

Encounter: Tumble Wells (A Tale from the Margin)
Mikala Ash

All rights reserved.

Copyright ©2013 Mikala Ash

Warning: This e-book file contains sexually explicit scenes and adult language which some may find offensive and which is not appropriate for a young audience. Changeling Press E-Books are for sale to adults, only, as defined by the laws of the country in which you made your purchase. Please store your files wisely, where they cannot be accessed by under-aged readers.

Tumble Wells

My name is Miriam. I live alone in a little shack, down by Tumble Wells. I run a convenience store, providing for the district's ranchers and their families. You can buy anything from me, anything at all. But I can't abide stealing. It's a sin against nature.

The two riders that came in one afternoon were bad news. I could tell immediately. They'd rob a poor simple business woman blind they would, and smile while they was doing it. I've seen their like before.

Can't say how I knew exactly. But I saw straight off when they climbed down from their saddles and sauntered towards me. It could have been in the sly looks they gave each other when they thought I wasn't looking. Or the way they avoided eye contact, their gaze repeatedly returned to my chest, or the juncture of my legs.

Shifty, my Mama would have called them, and she'd be right.

The handsomer of the two was tall, blonde, blue eyed, and had a boyish grin I bet had melted many a young girl's heart. He did all the talking. His buddy was my height, with brown eyes and long black hair done in a pony tail. He had a chipped front tooth which made his shy smile almost comical.

I must admit, since I'm being completely honest here, I hadn't had a cock between my legs for quite awhile. Not that I've haven't had plenty of offers, but mostly from old yurkmen who should have known better, and should have concentrated on keeping their wives satisfied instead of flirting with me. But that's a whole different story.

Anyway, the lusty attention these two drifters were giving me was quite welcome, despite my gauging of their, how would I say, low morals and ethics. They both wore pistols on their hip, which was nothing unusual in these parts, but the notches on the handles bespoke of something nasty. Not to mention the

broad bladed knives strapped to their calves. They intended to rob me, but only after they made time with me, and after enjoying themselves, they'll slit my throat.

But as Mama used to say, "You can't steal that which is freely given."

"So tell me, boys," I said. "What can I be doing you for?"

The blonde grinned at the invitation he saw in my eyes. Men say they sparkle when I turn on the charm. That's nonsense, I reckon, I can't see them sparkle when I try and charm myself in the mirror, but it seems to work on them, whatever it is.

The look he gave his buddy said, *This'll be easy. No need to force this one.*

Of course, I can't read minds. That's just a crock of shit, but that look told me all there was to know. *Yes, I thought to myself, this is going to be easy.* I put my hands on my hips, pushed my shoulders back and gave 'em both an eyeful of cleavage.

"I'm Anson," the blonde began, his voice husky all of a sudden. "My pard Rollo and I need supplies for a four day trek across the wasteland, but I guess we'll take whatever you're offering, ma'am."

I gave him a smile, extended a forefinger and playfully poked him in the chest. "Sounds good," I said, batting my eyelids in the time honoured fashion. "Pick out what you need, and we'll talk about how you two fine young men can pay, and I don't mean money."

Rollo's eyes near dropped out of his head at my flirtatious words. I blessed him with a smile and went to my place behind the counter.

I watched them at the shelves, whispering to each other, their shoulders heaving with hardly contained laughter. They picked a few items, nothing special, just a couple of plugs for the compressors of their mag-bikes, a razor, and a bar of soap. It didn't matter to them what they picked. Why waste time? They figured after they had their way with me, they'd have the lot anyways.

That wasn't me reading minds, of course. As I say, that's just a stupid rumour, a pile of yurk manure.

The bulge in their pants told me they were hot and horny and wanted to get inside my tight little pussy as soon as humanly possible. Who was I to deny them?

I grabbed Anson by his shirt front and dragged him through the back door into my sleeping quarters. I heard Rollo stumble behind us. I planted a good solid kiss on Anson's lips. He opened up right away, and our tongues held a wrestling match in our mouths. By the time I got to my bed we was both naked, and it was a simple matter to just sit on the edge and take his slender dick into my mouth.

"Hey, Rollo," I said, pausing my dick sucking for a moment. "You like eating pussy?" He nodded emphatically. "Then what are you waiting for? Get those clothes off, and put your head down here where it'll do some good."

Rollo grinned as he shucked off his clothes, gun belt, knife and all, leaving them in an untidy pile. Then we ended up in a right tangle. Anson fucked my mouth while Rollo ate me. What Rollo lacked in technique he made up for with feral energy. His mouth and tongue did the trick, and while I deep throated Anson, I was having a long awaited exuberance, as I like to call it.

My exuberance excited Anson so much he pushed Rollo out of the way, climbed between my thighs and pushed his saliva slicked dick into my tingling pussy.

Rollo had by this time lost his shyness and knelt beside my head, presenting his dick to be sucked. It was shorter than his pard's, but thicker, and he filled my mouth right enough. Anson, in the meantime was plugging me good and proper. His cock reached all the right places and I was riding wave after wave of exuberance. All the while I stared into Anson's ever so blue eyes.

"Fuck me!" I urged him. "Fuck me like there's no tomorrow."

It was a tiring afternoon, which became an exhausting night. They both took turns, a lot of turns. And I enjoyed every minute of it. I can't count the number of exuberant heights I achieved, but it was plenty.

Anson and Rollo enjoyed themselves too, I'm sure, given the number of times they spurted their cum into my pussy and mouth. They took me each way humanly possible, yipping and yelling every time their exuberance over took them.

There came a time, though, when the light in Anson's eyes changed. Pretty blue turned to dead fish gray. He'd had his fill of normal, now he wanted the real fun to begin. I guess getting it for free didn't do it for him. He had to take it. But I'd already given everything I had. And so had he.

"Rollo, honey," I said. "Get me a beer from the fridge. I'm right parched."

"Yes, ma'am," he replied and padded off to the store.

Anson reached to the floor searching for his blade. He didn't find it, because I'd kicked it away earlier in the proceedings. He frowned in frustration, but kept on pumping away with his cock. I had my ankles locked behind his ass, and as he was getting to the edge again he soon forgot the knife.

The electric yurk prod I keep by my bed, when applied to the temple, causes instant paralysis. Poor Anson froze midway through his last ejaculation. I rolled him off me and he thudded onto the floor. When Rollo returned, I surprised him with a prod to the balls. The look on his face was something to behold. It surely was.

"Now boys," I said as their paralysis lifted a little. "Can I have your stuff?" They glared at me with what I took was bewilderment, mixed with a right dose of anger. I cleaned my fingernail with Anson's blade, and his eyes, let me tell you, were glued to my endeavour. "Think carefully now. It's important that you give me your stuff freely. Blink once for yes, twice for no."

What's freely given can never be stole.

Later that night, as I tipped their bodies off the transport down a disused well, I was thinking how nice it would be to have a steady man, and get exuberant on a regular basis, and not have to wait for evil no-goods like Anson and Rollo to turn up. Heaven knows when I'd next get lucky.

Before I turned in I put a for sale sign on their two mag-bikes: "Five Hundred Galactoes, or nearest offer."

I declare, this was a good night's business.

If you're ever out this way, look me up. My name is Miriam. I live alone in a little shack, down by Tumble Wells.

Click here to preview more books by Mikala Ash:

<http://www.changelingpress.com/author.php?uid=83>

Use the code "MikalaAshEncounters" for 10% off your next order of any title by Mikala Ash!