mam. “I am simply escorting a beautiful young lady,” which made me blush, “back to her home. Yes, I know. I am saying you are as pretty as they come but seeing as we are a bit difference in age, don’t see this as anything but a fair and generous escort back to your hometown. Now understand, this trip will last us 6 to 8 days on horseback.”

I was shocked. 6 to 8 days I had asked him and he nodded reassuring me with him along everything would be safe and secure. He had assured me he would keep me safe in anyway possible and when he said this he had looked “deep” into my eyes and smiled. This had me wondering what he meant by that.

Anyway, we got started and left the town in which I had spent the last few days in while waiting for him to get on about his business. I was the talker of course but he freely and openly answered any questions I had seeing as I predicted this to be a long dull ride back to my hometown.

“Marshall, how old are you?” I said.

“33” he told me.

“Really?” I told him and he said yes. “I thought you to be much older for some reason.”

“Why is that?” he asked casually.

“Ohhh, I do not know. I suppose seeing you in that beard, a scruffy beard and all had me thinking you were much older then you are” I told him.

“May I ask you a question?” he then said and I said yes. “How old are you?” I was surprised by his question but I answered him. “Only 21, really?” he declared and that slowed his pace of the horse. He looked over at me. “I would have thought you much older than that myself.”

“Why is that, sir?” I asked.

He hesitated at first and then went on to say “Well, I don’t know exactly” he said, but I know he had his reasons. He didn’t want to tell me.

“Why is that, sir?” I asked again.

“Well it’s just that, well I don’t know miss” he said as he looked away from me. Out of nowhere, he suddenly he clammed up on me.

I slowed to a very slow walk as we talked and asked him why again.

“Well to be truthful” he finally admitted. “I have watched you to a degree and well I’ve paid a little attention to you in the last couple days.”

“You have? Now why is that?” I said.

“You want to know the truth?” he asked and I said yes I did. “Well for one, seeing as you are a woman, and I’ll admit a very pretty one at that” and upon hearing him say that I instantly smiled and thanked him. “I uhhh notice things.” he went on to point out. “I notice uhhh features about women, or people for that matter, and as far as you’re concerned I have noticed all your physical features to be honest and thought you were around 25 or so.”

“Me really?” I said in a surprised tone of voice as we rode down a trail of dust and he said yes. “What are you trying to say Marshall? I asked.”

He slowed down even more. We were at a crawl, almost. He turned his head to look at me. His eyes snaked over my figure and as they did, he smiled ever so softly. I felt I had to smile back and it felt nice smiling at him. “Well miss” he began to say “it’s like this.” I kept on listening. “There are certain features about a woman and her uhhh, how do I put this? Her body?” he began. “These features men don’t speak of in any way, but mam seeing as we are out here in the wild, out here in the windy open like this. No one will hear my words. “They will be swept away. So all I am saying is this. I have noticed your lovely bosoms miss. They are in essence very beautiful, if you don’t mind me saying so.”

I immediately blushed upon hearing him say that and seeing as I had he stopped speaking altogether as well. He did smile upon saying that but in truth I didn't mind hearing his words at all. His eyes had "looked" me over, I thought and other then my former husband no one had ever said they found me physically attractive. This was enlightening to me. His words had "throttled" my insides all over, but in a different manner. At first I couldn't explain it either but now I can.

I was becoming horny as ever.

"So you think I am a pretty woman too, Marshall?" I asked.

"Ohhh yes miss. I do" he said, offering up his own pleasurable smile.

I was shocked and again I blushed having turned another bright shade of red, which he noticed once again too.

"Mam, there's no need to blush" he said. "It is true. You are quite pretty, if you want my opinion" he went on to tell me.

"Ohhhhhhhh Marshall, you do not have to fib to me. I am not that pretty" I said.

"Oh yes you are" he told me. "Miss in another time and in another situation I would be more then happy, and more then fit to assure you that you are" he said as the trail we were on seemed to become dustier and dustier. "I do mean this too." Then out of nowhere he went on to say "There is a cabin almost two hours from here. It is empty. To my knowledge, we'll be able to rest there for the night. There is a nearby creek where one can undress and get cleaned up as well. Would you like to do that?" he told me and I said it would be nice. "However, it is advisable if you had some sort of protection. There will be Indians and they may want to advance on you and you do not wish to get involved with them."

However what he had said about my beauty had me suddenly "thundering" inside and I knew I needed a man's physical attention. I wanted it, badly. I wanted his privates but I seemed to find a way to let it all go for now.

I told him no and talked his ear off despite my internal emotions. Before I knew it we had arrived. I was dusty and dirty as ever. While he "prepared" the cabin, I went down to the stream to clean up. I was able to remove all my clothes and this felt good so I carried some soap and an undersized towel which he provided me and went down to the creek once we settled in.

"Hold up" he said. "I'm coming with you."

I had stopped walking right away and turned around abruptly. "No you are not" I snapped. "I can do this all alone Marshall." He said no I couldn't. "Yes I can Marshall" I callously said again, not wanting him to see me naked at all. "I can do this all alone. I do not need anyone looking at me when I my body is unclothed, sir." That alone made him shut up. Regardless, he followed me down part way and once I arrived at the creek, I began slowly undressing but hoping no eyes were on my figure. I do not know if he watched me but I hoped he wasn't.

He had. I didn't know it at that time but he had watched me undress my body completely. I got down in the warmth of the water and washed myself off entirely. It felt invigorating. However, once done I heard something. I heard them coming up. Indians commenced surrounding me. The Marshall originally didn't see or hear them but then I saw them and I screamed out quite loud. I was naked as a jaybird. I was standing there, my whole bare naked body facing them, and finally he heard me after I screamed out. I was able to drape myself with the small towel, which barely covered my body.

"Stay there" the Marshall called out to and as soon as he did I heard the shots.

He had pulled his pistol and shot out some shots into the air. It scared them off. Once he did and once they rode away he came forward seeing me half naked in an awkward situation as he stared at me. I was shocked and so was he. I was not sure exactly what to say as I was still draped in the small towel, which was barely covering up my body. However, he was back somewhat, looking down at me, and I saw him wearing a smile on his face as he looked towards me. I wondered why. I looked down at myself. My bosoms were covered up but the rest of me was left unclothed. He did not see my breasts, thank god. However, he had seen what my former husband once called my "silky flesh" meaning he may have seen my upper thigh and hip and some of my bare tummy, but I am not exactly sure. I tried turning away from him quickly but it was not soon enough.

He saw enough. When I turned away, I then bent over, and leaned over so I could pick up my clothes. That is when he saw it all. He saw my buttocks and possibly much more too. I can not be sure but his eyes remained on my body and never moved off it.

Then I heard "I'll stay out here mam so you may dress." However, as he said it I noticed him wearing a long smile on his face and also saw that his eyes were looking over my body anyway.

I turned red, again, but thanked him. "I am going down to clean up myself. You'll be alright up here, that is unless you don't feel safe," which I truly didn't so I followed him down promising not to "look" at him at all. He smiled and added "It is alright mam. I will not show you anything" but then I saw him wink at me. That made me wonder.

I felt weird once he said it. I don't know why. Something again buzzed and trembled inside my stomach and then down into my loins. I felt as if I wanted to see his privates. Something was saying to me to look and look hard. The buzzing feelings I had felt began stretching all the way down into my thighs. I felt more aches and "pains" then I had ever felt in my entirely life. Then I noticed something new. I found myself enjoying the aching pains within my stomach and thighs too and wanted them to grow stronger suddenly.

He called out, asking if I was okay, and I said yes. I needed "attention" that night but it all passed and the next day we left early. It was just as the sun came up. It was a good day's ride. He was a gentleman as usual and I was gracious and thought we were becoming closer to one another as the day went on, or so I thought we were.

Again, I held the conversation and it pretty much went the way the day before went. My body felt weary after the day was done. I sure missed my husband and the touch of his hands and body, now that I had experienced all the loneliness but all I had was this man, a Marshall, who I hardly knew at all. Regardless, he was a sweet and thoughtful man and although he was a bit older than I, he and I had no qualms about him seeing me naked or for that matter me seeing him naked too.

The third and fourth day went the same way. I felt the needed touch of a man's hands and his body more and more. I could feel it slowly growing within me. My husband who was quite a loving man of course was no longer with me so what was I to do, I asked myself. How he used to hold me was wonderful. He used to pull me against his body when we were naked and he used to kiss the back of my neck and reach around me to feel and "tickle" my bosoms. It was even then kind of erotic when he used to pet me in the lower private areas, between my legs, which of course always felt fantastic. Yes, I miss those with him, I discovered, and now here I am with no one to do these incredible and intimate things with me or to me. Now, I needed this badly I had discovered.

It showed I guess. "Miss are you alright?" I heard him say. "You do not look well."

"Everything is fine" I told him. He asked me if I was sure. "Yes, I am sure" I said lying to him in a tone which suggested otherwise.

"No" he told me. "Something is troubling you. I can hear it in your voice. "What is it?" he said again.

"Marshall, you wouldn't understand" I said.

"Try me?" he said as he slowed and looked over at me. He looked me up and down.

"It is a woman thing" I said.

“Okay then allow me to understand miss” he said.

I told him no. That was when I decided to do something about the “issues” I was having. I needed them “taken care of” and badly too! Better yet, seeing as I no longer had a husband, I needed “something” to take care of my “issues” and right away. I’d been “aching” horribly down inside me and down in between my thighs. I’d felt it more and more each and every day. It was then I realized I had a knife and seeing as I knew how to use it I decided to do something about the issue I had. I had been taught me how to carve and whittle by my daddy a long time ago so that day while we were riding along I saw one and stopped and picked it up. Concealing it and not wanting the Marshall to see what I’d done I pulled it out later and began whittling away here and there.

He said heard something and said “What are you doing there miss?” He couldn’t see exactly what I was doing. I was happy.

“Nothing” I told him.

Regardless, slowly it was becoming smoother and smoother and I was shaping it up while we rode along. It thought it “felt” really good, at least in my hands it did. I was soon proud of my new adventurous “invention” which I had thought up and once done, I put it away for use later on. I would fine time for it I told myself. I couldn’t wait. I told myself it would prove to be what I’d shaped it for. And as we rode, I imagined and pictured how it would feel inside me once I put it there, up inside my privates. I smiled. Oh yes, I was happy about it. I did not know it yes but I became more and more anxious for nightfall to come so that I could “try out” my new contraption out. Of course, this would be after he fell asleep.

We arrived at our destination and made a point of sleeping on opposite sides of the fire for some alone time. I finally pulled it pulled it out and once we were relaxed, I ran it in between my fingers repeatedly. Uh oooooohh, the wooden and magnificent tubular like contraption I’d whittled felt wonderful. I smiled as I lowered my arms and hands down inside my legs and privates. I placed it up against me. It felt good. It was cool, at first. I was excited.

I slowly eased it up there, inside my desiring privates and then I unhurriedly pushed it up further inside me. Ohhhhhh, this felt incredible. My body had “buckled” at first while holding it and moving the piece of wood around it but regardless I felt great. I felt relieved finally. I was getting that chance to do something about all these issues I’d been having lately. Mmmmmm yes it felt great.

He spoke up. He asked if I needed anything else. I am glad I heard him and said no. I was soooo anxious as I held this thing up inside me as I tried it out again and again. My heart was beating faster.

It beat even faster than usual and I could feel that overwhelming desire building more and more as I now pulled down my underpants. The cool night air was intoxicating to me and I so wanted a man, suddenly.

Yes, the large piece of wood was smooth, almost as if it was a baby's bottom. I guess I had done well. I could not wait to slide this piece of smooth wood up back inside me. I closed my eyes as I rubbed it around and against my thighs. Oh lord, I told myself as I felt myself breathing harder and harder. I became more excited. I became much more alive than I ever had been as I eased it up on myself.

Oh god, it was beginning to feel tremendous I thought. Lord, this was and then I stopped of course as I thought oh lord this was more than tremendous than I'd ever expected it to be. I pulled it out again and inserted it frequently. I did it again and again and again. I was a ball of fire all of a sudden. I wanted it for real now. I tried doing it again. It felt like the real thing too. It felt like a man's privates going up inside me. I was alive and feeling wild out of nowhere.

I now wanted a real man's privates up inside me. I so badly needed a man on me and in me too as he held me against him and suddenly, I looked over at him. He was on his side with his back to me. I found myself thinking that I wanted him. I wanted him naked. I wanted that man who slept there, naked and on me, and doing me triumphantly. Oh god, I was burning up for him. I was yelling out, in my thoughts, to wake up. Gosh darn it all, wake up Marshall. Wake up now!

I wished I could have said it. Be the wild man I want you to be Marshall. Do all the things a wild man even a Marshall would do with a woman like me. At that point, my legs were knocking hard. I needed this man to see me as I was. I had no one else to resolve this, only him. Truthfully I did want him too. I had to have him. I found myself needing him terribly. I needed this man to be a romantic and passionate man and I needed that type of guy on me and in me as well. Hopefully he could be all these things and soon. I wanted him so badly. I wanted him to kiss me terribly. Ohhhhhh Marshall, I want you. I want you soooo badly. Come over here, now Marshall, now!

With my pants and underwear down, I snuck another peek at the Marshall. He was lying with his back turned towards me had me thinking about him more. I almost felt as if I should get dressed and go over to him. No, I told myself. That is so very wrong, but I was aroused as ever. I knew this to be so very true. The tingling sensations within me, due to a simple piece of wood, were no longer going to work for me.

I wanted the real thing now. I needed it badly. I saw him. I knew I needed him and me to be together that night. I wanted his body. I wanted it badly. I could picture him naked as a man could be. I could see him on me. I could see him do the things a good man does to a woman in my condition. I had to



so it now.

“Ohhhhhh Marshall” I cried out although though my pants and underwear were already down to my knees. I pulled them up swiftly. “Marshall” I cried out again. Darn it all Marshall, I thought. I think he is asleep.

But then he said “Yes mam?”

Ohhh lord thank you I thought as my breathing would not settle at all. “Sit, can I trouble you a moment” I asked.

He turned and opened his eyes but got up, slowly asking me what he could help me with. “What can I do miss?”

“I uhhh need some uhhh personal help Marshall” I told him as my thighs and innards trembled with passion and growing desire.

“With what mam?” he said.

I didn’t say a word and instead I undid my top so that at least he could understand. “I’ll show you” I told him.

He got up and walked over. He immediately he saw what I’d done. He saw my unbuttoned top. I pointed to it. “Here Marshall this is all for you, sir” I said. “I don’t know how you feel about this but sir I sure know how I feel right this moment and I know I want to be with you this night and badly too.”

He understood but said “You what?” he said while his eyes adjusted to the darkness of the night light. He looked down at me and my upper body. He saw my undone buttons and the undertones of the outline of my bosoms. His eyes widened and as they did he moaned “Ohhhhhh my lord” and then said “You, me, and us, together tonight?” I nodded my head.

“This is just not working, sir?” I told him.

He crouched down and said “My name is Gabriel but most people call me Gabe” he said. “Miss, I’m sorry but I don’t know your first name but I wouldn’t mind knowing it.” I told him. “Wow that is a really nice name Maxine. I do like that name” he said. He smiled graciously and he came down to lie beside me.

Before I knew it, his hands were around me and holding me closely. We were more than a little

comfortable with one another's body. His body, against mine, felt incredible and tremendous. I could feel him pinching his privates up into my buttocks. I wanted more.

Ohhhhhh, I told myself, it all felt soooo wonderful. It felt sweeter and softer then ever as any loving man should or so I hoped it did.

His arms pulled me tightly against his body. We snuggled, lovingly and intimately and I truly was burning with more passion then ever. I wanted his fingers or anything whatsoever down neat my privates and I wanted them feeling me down there badly. However, I loved how it felt as his arms tugged away against my bosoms. Having them press up against my breasts did feel incredible. I am almost sure my nipples became hard without any coaxing I was so horny at this juncture.

"Do you like this Maxine?" he said "because I am enjoying this. I never would have expected anything between us and I do love holding your body, all of your body, very much." He pulled at me even harder. He found it while we laid together and asked "What's this for? What do you do with this?" he said.

I tried to explain. "You know, like a man's uhhh privates?" I went on to say.

"Ohhhhhh, you mean like my uhhh you know this?" and he grabbed my hand. He applied it down in between his legs and yes, I felt him. Boy did I ever. He let go of my hand and then I turned over as I smiled and looked into his eyes.

"Wow that is unbelievable Maxine." He told me, smiling.

Looking at one another, I reached across to him. Looking at his shirt he looked down at it too. I asked if he minded if I undid his shirt and at first he hesitated but then said no he didn't. So I started undoing it. He watched me. He had a wonderful man's chest. Yes, it was a defined looking chest. I smiled when I looked at it.

"I am as ready as you want me to be Gabe" I said.

With that, I took off my top and Gabe watched. I watched his eyes. He looked restless as ever knowing he would see me undo my clothes for him. I bravely removed my underclothes and for the very first time he saw my bosoms. His eyes grew bigger once he saw me naked from the top up.

"What?" I said. "You have never seen a woman's bosoms?" and he said no. "Never really?" I asked again.

“Okay, yes I have but I never expected you and I to uhhh, you know, be like this ever” he said.

“Well, make love with me tonight. I need this” I said.

He began slowly but before I knew it, he was atop of me and all over me too and once he was we were kissing, passionately out in the middle of the wooded area where we camped. It was more than lovely. It was an impassioned evening of what some could call lust and love and erotic sexual behavior as our clothing slowly came off.

He was soon inside me. He was soon pumping me and fulfilling my every desire that night, of every erotic desire which had built up within me of course. My heart and I screamed for what seemed forever. I pulled at him from every angle possible. My hands pulled scratched and clawed at him as he filled me with the terrific sensations a man's cock fills you with. He and his bulking body against me and my breast felt wild as he went in and out of me endlessly. Oh god, I could not and did not want to stop.

Ohhhhhhh god, he was so tremendous! I found I had put my legs up and around his back as I pulled him hard down against me. I could not let go. I cried out. Louder and louder and louder my screams were as I felt I needed and wanted more of that manliness of his inside me. He was fucking me powerfully, more than I'd ever been fucked I thought. The Marshall was effectively commanding as he came up into me with a surge of power which drilled me in ways I could never imagine. My legs continued persisting on pulling him down into me. My hands and arms did the same as well.

Sex with this sweet, loveable and, passionate man who had filled me with an ongoing electrical thunder was to reside with me for days later. I could still feel him inside me for days afterward. That massive and manly frame of his rolled against me and I could forever feel his privates sliding up inside my tightness and I could not wait for the effects of it as I imagined his power. I never wanted it all to end but it had.

By the time it all had ended, he had me orgasm at least four times, I believe. I kissed this man throughout it all and kissing him was fantastic too as he kissed me back and one thing which happened was that our tongues, believe it or not, had slipped into the other's mouths plentiful times too.

“Wow Gabriel” I said. “You are one wild and passionate lover and let me add one most powerful human being. I loved what you have done to me tonight and will forever.”

“How about this” he added. “How about I stay in this region when we get there and maybe I can work something out with the local law, so I can stay around. Would you like that?” he said while he held my

bosoms and my body close to his naked body. I so wanted to feel his privates suddenly seeing as he offered that idea to me.

I said yes and turned to kiss him and also play with “some” of his nakedness. He let me.

Then he said we should get some sleep, but I was not sleepy at all. I felt like going at it, again with this amazing lover of mine. “More sex?” he said. “Really you want to have more sex with me?”

I smiled at him and nodded my head. The Marshall was on me and I let him loose as he went up inside me too. Oh lord, it all felt incredibly amazing as his penis felt soooo wonderful too me once he was up inside me again. I was screaming and crying out for him for what seemed all night long.

The next morning we finally dressed and rode away. He came up and surprisingly kissed my lips and then said merrily “What a night that was, huh?”

I had to agree wholeheartedly and laid my hands on his chest to kiss him, with tongue, again. We both smiled all day long and thought about doing all again that night. Guess what, it was a short ride that day. W got down to business as soon as we could that night.

Wouldn't you have one too? We couldn't wait.