



## Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner

*By Tabor Evans*

Download now

Read Online ➔

**Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner** By Tabor Evans

**Longarm owes his life to a man in handcuffs...**

Mild-mannered postal thief Brian Henry is not about to give Deputy U.S. Marshal Custis Long any trouble on the ride back to Denver for trial. After being double-crossed by a tantalizing temptress who took his money, Brian is good and licked.

In fact, when Longarm is pistol-whipped by highwaymen, it's his polite prisoner who comes to his aid and makes no attempt to escape as the lawman rides off to rescue a beautiful woman kidnapped by the desperadoes.

But when the gun smoke clears, will this be Longarm's last showdown?

 [Download Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner ...pdf](#)

# Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner

*By Tabor Evans*

**Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner** By Tabor Evans

**Longarm owes his life to a man in handcuffs...**

Mild-mannered postal thief Brian Henry is not about to give Deputy U.S. Marshal Custis Long any trouble on the ride back to Denver for trial. After being double-crossed by a tantalizing temptress who took his money, Brian is good and licked.

In fact, when Longarm is pistol-whipped by highwaymen, it's his polite prisoner who comes to his aid and makes no attempt to escape as the lawman rides off to rescue a beautiful woman kidnapped by the desperadoes.

But when the gun smoke clears, will this be Longarm's last showdown?

## **Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner By Tabor Evans Bibliography**

- Rank: #402321 in eBooks
- Published on: 2015-02-24
- Released on: 2015-02-24
- Format: Kindle eBook

 [Download Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner ...pdf](#)

## **Editorial Review**

About the Author

**Tabor Evans** is the author of the long-running Longarm western series, featuring the adventures of Deputy U.S. Marshal Custis Long.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

### Chapter 1

“Good morning, sweetheart.”

It took Longarm a moment to remember the girl’s name. They had had a late and rather wet evening the night before, and he was feeling the effects of it now. Still, he managed a smile for her.

Rita. That was her name. She had red hair, enough tit for two women, and a waist that he could almost reach around with his own two hands.

And reaching around her waist did not seem an altogether bad idea. He settled for the smile and a handful of soft tit.

Rita’s nipple responded almost immediately, turning hard and poking into the palm of his left hand as he squeezed.

“Mmm,” she said. “This really is going to be a good morning, isn’t it?”

“You betcha.” Longarm caressed her other tit and gave that nipple a tweak. If he remembered correctly, Rita liked having her tits played with. Last night she had gotten off from him doing no more than sucking her nipple. And the girl flowed pussy juice like a mare giving milk.

“Suck my dick, darlin’,” he murmured into the pillowy softness of Rita’s left tit.

She giggled and quickly headed in that direction. By the time she arrived, Longarm was erect and ready for her.

Rita peeled back his foreskin and cupped his balls in the palm of her hand while she ran her tongue around the head of his prick.

“Nice,” he whispered, his voice throaty and a little hoarse.

“It’s a beautiful dick, sweetheart,” she said.

“It’s not nice t’ talk with your mouth full,” Longarm said.

“But it isn’t in my mouth, sweetheart.”

“My point exactly,” Longarm told her.

Rita giggled again and dropped her head, engulfing him in the sweet warmth of her mouth. She pushed until

she gagged and sucked hard as she withdrew.

Longarm arched his back to meet her and pressed his head against the pillow, lifting his hips to her.

Instead of thrusting, though, he held himself rigid, poised with his hips elevated and his cock buried in the heat of Rita's mouth.

She was able to take nearly all of him, something not too many girls could accomplish. Rita wrapped her lips tight around his shaft and sucked, then pulled back until only the head remained in her mouth. Then she ran the tip of her tongue around and around the head of his cock.

Suddenly she pushed down again. Hard. Taking him deep. Fast. Out again and just as quickly deep.

"Keep that up, darlin', an' you'll get a mouthful," Longarm cautioned.

Rita kept it up.

And she did indeed get the promised mouthful.

Longarm felt the gather and rise of his jism somewhere down in his balls, then the sudden release as it shot up through his shaft and squirted into Rita's throat.

He cried out with the intensity of his pleasure. Rita stayed with him, swallowing hard and fast to keep up with the flow of Longarm's juice.

"Damn but I do like a girl that swallows," Longarm observed.

Rita did not answer. But then she had her mouth full at the time and likely felt it would be impolite to speak.

Only when he was well drained and sucked dry did she finally let his dick slide out from her lips.

The air that suddenly reached his dick was cold on the lingering wetness.

Longarm shivered a little and lightly stroked Rita's back and the cheeks of her rounded ass.

"Nice," he said.

"Nice," she agreed with another giggle.

Longarm sat up. "Now, little darlin', you need t' move"—he slapped her ass hard enough to sting—"so's I can get up. I gotta get dressed and shaved an' whatnot. Unlike some people . . . namely you . . . I can't lay around all mornin'. I got t' go make a living."

Rita fashioned a pout on her pretty lips. "Do you have to?"

"I have to." He added, "An' wipe the cum off your lips." In fact, she had none there, but she could not know that. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and moved to make room so he could crawl out of her bed and collect his share of the clothing that had gotten flung around sometime in the wee hours.

He bent, gave Rita a quick kiss, and headed off in search of something to eat before he showed up for work.

## Chapter 2

Deputy United States Marshal Custis Long left his boardinghouse, crossed Cherry Creek, and headed into Denver's downtown district, where the marshal's offices were located in the Federal Building on Colfax Avenue.

Long was known as Longarm to his friends. And to a fair number of enemies, too.

He was a tall man, standing over six feet in height, with dark brown hair and a sweeping handlebar mustache. His features were somewhat on the craggy side, and he found them ordinary enough. A good many women, however, thought the deputy more than a little attractive.

He had broad shoulders, long legs, and large, powerful hands, which were gentle with a horse or a woman but could be rough on a felon who made the mistake of resisting arrest.

Longarm wore brown corduroy trousers tucked into black knee-high cavalry boots, a brown-and-white-checked shirt, a brown vest with a gold watch chain stretched between the pockets, a brown tweed coat, and a brown flat-crowned Stetson hat.

His gun belt was black leather and carried its holster just to the left of his belt buckle, the rig canted for a cross-draw.

The revolver riding in that holster was a .45 caliber double-action Colt with black gutta-percha grips and the bluing beginning to wear off from extended use.

Longarm passed the United States Mint and crossed the side street to the Federal Building. He mounted the stone steps and opened the door for a gentleman who was coming out.

He entered the offices of United States Marshal William Vail and tossed a friendly "good morning" to Vail's chief clerk, Henry, seated at his desk outside the marshal's office.

"Incredible," Henry said. "You're only ten minutes late this morning. That may be a record for early arrival."

"There was a long wait at the café this morning," Longarm said cheerfully as he hung his hat on the rack in a corner.

"Sit down and wait," Henry said. "I know the boss will want to see you, but he's busy with some paperwork first, things that have to be done. He shouldn't be long."

Longarm nodded and took a seat on one of the chairs set against the wall. He nudged a spittoon close with the toe of his boot and took a dark, slender cheroot out of his inside coat pocket. He bit the twist off and spit it into the cuspidor, pulled a match from a vest pocket, and snapped it aflame.

He lit his cigar, blew the match flame out, and dropped the spent match into the cuspidor.

Then he sat back, content to wait until Billy Vail was ready to see him.

## Chapter 3

"Longarm," Henry said, emerging from Billy's office, his hands full of papers, "you can come in now."

Henry left the door open. Longarm closed it behind him when he went in.

United States Marshal William Vail sat behind his uncluttered desk, the early morning sunshine giving a shine to his bald head.

Billy leaned back in his swivel chair and motioned Longarm toward the two chairs that sat in front of the desk. Longarm accepted the offer and settled into the chair on the right.

"Henry tells me you are just aching for an assignment that will take you out of town for a few days," Billy said.

That was a wild exaggeration. The closest Longarm had come to any such statement was to casually ask Henry if there happened to be an assignment for him. He had said nothing about wanting to get out of Denver. Quite the contrary, he was having a good time in town with the ladies who were part of a newly arrived dance troupe playing at the Jasperanza Theater, last night's companion being one of them.

"You know I'll do anything you need, boss," Longarm said.

He meant that, too. A great many marshals, political appointees all, were mere pencil pushers. But not Vail. Billy had earned the respect his deputies gave him.

Before becoming a U.S. marshal, Billy had been a Texas Ranger and a good one. Despite his almost angelic appearance, the man was as salty as they came and more than held his own in a gunfight as had been proven many and many a time.

"I do have something here that will give you a little break from city life. Do you know a town called Wyskopf?"

Longarm shook his head. "Never heard of it." He crossed his legs and pulled out another cheroot, leaned forward to take a match out of the shot glass full of them on Billy's desk, and lit his smoke.

"To tell the truth, neither had I," Billy said, "but the town marshal of Wyskopf wired that he has arrested Brian Henry and wants the hundred-dollar reward posted for the man.

"What I want you to do, Longarm, is to take the reward money to this Wyskopf place and exchange it for the prisoner, then bring Henry back here for trial in Federal court."

Longarm nodded. He remembered the case. Henry was accused of stealing stamps from the post office in Monument, Colorado. That made the theft a Federal crime and put it squarely in the jurisdiction of Billy Vail and his deputies.

"Our Henry knows where that Henry is located," Billy said. "He can fill you in on where to go and give you the usual vouchers for meals and lodging. I'm told there is stagecoach service to Wyskopf so you should have no trouble getting there and getting Henry back here. Henry, our Henry I mean, will give you all the details."

"I can leave practically right away, boss. I always keep a bag packed an' ready. All I have t' do is stop by my boardinghouse an' grab it."

"Good. Now go to it, Long. And good luck."

Longarm stood and touched a finger to his forehead in a salute to the boss. Then he went into the outer office

to see Henry and get the rest of his instructions.

## Chapter 4

There were a number of ways to get to Wyskopf, Longarm discovered, none of them good.

Wyskopf was situated in the Sawatch Range of the Rockies, not far south of Tincup.

To reach it, he could travel through Breckenridge and Fairplay, then down Trout Creek Pass into the Arkansas River Valley and up again to Tincup.

Or he could go south to Colorado Springs and Manitou, up Ute Pass to South Park, and again, down Trout Creek Pass.

Or he could go the longest, but easiest, route by taking a train south to Pueblo then following the Arkansas upriver to Buena Vista and up to Tincup.

Any way he looked at it, this was going to be a long trip to pick up Brian Henry.

Longarm's preparations consisted of buying a fresh supply of cheroots and a bottle of rye to see him through the journey and stopping at his boardinghouse to grab his carpetbag. He left his saddle and Winchester in his room, figuring he would need neither since Wyskopf was served by a coach line.

Everything considered, Longarm opted to take the train as far as he could, it being infinitely more comfortable than the cramped interior of a stagecoach.

He took the afternoon southbound and was in Pueblo not long after nightfall.

When he checked on the Denver & Rio Grande schedule on up the Arkansas River Valley to Buena Vista, the clerk said, "We won't have another heading up that way until morning, Marshal. It leaves at eight ten."

"All right, thanks."

"If you need a hotel overnight, I recommend the Chesterfield. It's just three blocks east."

Longarm touched the brim of his Stetson and picked up his carpetbag, then turned and headed out of the depot.

It was still early in the evening. He had plenty of time to check into the hotel and have something to eat. Then . . . he smiled . . . then he knew of a mighty nice saloon where the rye whiskey was tops, the card players friendly, and the ladies damned good to look at.

He lengthened his stride, eager for whatever the night might bring.

## Chapter 5

"This just isn't my night, boys. I'm out." Longarm drained his shot glass and set it on the card table upside down. He pushed back from the table and stood, his knee joints cracking. He gathered up what remained of his cash and dropped the coins into his pocket, then turned and started toward the door.

His way was blocked by one of the waitresses. He had noticed her even though she was not the girl who was waiting on his table. This one had long, light brown hair, high cheekbones, and huge, sparkling eyes. She also had a more than generous bust, which was not hidden by her low-cut blouse.

The girl stepped in front of Longarm and planted her hands on her hips.

“Miss,” Longarm said, nodding and touching the brim of his hat. “What can I do for you?”

The girl laughed. “You don’t remember me, do you?”

“Uh . . . should I?” And no, he did not remember her, did not think he had ever seen her before or surely he would have remembered a girl this pretty.

The laughter turned into a giggle. “I’m Amy.”

Longarm’s brow knitted together as he tried to remember. “Um . . . Amy, you say.”

“Amy Shire.” Her laughter rang out again. “Of course, the last time you saw me, I was fifteen and skinny as a stick. You helped my family with some problems.”

“Shire,” Longarm repeated. Then it came to him and he smiled. “Now I remember. They were homesteading down south of here. Your father had some problems with a rancher trying to run him off your land, as I recall.”

“That’s right,” the girl said.

“How is your family now?” he asked.

“Happy. Healthy. Papa proved up on the land this past year, so they own it free and clear. Thanks to you.”

“I was just doing what was right,” he said.

“I thought you were the most handsome, wonderful man in the whole world,” Amy said. “I had a terrible schoolgirl crush on you. I thought about you every night for weeks and weeks.”

Longarm smiled. “It’s a good thing I didn’t know that at the time, you bein’ only fifteen.” He laughed. “And skinny as a stick.”

“I’m not fifteen now,” Amy said.

“If you don’t mind me sayin’ so, you’re not skinny anymore either.”

“I’m glad you noticed.”

“You are?”

“Yes.” Amy moved closer and lifted her chin so she could peer up into his face. “I still have that crush on you, Marshal.”

“I don’t exactly know what t’ say to that, girl,” Longarm told her.

“I can leave here whenever I wish,” she said. “And I’m not a virgin anymore. Do you have a room we can go to?”

“Are you sure ’bout this?” he said.

“Oh, yes. I’m sure.” She smiled. She had dimples. “Like I told you, I still have that crush on you. But I’m not a schoolgirl anymore.”

Longarm hesitated while he worked out the math of how long ago that had been since he was at the Shire farm. Amy would be . . . what? Twenty or twenty-one by now. And she was certainly woman enough. No longer a virgin, she said.

He smiled and offered his arm, then stopped and said, “Do you want to go out on the street dressed like that, or d’you want to change clothes before we go down the street to the Chesterfield?”

“I’ll go like this if I wouldn’t embarrass you to be seen on the street with me.”

“With a girl as pretty as you? I’ll be right proud t’ be seen in your company, Miss Amy Shire. C’mon now. Let’s get outa here.”

## Chapter 6

Amy was not wearing very much so it took her no time at all to get out of her clothes. She stood before him naked and smiling, not at all shy about showing her body.

And she had an exceptional body to show.

She was slender with a tiny waist, the flat belly of youth, and a generous swell of hip. Her tits were more than a mouthful—considerably more—and stood tall, not needing any support. She had small, nicely formed nipples and pink pussy lips peeping out from a nest of light brown curly cunt hair.

“Do you like?” she asked, raising her arms above her head and pirouetting round and round for his inspection.

“This says I damn well do like,” Longarm told her, unbuttoning his fly to expose a raging hard-on.

“My God!” Amy gasped. “I didn’t know they came that big.”

“Disappointed?” he asked.

“Not hardly. Can I touch it?”

“Sweetheart, you can do damn near anything you like with it.”

Amy approached slowly, a feline smile touching the corners of her very full red lips.

She knelt in front of him and Longarm assumed she was about to take him into her mouth. Instead she leaned in close and slowly inhaled, taking in the scent of him. Then she touched him. Very lightly. Very softly.

## Users Review

**From reader reviews:**

**Brian Dunlap:**

Do you have favorite book? If you have, what is your favorite's book? Reserve is very important thing for us to find out everything in the world. Each e-book has different aim or goal; it means that book has different type. Some people sense enjoy to spend their time and energy to read a book. They can be reading whatever they have because their hobby is actually reading a book. What about the person who don't like looking at a book? Sometime, particular person feel need book whenever they found difficult problem or even exercise. Well, probably you will require this Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner.

**Louis Venable:**

Book will be written, printed, or highlighted for everything. You can recognize everything you want by a publication. Book has a different type. We all know that that book is important matter to bring us around the world. Next to that you can your reading proficiency was fluently. A publication Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner will make you to end up being smarter. You can feel a lot more confidence if you can know about anything. But some of you think in which open or reading some sort of book make you bored. It is not necessarily make you fun. Why they could be thought like that? Have you in search of best book or suited book with you?

**Thomas Hall:**

Here thing why that Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner are different and reliable to be yours. First of all examining a book is good but it really depends in the content than it which is the content is as delicious as food or not. Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner giving you information deeper since different ways, you can find any book out there but there is no e-book that similar with Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner. It gives you thrill reading through journey, its open up your eyes about the thing in which happened in the world which is possibly can be happened around you. It is easy to bring everywhere like in park your car, café, or even in your means home by train. In case you are having difficulties in bringing the imprinted book maybe the form of Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner in e-book can be your alternative.

**Maryellen Tilley:**

Nowadays reading books are more than want or need but also be a life style. This reading behavior give you lot of advantages. The benefits you got of course the knowledge the particular information inside the book that improve your knowledge and information. The data you get based on what kind of e-book you read, if you want get more knowledge just go with knowledge books but if you want experience happy read one having theme for entertaining for example comic or novel. Often the Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner is kind of guide which is giving the reader unpredictable experience.

**Download and Read Online Longarm #436: Longarm and the  
Model Prisoner By Tabor Evans #O4DTKBM3PJF**

## **Read Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner By Tabor Evans for online ebook**

Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner By Tabor Evans Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner By Tabor Evans books to read online.

### **Online Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner By Tabor Evans ebook PDF download**

**Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner By Tabor Evans Doc**

**Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner By Tabor Evans Mobipocket**

**Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner By Tabor Evans EPub**

**O4DTKBM3PJF: Longarm #436: Longarm and the Model Prisoner By Tabor Evans**