

SUMMARY: Sheriff Red is packing new heat; a gun that expands and transforms the people she shoots based on what ammo she's using! Oddly enough, her main target today isn't bandit's- but an old flame.

Contains: romance, ass expansion, and an odd mashup of fairy-tale, western and expansion. Pretty self indulgent, experimental and unique i'll admit, i'll let you decide if thats a good or bad thing. references to the smutbear universe, particularly big city from some of my other stories. TL;DR, a lot of growth happens there.

"Quick! If *she* gets here, our hides'll be decoration' a tanning rack for the rest of our days!" Bill rushed his fellow bank robber- he knew getting caught by the Sheriff would be the worst mistake of ***both*** their lives. The room was nearly pitch black aside from their flashlights, one torch idly sitting with what looked like a hundred pounds of dynamite.

"Ain't nothin' ta worry about Bill, we got enough dynamite to blow this joint skyhigh!" Cletus laughed, gesturing to the pile. Despite all their explosives, they weren't to blow a hole in the bank's walls- they were to deter the only person who could stop them. Cletus and Bill kept mining away at the wall to the bank's inner vault, quite a few hog-tied workers scrambling to get out of the danger zone. Each security guard was thoroughly roughed up, the Riley twins were a bit more dangerous than their oafish looks would suggest.

Cletus kept chipping away at the wall, but Bill couldn't stop double checking the entrances. The new sheriff was a bonafide badass, in just the past week she'd singlehandedly taken care of ***half*** the criminals in Slyridge. Before now, Bill had ***never*** feared the law, and he'd especially never feared a girl in a red hood. While Cletus was eager to steal a fortune's worth of gold, Bill kept his finger on the trigger. His big iron was comically large, as if it were tailor made for the big man. Despite its size and Cletus' hard grip, anyone could see the slight tremble in Cletus' hand.

"Don't worry Cletus, ain't a hood wearin' cowgirl in the west that'll get past me," Bill said, though the encouragement was more for himself than for Cletus. His finger held the trigger so aggressively the slightest twitch would fire a shot.

BOOM!

Before Bill got a chance to even *jitter*, the wall exploded forward along with all the TNT! Bill and Cletus were sent flying, while all the civilians they'd carelessly let out of their vision escaped. The room was filled with a dusty fog, followed by a million rays from the scorching sun outside. The dry desert air was surprisingly refreshing to the two, especially while they were covered in soot, dust and debris. Bill climbed out first, pushing a hundred pounds of bricks off of him with ease, then pulled Cletus out with him.

"Cletus, I done told you a hundred times she'd be here!" Bill kept his voice low but his anger was evident, the mountain of a man trying his best to hide among the rubble. Cletus was much smaller than Bill, his easy going demeanor keeping a smile on his face all the while.

"Proolly just one of them hostages Bill," Cletus said, pointing towards the wall. Somehow, the wall they'd been trying to breach was completely fine, but now there was a huge hole in the side of the bank.

"Ain't unlikely one of them weasels set the dynamite an' escaped. Just keep diggin, all the gold we can carry is waitin' for us!" Cletus happily grabbed his pickaxe, only for a bullet to immediately knock it out of his hands. The Riley twins both looked at each other like they'd seen the devil, dropped to the ground, and started scrambling through the rubble. They looked for their guns like they were the most important things they'd ever lost.

Then, the two heard a horse's whinny, followed by the jingle of spurs hitting

the ground. Bill threw chunks of brick aside frantically. Footsteps moved through the rubble, and a small, feminine chuckle forced the boys to snap their heads towards it. Too slow. In the second it took for their heads to turn, two more bullets shot through their cowboy hats, sending them lightly floating to the floor.

"Ain't every day I catch **two** criminals ass up," the Riley twins turned around with more fear than they'd probably ever expressed. Before them stood Red Riding Hood, newly appointed Sheriff of Slyridge. She pushed back her trademark red hood with a grin, revealing fiery red hair and eyes that seemed to blend with the scorching sun above her. Red holstered her revolver, and swiftly pointed her double barrel at the bank robbers. Despite only being here a week, her reputation more than preceded her. Every description of how beautiful she was matched up perfectly- curled, full red lips, and copper colored eyes that pierced straight into their confidence. Her face was slender and pointed, looking more sultry and sexy than beautiful, cute or pretty. Yet, it was all the perfect culmination to make a woman holding a shotgun **more** intimidating rather than *less*.

Everything about her lived up to her name, though her cloak was muddied and frayed, landing at a more muted copper. Sheriff Red was no slouch either, she was taller than Cletus, who despite being shorter than Bill was still a bit above average. All in all, even though they just held an entire bank hostage, the new Slyridge Sheriff had drained their confidence in mere moments.

*"Now big, **bad** Bill Riley, what was that about hood wearin' cowgirls?"* Red spoke with a southern drawl more obvious than the Riley twins', each word carrying more authority than the last. The duo knew Red was dangerous- she was practically the grim reaper of Slyridge. Despite that, Bill began to speak.

*"**You got here mighty impromptu sheriff, I'll give ya that much!**"* Bill kept searching for his gun, grunting after every word.

"But I ain't the *big bad* your searchin' for, and if I was you wouldn't still be standin'!" Bill scavenged as quickly as he could, still not finding his weapon.

He wasn't as convincing as he thought he was. Cletus had given up, already ready for Red to throw the cuffs on them. It wouldn't take long to get out of the slammer anyway, wouldn't be the first time they broke out.

Red smiled at Cletus' apparent surrender.

"Might wanna start diggin' like big brother Bill, Cletus, got a hankering ya'll ain't gon' like where this scuffle is headed."

Cletus raised an eyebrow, though his face returned to a smile after. "With all due respect Sheriff, you can catch as many varmints as you want, but ain't a single one turned up dead yet." Cletus laughed, sitting down and kicking his feet up on a nearby brick.

"You ain't got the nerve!" Cletus laughed– if Red wasn't killing or hurtin' nobody, why should he care?

"Ain't dead cause I ain't want 'em to be, Cletus," Red laughed.

"Lucky yall, huh? There's a reason they call me **Red**, and it ain't the hood *or* the hair, darlin'," Red glanced at the holes in the twins' cowboy hats; if she wanted, they'd be dead already.

"And guess what else, boys?" Red stepped forward, lowering her shotgun. "Granny's payin' me **mighty** fine to give ya'll a second chance, ain't every day my bullets miss."

Bill stopped his frantic search and Cletus patted him on the back. They were listening.

"Tell me where Big Bad is, and Granny has a lighter sentence for ya'," Red said with curled lips, expecting an immediate answer. The Riley twins looked at each other, but they didn't really have much of a choice. A shoot out with Red while unarmed, or a lighter sentence from the mayor...

The fear on Bill's face turned into anger.

"You think you an' your granny can just come to our town and do whatever ya'll want? The last mayor woulda been linin' our pockets!"

Red laughed. Bill was right, Granny had been elected mayor after the last one got booked for extorting Slyridge locals for years. But that case wasn't closed just yet- the old sheriff still hadn't been brought to justice.

"Real nice job puttin' them pieces together, Bill," Red smiled.

"The new law around these parts is doin' it's job real well, but that right there's the problem- my longarm ain't found the Big Bad pullin' the strings. Even if I put ya'll away, *Wolfe still gon' be roaming among the sheep.*"

Red kept her gun trained on the two.

"Ole' Sheriff Wolfe got a debt to pay, an' if you wanna keep yall'selves alive, I'm suggestin' you tell me where he's holed at- ain't proper to get caught as *accomplices* in extortin' a whole town," Red took a step forward, her gun firmly trained on the duo.

"Fine," Bill groaned, then stepped back so Cletus could speak.

"I know you an' Wolfe got somethin' ***personal***, and I ain't gon' be the one to hold a ***lovely*** woman like yourself back," Cletus said.

"But I kindly advise you- stay outta this one, Sheriff, some dust don't need to be kicked up- 'specially not around Big Bad."

Red rolled her eyes, aimed at Bill, and pulled the trigger without a second of hesitation. Before Cletus could react, two syringes flew straight into Bill's chest. Cletus and Bill both flinched, jumping towards the other as if it was the last time they'd be in each other's company. They both let out a sigh of relief- not only was it not painful at all, Red's gun seemed to be entirely non-lethal. But before they could rush the woman with their newfound fearlessness, Red lowered an eyebrow, stopping them in their tracks almost instantly.

"Don't worry boys, Granny got lil' ol' Red some real *experimental* stuff, straight from them *big-wigs* in **Big City**," Red said, pointing at Bill.

"Ain't every day I'm packin' somethin' non lethal, Bill, but your little brother best start talkin' before my shootin' finger slips," Red gripped her gun just a bit tighter, "You wouldn't quite like a second dose."

As if on cue, Bill lurched forward, his body morphing all at once. In mere seconds flat, Bill went from muscular and masculine to rather feminine. Each moment of his body absorbing the syringes' payloads was another he looked less like himself. His face was first, his previously wide jaw slimming down until he had a domineering, feminine visage. His chest was next, Bill's dusty overalls quickly filled out with nice, heaving tits fitting of his size. Cletus was besides himself, if Red wanted, it would be much, much worse than a pair of tits. They hadn't ever seen tech like this in person, but Big City cosmetics were all the rage- and Cletus certainly didn't want to be next. Slyridge had avoided modern age city-slickin' techno-magic by maintaining the wild west status quo, but Sheriff Red and Mayor Granny were thoroughly shaking things up.

Red laughed, "Think I'll start callin' ya' Big Billy now, real nice and feminine!"

Bill's transformation continued, Cletus and Red stopping their conversation just to watch. He remained muscular and tall, but rather than imposing burly man, he was a curvy woman built like a proper stallion. His lower half finally joined in on the fun, the slight bulge between his legs disappearing, his thighs thickening to fill the space left behind. Bill looked much less angry and much more confused than anything else. He seemed to be surprisingly fine in his newly thick, burlesque form, all things considered. Cletus was much more worried than Bill was, his eyes darting from Red to Bill as if she had more to show off.

"Ain't a thing to worry about peach, Granny'll change ya' back to normal after a few days of *community service*," Red smiled, "But if you don't go on and find her, you'll stay as *ol' big titty Billy* for the rest of your days."

"Now Cletus, how about tellin' lil ole' Sheriff Red where Wolfe is?" Red said with a smirk, directing her gun towards Cletus, "And to be real frank, this time I ain't in the mood for *flirtin'* or *pleasantries*."

"Ain't gotta ask me twice, ma'am," Cletus dropped to his knees as if he were about to pray. His charisma and flirtatious edge were completely gone– he didn't want to end up like Bill.

"Wolfe shacked up in Ladies Barrel! Whole operation runnin' outta there, said no one would expect it," Cletus sounded completely genuine, if he was lying he'd be the best damn liar the West had ever seen. It was smart on Wolfe's behalf too, Red hadn't ever known him to enjoy bars, especially not bars with strippers and strumpets.

"Thank ya kindly, peach," Red spoke softly, "now go on an' get big Billy here right over to Granny's office– an' trust me, no funny business, less ya'll wantin' to see lil Red again," Red twirled on her heel, throwing her hood back on before walking away. All the hostages had escaped and the two brothers neutralized– a job well done. With the tip Cletus gave red, she strode over to her horse eager to get to the root of Slyridge's bandit problem.

Red hopped on her horse, "Atta' girl Basky," Red smiled– Basky was a trusted helper, her partner in gunslinging justice. They'd met years ago, when Red stumbled into a barn full of bandits. After a brief, one-sided gunfight, Red and Basky– short for basket– came out as best friends. Sure, Red had lost the basket of supplies she'd been meaning to deliver, but Granny was happier she'd found a new friend. And a passion for dispensing old time justice, of course.

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Basky let out a whinny, trotting to a stop right outside of Ladies Barrel. Red hopped off, her heeled boots landing in the usual dry, dusty dirt. The saloon didn't stand out particularly, aside from the wanted posters on the door showing off strippers rather than criminals.

"Ain't many bandits left to throw on them posters anyway," Red laughed, Basky neighing behind her as if she understood the joke. After this, Red would be rid of most of the crime in Slyridge. Red nodded to Basky- she'd run for Granny if things went sour, but with Sheriff Red's track record, that was more unlikely than shooting a needle in a haystack.

Before Red could kick the swinging doors open like she normally would, a loud howl pushed them open for her. A gust of wind blew her hood back and the Sheriff rushed in without a moment's hesitation, tumbleweeds blowing past Basky.

Inside the saloon, the floor was covered in small gold pieces, as if it was just mined. Tattered rope and lingerie was scattered on the ground, tables and chairs thrown recklessly to the floor while at least seven men pointed their weapons at one large figure. A small horde of scantily clad women ran past Red screaming, each man leaving their gun trained on the figure like they wouldn't see tomorrow otherwise. In the center of the saloon was a huge, furry creature, though to all these men...

The West's Big Bad Wolf had come for them! And what could possibly be ***bigger*** and ***badder*** than Sheriff Red?

"Well I'll be, if it ain't ole' Tommy Wolfe," Red smiled, "Now hun', look what you done went and got us into,"

Red readied both her shotgun and her pistol, holding one with each hand. Wolfe turned to her with a long, heavy movement. His eyes went wide with fear as if he'd just seen the devil, his clawed hand managing to lower his cowboy hat as if he was trying to avoid her gaze. Based on the state of things, he'd already done damage- even to his tattered, ill-fitting clothing. Wolfe let out a low snarl, ragged breaths continuing. To Red, that was a tell-tale sign he was tired, but to the men, the Big Bad was just about ready to pounce. Despite almost certainly being bandits, they paid no mind to Sheriff Red, the real boogeyman of Slyridge was among them.

"I'm suggestin' all of ya'll lovely patrons scram, Sheriff Red only got time for one bandit today," Red said. Every single one of them ran like their lives depended on it, wasting absolutely zero time. If Red wanted to be a distraction for their getaway, who were they to stop her? If she died, they'd have free reign in Slyridge anyway!

"Howdy, Tom," Red said plainly. Tommy Wolfe turned to face away from her, but he knew he couldn't avoid those sunset colored eyes forever.

"Be honest," Red waved a hand towards the lingerie decorating the floor and the sexified wanted posters, "You cheatin' on me?" Red's tone dropped in confidence, her smirk fading into a sad, downturned frown.

She heard the werewolf behemoth gulp, his hulking posture turning downwards in both fear and remorse. It didn't look good for him, especially with Red holding her two weapons. He let out a long, deep breath, and Red watched as his stature went from huge to *"merely"* tall. In seconds flat, Tommy Wolfe had returned to his human form- tattered clothes, cowboy hat and all.

"Ain't like that, Sheriff," Tommy said, his eyes glowing a sandy yellow, peeking out from under the cowboy hat.

"You know what they call me, Tom," Red scolded.

"I said it ain't like that, Red!" Tommy blurted out, making eye contact with the new Sheriff of Slyridge. Maybe it was the shootout he almost got into, maybe it was the nerves- but Red didn't like that raised tone. She pointed her shotgun at Tommy's head, though she was the only one who knew today it wasn't lethal.

"I know I damn sure look like some crook, but I did it for you, I ain't ever did a thing that wasn't," Tom tried his best to look away, but Red's eyes had a way of drawing a man to them.

"I couldn't clean up Slyridge for ya, I let the last mayor run the damn town into the dirt, an' I started runnin' these gangs in hopes I'd be able to get all the gold a girl could ask for," Tommy threw his cowboy hat to the ground, revealing a handsome man with genuine sorrow all over his face.

"Bandits ain't trustworthy, and I ain't do everythin' right neither, but who coulda guessed the lady I was doin' it for would take out every gang just to find me?" Tommy fell to his knees, slumping forward.

"I guess bein' a wolf man don't make everythin' easier- just the shootouts, they mighta' turned on me when I suggested cleaner methods, but ain't one of em' have silver bullets," Tommy laughed, though it didn't at all hide his sadness.

Red stood with a similarly sad expression.
"I'm sorry, Red, I ain't mean for everythin' to go so far west, I just wanted to' make ya' happy," Tommy said.

"That right there is where you're wrong Tommy," Red leaned forward, placing a hand on Tommy's face.

"I don't need no gold to love you," Red said.

"And I can clean up any lil' town myself, just need a Big Bad to go chasin' after," Red smiled, her tone warming back up. If she wasn't looking for Tommy, bringing all the bandits in Slyridge to justice wouldn't have been nearly as quick.

"Never underestimate a gal looking for her wolf man," Red kissed Tommy on the forehead, "But I sure could use some help roundin' up the rest of these varmints."

Tommy looked up, wiping the tears from his eyes with a sharp-toothed smile Red couldn't help but smile back at.

"If you'll have me?" Tommy said, pulling himself up.

"Deputy Wolfe don't sound too bad," Red said, right as she stepped backwards. "Town's big enough for both of us, ain't it?"

Tommy grinned, but before he could respond, Red lassoed the man, then hog tied him. He had no chance to react, but based on their history, Tommy Wolfe found it was best to not retaliate.

"I've been waitin' for this for awhile, Tommy boy," Red said, *"Now lay right back and let lil' Red have her fun."*

Tommy was filled with a mix of fear and confusion. Red had accepted his apology and they'd be back together, but what was she doing now?

"I'll put in a good word with granny, but I'll be dealin' out the punishment myself, Wolfe," Red pulled out her shotgun– the same one she'd hit Bill with. Wolfe looked at her in utter fear, the only thing saving him from panic being the fact he'd turn back into a werewolf if he got shot. Red reloaded the weapon with a different payload, twirled it around, and shot it directly into her hip. The imposing woman winced, but the weapon had been altered to be as painless as possible.

Two syringes drained into Red's leg in just a second, the two punctured holes in her pants being revealed as Red threw the syringes to the ground.

"They call it the Snakebite, fella's in Big City found a proper use for all that *venom* you can find out on the prairie, a nice an' non-lethal way to clean up and *modernize* Slyridge," Red said, her plump, red lips curling into a smile. Wolfe was more confused than ever, and he only got more confused when Red threw her shotgun and cloak to the ground.

Sheriff Red took her blouse off next, then her boots, and her pants. She didn't make a show of it either, as if she really was waiting a long time for this moment. Red stood before Wolfe in only lingerie that matched her name, the desert breeze blowing her hair from behind. Despite being in a saloon full of strumpets, Wolfe was erect almost instantly– he hadn't been thinking of anyone other than Sheriff Red. She could see his hard on straining against his transformation tattered pants. Red smirked, a sultry gaze crossing her face as she wondered what she'd do first...

Red put her hand in an already ripped hole, then used another to rip Wolfe's pants entirely. His erection sprung to life- clearly a bit above average but not anything she couldn't handle- and not anything she hadn't handled many times before. Red didn't care at all that anyone could stroll through those saloon doors, she lowered herself onto Wolfe, straddling his cock between her ass cheeks. Her body was picture perfect, smooth skin, hourglass figure, flat stomach, nice tits, all matched with a face hotter than the desert itself. If this was punishment, Wolfe was getting off easy.

"I'd love to see your reaction, darlin', but I'll have to settle for this," Red leaned forward, pushing her chest against Tommy's body. She pulled him into a deep kiss, then stood again. Red quickly fell back down, though this time she was in reverse cowgirl position- a favorite of hers. Tom didn't know what he was supposed to be reacting to, but seeing his dick between Red's cheeks was certain to get a rise out of him, even if it wasn't what Red expected.

Red rose just a bit, then slammed back down, rubbing against Wolfe's cock all the while. Almost immediately, Red's ass grew the smallest amount, straining her panties a bit more than before. Wolfe blinked twice, even with enhanced vision he couldn't believe what he'd just seen.

"Go on Wolfe," Red cooed. He was beginning to understand, and his base instincts obliged. Wolfe slapped Red's ass with one hand and grabbed one cheek with the other. He heard Red let out a small breath, the flesh between his fingers swelling outwards just a bit as he caressed it. Red had a nice ass before, but after only a few moments it had grown into medium-thick territory. How far could this new technology go?

Red backed up against Wolfe's length, the movement pushing just a bit more thickness into her lower half. Her hips widened, her waist looking even thinner than before as a result. She bounced again, Wolfe's cock getting pulled deeper between her cheeks as they grew further. Wolfe's cock throbbed- at this rate, he'd cum before Red even let him fuck her. All she'd left him with access to

was his hands- he was hogtied everywhere else. Red intended to fully enjoy this, and she'd be doing it in her own way.

And that way seemed to be teasing Wolfe until he came. Red was practically twerking on Wolfe at this point, rubbing her ass against him with calculated movements. Each one made her a bit thicker, but she took it so slow that even her growth seemed sensual. With another grind, Red's ass was bigger than any that'd ever been seen in Slyridge. It had just crossed the gap between medium and big, flesh powerfully bouncing outwards like a horse leaping over a canyon. Despite his large size, Wolfe's lower half was entirely submerged in Red's jostling asscheeks. His cock was pulled so perfectly between her cheeks only the tip was allowed to see the saloon's warm light.

And right when Wolfe let out his first low moan, Red started going faster. She pushed herself back against Wolfe's length and rubbed so hard and quick her lower half **exploded** in size. If it was big before, now it was outpacing the wheels of a locomotive. Red slapped the mark that Snakebite had left, then grinded harder- no growth occurring. Wolfe didn't even notice, her ass was so fat and bouncing now that every movement pushed him closer and closer to the edge. The view was amazing, and Red knew it too.

She couldn't help but moan herself- it felt damn good having a fat, bouncy ass. Especially when the man she'd chased so long was underneath it. Sure, Snakebite made growth more pleasurable than it had any right being, but being in charge and getting her just dessert's made it even better. If her ass wasn't moist with sweat, Wolfe would feel Red's pussy moisten on top of him with every frantic movement.

Wolfe's face contorted and he let out a long groan- he was about to cum. Red stopped for a moment and looked back at him with a lewd, sex crazed smile. Wolfe raised his eyebrow, disappointed she hadn't let him finish. But looking at her body and seeing that hot, slender face look back at him nearly made him cum by itself.

Suddenly, Red raised her ass and slammed back down with a loud plap that was damn near louder than dynamite going off. Wolfe's cock was stroked perfectly and with a long, growly moan, Tommy Wolfe came like a geyser in an oasis. Cum pumped onto Red's newly fat ass, dripping down onto her booty just how she liked it.

Sheriff Red wasn't done yet. Tommy might have been, but she just couldn't stop there. Red reached for her hooded coat and brought out two similar syringes, quickly loading them into the shotgun. Red immediately shot Wolfe, though he was so deep in his orgasm he hardly noticed the Snakebite inject itself into him. Red touched her own Snakebite mark, then dragged her wet opening across Wolfe's entire length. Tommy yelped, his cock surging to full size in less than a second.

He was confused most certainly, but not at all opposed. Red kept grinding, each movement of her own thickening herself as well- but now, Tommy's cock was growing bigger too. Red grinded again, another inch being added to Tommy's dick and to her ass. She did it again, over and over until Tommy's cock was ten inches long. Much bigger than before with the girth to match. Red let an extremely happy smile cross her face, reaching down to cradle his balls. With just the slightest movement, Wolfe's balls grew in Red's hands- and she didn't stop until they were the size of a nice, fat bag of gold. Pleased, Red rubbed Tommy's Snakebite- he was the perfect length now.

"Quite fittin' of a wolf-man like yourself, ain't it?" Red smiled, nearly drooling at the sight. She slid her wetness against Tommy's new length, the wolf man letting out a literal growl of pleasure. Tommy was so much larger and more sensitive it was almost an entirely feeling- he was in heaven.

"I'm a real easy rider, Tommy, but I'm sure you ain't forgot that much," Red said, gently pushing the tip of Tommy's cock into her eager opening. With a hard, fleshy slam, the entirety of Tommy's cock was inside Red. She moaned louder than

Tommy had ever heard, her ass jiggling, bouncing and growing as it slapped against him. Red wasted no time, bouncing again and again as she moaned and her ass surged in size. Her hips cracked, widening to handle such bouncy weight. Wolfe grabbed as much of Red's thickness as he could, but with how much she was growing he hardly made a dent. Red moaned in response regardless, quickly slapping her snakebite. She was insanely thick now, her slender upper body looked positively tiny in comparison. Red's ass was much bigger than Tommy's lower half, her hips far surpassing her shoulders. Red had a proper pear shape to her, each ass cheek moving differently against Tommy like they had minds of their own.

Red picked up the intensity– she hadn't lost any of her previous agility or stamina. Each bounce Red raised her pussy all the way up to the tip and then slammed it all the way down to the bottom, not at all losing speed in the process. Her breathing grew ragged along with Wolfe's, though not a single breath she took was anything other than an eager moan. The saloon was filled with heavy slapping noises, wet squelches, and sultry moaning beyond anything the West had ever heard. Wolfe could have come twice over by now– but Red wasn't done with him yet. He couldn't cum, not until she let him. Nice perk of being the one dealing the snakebite.

Sheriff Red picked up the pace, her moans growing more frantic as her body was filled with unrelenting need. Heat coursed through her, breaths getting caught in her chest and forced out as moans. She kept bouncing, slamming her fat ass onto Wolfe so recklessly it would have hurt any normal, non-super powered man. Red let out a noise so desperate, so needy, that Wolfe would have thought he was the one growling. Red's face contorted, happiness and euphoria crossing her face all at once. She slapped her own ass, the pleasure of the recoil coursing through her body as she rose and slammed down one more time. As Red hit the base of Wolfe's cock, she screamed out in pleasure beyond anything she'd ever imagined.

As Red quivered and shook on top of him, she snapped a finger. As if by magic, Wolfe felt his body shudder and his balls clench– with a moan turned howl, Tommy's body spasmed. He came instantly, at least a gallon of cum shooting

straight into Red's pussy. Red moaned even louder, orgasming again as she was stuffed with his cum. Her ass kept shaking, jiggling at its newfound hugeness. Each slight jiggle made everything feel even better, Red's previously composed, intimidating self turned into an utter mess– she nearly drooled at how amazing it was.

Wolfe laid below her taking deep breaths. He hadn't moved a muscle and was still completely spent. Red had used him so thoroughly he probably wouldn't want to have sex for weeks, but knowing Red she'd have him ready to go again in just a few hours. Red panted, her heavy breaths filling the saloon. Cum dripped between her thighs, her globular ass cheeks still slick with sweat and seed.

"So Sheriff," Wolfe let out a deep breath, "Am I free to go?"

Red laughed, but even that came out as a breathy, tired moan.

"I might just keep ya' for myself, Big Bad," Red joked, though in a way she *was* keeping him. Red dismounted, then laid back down on Wolfe's chest, the two still on the saloon floor. Red ran a finger over Tommy while he stroked her hair– love always felt more powerful after sex, and that was the best sex either of them could have ever had. Neither of them shrank down to normal, but the snakebite had entirely escaped their systems. Red only used the permanent stuff on bandits, while Granny had the antidote.

With Wolfe palming her ass and Red staring at his still huge cock, neither of them particularly felt the desire to go back to normal. Red was already the hottest thing under the scorching sun, having a huge ass just added to her confidence. Wolfe wasn't at all opposed to it either, but that was a given.

After half an hour of cuddling, Wolfe threw on a pair of pants one of the bandits had lost during a back room session. Red had packed a big pair of jeans, especially tight fitting, specifically for the occasion. She knew from the beginning how large she'd grow, and the pants more than accentuated her new figure. Wolfe and Red went back outside to greet the waiting Basky. She was more than aware of what the two were doing– the whole town probably was with how loud they

were. She whinnied, happy and supportive of the two– she'd known Wolfe for quite a long while now.

Red fed her an apple from the saloon, quickly jumping up and pulling Wolfe up behind her. Wolfe's cock was perfectly positioned between Red's ass, which took up much more of the saddle than it ever did before. Only now did Basky realize how much more weight was on top of her, but the horse had seen Red use Snakebite on enough criminals to not question it.

"Don't fret now Basky, Red'll get ya a nice new saddle an' some good eats," Sheriff Red rubbed her mane, assuring her horse a reward for carrying a lot more weight– both from the big man and from Red's new big ass. Basky began to trot off, Red's ass bouncing and jostling with every movement. The jeans barely inhibited the jiggle, in fact, almost the entire upper half of Red's ass was visibly jiggling. Even the big pants weren't enough to contain Red's new thickness– but Wolfe wasn't complaining, he had the best view in the West! Red was quite happy to flaunt her new assets– this was one of the only times she wasn't wearing her cloak.

Before the trio could get very far, a large group of bandits rode up to them, some of which looked very familiar. Red couldn't help but laugh at the sight, while Wolfe quickly hopped off of Basky and stood in front of her in preparation to defend.

"Hand over the antidote, Sheriff! Don't want this turnin' ugly!" Big Billy yelled, her voice straining as Bill tried very hard to sound masculine again. Notably, Cletus was nowhere to be found– at least one of the brothers knew how to choose his battles.

"You look real nice, Billy! But you know I got you dead to rights," Red smiled. "I've stirred up enough trouble today, so I'll let Deputy Wolfe here handle ya'll," Red shook her head. Billy should have just ran to granny– at least she'd put that new, tall, curvy body to good use like every other bandit turned serving gal did.

"Real sad you ain't stay scared, Bill, cause it's gonna get a whole lot worse than Red if you don't turn back," Wolfe said. He was the one who Billy was getting the gold for– he knew how scared she was of Red. Billy didn't respond, instead he signaled his entourage to draw their weapons along with him.

"Town really ain't big enough," Red sighed, "You fixin' to rough up some bandits for me darlin'?" Red didn't even grab her pistol, Wolfe was the old sheriff for good reason.

Wolfe flashed Red a toothy grin, "Ain't a thing I'd rather do, love."

With a howl and a gunshot, the firefight began– and somehow, Red managed to love Wolfe even more as he transformed. Watching a wolf-man defend you tended to do that, she supposed. Basky whinnied, even she agreed.

THE END