

The Good, the Bad, and the Unbelievably Gorgeous (Man to Western Gal TG)

By FoxFaceStories

A Commission for AI

Matthew is a total snob when it comes to film. But when he makes a sarcastic wish to understand his two friends Will and Avery's love of Westerns, all three experience a change as they are sucked into a film world of the Wild West. Stuck as the gorgeous ranch girl-turned-saloon waitress, the new Matilda has to brave her new circumstances as two handsome - and strangely familiar - figures battle it out in town. Perhaps her beauty may be the bridge that brings peace to this small town?

The Good, the Bad, & the Unbelievably Gorgeous

Matthew groaned yet again. Onscreen, the hero had climbed to the top of the moving steam train, and the villain had followed suit. Now the pair would no doubt face off against one another atop the carriages, and there would be a convenient low bridge where they would have to duck under. Perhaps a fistfight that ended with one of them thrown into another, equally convenient river, allowing the third act to proceed.

"Yawwwwwwn," he said in an exaggerated manner, adjusting his glasses for good measure as if to say 'this movie is beneath me.' Which, by the way, it certainly was.

"Dude," Will said, one of his best friends. He had blonde hair and an average build, but his expression was keen. "How can you not love this? It's a fight atop a train carriage! It's iconic!"

"Iconic, and derivative," Matthew replied. "I would much prefer to see something actually *original*, like Jean-Paul Kierkegaard's latest expose on the Parisian fashion industry's exploitation, which, by the way, is done with masterful satire, particularly in the original French-"

"Blah, blah, blah, blah!" Avery said, miming a talking hand. "French-Italian cinema! Backwards narrative masterpieces with mise en scene in black and white film grain!"

He was Matthew's other best friend, and Will's brother, older by one year. But whereas Will was a soft spoken and gentle young man, Avery was much more willing to tell it like it was. "Just enjoy the movie, man! Not everything has to be artsy fartsy."

"I'm just saying that indulgence in cliché brings a film low. It's hard to enjoy an action sequence anyway. It's only there for the audience."

"Dude, that's the point! We're the audience. We are trying to enjoy the film. You said you'd keep an open eye about this, remember?"

"You did say that," added Will, albeit gently. "We watched that black and white silent film with you."

"That was a masterpiece!"

"Yeah, okay, but we watched it. You should be watching this."

"I'm trying," Matthew continued. "But it's hard to take seriously, when it's so damn derivative. The director isn't even trying!"

"It's fucking *Sergio Leone*, dude," Avery spat. "He's a masterpiece director!"

"Overrated. Maybe if it was in the original Italian-"

Avery and Will both groaned together, and the former stopped the film.

"Nevermind, we're stopping the movie. We agreed this would be a fun night, but you're making it so pretentious. You're not even giving a classic western a chance."

Matthew frowned. He scratched the back of his brunette hair, feeling a little on the spot. "Look, I guess I just don't understand the appeal of the Western genre, or what it has to offer. I *wish* I could understand it up close; the action, the romance, the drama, the riding off into the sunset and all of that. I wish I could *get* it, but I just don't, and I just don't think I ever will."

"Challenge accepted, pardner!"

The attention of all three young men shifted to the screen. The train fight was suddenly unfolding again, but the black-clad villain had turned his back on the cowboy and was now facing the screen.

"Looks like you three just need a lesson in what makes a Western, ta hear ya tell it!"

"Dude, did you play the movie again?" Avery said to his brother.

Will shook his head. "I haven't touched the controller. Neither has Matthew. The scene - it isn't supposed to go like this."

"Who are you telling how the scene is supposed ta go? You some kinda lawman, there? Lemme get a better look at that dusty mug of yours, sonny."

All three of them shrieked as the screen rippled, the outlaw literally *leaping* through the screen and into the brothers' living room. He had his hands on his hips, his guns ready to start blazing, and it left them paralysed on the spot.

"What the f-fuck!?" Avery gasped.

Matthew trembled. "That's - that's impossible."

The outlaw grinned. His face was ugly, his black moustache long, his hair wild from the recent train ride that had taken his hat into the wind. "Who you callin' impossible, mister? I'm flesh and blood, or the nearest thing to it, and I was here enjoying this Western when suddenly this argument breaks out." He spat onto the ground, a thick wad of tobacco that stank. "Don't be tellin' me I'm impossible, or I'll shoot my six, y'hear? Call me the *Movie Genie*. I like to travel through the electric, travellin' through different movies and genres and

the like. I'm on a Western binge right now, but I ain't been granted much of the wishin' variety for some time, till I hear tell of a movie snob who ain't appreciating the windswept western plains narrative and all they got ta offer. That so, pardner?"

Matthew gulped. "You're a g-genie!?"

The man pulled out both pistols in a flash, causing all three men to flinch.

"Answer the damn question, son!"

"I - yes! I don't get it. It's unappealing! I wish I could understand it-"

"Aye, that's what I like ta hear. I heard ya wish before. Ya said, and I be quotin' ya direct here, Sonny Jim, *'I wish I could understand it up close; the action, the romance, the drama, the riding off into the sunset and all of that. I wish I could get it, but I just don't, and I just don't think I ever will.* So, how 'bout I grant that wish for the three of ya? Let these two brothers guide ya direct and steer ya towards understandin' the appeal of the Wild West, huh?"

Avery hissed at Matthew. "Just agree, so this thing will go away!"

"Yeah," Will said on the other side. "C'mon, man. I don't know if those pistols are real, but I don't want to find out."

The outlaw chewed some more tobacco before spitting it out. "Well?"

"Yes, show me, then!" Matthew said. "Show us all, like you say. That's my wish, if it means you'll leave us alone."

The outlaw grinned. "That'll just about do it. Okay then, a wish granted from the Movie Genie, alright. Enjoy the Wild West, kids! Watch out for rattlesnakes, y'hear?"

He turned suddenly and fired both quick shooters in a flash at the screen. It exploded open, and immediately the screen fizzled and sparked and *extended*, the flashing black and white grain reaching out like a great hand to grab Matthew. He screamed, but he couldn't avoid it, and two more hands lashed out and grabbed a terrified Avery and Will. Together, all three were pulled into the screen and hurled through the void. Matthew tried to keep sight of the two brothers, but everything was a chaos of images; he was in some strange technicolour void populated by gigantic floating TV sets and screens, each with strange movie scenes from other genres. He fell past them, turning head over heels and still screaming. Women and men of all kinds looked his way curiously from the screens, halting whatever narrative they were in to stare his way.

"It appears the Movie Genie got another one!" a woman in a Roman-era stola yelled. She had a large pregnant belly, and had apparently been painting a fresco on the wall behind her. "Was it a historical drama?"

"I - what!?" he yelled, falling past her.

"Like, I totes hope he was watching a sexy porno!" yelled a woman from a very hot pink TV. She leaned out of it, revealing herself to be a very, very busty blonde bimbo type,

her pink gloss lips turned in a huge grin. "It'd be soooo hot to have a guy who, like, knows where we came from to fuck me!"

But still Matthew kept falling, even as a series of strange pressures spread throughout his body. He gasped, trying to see his friends, but he was soon distracted by the growth of twin pressures on his chest and a change in his button shirt and pants. They combined together, forming new material. It looked like it was becoming some kind of . . . dress! An old-fashioned type, like the kind . . . the saloon girls wore in the flick they'd just been watching. He screamed, and then screamed even louder and higher as the pressure gave way in his chest, two fleshy growths forming there. They expanded rapidly, gaining heft and weight and sensitivity, until there was no denying that, somehow, impossibly, Matthew was growing a pair of breasts. A *large* pair of soft, creamy breasts, with skin slightly more tanned than he was used to.

"What the fuck!?"

"You'll get used to it, darling!" called a beautiful woman in black-and-white, a massive kaiju ravaging the city behind her. She picked up a laser-looking device. "Trust me, it'll be fun in the end!" And then she was off with her dashing air force husband, the pair of them running towards danger, pulling a ten year old child along with them.

"The fuck!?" Matthew screeched, but his voice rose higher again, sounding far more like a woman than a man. His hips began to stretch wider, causing him to groan, and his shoulders pulled in, the muscles and bone shrinking down along with his ribcage until he was positively petite. His clothing changed further, until it was undeniable that he was wearing a red saloon dress with a dark brown trim, one with a corset and a neckline that, while frilly, did little to hide away his large breasts.

"This can't be real! This is so hackneyed! I didn't wish for thissssss!"

His voice rose to a beautiful singing soprano at the same time as his hair flowed out, his brunette hair taking on a lovely dark chestnut colouring and gaining an antique curled style. His face warbled and shifted, his lips becoming poutier, his eyes lovely and dark. Even his cheekbones became more prominent, and as he felt these changes his hands shrank, taking on ultra-dainty proportions, though with some surprising calluses on the undersides.

"I'm a western gal!" she cried with an accent, her buttocks becoming plumper, her form fitter and yet more slender at the same time. "That darn genie has made me a rootin' tootin' goddamn *saloon gal!*"

The changes continued; her legs became softer, thighs thicker, and her feet shrank as well until she was wearing feminine boots. A little clasp appeared around her neck, a frilly hem to her dress that hung behind her, but her thighs were still on display, she noticed. She was also realising that she was *thinking* of herself as a female, and *talking* like some stereotypical Western gal as well.

"I take it back!" she screamed into the void as she hurtled past historical romance dramas, adventure flicks, and espionage thrillers. "Y'all can put me right back on that couch now, Mr Movie Genie, because I ain't that kinda gal, do y'hear? This ain't damn right and proper! This ain't - Ohhhh! Mhmmm!"

Her penis pulled back into her body, signalling the last of her changes. The transition from manhood to womanhood was complete, and it left her blushing heavily from the reluctant pleasure. She moaned, trying not to show it, but she could see that she was increasingly heading straight towards an old television set, one that *definitely* reminded her of those old pulpy western serials from the 1950's; this was *the* set that would play such things. It was everything the man-turned-saloon-girl hated: the mass consumerism, the cheap design, the promise of adventure without depth and symbolism and risk that was the death of artistic cinema in her eyes. And she was heading right towards it, straight towards a black-and-white image of a desert with a title card already forming over it.

The Good, the Bad, and the Unbelievably Gorgeous!

"You've got ta be kidding me!" the new woman cried.

She fell through the screen, and was suddenly elsewhere. Her friends were nowhere in sight, but she could have sworn she heard two other *blips* following not long after her.

Matilda Taggart blinked as she took in her surroundings. A piano was playing - rather loudly - and cigar smoke filled the air. She was standing behind the bar of an old-timey western saloon, complete with wooden panelling, the smell of dust, various cowboys and miners and grizzled men of the west at the bar, and a pool table by the corner. A large stack of bottles formed a pyramid near her, and Wanted posters and promises of rewards lined parts of the interior walls. Outside, the street was dusty, and a bank was opposite, dollar signs and all. Men and women alike walked past, dressed exactly like one would expect of a bunch of extras in a western film.

"Well, I'll be," Matilda said, eyes wide and jaw slack. She really was in some kind of wild west dimension or something, and trapped as a woman to boot! A woman with a rather large pair of breasts and a corset that heaved them upwards.

"Matilda, ya got any more of that bourbon on the shelf?"

She turned to see a rather scruffy looking man in his forties on the other side of the bar. His nose was very red, and judging from his toothless smile and drunken disposition, he was a regular here.

"M-me?" she asked.

"Who else would I be asking?" he said. "Other than the pertiest lady this side of the west? Jus' want one more glass, if ya can."

"I - uh, sure. Of course . . . Johnny?"

He grinned, his eyes leering at her cleavage a little too much. How did she know his name? It had simply sprung from her mouth, and yet she'd gotten it right. The new woman reached below the bar counter and brought out the bottle that, somehow, she knew was his favourite. He slid the old coins across the counter as she poured him his drink, and she did it with proper precision, even leaning forward a little so that some of the pool players stopped just to appreciate the sight.

"That's the stuff. Jus' need to wet my neckhole, is all."

"Well, it's all you're gettin'," Matilda said, leaning into her role even as her mind continued to panic.

"Hey Matilda!" called another patron. "I hear that new blonde Sheriff looks to be rather sweet on you. You let him down easy, y'hear? On account of I'd like to be the one ta sweep you off yer feet."

The new woman blinked. "I'll - I'll make sure to do that! I ain't got time for romancing you know that, Timmy Deeks. Especially with you right there. It'll put me right off men entirely, I fear!"

There was a ripple of laughs from the pool table, and several of them began busting his balls. To his credit, he cackled and got back to shooting. Matilda took the opportunity to make a run for it. She hitched her skirts - she could barely believe she had to do that, and left the bar, making straight for the door.

"I'll be back! Don't ya'll go nicking my booze now!"

She moved straight past another worker, perhaps her boss, and completely ignored his confusion.

"Need to get out of here, need to get out of here. C'mon, I wish I wasn't here. You hear that, genie? I *wish* I wasn't here!"

But there was no answer from the heavens or anywhere else, even as she made it out onto the street. Not that one could really call it a *street*. It was a bare patch of land with track marks in it from the numerous wagons passing to and fro. Just like in a classic western, it was the centrepiece of town; a single land going straight through the heart of civilisation and leading back into the desert once more, with only a few patches of greenery and a couple of wells to provide for life here. Dust kicked up from the light wind, and she had to shield her eyes for a moment beneath the blazing hot sun above.

This was real.

Not a dream, not some kind of virtual reality experience, not even some acid trip or something. She was really in some kind of western town that was laid out exactly like one of those utterly *tripe* flicks that her best friends loved.

"How do I get out?" she uttered to herself, turning around and around in the main street in a panic so that passerbys looked at her curiously. "How do I get my body back?"

"Are you okay, Miss Taggart?" a gentleman in a top hat asked. She somehow recognised him as the local mayor, one Wyatt Parsons. "You appear to be in a dizzy spell?"

She was about to try and tell this man the truth, or perhaps just beg him to help her figure out what was going on and where her two friends were, when suddenly there was a loud *BANG!*

People screamed, and others began to run for the safety of the indoors. The mayor took off, clutching his hat on his head, running straight for the saloon in a huff. Matilda looked around.

"What on earth is happening now!?" she demanded. It was all happening far too fast, but things sped up even more as several men tore into the town on horseback, screaming loudly and laughing and firing their six-shooters into the air. Instantly, the new woman was hit by a wave of terror. She'd never been particularly brave as a man, but now she was a freakin' saloon maid in the one location she considered utterly beneath her. She was out of her depth!

She ran straight for the saloon, even as more of the outlaws arrived, leaping from their horseback and running straight for the bank and nearby stores. Matilda tripped over almost immediately, not used to her female shoes with their heels, nor the heavy bouncing in her chest. She really did not appreciate being so 'well-built' up top, that was for sure!

"Get inside, Tilda!" a man shouted, the one who she was certain was her employer, Clint. "Take cover! It's the Bell Gang!"

She hid behind the bar, falling straight onto her stomach. This caused a sharp pain in her chest; her bosom was *not* meant to be flat against the ground like this. Matilda's curly chestnut hair fell all over her face, and she had to quickly adjust the skirt of her dress; she got the sense that she was showing off way more thigh than was reasonable.

"An outlaw gang striking terror? This is so damn stereotypical!" she shouted.

"Watch the language, missy," Clint advised. "And keep quiet. They'll be a-coming."

Sure enough, they arrived moments later, smashing open the door and running a rampage through the saloon. There were more than a few "yee-haw!"s from the gang as their dirty, grubby hands reached for the bottles on the bar counter. Matilda felt fear in her chest: she'd always rolled her eyes at such scenes, but being in one was so different, flooded with tension, in fact.

"Where's ya women, barman!?"

"We're lookin' for a pretty gal, booze won't cut it!"

"We been across the west without nary sight of a woman. Makes a man desperate, y'hear?"

Clint, to his credit, stood tall in front of the counter, just in view of the hiding Matilda.

"I'm afraid my only female employee is absent on account of such ruffian antics, sirs. I'd be happy to wet your whistle with some fine drinks on the house, of course."

"Oh, is that so!? Then that's that little trace of lady-like footwear I do here notice, barman!?"

There was a loud thud as Clint was punched in the side of the head, collapsing down against the counter. Matilda squeaked, and instantly a pair of hands grabbed her and pulled her back. She tried to kick at the man who was dragging her, but he was a large and vile-looking thing, toady-faced and with one bung eye.

"You leave me alone, alright!?" she screeched, even as he pulled her upright in front of the cheering outlaws, five in total. "Don't any of y'all know how to treat a lady?"

"Oh, we know alright!" another slimy fellow added, gangly and mean-looking, with more missing teeth than actual teeth. He licked his lips in a way that left Matilda even more panicked. "And we aim to show it, don't we, fellas?"

There was a general show of humour from the outlaw crowd, and they began to push Matilda around between them as they formed a circle around her. With each shove she was pushed back into the centre of the circle, and the men began to pull and tear at her clothing, exposing more of her breasts, her legs, and her hair. She was about to freak out when suddenly a new voice rang out.

"I don't suppose you work for Clayton Bell now, do ya?"

The men suddenly stopped. Matilda was struggling not to cry, and was clutching her tattered clothing, trying to preserve her modesty by sheer instinct. She'd only been a woman for twenty minutes and she was already self-conscious about men seeing her boobs. But her real attention was on the dark man in the corner of the saloon, one she hadn't noticed until now. He had suntanned skin and dark, slightly wild hair, as well as a rugged set of black facial hair that made him almost look like an outlaw himself. A crimson kerchief was set around his neck, and a black-brimmed cowboy hat had been pulled down to cover his eyes. Something about him had an animal magnetism, a criminal attraction that, to Matilda's utter embarrassment, made her blush with an unexpected arousal. Could her new body be . . . into men? She shuddered at the thought, and yet still couldn't look away from this mysterious stranger.

"Who in the hell are you?" the toad-faced man said.

"Just an interested third party. You can call me Archer, if ya want. On account of I never miss."

"Well, Archer," the gangly one said. "Ya can kindly stick yer fool head out of our business. It ain't got shit to do with you."

The man stood slowly, pulling at his black duster to straighten it out. He stretched his neck like there weren't five outlaws who could kill him stone dead in a moment before him, and raised his head so that his piercing ice-blue eyes looked them straight on.

"I'm afraid it does, fella. Y'see, I just arrived here not too long ago, and I got lots of questions that need answering, but I got a feelin' your Clayton Bell is at the centre of 'em. There's a big reward on his head, didn't ya see? Dead or Alive. Now, I ain't had much opportunity to pull a trigger yet, but I'm thinking if I am who I think I am, I can probably best all five of you to the draw. What do you say?"

There was a brief silence among the men. Matilda looked at the stranger, and mouthed the words '*Help me.*' He just gave her a wink, one that made the former man almost swoon a little. Why was she so damn helpless? This was just - just too ridiculous and cliché!

Suddenly the toady-faced man who had grabbed her reached for his gun, and so did the gangly-man as well. The mysterious stranger was quicker on the draw, though. Like lightning, he unsheathed his six-shooter and fired off four times. The two men fell, dead, to either side of Matilda. She couldn't help but scream. One of the surviving three went to grab her, but the stranger just raised his gun to match theirs.

"I'd advise against that," he said.

"We can hit you," one of the survivors said.

"I reckon you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn at ten paces, sonny. But let's just say you do, you're the first to die. Oh, I go down alright, but *you* die."

He pointed his silver pistol straight at the bearded man, who was now quaking a little.

"He's bluffing," a compatriot said.

"No, he's not!"

Archer grinned. "Now the three of you walk out of here. Go on, scamper. Go tell Clayton Bell that Archer Westwood is coming for him, *dead or alive*. You go tell him now, or I'll pull this trigger and turn your head into a *goddamn canoo*. Got it?"

"Y-yeah, we got it," the bearded man said, gesturing for the three to leave. "S'only a quick drop in anyhow. Clayton ain't even here."

"I thought as much. Go on. *Get.*"

They left, and the dark stranger known as Archer Westwood strode past.

"Thank you so much!" Matilda said, moving to embrace him by instinct. But to her surprise, he strode right past her and took the weapons from the two dead men.

"Didn't do it for you, ma'am. Jus' aiming for that reward."

She rolled her eyes. "Of course! You're the tall, dark, and mysterious bounty hunter, am I right?"

The man chuckled, turning his face briefly back to her as he hunched over the bodies. "I guess I am. Not a bad role to play, huh?"

"You could play it less colder! They meant to . . . take advantage of me!"

"I saved you, didn't I? Ain't even charging for it. And I should be chargin'."

She put her hands on her hips. Outside, there was a commotion.

"That'll be the do-gooder lawman, I bet," Archer said. "Best get goin'. The law and I, I doubt we see eye to eye."

"Hey!" she said, following him to the front door. "Why did you say you should be charging? I may be stuck as some heft-chested saloon gal, but I ain't a whore! I'm Matilda Taggart! I mean, I'm . . . well, yeah, that's me."

It was a weak finish, but it was all she could say. Her brain wanted her to play the role of Matilda Taggart, former ranch girl turned saloon waitress, apparently looking for a nice man. God, the romance part! So stereotypical!

"Never said you were anything like that, ma'am," Archer said. He whistled for his dark horse, which came a-running. He mounted it with ease, ready to chase off the fleeing outlaws now that the sheriff and his men were arriving. "But the way I see it, a man should always get payment for saving a beautiful piece of art such as yerself. Y'all have a good day now."

He kicked his horse, and took off, leaving Matilda all flustered. She was still standing out the front of the saloon, showing off far too much skin for a time such as this, when the Sheriff arrived in the aftermath. To her utter despair, he was just as damn handsome, only in a whole different way. He had light blonde hair beneath his cap, which he removed out of respect for her. His eyes were baby blue, and his face clean shaven. And despite his more youthful, tidy appearance, he was also very muscular. Matilda found it hard not to stare at him, especially the way his rolled up sleeves showed off his impressive forearms. She covered herself up as best she could despite her tattered saloon dress, but in doing so only emphasised her bust as she pressed her breasts together. Her nipples stiffened a little just at the sight of him.

"Are you okay, ma'am?" he asked. "Did those reckless scoundrels hurt you in anyway?"

"N-no," she said, blushing. "They just . . . a man shot at them, and they ran clean off. But they tore at my dress and acted in an unseemly manner."

"Here," he said. "Let's get you covered up. Take my coat."

He slung it round her shoulders, and she clasped it together with her hands. The shivering in her body had stopped, the fear dissipating. Something about this man was all comfort, all warmth, and his jacket smelled manly and protective.

"Thank you, Sheriff," she said. "I hope I wasn't too immodest a sight."

"No one could blame you for being shook up by that ruckus. Those yellow-bellies set a barn ablaze down south so they could sneak me off and raid the town while I was gone. I figured it out too late. I'm just glad there were no casualties, except for those brigands in the saloon there. I'll help take care of that mess, you don't need to see it."

She gulped. This man was a total contrast to the handsome Archer; a handsome hero instead. She tried to groan inwardly at the sheer cliché of it all, how *conventional* this narrative was so far, including her place as the damsel in it who was already lusting after them both, but it was hard to look down upon a western plot when you were in one, and when the man looked this damn handsome.

"I - uh, I'm Matilda," she said. "Matilda Taggart. You're the new sheriff, right?"

"That's me indeed. Sheriff Arabount. Call me Wesley, though. Slides of the tongue easier, I find."

"Well," she said, curtsying just a little. "I thank you greatly, Sheriff. I don't think I'll be around long, so I appreciate you checkin' in on me."

"Won't be around long?" he said. "Why's that?"

"I'm not from round these parts. Need to go back home."

He chuckled. "Yeah, I know that feeling, alright. Just got here recently myself, and it all feels mighty new. Still, it's exciting, y'know? The wild west, right before us, and the good town of Mayhill that needs protecting. Kinda makes me feel like I'm in the right place. I hope you find yours, Miss Taggart. It sure was good to meet ya."

She tried not to smile too warmly as he left, but she did so anyway. He'd left her the coat to keep, and she pulled it around herself more and took in its lovely musk.

"What have I gotten into with that damn wish?" she asked herself.

Matilda was an exceptionally beautiful woman, that much became clear to her over the next week of her new life in Mayhill. She had a dignified aquiline nose and sharp grey eyes, and by instinct she could style her brown curls up in a fashionable up-do that worked with the western genre of the town. Her clothing was all dresses with the classic frills and flowers and bonnets, but for some riding pants and a button shirt in a woman's style for riding, one that even came with a cute little flat top hat with a broad brim. It was a lot to take in, as was the expectation to put on some makeup, to speak like a lady, and to generally possess a body

that was much more feminine and curvaceous than she'd ever imagined it being: one that left her customers constantly flirting with her, and her having to rebuff them gently but with a good lash of wit to leave them in their place. This was not an age in which cleavage was greatly hidden, much to her despair, on account of her having quite a lot of it, and the same was true of her thighs: her petticoats had a habit of opening up the front to display her legs, and her stockings only went up to a little over her knees, leaving a tantalising sight of naked flesh before the hem of her bustle arrived. All in all, it meant that she was *the* western beauty of the town, and apparently quite the popular new fixture: she'd been able to piece together from Clint and several customers that her 'character' had recently arrived in town and taken up the waitressing job after her ranch was burned down. And, just for extra contrivance that she groaned at to hear, it was Clayton Bell who'd been the one to torch it, of course.

"This damn movie I'm stuck in. Or alternate dimension, or whatever. They couldn't have sent me to a French-Italian opera-inspired piece! Something non-chronological? Something *artistic!*?"

Alas, she was trapped, stuck as Matilda as the days flew by. Her plan had been to originally run for the hills - literally! - but that had been squandered when she'd realised just how far Oregon Country stretched and how intractable the land could be. Mayhill was just getting started as a town, and mainly functioned as a closed economy in connection with the various farms dotting the landscape. This meant she'd have to wait for a proper carriage to take her out of here, which also meant raising the right funds: she was basically cashstrapped, and it would be another week before a carriage was set to arrive that could take her away. She wasn't even sure if that would end her role as Matilda and get her back to being Matthew; the genie wasn't replying to any of her pleas or prayers, not even when she attended Church on the Sunday dressed in her beautiful best!

It was humiliating, and each day she hoped to come across Avery and Will and get them to help her out. She didn't even care how embarrassing her situation would be to explain, she just missed her friends.

But instead of seeing them, she just kept crossing paths with the two other handsome arrivals in town: Archer Westwood in his black duster, skulking around town and generally viewed with suspicion due to his confrontational manner, and Wesley Aarabout, the kind-hearted sheriff with the blonde hair and kind manner and lovely, lovely arms. The former visited her at the saloon from time to time, usually after trekking far and wide upon his horse trying to track down Clayton Bell. The latter liked to check in on her during the day, even riding near her when she went on horseback around the surrounding hills. That was the one good thing about being placed in this role, she supposed; she really could ride horses now as if she'd been born doing it, and there was a sense of freedom in seeing such an undeveloped world with such grand vistas.

“Beautiful, ain’t it?” Wesley said as he pulled alongside her once.

“It’s quite a view,” she replied. “I’m not used to it.”

“Neither am I. But I wasn’t talking about the horizon.”

She blushed at this. “Sheriff, you overstep yourself. I ain’t . . . that kind of woman.”

“You ain’t like any woman I ever met, I can tell you that. Most don’t go a-ridin’ off on their own, and most don’t survive the centre of a shootout and get plain back to work. That’s something. Makes me feel like I’ve found the place where I want to be.”

She bit her lip, then looked back to the horizon. It truly was beautiful, but her body was now responding to his presence. Her damn body with all its needs!

Matilda Taggart masturbated that night. Her room above the saloon was small, a little cramped, and she hated having to use an old-fashioned privy. But her body! God, it was responsive! She hadn’t intended to go so far with it. She was supposed to be a man, after all, and while she’d had a dry spell for a while (the last woman to date Matthew had called him a ‘pretentious snob’ before dumping his ass), there was always hope in finding the right woman. But right now, her female self was simply too aroused by the idea of contact with a strong man. She imagined Sheriff Arabount - *Wesley* - kissing her perfect pink nipples and feeling her form softly. She imagined the taste of his lips upon hers, and even the raw sensuality of him helping her out of her corset, undoing the stays and laces until her busty body was free. She imagined hiking up her skirts so he could take her from behind, and that was enough to make her pussy wet, enough that she was rubbing it, moaning beneath her breath, and hoping that she wouldn’t wake Clint from his room down the hall.

“Mhmmm,” she moaned. “Yessss. Take me, Sheriff. I want to be your c-cowgirl.”

And yet, another image flitted through her mind as well. The more aroused and lustful she became, the more aggressively she rubbed and groped and felt her female body. She imagined even rougher sex than what the kindly sheriff would offer, a vigorous dominance from a mysterious stranger.

She imagined Archer Westwood, the Man in Black himself, in all his ruggedness and coarse ways. He would fuck her with wild abandon, without fear of her sensitivity, without any illusions of romance. It would be all lust, all primal feeling; two passing riders in the night finding momentary comfort and bliss in one another’s arms. He’d fuck her right up against the wall, fuck her *raw*, and she would cry out like an animal as he did so until he shot his warm seed right into her waiting -

“NNGHH! MHHHMM!!”

Matilda Taggart had to clamp her mouth shut and hold her lips with one hand as her body thrashed with orgasm. No, *orgasms*. She’d never experienced multiple ripples of bliss like that before, but they coursed through her like snakes across the plains, and she found

herself writhing in pleasure, her mind flitting between the handsome, gentlemanly Wesley and the brutish-yet-charismatic Archer.

“God,” she said when she finally managed to catch her breath, chest heaving up and down dramatically, her breasts bare and large and beautiful. “That was . . . something else, alright. Ohhh . . .”

The good sheriff and the rogueish bounty hunter. It was absurd how much her life had become some kind of western adventure romance. When would the genie end it?

Would the genie ever end it?

It was two days later when the bounty hunter himself swaggered into her saloon. Matilda had been serving customers all day, pouring drinks and keeping the rowdy men’s tempers in check, and even flirting a little, showing her thighs and bosom just enough to get the right tips and right enthusiasm. She needed to get every penny, after all, and besides, her damn role compelled her to do it so naturally. Still, she looked up every time the door bell dinged from another customer entering, hoping she’d see one of two men. This time, it was Archer.

“Another whiskey?” she murmured as he traipsed in, his body language all in a huff. “On account of you still haven’t caught your man?”

“Make it a double,” he told her. “I’d like you to join me. Misery loves company, and I’m miserable enough ta be plenty lovin’ right now.”

That actually got an amused smile from her. “Sure, long as you pay, handsome.”

At this, he grinned, and it wasn’t at all a bad grin. More . . . rugged.

“Well, I’ll take the compliment, covered in dust as I am. No, I didn’t catch him. Bastard, if you can stomach my language, seems to have gone to ground. He raided the next town over. Killed two men. I’m thinking he’s got *two* bullets waiting for him now, at least.”

“You’re not afraid?” she asked.

He drank some of the whiskey she’d poured. “Fear ain’t for my kind, darlin’. I’m just a bounty hunter, not some lawman doing good and just in the world. I just want my American dollars.”

“But you did save me. During that attack weeks ago, I mean.”

“Well, you serve up some fine whiskey, and you give me a discount on the sly. That’s well worth it, in my view.”

She looked around the saloon. It was nightfall, and not many men were in tonight. Business was slouching the last few days. She really needed to get a even more flirty with the ones who were passing through. Her mind was considering wearing some of the more

provocative dresses, or to even start singing. Men loved a pretty singer, embarrassing as it would be to take on the role.

"Do you think . . . there's not much traffic out of town because of Bell?"

"That's what I'm thinkin'," he said, taking another drink. "I'm also thinkin' I can't leave till my business is done. I plan to catch this sunnovabitch and then make my back home to where I belo-"

The door dinged, and another customer entered. Matilda opened her mouth in surprise for a moment; it was Wesley. His spurs jingled and jangled with each step, and he removed his hat and placed it respectfully on his chest as he nodded to Matilda.

"Miss Taggart," he said. "I was hoping you'd still be serving. It's always a mighty pleasure to see you."

"And you too, Mr Arabount."

"Please, we've been riding together. You can call me Wesley."

"And you can call me Matilda," she said, smiling a little.

Archer frowned, and turned around from his drink. It was then that Wesley's hopeful expression changed in an instant.

"Ah. I see you have a rather interesting customer this evening. Not too many bounty hunters round these parts."

"Well, there'll be one fewer, once I bag the reward on Clayton Bell. I see the reward has jumped a few dollars since I last come here."

"You're not dragging out any efforts just to see that amount climb now, are ya?"

Archer narrowed his eyes. "You insult me, Sheriff. I may be new in town, but I would have thought some reputation may have preceded me. I always get my man, in the end."

Wesley stepped forward, leaning over Archer in an act of intimidation. "And I always get my outlaw, sir. That includes those that lawbreakers who don't try to see true justice done, and bring violence to the town."

Archer just smirked. "I ain't bringing anything but good company. Just as Matilda here."

"That's Miss Taggart to you."

"Well, I ain't been riding with her, but I *did* save her life whilst you was putting out some lame hick barnfire. I'd say I've earned the right more than a little ponyshow ride."

The two stared off against one another. From Matilda's perspective, it was kind of . . . *hot*. This was the kind of scene that would have made her turn off the television, perhaps even snap the disc in half if it was on a DVD, or at least reconsider her streaming subscription. It was so deeply cliché, and she already knew how the story would end: the bounty hunter would have some minor redemption and die protecting her. She'd choose the good man, and probably get her ranch back. Maybe a flash forward with her pregnant or

something to show that peace was restored. Or perhaps the Man in Black would not die, and ride off into the sunset, his services no longer needed. All Westerns had that kind of plot.

And yet . . .

And yet she found herself invigorated in the moment, drinking in each word, each pause, each moment of dripping tension oozing from the two handsome leads. They squared up against one another, almost adopting a duelling pose, and she imagined that being the movie poster. *The Good, the Bad, and the Unbelievably Gorgeous*. And here they were, fighting over her. She'd never felt so invested in a Western before. Ever. She also realised she'd missed half of their conversation.

"If you're implying something," Archer said. "You can come right out and say it, lawman, not hide behind excuses like the lady's petticoat here. She's tougher than she looks. She can damn well take it."

"And now you swear in front of a lady! I know good and well that's not right. I may be new here, but I've got a role to play, and it can't be allowing talk like that."

"You can always arrest me."

"Don't think I won't."

"You can try."

Wesley lowered his hands to his belt, where his six-shooter was strapped. Archer did the same, and the moment seemed to draw out as they stared at one another. It was then that Matilda realised her own part. More than that, she found she *wanted* to fulfil it. She stood up immediately and moved between them, shoving their hands away from their holsters.

"Oh, for pity's sake! Men with their toys! What are you going to do, shoot each other here in my saloon? Get me cut loose from my own means to *defend* my honour? I swear the pair of you were thinking with something *other* than your guns."

The two blushed, especially Wesley, who looked ashamed.

"She's got us there, Sheriff," Archer said, turning to a grin. "I told you she's tough. Something, ain't she?"

Wesley smirked. "A hell of a rider, too."

"That I'd like to see."

"Well, she asked me."

"Stop it!" Matilda said again. "You both need to go home. Clearly, this town ain't big enough for the pair of you, and neither is this saloon."

For a moment, the pair of them looked at her, then relaxed.

"Of course," Archer said. "I was just goin'. I'd like to see you on horseback sometime after hearing that, Matilda. If you ever wanna learn how to use a rifle, I'd be mighty handy too. See you 'round."

He left with a tip of his hat. God, he was roguishly handsome. Wesley stayed behind for a moment, looking awkward.

“Are you and he . . . ?”

Matilda realised the implications of his words. “No! Oh, no. But . . . he’s better than he seems. Charming, in his own way.”

“I’ll take your word for it. Still figuring out how this story goes, I guess. I actually came to ask if you’d want to ride again, sometime. The pair of us, that is.”

Matilda found herself smiling yet again. “I’d . . . I’d really like that, Mr Arabount.”

“Wesley, Miss Taggart.”

“And Matilda to you.”

“Yes, ma’am, Miss Taggart.”

Matilda was more daring on this horseride. She was wearing riding pants and a button shirt and a woman's jacket, looking much like a cowgirl herself. And, of course, she’d unbuttoned the top a little to air out her cleavage, and perhaps show it off a little. Certainly, she was getting plenty of laughs from the way Wesley was continually distracted by her beauty; the man plain nearly fell off of his horse more than once. She giggled at this, finding it greatly endearing.

“You’re a natural on that horse!” he declared as they made their way around the plains.

“Had to be,” she said. “Daddy taught me from birth. I’m a true ranch girl, you might say. Besides, I’m starting to come around to being a bit of a western gal, even if it was a surprise at first, arriving at Mayhill.

That was just the narrative putting words in her mouth, but the last part was her own touch.

“I know what you mean,” Wesley said. “I surely do. Sometimes I can hardly believe how my life has changed. But I’m glad it did. Real glad, in fact. Look, I’m just a country boy who believes in sincerity and honest work. If I may be so bold as to say it, I surely do like you, Miss Taggart.”

She blushed. Her heart beat nervously. Why were these words working on her so effectively when she usually reviled hearing them?

“Matilda, please.”

“I’d like to be able to call you that one day, once I know you better. And I’d like to know you better, truly. I’d like to know you a whole lot better. I can’t - I can barely stop thinking about you. Call me crazy, but seeing you the other night talking to Archer, well, it lit a

fire under me. I knew then how powerful my feelings were, when I made a straight fool of myself. And, well, I knew that next time that I saw you, I'd have to do this."

His horse was right up against Matilda's and he leaned over easily and cupped her cheek, turning her lips towards his. Matilda exhaled, barely able to believe what was happening, but it wasn't just the western narrative compelling her, she *felt* this, and wanted it too. When his lips met hers, something in her shuddered. He kissed her gently and tenderly, but she found herself returning that kiss with greater than equal passion.

"Wesley," she uttered.

"Miss Taggart," he returned.

She wanted to be held by him, to get off of her horse and roll with him in the cool grass right here in the verdant region of the eastern valley. Her breasts heaved upon her chest as she continued to kiss him, and she didn't even care when her hat came off or her hair came undone. She wanted him in all his kindness, gentleness, and justice. She began to pull at her collar, intent on having him feel her bountiful breasts, when suddenly-

CRACK!

Wesley instantly pulled back, suddenly alert.

"That was gunfire. Get your head down!"

CRACK! CRACK!

It seemed to echo everywhere, but Wesley was clearly a sharp man with even sharper senses, because he narrowed his eyes.

"That's coming from the direction of Mayhill! Miss Taggart, stay here!"

"Like hell I will!"

"It's dangerous in that town!"

But a fire was in her, a new kind. "And it's *my* town too! Hee-ya!"

She took off on her horse, demonstrating the very fearlessness that Archer had ascribed to her, wanting her Wesley to see it too. He took off after her, catching up and then surpassing her. Her face was set and determined, her bosom heaving hypnotically upon her chest. She had little doubt that, were this a real movie instead of some kind of Western-genre dimension, this would absolutely be the most freeze-framed moment in the trailer. She rode her horse at speed straight towards the town, the pair of them heading for the violence and carnage. It took the better part of fifteen minutes, but they made it eyeshot of Mayhill, where chaos was erupting. There was no doubt about it: the red sashes of the Bell Gang were present, and the outlaws were once again looting the good people and setting themselves up as their own little fiefdom. From their position on a rocky promontory, this seemed more than just a little attack as well. The gang were out in numbers, and retaliation was clear.

"Damn it all," the sheriff said. "They're holding the town clean hostage. We'll be lucky if they don't pick the place clean. Stay here. I'm gonna see if I can get closer, rouse my deputies and put a plan into action."

"Have you drunk from a poisoned waterhole or something?" Matilda asked. "Look at them! There's at least fifteen of them, maybe more! Clayton Bell will be down there, and he's the fastest gun in the west."

"And I aim to prove him wrong on that account."

"This is foolish and you know it, Wesley. At least find Archer. He can help."

"A bounty hunter like him knows no loyalties. If I can get a few people out we can route them, I know we can. Bell torched your ranch, I thought you'd want revenge on that account."

"I do," she said, though she didn't really feel it beyond her narrative backstory. "But not if it means . . . losing you."

She winced at her own dialogue, but her genuine feelings rose to the top, overcoming her natural aversion to the words. She took his face and kissed him again, and he returned it with a passion that was just as equal this time.

"Take your horse and get to the next town over to warn them. Don't argue with me this time. This ain't a place for a fair lady such as you, no matter how tough you are. See if you can rally the Sheriff of Hayfield, and that might swing things some. Please, Matilda, do this for me."

Her lip wobbled. "You called me Matilda."

"I figured I'd better. Lets you know I mean to return to you. Now go on, get out of here. Find me those reserves."

He got back on his horse and rose the long way around town, eager to infiltrate it without tipping off Bell's gang. Matilda wanted to stay, but knew she had her duty. Still, she was torn. Her entire body was filled with a powerful dread at what could happen to the good sheriff. She knew in her soul that he would be okay - wouldn't he? This was how Westerns went. But now, she finally understood why she'd been a snob about these stories. It didn't matter if you knew things were probably going to work out in the end. If a western was told well enough, if the emotional investment was there, if the excitement and danger put your heart in your throat and made you want to know what would happen next, well, then it had succeeded like damn hell.

"I'll be back," she uttered. "And I'll be bringing hell with me."

Night was approaching. The afternoon light was dying, but Hayfield was finally in sight. Matilda's horse neighed, happy to know that some rest was coming, and a good amount of water to drink as well. The formerly male rider had a sore ass - even her new 'padding' couldn't stop her from feeling the chafe of the saddle after so many hours - and was certainly looking forward to making herself look less ragged once she summoned the local sheriff and his deputies. To her surprise, the town looked pretty empty, bereft of traffic. It made a kind of sense: Bell's gang had terrorised this region and killed all trade. She wandered in as a lone rider, and people shut their doors or looked away, while a few men on their porches simply stared at her and muttered among themselves. There was no real foot traffic, and she tied up her horse and let him have a good drink before heading to the sheriff's office. She took a moment to make her appearance a bit more complimentary - perhaps out of female vanity, but also because it would help convince them if she had the benefit of beauty to entice them - and stepped inside.

A grubby-looking sheriff with a mangy beard and a bad eye was sat behind the desk, throwing darts at the wall. Behind him was a racket from several cells.

"I said shut the hell up!" one of his deputies yelled, cracking his baton against the bars, seemingly breaking the hand of one of the outlaws in it.

Matilda recoiled a little. Clearly, not every town had a good sheriff like Wesley Arabount. She swallowed her fears, however, and stepped forward to the desk. The mangy-looking sheriff looked at her with surprise.

"Say, don't I know you?" he asked.

"I don't believe so, sir," she said. "Unless you made a purchase from the Taggard Ranch, before the outlaw Clayton Bell burned it down."

He smirked at this. "Perhaps I have been there. You a Mayhill girl? I definitely remember seeing a fine bird like you in Mayhill?"

She didn't like his manner, or the way he looked at her chest. She really needed to get those top buttons fixed, and to get a corset that wasn't so adamant on amplifying her already-generous bust. The deputy behind him was licking his lips as he looked at her; it made the former man feel like a piece of meat. These weren't the roguish men like Archer, they were just creeps.

"Perhaps you did. I'm a waitress at a saloon there."

"That a fact?"

"It is, sir. And right now, Mayhill is under assault by the Bell Gang. A large one; they're holding the town hostage and have overwhelmed our sheriff and his office. I've come here to plead for you to aid him. With Hayfield's resources-

"We're stretched pretty thin right now. Busy town."

She blinked. "Sir, I don't think you understand-

“Oh, I understand plenty. You named Matilda, by chance? Matilda Taggart?”

She paused. “I surely am.”

He nodded, and grinned to his compatriot. “You now, I hear tell you were at the centre of a little scuffle. We been looking for the man responsible for that scuffle for a while now. Man named Archer Westwood. He took some of my finest boys from me.”

It was then that the truth hit Matilda with all the force of a western steam engine barrelling down its tracks. These weren’t law men. They weren’t even putting on much of an act. And this Sheriff looked a hell of a lot like Clayton Bell’s Wanted poster, only with a mangy beard and a sheriff’s uniform to disguise him just enough to fool a person at a distance. They’d already taken Hayfield. This outlaw was building a goddamn personal *fiefdom*.

This genre *could* surprise her, and would that she could respect such a twist, were it not for the danger it placed her in. More than ever, she wanted to be a sharpshooting western gal, not just the romantic lead with moxie.

“Well, I’m sorry to hear that, Sheriff,” she said as composed as she could. “But I’ll be goin’ then if you can’t help me. Sorry to waste your time.”

Clayton Bell grinned, his expression vicious, wolf-like. He hadn’t gone to Mayhill at all, at least not yet. He’d probably been holding this office for a while now, readying to expand, to probe for weakness.

“Not a problem, ma’am. Allow me to show you safe passage home.”

“Oh, there’s no need.”

But he stood and tapped his six-shooter. His expression said ‘I know you know,’ and his remaining eye gleamed intelligently. “Oh, I truly insist. It’s a dangerous night to be a woman out there in the wilderness, ya know? Best to have a guard by your side.”

Clayton spread word among the town and his other riders about what was happening to Matilda. The plan was clear: he’d draw Archer out of whatever rock he was hiding under (his words) by putting ‘his girl’ in danger. She tried to assure him that she was not attached to such a rogue, but no one believed her. She wasn’t even sure if she did. Wesley was such a fine man, and she wanted to be his dearly, but at the same time, part of her was drawn to Archer as well. There was an invisible connection there that she couldn’t explain.

It was something to ponder as she was carried, tied up, upon the back of an outlaw’s horse out into the desert night. Clayton Bill travelled with three men, but when they were outside the view of Hayfield, he called for them to stop.

"Here's good," he told his men: one a scarred up fellow, another hispanic, and the third covering his face with a bandana. "Good sightlines, too. He'll have a hard time reaching you without getting ambushed in the morning, and I know this bounty hunter, for all his murderin' hands he won't be able to resist comin' to save a woman in need. That's when you get him, right?"

They all nodded, following their boss' orders.

"Right. If he doesn't take the bait by the time the sun falls tomorrow, you can do what you want with her. Kill her, use her, or leave her to the desert. Your choice. Join back up with us at Mayhill. I intend to carve out a nice settlement there. There'll be some sweet property deals to go around, especially once that railroad begins hitching our way in a few years."

The men grinned at this, well, the two not hidden away by their bandanas. With a tip of his hat, Clayton took off, still dressed as a Sheriff. In the distance, he met up with two more riders dressed as his deputies. Matilda squeaked behind her gag; Wesley wouldn't stand a chance!

But then, neither would *she*. As the villain of the story rode through beneath the light of the moon, she pondered on just what the hell *she* could do. She was tied up, her wrists behind her, and sat upon a log while the hispanic man stoked the little fire they'd made. The bandana man was behind her, but seemed distracted, and the remainder was getting ready to make some soup. It allowed Matilda to quickly shift herself down and grab a sharp-edged rock. She began sawing at her ropes as the men talked. In real life, a conveniently sharp rock would never cut through a rope, but this was a western. It was a trope that everyone knew, and it was working for her now. All she needed to do was get away. Get away and remove their leverage, and perhaps grab one of the pistols the pale-haired man had left by his side. It was a stretch, but she knew she had to do it. She would *not* let Archer get hurt.

It took a minute or two, but she managed to get free. Matilda waited, her heart pounding, her chest heaving, but the second the attention was split between the three men she jumped backwards and grabbed the pistol. There was an immediate commotion as she swung it around, and the hispanic man launched to his feet, reaching for his own weapon. Without thinking, Matilda fired twice, three times, four times. She kept firing until she ran out of bullets, her eyes squeezed shut. Only when she opened them did she see his body fall to the ground.

Only there were two other outlaws with her, and she'd just had her six.

"Wait—"

The lanky man raised a pistol, and there was a sudden *BANG*. Then, with a look of surprise on his face, he fell to the ground and collapsed face first. There was a bullet in his back, and the man who had shot it was the one with the bandana. He pulled it down.

"Archer!" Matilda cried. She ran to the man, embracing him, sobbing into his chest.

"Sorry, Matilda," he said, holding her close. "I wouldn't let them harm ya - I couldn't - but I had to wait some until that rat bastard wouldn't hear us across the plains. You did good, kid. Ya did good."

She nodded, holding him for protection, and he held her in turn.

"Those were some clean shots. Next time, just don't shoot your six."

"I never thought I'd . . . I just killed him."

"Nah, he was a rabid dog. Ya just put him down some, that's all. C'mon, let's get you away from this mess. We'll set a fire and you and me can swap stories. You just lean on me now. I ain't as bad as all that."

"I know you aren't," she said. "You just saved me."

"Hell," he replied with a grin. "I didn't even know you'd be in Hayfield, I was just following a lead. Meant to snipe Clayton Bill between the eyes, but once I saw you . . ."

She swallowed as he led her away. "I'm sorry I ruined everything."

"Ain't nothin' ruined, only delayed. You just owe me a whiskey and a dance, sweetheart."

She laughed at that. Despite his rough manner, he had a swagger about him.

The fire burned warmly, and the two had shared their stories. Without even meaning to, Matilda had moved closer to Archer, enjoying his presence, admiring his rugged good looks. He tended the fire confidently, and didn't seem to mind her shuffling over.

"So, what's the plan?" she asked.

"Plan is, I wait till Clayton comes back to Hayfield, that's what."

"But . . . what about the townspeople? What about Wesley?"

"I suspect they'll have a rough time of it, but that can't be helped."

"Oh yes it bloody can, Mr Westwood! You know, I can't figure you out. One moment you're all carried away with rescuing and doing good despite being this low down, dirty bounty hunter, and the next, you're just in it for the money."

He shrugged. "Well, the common factor is your, darlin'. I ain't makin' a secret of it; you got me all sweet on you. What can I say, I've always loved a spitfire."

He was so close, his presence even warmer than the fire. Their bedrolls were beneath the night sky; there was no point in returning to Mayhill while things were dark. They needed their own rest for now. But still, his words rankled her.

"I'm pretty taken with you too, Archer."

"I thought you were sweet on that man, that Wesley."

"I . . . I was. I can't explain it, but it's you I'm truly captured by. Whenever you stop by, my heart jolts, and whenever you leave, part of me leaves with you."

The words flowed naturally from her, even if they were not entirely true. Yes, she felt utterly drawn to Archer, but it was Wesley she truly had these feelings about. His comfort and love was a step beyond what this man had to offer. But if she was to get him to do the right thing, then she would have to lie. That would be her sacrifice, to save the story.

"Well how about that?" he said, smiling. "And here we are, beneath the night sky."

"And so much could happen," she whispered tenderly, her lips close to his. "But only if you do the right thing, Archer. Only if you prove to be the man you're supposed to be."

He paused, became serious, and then nodded. "I will be."

"You promise?"

He spit into his hand and held it out. After a moment's hesitation, she shook it.

"That's my girl."

He kissed her, and it was a more aggressive kiss than Wesley's had been, more dominant. This was no kiss bound purely to romance, but one mingled with lust as well. The stars and moon shone upon their bodies in their camping space, and it seemed the perfect location for her to finally give in to her body's lust. This man was not Wesley, but there was no denying her need for him as well.

"I could take you right now," he whispered in her ear. "You just give the word, darlin'."

She exhaled, feeling the need in her heavy bosom. "I thought - ahh - I already did!"

"I suppose you did," he replied, and then he began to remove her attire, just as she began to loosen his belt. She yearned for his touch, and she received it. The pair made love, touching one another, feeling their flesh, and she moaned as he helped her remove her corset and then her undergarments, until she was naked before him, her large breasts open to the air. She covered them daintily, her cheeks rosy.

"It's a little cold," she said sheepishly.

"Then let me warm you up, darlin'," he replied.

He began to kiss her neck as he squeezed and cupped her breasts, slowly pressing her to the ground. He was actually gentler than she imagined, but there was still a rough side to him; he was in total control, and was submitting to him. She gasped as he kissed her breasts, then again when he licked and sucked on her nipples, which she increasingly encouraged. Her womanhood was wet and needy by this point, and so she spread her legs apart; his dick was hard and long and she no longer feared it; she simply wanted its girth inside of her.

"I never thought I'd end up like thisssss," she moaned as he began to insert himself inside her. It was wonderful. It was terrible. It was blissful beyond all measure. "I never -

ahhh - imagined ending up here at all! And here I am, stuck in this cliché story, following every dreadful convention and - ohhhh - still loving it! Mhmmh!"

He began to thrust into her, but suddenly the man paused. "Wait . . . *Matthew!*?"

Her eyes widened, and the second realisation of this night hit. "*Avery!*?"

The pair looked at one another; he currently still hard inside of her, her own body raging for more.

"It's you!? You're a woman!?"

"Since the beginning! I - *you're Avery!*? Then Will must be . . ."

"*Wesley,*" they said together, figuring it out.

"Oh my Lord," she gasped, wincing a little. "Ohhh, this is awkward. You're - ahhh - inside of me, right now."

"I should get out, shouldn't I? I mean, I feel compelled to be this bad boy, always was back in real life, so this role suits me, but I didn't realise . . . do you want me to stop?"

She swallowed. "I . . . I feel compelled as well. But I *don't* want you to stop. I want to keep going, Avery. *Archer*. I want . . . this. I know that's strange but-"

He kissed her, just as dominantly as before, perhaps even more so. She moaned into his mouth, feeling the passion re-intensify.

"I know exactly what you mean, darlin'," her friend-turned-roguish lover said. He instantly began thrusting into her again, and she in turn thrashed and squirmed, cried out and moaned beneath him, bucking her hips up to take his girth. She loved the feel of her sensitive nipples sliding against his muscular, slightly-scarred chest. Soon she was unable to even keep her focus on him; her gaze was upon the stars, her body shifting on the bedroll with every thrust, her spirit already caught in a heavenly delirium.

"Ohhhh, yes! Yessss, Archer! In m-me! I want you to - ohhhh!"

She wrapped her legs around him, and the two of them burst into loud groans as his cock pumped within her, his warm seed flooding her vaginal passage like a veritable flood. She exhaled, curling her toes as waves of orgasm rippled through her entire body. His cock continued to throb inside of her, sending more of his issue into her body, and she gripped him tightly, not wanting any of it to go to waste.

"That was . . . lovely," she stammered in the aftermath, cupping his face and feeling his whiskers. "Did we really just do that?"

"Sure did, darlin'," he replied with a smirk. "And you know, even knowing now who you really are, I don't regret a thing. D'you?"

Matilda bit her lip. She should have been more freaked out. She was in a love triangle with her two best friends. She'd just let one fuck her, and she'd *loved* it, begging for more. And yet . . . it felt totally tight. A romance in the west right beneath the stars. The only awkwardness was not knowing who the men in her life had been, but that she still had to

choose between them; Wesley was still in danger, and in this kind of story, only one might survive.

“You’re thinkin’ about him, aren’t you? My brother, I mean. Well, he ain’t quite my brother anymore, but he’s certainly still *him*.”

“I’m worried about him.”

“Do you love him? Or me?”

“I already told you that I love you. Just because you know now how wrong I was about Westerns doesn’t change that, Archer. I said I’d love you, and you said you’d rescue Wesley. That’s the narrative. That’s our story, ain’t it?”

He kissed her again, touching her breast and caressing her fine flanks.

“I suppose it is. And tomorrow, it’s pistols at dawn. For now though, let’s get some shuteye. Feel like sharin’ a bedroll?”

“Mr Westwood,” she said with a grin, leaning into her role even more to amuse her Western-loving friend. “I thought you’d never ask.”

When Matilda woke, it was with lovely dreams of the previous night. She’s awoken with such passion at dawn, and with such passion in her loins she and Archer had made love again. She hoped she wasn’t betraying Wesley, but in a way she knew she was. And yet . . . she was drawn to both men. He had just been the first. And the feeling of riding atop him, her heavy breasts bouncing as he cradled them . . . had been *sensational*.

Only she’d fallen asleep again. His warm touch had seen to that. And now she was awake, her clothes in a satchel beside her, and Archer nowhere in sight. The realisation hit her.

“That bastard!” she shouted, getting up and grabbing her clothing. “He left without me! He -”

There was a small note pinned to the satchel. She took it and read it immediately.

Darling. Thanks for lying to me last night. It’s not fair you ended up like this, but a part of me will be forever glad for that perfect night. I’m off to rescue Wesley now. He’s my brother, and now my brother-in-arms, I suppose. Besides, someone has to stick around this town and keep a new lady such as yourself happy. I won’t get in your way, nor his. That I promise. Stay safe, and remember me if things go bad.

Archer.

Matilda got dressed as quickly as she could, and grabbed her dried rations and practically inhaled them. With a swig of her waterskin she was ready to go, and she got up onto her horse with such alacrity that she nearly burst open the front of her shirt in her enthusiasm.

"Hee-yah!" she cried, kicking her feet in the saddle. Her horse took off at lightning speed, racing towards Mayhill. A showdown would already be happening there, and that charming, roguish, passionate *moron* was about to ruin everything and get himself killed.

"Not today!" she yelled to the wind, her horse galloping beneath her across the dry, windswept plains. "This western is gonna have a happy ending! And I'm gonna save *both* my men, damn it!"

They were her best friends, after all, and she finally understood them completely.

It was why she had fallen in love with both of them.

Gunshots rang through the town when Matilda arrived. Horses were running in random directions, and the townspeople were hiding in their homes and in the saloon. She raced through, uncaring of where the bullets whizzed about, even when one shot through her hair and took a piece with it, still she rode.

The action was, appropriately, at her saloon. The windows were destroyed, and men were gathering about across the street, firing in, while one was hurled out of the upper window and landed down upon the dusty street with a wet *thwack*. Several goons turned her way as she arrived, and she had to rear up her horse and crash over one, before turning about and fleeing from their bullets.

She jumped off of the horse and rolled, hurting her ankle something fierce, but she managed to clamber into the saloon, bottles erupting into shards of glass around her with every shot. She grabbed one and swung it at the back of one of the outlaw's heads. He groaned and fell to his knees, instantly knocked unconscious.

"Wesley!" she cried. "Wesley, are you here! Did Archer come for you!?"

A man ran down the stairs; the Sheriff himself.

"Matilda, get down!"

She did so, and he fired twice, taking out two bandits. He grabbed her hand and pulled her upstairs; more were coming, and he barely managed to get the door locked in time before more bullets came through. He tugged her to the second floor. They were holed up in her room.

"You smashed my perfume!" she told the two.

"Well, I never thought my male best friend would wear perfume!" Wesley declared.

"But it does smell very fine and civilised . . . on you."

Her cheeks went red. "So Archer told you."

"I did that," the man in black said, firing out the window and keeping more of them at bay. "Figured truth-tellin' was a virtue after rescuing my quasi-brother here, especially since this situation is nine ways to fucked up."

"Watch the language with a lady, brother," Wesley said.

"Oh, you haven't changed! Only you can shoot now!"

"And you can grow a beard!"

Matilda sagged. "And I can grow . . . well."

"A rather lovely pair, if I may say so!" Archer declared, before pulling back from the window just in time. "Shit, we are damn well surrounded. This is our Alamo, Wesley. I think that damn Movie Genie is aiming for a tragic ending."

"No!" Matilda shouted. "No way! I refuse to let that happen! I didn't get placed in this womanly body just to watch two men I've come to love go down fighting. This ain't that kind of story."

She grabbed Wesley's hand. "Are you alright? Did they hurt you?"

The handsome man shook his head. "They tried. But I just thought of you and all the pain went away."

It was a sappy line, but damn if it didn't work. She bit her lip. "Listen, something happened last night that I owe to telling you. I was rescued from Clayton Bell by Archer, and, well, we--"

He put a finger on her lips. "Shh, it's alright, Miss Taggart. It's alright. I understand. We're all playin' our roles, and while my brother can be a scoundrel, I know he's a good man. Just as you've become a good woman. Whatever went down, there's no forgiveness required. I just ask that you keep enough space in your heart for me. I've come to like this new you. I've come . . . I've come to love her, in fact. I hope that's not too strange for you."

Matilda forgot the bullets, forgot the shootout entirely. Tears formed in the corners of her eyes, and she couldn't help herself: she kissed Wesley, holding him close, not wanting to let him go.

Which was about when the bullets stopped. Silence reigned for a moment, and even the men trying to barge through the door down the stairs had stopped.

"Archer Westwood! Sheriff Arabount! And even the delectably décolletaged Miss Matilda Taggart! I must say, I'd hoped to have all three of ya out of the picture now!"

Matilda ventured a look by the window, as did her two friends. As expected, it was the ugly mug of Clayton Bell standing in the centre of the street, surrounded by his remaining gang. He looked mighty confident, his hands under his suspenders.

"Well, ya shouldn't have locked the sheriff up with such poor company!" Archer shouted back. "Didn't even notice me sneakin' up on 'em."

"Well, they're gone now, and I assume my other men with Miss Taggart are gone. You're a big thorn in my side, Archer. Just like the Sheriff here. He gunned down six of my men before holing up there with you."

"Proud of it," Wesley shouted back. "Only sad they couldn't see true justice, and swing like you will, Bell."

The man guffawed, as did his men. "That so, hmm? That so? Seems we got you surrounded, and got the means ta wait ya out as well. Your deputies have run for the hills, but whatever help they'll bring won't be here in time ta save ya. And then there's the question of your missus."

Both men sucked in their breath and looked to Matilda. She took both of their hands.

"Don't you say her name," Wesley said.

"I don't need to. She can entertain my boys when this is over, if she's not dead. Hell, I'd like to spend some time with that lovely bosom of hers. They're quite a pair, ha!"

More laughter, more indignation. Wesley looked furious.

"I'm going out," he said.

"Don't," Matilda replied, grabbing his wrist. "He's baiting you."

"I know it. But I wouldn't let him speak to you like that when you were a man. I certainly won't now that you're the woman I can't bear to be apart from."

Archer turned his head at that. Something seemed to turn in his mind, especially from the way Matilda couldn't help but turn back to look at Wesley and caress his handsome features.

"Right, I'm goin' out."

"What?" Matilda said. "Are you nuts?"

"Maybe, but I ain't dyin' like a rat in a hole. Sheriff, you take care of our girl, okay?"

"What are you talking about? We do this as brothers."

"Brothers-in-arms, kiddo. Besides, I'm still oldest, remember? I'm gonna go out guns blazin', so you be ready to cover me, got it?"

Outside, Clayton was yelling again. "I'm giving y'all to the count of ten to come out unarmed, y'hear? Ten . . ."

Wesley nodded, and readied his guns.

"Nine . . ."

Archer checked his own weapons, then gestured for Matilda to stay safely tucked away.

"Eight . . ."

"Bring him to justice," Wesley said.

"Hell, a slug between the eyes will do that, but I'll see how I do."

"Seven . . ."

Archer jumped through the smashed window and instantly began sliding down the roof of the saloon, both guns blazing. The act was so damn reckless that it took the entire Bell Gang by surprise, and he took down three of them before the rest scattered to cover, Clayton included. He dropped to the ground and rolled quickly, returning fire even as lead hit the dirt around him. Wesley took up residence at the window and fired down over their covers, complicating matters for the outlaws.

The door banged heavily, and Matilda acted quickly: she began heaving drawers and dressers and all manner of things in front of it. A bullet whizzed past, striking her cheek just lightly enough to bleed, enough to leave a faint scar. She smiled a little at that; why should she get away without injury.

“Open the damn door!” a man screamed from the other side.

“Maybe see to your other problems first, you fatheaded pig!”

She ducked away to support Wesley, who was still firing down. She grabbed his spare gun and reloaded the bullets for him, passing him the pistol so he could rotate it. Down below, Archer was still firing, clearing out Bell’s Gang. He should have been torn to shreds, but he was as confident and bold as Clint Eastwood’s The Man With No Name, and that boldness struck a fear in the bellies of the cowards. At once, their morale broke, and they began to flee.

BANG!

Archer fell to his knees. Matilda screamed, and Wesley joined him. Clayton Bill was running around the back of the back, heading for safety, but he’d landed a shot right in Archer’s stomach. The man managed to get back on his feet and return fire, but Clayton was already on his horse and fleeing.

Wesley instantly jumped down the roof. He shot down one of the remaining outlaws, and Archer took out the man who had run back down the stairs of the saloon. It freed up Matilda to get down there, but she only realised how bad things were when she saw Archer pressing his wound with one hand, blood staining the dry dirt below him.

“Just a flesh wound, darlin’,” he said, a pained chuckle dying in his throat.

“Oh my Lord, stay still!” she cried. She applied pressure to it, ripping off some sections of her clothing for bandages. Working with Wesley, she began to patch him up, but he pulled away violently.

“Don’t! That’s not how this story goes.”

“Brother-”

“Can it with that brother shit, Wesley. You’re also the Sheriff now, and you’ve got *her*. And you’ve got a foul demon of a bandit on the loose, and he’s headin’ for the hills. You go catch him, y’hear? Catch him, and maybe share me some of that bounty. I’ll be alright. Doc’ll patch me up when he’s out of hiding. Just a flesh wound.”

It wasn't, and both of them knew it. But Clayton was charismatic despite his looks, and he'd be back to finish the job if he wasn't stopped. This was their chance to end the story.

"You stay with him," Wesley started, but she held up a hand.

"No, he's right. I'm a better rider than you. I'll catch us up, and you get your rifle. Archer, if you die on us, I won't ever forgive you. You stay alive for me, alright."

He grinned. "The sight of that gorgeous chest of yours will keep me conscious, I promise."

She leaned down and kissed him, then took Wesley's hand.

"C'mon!" she said. "We're in a Western. We've got a bandit to catch!"

And maybe, just maybe, if they were quick enough, they could earn their happy ending. She understood now: if they stayed with him, it would be a tragedy.

They both saddled up after getting to her horse, sending the doctor Archer's way while before riding off at lightning speed.

"Where will he be going?" Wesley asked, gripping her waist as the town shrank behind them.

"Back to where it began, no doubt," Matilda said. "He'll be heading out past my old ranch, to where they're building the railway line."

"I thought you hated steam engine chases?"

She smiled briefly, before regaining her determination. "A lot of this setting is growin' on me, darlin'. Now hold on tight, because my character knows a convenient shortcut!"

Matilda steered her steed into a sunken valley, threading through the pass that Clayton Bell was no doubt travelling through. She kept the horse at its pace, never giving up. She tried not to think of Archer, nor the pleasures she'd shared with him. She would have them again with Wesley, but they needed to earn it, and that meant letting his brother-turned-rival-turned-brother-again ride off into the sunset to new adventures.

"Giddy-up!" she cried, as the pair rocketed out of the pass and back onto the plains. They passed her ranch, what remained of it, and headed onto the train station where the tracks were barely just reaching how. Already, the steam engine that had travelled far was heading on back, laden with supplies. Steam shot up like a geyser from its cylinder, and the horn screeched to announce its passage. For the first time, such a sight awed her, and filled her breast with excitement and determination: Clayton Bell was riding on ahead, intent on catching the train as it began to chug faster and faster on the tracks.

"C'mon!" she yelled, urging her horse onwards. "Let's get you to that track, Sheriff! You've got a low-down dirty yeller-beller bastard to catch!"

"I surely do, Matilda. Bring me in close, and then keep your distance. I'll handle this."

She did as he asked, bringing him right up to the last carriage. It was desperate, it was thrilling, it was everything a good western should be, especially the moment where her love interest bravely leapt from the horse and caught a handhold of the carriage, hoisting himself up. Bell was just three carriages ahead, and she could see panic in his eyes: the man began to climb to the top, intent on running as far ahead as possible to get some distance from his pursuer.

"Go get him, Sheriff!" she called out, even as her horse began to slow and the steam engine continued to accelerate. "Bring law to this here town!"

She wanted to join him, she truly did. God, a good western was thrilling. But she could feel the weight of the narrative upon her; this wasn't the place for her. She was the love interest, and would pine after the dashing hero. Besides, she'd already done a great deal, and more than that, brought the angelic Wesley and roguish Archer back together.

She would just have to trust that it all worked out.

It was the next morning, and Matilda had not left Archer's side, not even when Wesley returned and embraced her, a little worse for wear but victorious. Clayton Bell had been taken into custody in spectacular fashion, but she could hear the story later. *Her* story had never really been about Clayton, except for getting justice for a ranch she'd never known. What she wanted was her two best friends to be safe, and their future secured in this strange western world.

"You should get some rest," Wesley said, putting an arm around her waist and kissing her cheek softly. "You deserve it. I'll stay with him."

"Okay," she said. "Can I just have a moment?"

"Of course. Just don't go running off with him, now."

"Wouldn't dream of it. You're the sheriff. You've already captured my heart."

He made his way out of the room, and it was now that Matilda could fully express her thoughts, now that she'd had time to sit on them. Archer was sleeping sound, and his wounds were patched up. The doc had said he needed a week's rest before he got back into the saddle, but she gave him just three days, knowing the man. She held his hand and spoke softly to him.

"Wesley . . . he's the man I love. I'm sorry I lied to you. I wish I hadn't. I wish I'd trusted that you were a good man, as I know you to be. But I'll never forget our night together by that campfire, and the freedom you taught me. It was you who first taught me to love the west, and that love will help me love him all the more, I just know it."

At this, he squeezed her hand gently. "I'd say it was all worth it then, darlin'."

"Oh, Archer!"

She hugged him, and he winced.

"Sorry! Sorry!"

"Just a lil' tender, is all. Nothin' I can't handle. Is my brother out there?" He raised his voice. "Wesley, you do-gooder, get in here!"

The sheriff entered with a wide smile on his face. "Well, if it ain't a man in black, back from the dead."

"I feel half-dead."

"That's an improvement on what you coulda been, were it not for me."

"Well, that's brothers for you. Always there in a pinch, even if ya don't always get along. Of course, I had the lady first, you know."

At this, Matilda went bright red, but Wesley just chuckled and put an arm around her.

"It ain't about first, it's who plays for keeps."

Archer smirked. "Well, you two are worked perfect for each other, I'd say. Funny, how this all ended up, us here in a Western. Took Matilda here becoming a rather *forward* woman to appreciate it, of course."

More blushing followed.

"Anyway, I best be off."

To the pair's astonishment, Archer actually got up out of bed, wincing a little, but grabbing his black duster and pistols and belt.

"What in the hell do you think you're doin'!?" Matilda uttered.

"What do ya think? I'm ridin' off into the sunset, darlin'. Fulfilling my role. Oh, don't worry, I'll be back ta visit from time ta time, but you've got your romance here and a whole wedded future to be concerned with. Me? There's a world of adventure and wilderness out there, and I mean to live it. That was always *my* western."

"But - but your stitches!"

The man chuckled, then kissed her gently on the cheek.

"I think they'll hold, somehow. You take care of her, little brother, or I'll be back for another standoff."

Wesley embraced him. "You know I will. You go tame the west. I'll keep things safe so there's always a place at the table for you."

Archer limped out of the room, ignoring the doctor who was just entering the practice and getting up on his black steed at the nearby table. Matilda found tears forming in her eyes, but managed to wave him off, Wesley providing strength beside her as her saviour, her friend, and the first man she'd ever made love to began to ride out of town.

Straight into the sunset.

Wesley panted, thrusting into Matilda from behind as she bent over her dresser. The heat was in her, and it needed release. She moaned, keeping her voice quiet as she could. Her husband's hand was down her top, fondling her enormous breasts, pinching her nipples and driving her to ecstasy. His other hand cradled her swollen belly as he thrust into her, and something about his protective hold made her cum all the harder when he erupted inside of her.

"Ohhhh, that was somethin' else," she muttered in her usual drawl. "I really missed that, Wesley. Lord, I did."

"We'll find more time to do it, now that you're not so tired all the time."

"Hey now, I got good reason to be, with two kids and a third on the way. Shoulda figured that our western world wouldn't exactly come with contraceptives. Maybe I'll finally have a girl, leastwise."

At this, Wesley smacked her bottom, causing her to giggle.

"My, that was not becoming of a sheriff, Mr Arabount!"

"What can I say, Mrs Arabount," he replied, turning her around to face his handsome features. "Even the most valiant of men have their vices, and mine is bein' unable to keep my hands off the most beautiful woman in all the west."

"Aww, you know all the best lines. I must say, that thing you did with your-"

"Mooooom! Daaaaaad! He's coming!"

The pair moved as only two parents who'd just had sex while their children were outside could move: with great alacrity. Little Bill was still sleeping in his little bed in the main room, and would holler if anything went wrong, but Liam was outside, running for the house and wanting to see them immediately. He was five years old now, and could take wandering around by himself, but Matilda still felt guilty when she let it happen just so she could have her husband's touch. The change had certainly left her as quite the lusty saloon waitress. Well, a lusty rancher, now that her farm had been restored and her sheriff husband pitched in to help.

The pair quickly clothed themselves just in time for Liam to burst in, his expression one of incredible excitement.

"He's comin'! I saw him ridin' up over the hills! It's definitely him! It's Uncle Archer!"

"Well, what a pair of eyes you've got there, son," Wesley said, playing with his son's hair. His son's *rugged black hair*. There was no question of his actual parentage, especially when compared against his very blonde little brother.

"Can I run to him?"

Matilda giggled, embracing her son against her belly.

God, what a strange thing to be pregnant; it still blew her mind. But being a sheriff's wife and rancher suited her well, as did having children. She'd fully embraced the life of a woman of the wild west, and even knew how to shoot a rifle now. Being pregnant, though, well, that would always have some embarrassment about it. A whole lot more excitement, though.

"We'll head out together honey. No doubt he'll make it to our porch in due time with stories to tell and dreams of cowboys and bandits and adventure to fill your head with. C'mon."

She followed her excited son, picking up her younger one from his cot now that he was starting to wake, and the entire family exited onto the porch. Sure enough a black rider on a black steed was heading towards them, kicking up dust in his wake. He raised his hand and waved, and they each waved back, Liam hardest of all. Someday, he'd be old enough to know the truth, but for now, Wesley was his father. He always would be, for the way he'd stepped up and loved the boy. But Archer would be a father too, and there was no shame in that. Matilda was proud of how it had worked out, and would never give up a thing. Instead, she beamed, rubbing her swollen mound as Archer Westwood, the fastest shot in all Oregon Country, rode straight towards them.

For some, the sun never set on the wild west at all.

The End