

Justice Gone Pear-shaped

Contains: butt expansion, violence, capital-J Justice

The sole representative of the law this side of the desert, Jane “the Law” West, along with her sidekick Johnny Greensand, are captured in their attempt to avenge a robbery committed by the “Stew Gang,” and Jane is given a big dose of “rattlesnake oil,” but justice stops for nothing!

Please also check out my account on DeviantArt (same username)!

A crack across my face. Fist collides with bone. A spray of blood from my lips onto the cold night’s sand. I try to wrench my hands free of the two men holding me in place, but in vain, like the previous attempts. The Stew Gang had gotten me, and I was at their whims.

‘Boss, have a look over here!’ a voice vaguely to my left interrupts the scene, and the man smashing my face in, a hulk of heaving flesh and muscle and enough old wounds to make Jesus jealous, takes a heavy step back to look over. Between my swollen eyelids I squint at what’s gotten their attention.

The new guy drops a heavy load on the ground, and I can see the pair of arms and legs covered with the most unsuspecting of civilian clothing, the tanned head with dark matted hair, which identify it as Johnny, my sidekick in this failed raid. He’s still breathing, but clearly knocked out; he must have been caught on the periphery somewhere. His capture hardly surprises me: he couldn’t sneak around a house with a sleeping grandma in it without getting caught. Still, a sidekick is a sidekick, and you have to learn things somehow. Hopefully he’ll get something out of this besides a very sore head, *if* we make it out.

I mention that, because now we have no way of making it out. It’s just the two of us, and I have my hands tied, and Johnny’s on another world. I raise my chin nonetheless—certain doom won’t put a dent in me.

The hunk—their boss actually, one Bart ‘the Smasher,’ aptly named—grunts with approval while wiping his knuckles of my blood, and a flicker of renewal in me hopes it’s because he thinks that my excuse for a companion is worth more than he actually is, what with them having never met before. It doesn’t really matter though. Johnny at the moment can do just about as much as a sack of bricks, and I’m not much better.

Johnny’s captor hovers over his prey, not wanting to give him a chance, while Bart comes back over to me, his long-time nemesis. It’s not every day you have complete power over the one representative of the Law (capital L—lower case doesn’t do it justice) in this side of the desert, especially when said representative has been a consistent thorn in your side for several years now. Perhaps the best lesson from this is that, given enough time, your enemy will make a terrible enough mistake that they get set back to square one. In this case, said enemy (the Law) had tried to perform a night raid to steal back the chest full of money that the Stew Gang (a shitty name for such a deadly bunch) had robbed from a bank in a nearby town, Las Cuencas, and is now caught and completely disarmed.

I've no doubt Bart will try to teach me a *different* lesson, though, judging from the smirk on his hacked-up face.

'Well, well, well;' he begins melodramatically, and I'd roll my eyes if I could, 'If it isn't Jane "the Pest" West, or just "Janey" to those on more intimate terms—hold up, which of those shall I use?'

He pretentiously strokes the thin strands of hair on his chin, knowing that each of the words he's just spoken piss me off to no end. It's Jane "*the Law*" West, thank you very much, and *nobody* calls me 'Janey.' Still, best to let him pontificate rather than correct him—my jaw can only handle so much fist.

Just before the vagabond standing over Johnny can intercede with his own opinion, Bart continues:

'Maybe I'll go with "Pesty," just to be safe;' *grrrrrr*, 'But in any case,' he suddenly leans in, gripping my head in his hand with a force that I can't possibly move in, 'You fucked up.'

His grin reveals a set of teeth perfectly consistent in how broken it is, and his stinking breath makes my nose wrinkle. Still, my eyes don't flinch, nor does my expression waver.

'Did you really think you could get that big box of booty back to Las Cuencas in one piece? You see, my memory might be a bit messed up, but I do recall saying "Next time, you're in for it, honey." But I'm not unmerciful now, am I?' he looks up and slackens his grip slightly.

His three fellow gang members, one to his right and the other two holding me in place, make various sounds of agreement. Their mental faculties combined could be replaced with a couple of tumbleweeds, but their efficacy is nothing to laugh at. Exhibit A: I'm at their mercy.

'So, Miss Pesty, I'm going to cut you a deal;' he releases his grip entirely, and goes off to rummage around one of the bags haphazardly dumped in the camp's vicinity, 'Much as I'd like to smash you around the head a bit more, put a bullet through your head, and then let the lizards eat your bones, I promise I'll only do that *the next time* I see you.'

He starts to walk back, holding what looks like an unmarked tequila bottle.

I take my chances with sarcasm, knowing now that he won't kill me.

'And now a toast to my health?' I sputter out, some more blood pouring down my lip.

The faintest hint of a chuckle from him, as he leans in close.

'You see, Jane, to your credit, you've been *really* annoying, like, a fly in my boot kind of annoying, and I *really* don't want to see you again after tonight. My da always used to say, if you don't fix the problem at its source, it'll just keep coming back again and again, like the sun keeps rising. So you'll forgive me if I spent some of my ill-gotten gains on this here rattlesnake oil,' he gives the bottle a shake

to let the liquid splash around inside, ‘to give you a very special sendoff to this very very *irritating* career of yours.’

He pulls out the cork, and I start talking before I can process much of what he’s said:

‘Well, Bart, my ma always taught me not to buy any old snake oil, so for all I know you’re just giving me a hefty glass of water!’

His eye twitches, and his free hand clenches, but he slowly releases the pressure and shakes his head.

‘Just you see, Jane, what I have in store for you.’

With that, he tilts my head back and upturns the bottle over me, letting the liquid pour out over my eyes and nose and mouth. *It’s not water.* I sputter and shake at my captors as it hinders my breathing, but Bart brings the bottle closer to my mouth and makes me gulp it down. It has a burn like alcohol, but doesn’t taste like anything I recognise.

Fear creeps up my throat before I push it down again—I can’t give way now, even if I’m actively being drugged with *something*. More keeps on pouring down my throat and down my face, but Bart clearly isn’t too concerned with making sure I drink every drop.

Eventually he pulls the bottle back, either because it’s empty or because he thinks I’ve had enough, and I try to contain my remaining coughs to a minimum. Then he steps back, and bids his men to hold me up higher. I refuse to put weight on my feet as they pull me up to a standing position, but the resistance doesn’t accomplish much—I don’t weight very much anyway.

‘Whatever hooch you bought from a quack,’ I say, ‘let’s just say, it doesn’t quite pack a punch like you do, Bart.’

Incensing as I thought that remark would be, Bart hardly reacts; instead, he patiently crosses his arms and smirks.

‘Just you wait, Jane.’

I expect that he’s poisoned me in some way, although he said he doesn’t want to kill me. Make me feel lots of pain? Nothing in my stomach so far, aside from the acidity of the liquid he poured down my gullet. No, there’s something... lower.

A kind of tingling, or numbness, just above my thighs. It’s spreading across my... my ass? I plant my feet into the ground and dig them in a bit, but that doesn’t make it go away. It only gets more intense.

‘Trying to cripple me, Bart?’ I have to say something to keep my mind off whatever his rattlesnake oil is doing to me, although five words don’t take very long to say at all.

He shakes his head like a son-of-a-bitch, and his smirk remains fixed. The perve's gaze lowers to my hips, suggesting that whatever's going on with my ass *is* the intended effect, or part of it.

The tingling is worse now, not painful, but it's now accompanied by... tightening? My pants aren't anything special, but they hug me tight—they have to, if I want to be able to move around quickly. But even without testing it, I can tell that my mobility is reducing by the second.

I can't look down behind me. To do so is to show the gang that I'm worried about what's happening. And Justice is never worried! It *can't* be. I repeat that mantra in my head as my pants only constrict further, now downright uncomfortable.

My ass can't be getting bigger, can it? His concoction can't make my clothes smaller, so it has to be *me* getting *bigger*. No other way about it. Is *this* how he wants to put me out of business? By making my ass... fat?

'Feel it yet?' the gang's leader pipes up. The three others are also staring at my ass from various angles, but I won't let it get to me. I hold my chin high, even as my pants feel like they're bursting at the seams. The tingling seems to have descended to my thighs as well—they're included *too*, apparently.

I can't move my legs; I have to keep them still. If I move them, my butt will probably wobble around at this point, despite its tight containment, and the thugs will have a laugh at my expense. The Law can't be humiliated, however embarrassingly big her caboose gets.

The *swelling*. I could almost describe it as *good*, if the situation were different. The tingling has a kind of pleasure to it. But I must not give in!

'Get lost, you thieving bastard..!' I lob at him, my voice unwillingly faltering. The sensations down there are just.. too much. *Bigger... heavier...* I have to get a hold of myself! The *tightness* is unbearable now, starting to become more painful than pleasurable.

Bart wanders around the man holding me on my right and comes to a stand behind me. *Free me..* I almost say, but bite on my tongue. I will endure any humiliation! No matter how terrible or... perverted.

'Feeling a bit of a squeeze now?' Bart interjects. *Fuck*. My pants are on the verge of bursting apart, I'm sure, and I almost welcome the thought. My belt is being forced upwards by my hips, while my thighs are now begging for more space down below. I can hardly tell the difference between my pants and underwear, although I'm sure the latter are in just as dire straits. The situation is untenable, and Bart is in just the right spot to behold what'll happen next. Whatever he does, whatever his sexual mind devises, *never* will he break me... even if my pants break.

My lack of response only goads him.

'Well, I might help you out a bit anyway, Janey.' The oafs on either side of me chuckle a bit at that, no doubt waiting for the main event.

I refuse to look, but I can hear the air whistle as he raises his hand. I shut my eyes, awaiting the decisive moment. The chill night air of the desert whistles again as his open hand flies down right into my right buttock, and the contact cracks like a whip.

The loud *crack!* hides the sounds of ripping, and the small yelp I can't help but make, but my pants and underwear give way in the same instant: the fabric all but tears to shreds, and my bubbling flesh is suddenly laid bare. I scrunch my eyelids further shut as I feel my ass *wobble* obscenely from the blow.

All is silent, and I presume the gang members have their eyes fixated on my naked rump, still recovering from the stinging slap with its gentle sway. I had expected to feel the sudden bite of chill, but the whole thing actually feels rather warm. Not my concern right now.

I hear Bart start to chuckle from behind me, no doubt appreciating his fine technique, and his mates join in a bit. The wobbling has just about stopped, but the growth hasn't—I have no means of knowing how big I am right now without deigning to look down, but that whole part of my body feels *heavy, slow,* and *far* larger than it has any right to be. I have no doubt I look like a caricature in some erotic illustration right now. Still, I cannot show weakness, cannot show them that I'm affected by any of this!

'Janey,' Bart comes up close to whisper in my ear, his stench of a breath turning into mist out before me, 'with this big honking caboose of yours,' he taps me on my ass a couple of times, and his large hand *doesn't even come close to covering any of it,* but leaves a firm *plap* each time and sends it jiggling, 'I fear you're going to struggle doing all those silly things like "upholding the law" and "getting in my way," so I might recommend a career change. One that's... permanent, perhaps. Maybe a waitress at a bar? You'll get *all* the tips, I'm certain of it.'

He pauses to let me ponder his words, but all I can think about is how *my ass has been swelling the entire time,* although the tingling is starting to go away. *I'm really worried about how big I am.* No, I can't be. The Law! But now I don't even know if I can even *walk* properly. Even with two men holding me up and my feet planted in the ground, I feel like I'm carrying a massive weight around and below my hips.

'You look just about done there, Janey, so we'll leave you there. I'm sure the two of you will find *some* way back to town, and I suggest that you *stay* there, and forget all about "justice" and "the law," and start getting used to, well, heaving *that* around.'

He gives it one final *smack,* light, but still enough to make a loud noise and make me yelp again; they all chuckle as it wobbles this way and that, something I can now feel perfectly well.

Bart barks out some orders, and the men suddenly let go of me. My legs all but crumble as I fall forward, smacking my front and face into the chilly sand and no doubt sending my butt jiggling tremendously. My eyes wander around a bit from my new perspective, watching as the gang members pack up their things to move somewhere else, but I make no other movement. I haven't realised just how

exhausting this whole endeavour has been, even ignoring what Bart dosed me with. I can't move a muscle.

The men continue packing up, and eventually leave my sight completely, and my eyes flutter closed.

...

'Jane! Jane!'

There's a small noise around me, and a tapping somewhere on my body. The noise gets louder, and more recognisable, and the tapping centres on my shoulder, and I groggily open my eyes, caked with sand and level with the ground.

I flutter my eyes a bit, and slowly move my head around, taking in the off-angled sight and piecing things back together. *Daytime, cloudless sky.* Remnants of a camp in front of us, including the grey ashes of a campfire. *The Stew Gang's camp, that's it, or what's left of it.* Then a pair of chestnut horses a small distance away, one of them mine and the other Johnny's, the way we'd gotten this far out into the desert in the first place. The gang members must have been considerate enough to leave us with a way of getting out of here.

My attention then comes over to the incessant tapping on my shoulder, and I turn my head fully to see what's going on. Johnny's there, his face various shades of black and blue, with his simple white shirt and pants, calling out to me and tapping my shoulder. Only now do I become fully conscious, and make to stand up.

'Hold on..' I utter, working my tongue around my mouth to try and wet it a bit.

I push up, and my torso raises off the ground, but my hips don't follow. *Wait...* I turn around to look.

'Dear Lord, my...'

My ass is *gigantic*. The thing stands out about a foot and a half from the ground, and extends out nearly twice the width my hips once were. My movement had sent it wobbling to and fro, and it's clear that all of the new weight is pure *fat*, soft and jiggly and heavy, yet unmarred by any stretchmarks or redness. I can't see them as well, but my thighs meet them in kind, being nearly as thick right at the top before gently tapering towards my knees. And all of this is *naked* too, dusted by warm sand, and I recall how my pants and underwear had been burst off the night before.

In terms of my general appearance, I've never been much to look at. I keep my light hair fairly short so that it doesn't get in the way, my eyes are dark enough that they've never twinkled, my face is fairly plain, and I've not had much of a figure to speak of. But now there's *this*.

'Everything alright, Jane?' Johnny is still hovering over my shoulder, facing away from the massive pile of flesh nearly right next to him.

‘Johnny, my fucking..! You have eyes! But don’t look!’

‘I... don’t know what you’re talking about!’ he turns his head *away* from my caboose, and pretends to be squinting out into the distance; his blush gives it away, though—he’s always had a terrible poker face. *He knows.*

‘Alright then,’ I start pushing myself up with more force, ‘What’re... rrrrgh... what’s our situation?’ My ass is still planted into the ground, although I’m at least in a slightly better position to push myself up; my legs aren’t as much help as I’d expected.

Johnny stands up out of his squat and points out in front of us: ‘They went that way, I think; it’s still early in the morning, so they can’t have gotten too far. One of the gang found me hiding and hit me a couple of times, so I’m still hurting.’

Yeah, but you don’t have an ass the size of the Mojave!

I’d asked him the question out of instinct, but in reality it was clearly inappropriate: there was *no* way we were pursuing the gang right away, even if we could catch up to them on horseback. I’m very clearly... indisposed.

But the Law! Frustration boils up inside of me. I talked tough last night, and I have a reputation to uphold! Still, even a wolf must lick its wounds sometimes. In this instance, I don’t exactly have much choice but to handle the... ‘catastrophic caboose’ I’ve been handed, so to speak. I couldn’t humiliate myself in front of the gang, but at least Johnny’s simple enough to not really care for such things as embarrassment—perhaps it’s to his benefit.

‘Can you.. rrrgh.. help me up?’ He awkwardly holds his arms underneath my own without delay, and pulls while I push; with our strengths combined, my hips are raised off the ground, I can place a foot on the ground, and from there stand up fully.

Not that standing is much better. My legs are under a lot more pressure now, and my first few tentative steps are made slowly and with heavy footfalls, sending my mass of an ass wobbling every time. I *need* to get something to cover it—that has to be the first priority. Even if I can’t prevent it from wobbling around, I have to at least have some modesty; a lady can’t go around these parts bare-assed with a *normal-sized* badonk.

How could this happen? I’m supposed to be a representative of the Law, not some bottom-heavy strumpet! And the Stew Gang is a short ride away, and I can’t even hope to do anything against them!

‘You alright, Jane?’ Johnny asks innocently, apparently spotting the no-doubt obvious frustration on my face. Maybe I too don’t have the best poker face sometimes.

‘We let them get away!’ my dry lips cry out without instruction, ‘They could be right over the next hill, and we can’t do anything!’

‘If they’re right over the next hill, aren’t we close enough to go after them?’ Johnny apparently doesn’t see the problem, and his (purposeful?) ignorance is getting to me.

‘In case you haven’t noticed, Johnny, Bart gave me an ass so big that I can hardly fucking walk, let alone take on the gang in broad daylight! And what happened to staying back so you wouldn’t get spotted, like I told you to?’ he muttered something in response and looked at the ground, kicking something around with his shoes.

In a lineup of people born with their heads upside down, Johnny would probably be one of the best examples of the group, but his faithfulness to instructions is generally on point; I have good reason to believe that he probably just underestimated how far away he was from the camp, and so I probably shouldn’t get angry at him. He’ll never make this mistake again, at least. He’s at his best when given a simple goal, so I should put aside my emotions and properly reorientate him.

I sigh and shake my head, and quickly explain that I need something to cover up my lower half.

‘A new set of pants?’

I almost laugh at how absurd that is. Nobody anywhere in the world would make jeans for an ass and thighs *this* big.

‘More like a very long bolt of fabric.’ Johnny thinks to himself for a second before nodding in understanding, and once more I appreciate his innocence.

To get said very long bolt of fabric, we’d need to find somewhere to buy it. One particular town comes to mind, a couple of days away, but we’ll have to ride there. That is to say, I’ll have to *get onto the horse*. That’ll be the second test for my new self, after the difficulty I just had with *getting myself off the ground*.

I beckon for Johnny to get our water flasks and some food from our saddlebags, while I practise walking some more. While standing upright, the extra weight isn’t so much of a difficulty, but rather the fact that it’s prone to moving around a lot more; if I’m not careful, a step too ambitious could unbalance me. I walk around in circles a few times, navigating the extra sway in my hips and jiggle in my rump, grateful that there’s nobody to gawk. Johnny soon returns, and we both have a drink and a bite to eat, and now the inevitable problem is before me.

My horse has never looked so tall before, or rather, so insurmountable. I check to make sure that the saddle is tied on tightly, and then unsteadily set a foot into one of the stirrups, holding on tightly. *Here goes*. With all my might, I push up with my leg and pull up with my arms to try and get my other leg over the saddle’s ridge, but after a few seconds of struggle I return to the ground. My gasps for air come heavy, but I try another time, and a third, but it’s clear that I’m just wearing myself out. I need help. *To get on my own fucking horse*.

I call over to Johnny, and indicate for him to pull my hands from the other side when I try to step up. We start, and I manage to get higher up, but still not enough for me to get my leg over before calling it a failure. It's a miracle the saddle doesn't slip, and the horse doesn't get annoyed in any way.

If pulling doesn't work... But the alternative would be... to get Johnny to push me up? *No way I'm about to let anyone touch my ass.* Then again, there's not a stool or chair in sight, and no shorter horse either. If I want to use my horse, I have to try that. I certainly don't want to spend all day walking with all this extra weight.

'Can you... give me a push instead?' I ask with a more timid voice than usual.

Without missing a beat, Johnny comes over behind me, and I instruct him to push my thigh up when I start lifting myself. He's about to get into position, but then he suddenly stops, and a dark blush covers his face. *So he does know some shame.*

'Look, don't worry about how awkward this is, just... help me up, yeah?'

He gulps and nods, and gets his hands ready.

On the count of three, I start lifting myself up, and quickly get to the height I'd reached previously, but no further. I strain there for a couple of seconds before realising that Johnny hasn't moved.

'C'mon... help!' I bark out amidst my exertion.

It must have gotten his attention, because I feel a pair of hands *sink* into my thigh and lift me a bit higher, but still not enough to get me the full way over. I turn my head to see Johnny straining with all his strength, but his position is awkward.

'Full force! Don't worry about me!' I order, not wanting to count this one as another failed attempt.

The force of his hands disappears for a second, before it very suddenly returns *directly into my asscheeks*, sinking in even further than it did into my thighs, now accompanied by what must have been Johnny's upper back and shoulders; he must have gotten into a position much like someone getting out of a deadlift, or someone holding a door barricaded with their back.

The sudden jolt sends a sensation through me that makes me quietly gasp, but it's quickly interrupted by the fact that we've made much more progress—I can nearly put my leg over the other side of the saddle. The initial push doesn't quite get me there, but the continual push allows me to push and pull myself higher until my thigh barely manages to slide over, and with it I come to a full sitting position, finally.

I'm almost proud of myself, except for the fact that the three of us are now much more tired than we should be: Johnny and myself are panting heavily, while my horse is clearly unused to the extra weight. Still, it's handled worse.

I'd had a suspicion that I'd be quite uncomfortable on the saddle, seeing as I no longer have any pants on, but my seat is obviously extremely soft, and very malleable. I have a feeling I could sit bare-assed on gravel and be just fine. I must look ridiculous, though.

There's also the fact that Johnny just plunged his hands into my bare caboose, which he does seem very apologetic about, staring at the ground and kicking his feet around, his hands deep in his pockets. On any other day I'd blast him senseless, or any other man, for that fact, but I *did* give him permission, and this *was* an emergency, or something of the kind.

'On your horse, soldier,' I say perhaps a bit too callously; he nods and quickly obeys, perhaps glad that I didn't berate him.

Soon I point out our objective, and we set off, my horse having apparently acquiesced to my new condition.

Still, while gazing out at the expanse of orange sand, brown-green shrubs struggling to survive, there's a lingering thought in my mind. That odd sensation when Johnny applied all his strength to my ass—there was a similar one when Bart slapped it last night. I was concentrating on other matters on each occasion, but now that I can think on it properly, the thing that that feeling most resembles is... pleasure, sexual pleasure. I shake my head, and look back over the mesas in the far distance, unaffected by thousands of years of weather. Nothing will distract me. I *will* be back. Once I have something to cover my ass.

...

One of the things I've always hated about my job is traversing the wilderness. There's never much reason for me to go out into the deep desert, so navigating and supplies aren't much of an issue, but lack of flat roads always is. It's fine for my horse, since it sets its hooves in the right spot wherever it has to, but that means a bumpy ride for me.

I suppose it shouldn't be much of a surprise, but that doesn't seem to be a problem anymore. The flesh of my newly-bigger ass apparently absorbs every impact to the point where I can't notice them. It's something to be appreciative of, at least.

Still, I can't stop worrying about how exposed I am, even though Johnny seems to be doing a decent job of not looking. At least, that seems to be the case. He's sitting weirdly on his saddle, facing away from me slightly. He'd better not be trying to hide any kind of stiffness around his groin, or I'll beat him from here to the east coast...

...

‘So why’re they called the Stew Gang, anyway?’

Small questions like those always annoy me, but Johnny’s curiosity is at least justified: he hasn’t been my sidekick for too long, and I haven’t told him much about the gang beyond the essentials.

‘Cause they “stir up” trouble wherever they go, so they say.’

‘Huh?’ after a brief pause.

‘You don’t understand?’ My response is unaffected by my horse going over a particularly uneven bit of ground, despite that amount of disturbance usually being enough to seriously destabilise me.

‘Sorry, I don’t.’ Johnny’s looking at me now, awaiting me to explain properly. His eyes seem to be looking at my face, luckily for him.

‘It’s a... stupid pun. You stir up stew.’

‘Oh. But aren’t they the ones stirring things? The stew’s the thing that’s supposed to be stirred, isn’t it?’

He does make a good point.

‘I’ve never thought about it that way;’ I say honestly, ‘But I never said the name was well thought-out. Bart’s brain works half the time, and in half the way it should; he’s always been tricky to deal with, ever since he started his criminal gang all those years ago...’

‘The gang’s been around for years now?’

‘It all started one dark night, shortly after I’d gotten into the business of the Law. Down south of here, when it rained for the first time in over a decade...’

Johnny had unfortunately set me up to ramble on about the history of the game from now until dusk. Thankfully for him, the sky is beginning to darken, and he’ll have an excuse to interrupt me. Until tomorrow morning, of course.

...

Getting off my horse last night was thankfully something I could do on my own, even if it meant landing slightly harder than I was used to, and having my butt bounce up and down incessantly for a little while. Johnny had been awfully quiet, and slept a little distance away, facing away from me. I have a suspicion that he has certain dirty opinions on the elephant in the room, or rather, the caboose in the open air, but I don’t have undeniable evidence, something that the Law always requires.

That said, I've been quickly garnering that evidence. I'd woken up the next morning in what must be my new natural sleeping position, belly on the ground with my ass in the air, having forgotten to prepare some kind of method for me to stand up on my own; hence Johnny had to help pull me up, and I'm certain he must have gotten a good view of my jiggling ass, and perhaps my bare crotch too. My grumpy look afterwards must have made it clear what I was thinking, since he avoided looking at me ever since, always directing his eyes somewhere else. His expression was one of clearly-feigned innocence, but the Law requires more than just a guilty look.

Then again, another piece of evidence had come from shortly afterwards, when I once again encountered the inevitable task of having to get on my horse again. I've no reason to think I'm any stronger than I was yesterday, so that meant asking Johnny for help again.

'Your back worked well last time; try just using that.'

Once again, I pushed with my leg and pulled with both my arms, and made some progress; Johnny then joined in, squishing into my ass with his upper back and sending me further along the way. Still, I was *just* unable to get my leg over, despite exerting myself to the fullest extent.

'Ok, use your hands too!' I grunted out.

I soon felt two extra points of pressure plunge into the fat of my rump, and had to withhold a squeak as I was sent that little bit higher, enough to get my leg across and allow me to firmly sit in the saddle. I still had to settle myself, and wiggled myself around a bit to get into place. I'd turned around to check my position, and...

'Guilty!' I suddenly cried, pointing authoritatively at his chest. He quivered in place, and his knees began to give way; he looked as if he'd seen a ghost get spooked by another ghost.

'Of looking at my... at my... at my thing!'

'Your thing?' He looked genuinely confused, no longer knowing what he'd been accused of.

The man can't understand anything that isn't literal!

'At my... at my ass!' I had to say the word, lest he continue his error.

'Oh!' he shut his eyes, 'I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry..!' he kept going.

At that point I just had to sigh. He resembled the most pathetic wretch imaginable, over an act which hadn't actually harmed me in any way, and which I'm sure was not motivated by any wilful perversion. By any standard, considering how exposed I am, he was being fairly well-behaved.

‘Ok, get up, Johnny, get up;’ he slowly raised himself, but still kept his hands over his eyes, ‘Tell you what, I’ll forgive you for this one infraction,’—there was only one *provable* infraction, after all—‘and in return you’ll never do it again, and you’ll pay for the fabric in town with your own coin.’

My sidekick nodded repeatedly, and finally released his eyes, revealing orbs reddened from tears. As much as I could have been justified in punishing him further, there wasn’t much point—he’d learnt his lesson. Furthermore, Justice is righteous only as far as it corrects; any further, and it’s no longer Justice.

And so I’d beckoned him to hop on his own horse, and we’d gone along our way.

That was earlier today; now it’s mid-afternoon, and the town is just over the hill; we’d arrived a bit earlier than I expected. I’d intended for Johnny to go off and buy the fabric anyway, though now he’d be using his own money. I knew when I took him up that he had some with him, although he’s not the kind of person to use it without very good reasoning. Now he has that.

...

‘You bought the thickest one they had? With your own money?’

‘It looked good...’

A deep sigh escapes my lungs. Sure, I hadn’t specified exactly what kind of fabric to get, but I’d hardly expected Johnny to get a bolt of *plush carded wool*, probably one of the most expensive things the shop sells. The material probably isn’t that far off what they use in winter coats. I make a mental note to assist with Johnny’s finances in future should he need it, but in the meantime his mistake *could* be worse. He *could* have gotten the cheapest of the cheap, something that would have crumbled immediately with the strain I intend to put it through. Evidently he cares about my wellbeing, or the wellbeing *of my ass*. At least I’ll have something to cover it up with now, even if it doesn’t quite qualify as pants. I’ll have to have a set tailored for me down the track. *At my own expense, whatever that may be.*

Still, first things first. *I have to wrap my ass with this damn wool.* Taking a look at the bolt and then back at my hips, it’s clear that I’m going to need Johnny’s help—there’s just no way I can wrap anything around the girth of my thighs and hips on my own. It’ll mean that he’ll have to get up close, have to *really* stretch his arms around my legs to make it work. He’ll have to get his head quite close to my... groin as well. It’s not like it hasn’t been completely exposed to him, or isn’t exposed to him *right now*. He’s enough of a gentleman to not look there, or maybe he just doesn’t have much interest in it. Still, having a man so close to my most intimate parts, fighting to contain it by any means necessary... Rrrrgh! Thinking about that makes me feel tingly inside, for some reason.

‘Anyway, you’re going to have to help out. You can start by...’ I gesture where I want him to place the beginning of the bolt on my thigh, and he quickly gets to work. With my continued instructions, he wraps up my thick thigh in a cocoon, moves over to my hips, carefully girds my groin and lower abdomen, stretches broad swathes over my asscheeks, and reaches and wraps up my other thigh, all the while double- and sometimes triple-wrapping his work to make it even stronger, yet never making

anything so tight that my movement might be effective. By the time he tucks the end of the bolt into his handiwork and ties a knot to keep it in place, he's created a protective layer of cloth that effectively covers my thighs, hips, rump, and lower stomach, and I can move my legs around just fine (or rather, as fine as before the wrapping). I notice that he's even somehow left a special kind of wrapping around my special parts, so that I can pull it to the side to do my business; his skill is remarkable!

'That's... really well done!' I do a slow turn in a circle, like I'm trying on a dress, 'Thank you for that, Johnny.'

He tries to hide his face, but the red on his face shines through his fingers like the sun through the clouds at dawn. It's not often that I compliment him so much, I suppose, or for such work as this... I consider teasing him over his reaction, but it might be better to let it go—better for him to know he can do nice things without repercussions.

In any case, it's just about evening, and our camp will be where we stand, just out of view of the town. As I make sure my horse's reins are tied to a bit of dead shrubbery, I look out over the vast expanse of nothingness, and listen to what little it says.

When we wake up tomorrow morning, where are we headed? Is this really my retirement? I step over a bit of broken flora, and my rump is sent wobbling—not as much as it used to, when it was unrestrained. I scrunch up my loose fist. No, it can't be! I am the Law! I must be the Law! And nothing will stop the Law! Not even this fat ass that I have to carry around with me!

On a lesser lawkeeper Bart's rattlesnake oil might have had its intended effect, but not on me. Bart and the rest of his gang will face Justice, however long that takes!

I look down over my shoulder, at the mass of flesh that juts out in two large globes just underneath my lower back; I sway my hips slightly, and they're sent wobbling to and fro. I feel like even standing up is a taxing activity, let alone moving around on foot with any kind of speed.

But nothing will stop me. Whether it takes one week, one month, or even never, I will exercise until my ass is manageable. If for whatever reason it doesn't go down, I will learn to deal with it, to move as I used to, to move *even better*, and to uphold the Law regardless of my proportions. Bart has failed to realise that he has merely energised me, made my sole mission the downfall of his criminal reign. He will learn that, one day soon.

...

I'd have never thought that walking unburdened for a few hours would be so tiresome, but here I am beside my horse, panting before it's even noon. Clearly I *am* burdened, with this heavy hunk of flesh around my hips. Still, I have to try working it off somehow, even if it comes at the cost of my stamina.

Maybe we could have spent some time in the town we just left, but I figure that our destination a couple of days away will be more worthwhile. It's the direction that the gang were heading in before we

parted ways; we'll no doubt get there *after* the gang, but at least there'll be some leads for us to look into. It does still stoke anger in me that injustice will no doubt occur under my watch, but I *have* been hindered for a genuinely good reason.

'Do you need some help there, Jane?' I hear Johnny call from atop his horse, startling me out of my daydreaming.

'What?'

'Some help getting up on your horse, I mean. You look tired.'

Bit rude of him to say that, but he is right. To be honest, I think any amount of exercise can contribute to working off my ass, and I've done a decent amount more than that already today. Plus, it'll do me no good to collapse out of exhaustion—getting up again will be *another* ordeal.

'...Fine, help me up.' We both come to a stop, and Johnny hops down to the ground with a nimbleness I'm newly jealous of.

We assume our respective positions and prepare in a way I've gotten all too used to now, and I'm once again reminded of why I have to work this mass of flesh off: the fewer times Johnny has to help me move around, the better. That said, as I pull myself up and John squishes into my asscheeks with his shoulders and hands, plunging deep into the fat as he applies all his force, I can't help but squeak and momentarily lose focus from how sensitive I am down there. I do manage to force my leg over, but have to give a summary thanks and hide my blush.

I really hope it wasn't intentional that the rattlesnake oil made my ass somewhat... pleasurable to the touch, but I have a feeling that Bart almost definitely wanted that to happen, or at least would be happy to know it's happened. I can't let it distract me. I have the Law to uphold!

Johnny hops back onto his horse while I'm stuck in my thoughts, and he doesn't make eye contact even once we pause for a bite to eat. It's not hard to connect the dots: he offered to help me onto my horse out of nowhere, suggesting that he knew I was tired, suggesting that he was *watching* me and knew *why* I was tired, and now he's embarrassed about the whole thing. I've chided him once before for staring at my ass, but he did save me the humiliation of having to ask him for help. I can't deny that it also... felt good when he pushed me up, or wrapped the wool around my hips. I can't say that I *want* to feel his hands diving into the soft flesh of my ass, but maybe I'll be a bit more prompt to ask when I need Johnny's help...

I shake my head. I've got to focus! The Law is at stake!

...

We arrived in town the next day, already too late, as I'd expected. The place looks like a strong gust of wind could level half the buildings, and I don't doubt that its last glimpse of prosperity was before I was

born. The main street was empty, and I could tell that a disturbance had occurred of a kind only the Stew Gang could cause.

The best we could do was try to stock up on supplies and ask witnesses about what had happened, tasks that I instructed Johnny how to perform and then sent him off. Usually I would have done both myself, but my sand-covered wool-wrapped heap of an ass would prompt more questions than I'd set out to ask. I'd once again laid back just out of view while Johnny went out and came back to report; to his credit, he can hold a lot of things in his head at once, and reported back to me what each person had said in response to each question.

I could have almost predicted it: no warning, a few loud noises in the middle of the night when the sheriff is in his deepest sleep, and come morning the local bank is bereft of all its holdings, and the lone guard wakes up an hour after dawn with a bump on his head and a headache. No trace of the perpetrators, and no witnesses to where the gang had escaped off to.

Johnny's descriptions are remarkably vivid for essentially an amalgamation of clueless townsfolk and a bank guard with a massive blunder to his name. In any other situation I would give him a stern look and promise to rectify the issue, but I can only make that promise to myself this time.

Still, there's no point in dwelling over a lack of information. Perhaps I have less to work with than usual, but the gang doesn't consist of four flying birds—they leave tracks. I walk around the outskirts of the town over to the side where the bank is, and set about spotting their horses' prints. I figure Johnny can take a rest, considering the good job he did with the townsfolk in my stead, but he follows me around anyway.

'Here!' after a little while of searching, I come upon several sets of clear hoofprints, a couple of which are bordered by pairs of ruts, presumably from the wagons they carry their ill-gotten goods in.

Johnny comes jogging over, and I crouch down to look closer at the tracks, accidentally touching the ground with my rump. *One day I'll get used to it.*

There's only so much information that can be gleaned from tracks, especially ones covered by a few hours' worth of sand, but the one thing I can notice is that the ruts are quite deep, more than usual for the small wagons I know the gang uses.

'They're full up on booty;' I say out loud to nobody in particular, 'They'll have to go store it somewhere, or sell it off. The gang isn't known to get too greedy at any one point, always nabbing where they know they can get away with it.'

'Does that mean they're heading to their hideout?' Johnny blurts out, hovering just above me.

'Yes, actually;' I slowly rise up, feeling my thigh muscles burn with the tough motion, 'At least, I'd give it a good chance. They always change their base of operations every now and then, but now that they

think *I'm* out of the equation, they might get a little cocky. Especially since,' I point down at the obvious tracks, 'they haven't bothered to hide where they went.'

The fact that the gang didn't even try to cover their tracks, which they usually do with some kind of cloth trailing behind their horses and carts (not an unwise thing for criminals to do), does irritate me more than I'm willing to admit. Do they really think that little of the Law that they no longer even care to prevent vengeance from following them? Or rather, does the Law really mean so little out here that I am considered the only one to enforce it? I'd forgive the bank guard for not going after them, since he has to stay at his post, but surely the sheriff at least carries *some* authority in these parts? I'd have to ask him what he intends to do, but I dread he'd show little more respect for me than the gang does. No, that's not quite what I fear. Rather, it's that I dread he simply has a different set of priorities to me: that in his mind lady Justice has her blindfold open a tiny bit, and she keeps an eye on her scale as it weighs the Law against the Stew Gang—and the gang weighs more, holds greater fear in him. At times like this, my commitment to Justice is less for the sake of those who benefit from it, and more for the sake of the abstract concept itself.

It disgusts me, honestly. That the supposed enforcers of Justice are so fearful that criminals can get away, *leaving an obvious trail behind them*, and not fear any kind of retribution. And here I am, pursuing them even though they made my ass the size of a barrel!

'Are you alright, Jane? You're clenching your fists.'

I *am* in fact clenching my fists, although I only realise it now that Johnny's pointed it out. I release them and look over, hoping my expression doesn't look too dire.

'I'm fine. We're following these tracks.'

And that's that.

...

The unconcealed tracks lead us over the course of a couple of days to a small, freestanding mesa, red and reaching up to the sky, and our approach at evening gives us ample warning of the torchlight that illuminates a smaller area around its base, where it's clear some setup of a camp resides.

Johnny and I tie the horses a distance back and come within distant earshot, far-enough away that our stealth seems secure, while still close enough that we can observe what the gang is up to.

They mill around and talk like a group of men tends to do when unburdened by any immediate responsibilities, and I can actually gather quite a bit from their conversation, including where they're headed next—a couple of days east, another town I'm sure can hardly be distinguished from the one we just left. After a while I can also work out what the names of the gang members besides Bart are, since I've never bothered before. Jerry is the one who caught Johnny, and he seems to always be trying to suck up to Bart in some way. The other two, who were holding me down while Bart administered his poison,

are... Perry and Terry. How Bart managed to gather three rugged misfits with almost identical names is beyond me, and yet another punch to the gut is how I have to take them all seriously.

But apart from what I can hear, what I can see is also of note: their loot, no doubt from a decent number of towns from around the region, is on more or less open display: I can just make out in the firelight the pair of wagons they use to transport their ill-gotten goods, and a couple of no doubt recently-arrived wooden trunks. The flagrant disregard for any kind of Law-enforcement provokes rage in me again, but I push it down for the sake of our cover.

After remaining there for a little while longer to find out anything else, Johnny and I crawl back to our horses, with my bum wobbling heavily to and fro with every movement, and then find a more secluded place to rest for the night.

The very next day, the camp is deserted, with the new trunks gone as well, probably buried somewhere along with the rest of the loot (I don't suspect they carry *all* of their loot with them all the time—there's simply too much). We could possibly dig around a bit and try to find it, but that would put the gang on our trail as soon as they get back, something I can't risk right now.

Rather, over the course of the next few weeks we follow the gang at a distance, never letting ourselves be spotted. Ostensibly this is to gain further intelligence on them and keep track of them, but really it's so that I can feel like we're at least doing *something*. With the foresight we gain from listening on the gang at their hideout (now consistent, since they don't think they're at risk anymore), we could in theory lay a trap, but I have to ward off the temptation: as difficult as it is to allow them to commit injustice with impunity, I'm in no condition to be of much use in any competition.

...Which is something I've been working on, both intentionally and necessarily. Every night I go to sleep tired, having hauled around my massive ass the entire day, but every morning I wake up with muscles that much stronger. It hasn't made any difference to the amount of fat around my thighs and butt, which I do find disappointing, but at least I'm more agile. After about a fortnight of following in the gang's wake, walking beside my horse and exercising my legs at every opportunity, I found that I could actually push myself onto my horse unassisted, albeit with very great strain and effort. Still, an achievement nonetheless... even if I don't take advantage of it.

Johnny's been a consistent help, both in terms of accommodating for my extra luggage and in handling our interactions with the towns we visit. He seems to have a way of getting more information out of people than he sets out to ask, perhaps because he just comes across like a person who can't do much with said information. Still, I do have to give him credit, not only for that, but also for being a reliable partner in what surely must be the lowest point of my career—many others would have abandoned me by now. Whether it's because he's as devoted to the Law as I am, or because of what following along with me entails...

I mean to say that, even though I can now hop onto and off my horse by myself, I haven't made that clear to Johnny, even if he probably knows already by watching me practice. I've gotten... used to him pushing me up, and I can't quite muster up the words to tell him to stop. I have to admit that it *does* feel

nice, having hard hands press into my soft rump, applying firm pressure until I can finally crest the saddle. Maybe I don't always put in all my effort to pulling myself up, just so it lasts a bit longer. I daydream and dream about having him do that more than I'd like, and sometimes my mind wanders into raunchier territory... I don't have the privacy to explore those thoughts any further. In any case, I have to do my best to quell the squeak that comes out when Johnny applies his full force, though I sometimes falter.

There are also times when I've had to take off the wool wrapping around my ass to give it a clean (it collects a lot of sand and other bits and pieces). While any other self-respecting lady would surely have learnt almost immediately how to unwrap and rewrap it to preserve her modesty, I don't actually mind having Johnny do it—he put it on in the first place, after all, and he doesn't make any fuss over seeing my bare crotch by accident after making an inopportune turn. He's decent enough to not just plant his face right in front of my thighs, and somehow still manages to handle the fabric well while mostly looking away from what it's supposed to cover. He does tend to blush a little while doing it, though. I think I do too.

He still has that general awkwardness to him, particularly when it comes to conversations, but I'm starting to find it a bit... endearing, I think. He'll say things exactly how he thinks of them, and it's an honesty I can appreciate in the face of the general malaise and apathy people have towards one another in this region. It certainly means I don't need to spend long pondering any ulterior motives behind what he tells me—useful for someone who is usually concerned with that kind of thing.

All of this has to contribute to *something*, however. Bart *was* correct when he said I'd struggle with upholding the Law (he said it in lowercase, the bastard!) from now on—the massive caboose he's given me means that the normal ways of pursuing Justice, namely with swift moves and a well-delivered one-liner, won't work anymore. I once thought that exerting myself enough would mean that the fat would dissipate, but it seems like it's here to stay—much like I am, in a way. Considering that I failed the last time we tried getting a jump on the gang, I won't just have to accommodate my new dimensions, but use them to my advantage.

The gang tends to act erratically, but is remarkably effective in spite of it: from witness reports, they seem to be able to counter any threat while in the act of their crime. An ambush at night, when they pay the least attention to their surroundings, is the best bet, and perhaps they won't see it coming a second time. I'd rather plan a different kind of attack, but anything during the day will be seen from ages away, even if they're not already in a state of alertness. Johnny and I are better at coordinating now too, so really the only other thing I have to work out is... myself. A method of quickly incapacitating as many of them as possible in the shortest amount of time, in spite of my extra weight. That's in addition to the likely chance that something will go wrong, and we'll have to improvise.

Our hopes don't look good, but I *have* to uphold Justice and the Law, even if it costs me everything. I can't expect the same of Johnny (or anyone else, for that fact), but he won't be the one in the prime line of fire. Johnny's actually been providing a lot of encouragement, and his faith uplifts me at least a little bit.

I *can't* let the Stew Gang continue their reign of terror over these parts, I must intervene, and soon.

...

Night, not far off from dawn, an hour or two away from first light, when the gang have expended their energy and are asleep in the open at their hideout. A fool would call this an easy raid, but I'm no fool.

It's been about a month since the day I got my new ass, and a month since I began planning to shut down the Stew Gang for good. I look over at Johnny, also on horseback beside me, and he nods to show he's ready. I've instructed him in what I intend to happen, and also in several different scenarios should something go wrong. I can only hope he can improvise anything further if something else happens.

Once we commit, the sound of our horses will no doubt wake everyone up, and the time-crunch will begin. I had expected the burden of the extra rope I'm bringing (to tie up the bandits with) to burden my horse more, but it seems to have gotten used to carrying more weight around.

Terry is the first target, sleeping at the closest edge of the camp to us, not too far away from Perry. Unfortunate for him.

I spur my horse, aiming to pass just beside him, and ready my legs. If I miss this, the whole operation becomes a lot trickier. The noise of hoof-claps catches his attention despite his drunken slumber, and he cries out to alert the others. No backing out now—they'll know it's me in an instant.

He stands up and reaches for his holster, failing to realise that he had placed it a small distance away on the ground; they all have enough sense to keep their weapons out of close reach when they're drunk. His startled surprise at this fact is something I'm relying on.

He might have expected a lasso, or the crack of a gunshot, but the sight he's met with is no doubt far more outlandish. The representative of the Law before him, her soft and miraculously massive rump contained by woolen fabric dyed orange with sand, her face covered in determination, not only rides her horse as if she *didn't* have such a large ass, but *leaps off* into the air, and, to his dread, directly towards him.

I launch into the air with a strength I couldn't have hoped of dreaming up just a couple of weeks ago, and raise my thick thighs out in front of me, aiming for my asscheeks to smash directly into Terry's face. Once upon a time I'd have been ashamed of thinking up such a tactic, but ass-problems require ass-solutions.

I briefly feel some resistance as my flesh makes contact, but the momentum of my jump pushes him down with me, and I land with a firm *plap* on the ground, thankfully painlessly thanks to all my padding, with Terry's head completely hidden between my cheeks.

One down—I have no time to check if he's actually knocked out, and can only hope that he's at least going to be dazzled for a long while. Not often a lady's massive rump collides with one's face.

My thighs are splayed out in front of me, and in that moment my position probably resembles a pouting child who doesn't want to leave the house. Thanks to the elevated seat my ass gives me, I draw my feet back onto the ground and push myself up and forward with a strength I've only recently built up; I can't afford to stay on the ground for more than a moment, lest someone keep me there.

Now standing, I'm met with Perry, now grasping at his gun and a few yards in front of me. The sight should bring a flash of worry into me: I have my lasso at the ready, and my revolver a little less so.

He's at least somewhat surprised at the fate that's befallen Terry, but to his credit it doesn't slow him down much. Hence the next part of the plan.

A rider appears from out of the darkness behind him, and his horse makes a loud bray—noise is beyond our concern at this point, now that the other two gang members are in much the same state of readiness and shock as Perry.

Johnny's distraction catches Perry's attention, and he half-turns and stumbles towards me, not wanting to be too close to the horse. He's not quite close enough, and now facing the wrong direction, and my emergency lasso comes in handy: I fling it out around his waist with a finesse unimpeded by my recent changes, and flick him in a spin towards me.

I briefly see a more expressive look of surprise on his face before my foot makes contact with his groin—thigh muscles are useful for more than just moving me around. His look of horrific pain is ended by my ensuing fist to his cheek, which sends him down to the ground and hopefully into an ignorance of the rest of the fight.

Two down—two to go. Here's where it gets *really* tough.

Jerry and Bart are closer together to one another and further away from me and Johnny, closer to the base of the mesa. There was no plan I could form to have a hope of getting Bart out of the way first—at least by removing one or two brigands I could at least make it a bit easier to deal with him.

They're too far away to do anything to with any kind of speed, so I quickly drop my lasso and pull out my revolver, turning over to face them. Johnny, still atop his horse, takes the cue and does the same with remarkable speed.

My draw is quick; my rump is left wobbling with my turn, but I'm not distracted by it in the slightest. Bart and Terry are left with their hands just away from the grips of their guns, now locked in a standoff, except Johnny and I are the ones with our guns out. I hadn't expected this, but it thankfully should make dealing with them easier.

'Well well,' Bart begins with a voice I haven't heard in some time, a voice which makes the hair bristle more on my neck, 'if it isn't—'

I spot the slightest bit of movement from Jerry's hand, and with skill finessed from many a shootout I hipfire at his immediately-raised firearm, shooting it in the barrel and sending it flying out of his hand. I have no time to be proud of my achievement before Bart reacts in almost no time at all, doing the same. With a focus that could only be summoned by a lady who wishes to never be humiliated ever again, my wrist turns only the slightest amount to aim at his gun.

But he's too quick—his revolver is pointing at me the very moment before I can fully aim and fire at it. This could be—

Bang.

My eyes blink shut, and then immediately reopen to reveal a now weaponless Bart, and a smoking barrel held by Johnny to my left on his horse. His marksmanship was never something I worked on with him, but I might have to reconsider in future. If there is a future. There are still two combatants in front of me, two of the wildest and most dangerous in the West.

No more words, and Jerry is running towards me, presumably to take advantage of my lack of agility and smash my head in.

Well, isn't he in for a surprise.

He comes up close with his fist raised, and at the last moment I take a slight step to my right and twist my hips towards him. My ass is sent swinging into him, and makes a hard collision that feels rather good. His running speed and my smack send him pelting sideways, right towards Johnny, who pistolwhips him from above and sends him crumbling down.

Three down, with a grace that merits the crack of a smirk. Just one more to go, the big one—

Arms around my neck, pulling tight. My gun falls out of my hand as I reach up to pull them away, but my arm strength is nothing compared to Bart's: it's like trying to pull an old oak tree down. Chokes come out from my mouth as the air is forced out of my lungs, and the sides of my vision start turning blacker than the chill night around us. *Uh oh.*

'Janey, Janey, Janey,' that voice again, right in my ear, 'nearly won, nearly got us! Got to hand it to you, despite your extra girth. Never thought I'd see you again, but now I've had it. Don't you know that when you go after the gang, you'd best not—'

A sudden tightness around my ankles, which I can barely feel from the constriction happening higher up, and then a yank that pulls my feet out from under me, and apparently Bart's too. There's no time before I fall nearly on my face, only barely managing to twist myself to landing partly on my side.

The plan is out the window now, and I have to stop Bart as quickly as possible!

Ignoring the pain of falling straight to the ground, I push myself up and find Bart right next to me, clawing the sand out of his eyes that our impacts caused, or perhaps *my* impact. A punch to the head might have worked for his companions, but would do nothing to Bart, whose head has the consistency of a very large brick.

My gun is somewhere close, but I'd have to look for it, and Bart may very well just grab my wrist and crush it.

What's close is Bart, and that I can work with.

With a mighty heave, I push my feet into the ground away from Bart and twist my body around in the same way I'd go every morning from lying down to sitting up, but much faster.

My target isn't in sight, but he doesn't need to be.

Hoping that I've made the right decision, my rump plants down on the ground, and I feel an obstruction between the cheeks.

In what might be a fitting bout of irony, Bart's head is wedged underneath my ass, and now I need to try to hold myself in place until he pacifies. Our situations are reversed: now I'm the one choking him out, in my own special way.

I do my best to push down into the ground, despite not having anything to pull myself down with, while muffled yells come from down below along with a thrashing of both his face and arms. His upper arms are partly hidden by my cheeks, but his hands are free, and they wave around and slap into my ass, trying to push me off.

His hits nearly work, not because they exert enough force to dislodge me, but because of the pleasure they cause... I have to bite my tongue to hold my concentration in spite of what must be the hardest hits someone in his position has ever given. Then there's the other matter of his face being right near my cooch, separated only by a few layers of fabric—the thrashings of his face make it chafe and rub in a way not too far off what I'd do if I wanted to pleasure myself on purpose.

His acts of resistance begin to weaken, but my resolve doesn't—I can't afford to lose now.

Another hard slap that cracks against my soft flesh, and a moan nearly pulls itself out of my throat. His legs writhe too, but soon realise that they're too far away from the problem to help. My face is red from exhaustion and sexual heat, things I just can't solve right now with a deadly criminal right below me.

Another slap, on the other side, a bit weaker yet again. At this point the pleasure from all the hits has turned me into dead weight, which I don't think means much for Bart's chances. I'm not far from climaxing...

His hand raises once more, but pauses mid-rise like a lever too rusted to be pulled further, and then falls back down to the sandy ground. Even if I could move, I'd still wait a little while longer just to make sure Bart is completely out of it, but only now do I realise what I've managed to achieve.

We have the gang in our grasp, knocked out, ready to be tied up and brought to justice. A lesser officer of the Law at this point would waffle on about her victory and its implications, and the very great effort that went into bringing it about, but I'm well aware of the fact that there's a man suffocating underneath my ass, and that nobody has been brought to Justice *yet*.

After counting for another five seconds just to make sure, I feebly roll myself off Bart's face, landing on my side in the cold sand, my cheek feeling the grit of the ground. It doesn't occur to me to move any further.

No movement from beside me, so Bart's done with for the night.

Four down.

The only noise beside the gentle breeze is a pair of boots hitting the ground, and then my eyes drift over to Johnny's legs walking towards me. He then crouches down until I can see his face without having to move my head.

Only now does it occur to me how much he contributed to this victory. Sure, I had instructed him on what to do, but he'd not only followed it exactly during perhaps the tensest few minutes of my entire career, but had also found a way to turn it all around when everything fell apart near the end. He had rescued me from the headlock by lassoing both my feet and Bart's; that tactic could have gone very wrong, but as an in-the-moment reaction it was remarkably effective and well-executed.

A day ago I'd have never thought I'd say this about *anyone*, but... I owe Johnny my life. Perhaps I won't exactly say that to him, but I'm certainly grateful, more than I've ever been to a fellow enforcer of the Law. Perhaps he's not as idealistic as I am, but not everyone's perfect.

There's also that other aspect to why I appreciate him being around... no doubt pushed to prominence right now because of how horny Bart's resistance has made me. I don't think I have much hope of lifting myself up on my own right now, just because of how tired I am, and the chances of me being able to hop on my horse unaided are even slimmer. The thought of having Johnny squish my ass again...

I've got criminals out in the open, and they need capturing!

I briefly instruct him to tie up the bandits tight, and put them in one of the wagons for us to take to a jail. One comes to mind in a town not too far away, where the sheriff has at least *some* desire to uphold the Law, even if it's beyond his means. We can come back for the loot later—nobody else comes to this area.

Johnny nods and stands back up, getting to work outside of eyeshot. I haven't moved at all, and my eyes drift shut, although I still listen to the sounds of dragging bodies and footfalls on the sand.

'Done what you asked, Jane. Need help getting up?'

I wearily open my eyes, and there he is in front of me with his hands on his hips, and I see to his side his horse with a wagon attached, and what look to be four extremely well-bound thugs inside it, positioned and kept in place so they can't hope to escape. There's no torchlight illuminating any of this, but the sky is beginning to turn red in the dawn light.

'You can do more than help me up, Johnny...'

His head goes a bit back and he gives me a look of confusion, apparently interpreting my innuendo, surprisingly candid even to myself, as an instruction too vague to carry out. Still, if he didn't catch on to what I really meant, I won't awkwardly spell it out for him. I'll have plenty of opportunities in future anyway...

With a sigh, 'Please help me stand up and get on my horse, will you?'

His face lights up now that he has something to do, now that *he knows he can feel up my ass again*, and he quickly gets to work. He reaches out for my hands and lets me hold on, before pulling up with what feels like a tremendous amount of effort. I do my best to put my feet on the ground and push up along with him, although I don't think it helps very much. Still, my body raises up and my ass follows, and my weight shifts above my knees and I come into a stand, with Johnny still steadying me as I catch my bearings. The lift wasn't so sudden that my head spins from it.

Even though we've now gone a full day and night without much sleep, it's now our task to make as much headway as possible before the brigands start waking up. In theory it shouldn't make much difference, since they look plenty well tied up, but I'd rather get them locked up sooner rather than later. I've no doubt their vitriol will get on my nerves quite quickly.

Of course, before all that, I've got to get on my horse first. My legs drag the rest of me over to its side, and I'm left in a position I was once mortified to be in: waiting for Johnny to help me do something essential for my line of work.

Yet I feel a bit of a tingle inside as I beckon him over, thinking of the task he'll have to do, that he's had to do oh so often. I beckon him over, and it occurs to me that I can get away with being a bit suggestive, since he seems eager for the prospect of feeling my rump.

So I get my legs in the right position and wiggle my bum a bit, letting my plump hips wobble back and forth like waves, with my chin held up, imagining the look on his face. I let it stop after a few seconds when Johnny doesn't make any sound, and then hear a gulp before hearing his boots crunch down into the sand just underneath me. I can't help but giggle a bit at the embarrassment that I hardly have to see. *I think he knows what that little wobble meant. Well, I think I might give him a bit more than a little wobble sometime soon, maybe when we're not in the company of four villains. It might take him a bit to get used*

to any kind of flirtatiousness from me, but I'm sure he'll manage. Especially since he's on the receiving end of it.

'R-ready, Jane.' I can tell his hands are hovering at the ready, waiting for me to make the first move. I wonder if he might even be too caught up in my lewd behaviour to assist, but I have faith in his ability and desire to help me when I need it—after all, those things were only just now put to the test.

I begin pushing myself up, admittedly having much less force than I usually do. I don't *quite* let myself become dead weight, but I'm sure Johnny isn't used to having to haul this much weight over my saddle.

Then without delay come two fast points of pressure on my asscheeks, which sink into the flesh like dough. This time a loud squeak comes out of me without any kind of inhibition, and it's once again to Johnny's credit that he doesn't melt and crumble from how much sexual energy he's imparting upon me. His hands shift around as he adjusts to me, and soon his upper back and shoulders join in, applying a pressure that is normally enough to finish the job.

Even if I could apply the remaining effort necessary, I'm not sure I would. After all, it's just so *good* having Johnny handle my rump with such vigour, even if sexual pleasure isn't the main goal right now. Still, knowing that he's pushing *even harder* just to deal with my *fat ass* and its *fat consequences* gets me unspeakably horny, and the moans come out unprompted. I hear grunts of exertion from below, and it only barely occurs to me that those are from genuine physical strain rather than the kind of thing I'm feeling right now.

Eventually he pushes me over the crest, and I have no choice but to right myself properly before I fall over the other side, but my cheeks are red and a bead of drool slowly descends from the corner of my mouth.

I smile down at him and thank his efforts, while he bashfully looks down at the ground and goes over to hop on his own horse, with the wagon full of bandits in tow. In a number of weeks, I'm sure we'll be back with further assistance to gather up and account for the entire remaining pilfered bounty of the Stew Gang.

Johnny mounts his horse with a finesse that puts any attempt I could make to shame, and with a mere nod we both set our horses going. By now it's solidly dawn, with the orange strips of sky merging with one another into a lighter hue that will soon become the blue of day. A day under which the Stew Gang's reign of terror has ended.

With that said, there will always be injustice (lowercase—only Justice has a capital) to stomp out. Far from the early retirement Bart wanted to impose upon me, my resolve to uphold the Law has only strengthened. It'll come with its difficulties: I'll first have to walk up to the sheriff in my current state of body and dress, and demand to be taken seriously. I expect a captured Stew Gang will help, but I don't think I could last the conversation without having to explain my proportions, or any other conversation

thereafter, for that fact. An injury taken in the pursuit of Justice, one could say. Maybe not me though, since I've grown to deal with what I've been dealt.

Plus, I've got at least *one* admirer of my new rump alongside me. I don't think Johnny had expected I'd ever show him very much respect (and neither did I, for that fact), but I now figure he's going to be my sidekick for a while going. One day I might even consider him a full partner, if he gets to the point where he can take on crime on his own.

I do have my own ulterior motives for wanting to keep him with me, of course. I'm excited at the prospect of having him continue to feel up my ass, maybe *without* some kind of practical purpose, maybe *just for fun*. Just the thought of him slapping my ass, having his hand be swallowed up by soft fat, and of him jiggling my hips, of him pounding me from behind... Hold your horses, girl! I can't afford to get too distracted right now, since we've got prisoners with us, but all of those ideas are certainly on the table, when Johnny's up to them. I'll make a man out of him yet.

For the time being though, Justice is being served. And nothing can halt Justice and the sanctity of the Law, even if their primary enforcer in these parts has been given a ridiculously fat caboose as big as mine.