Texas raced along, sweat streaming off the weasel’s brow as she pushed her prize horse to the limit. Ahead of her, the 9am train leaving Gold Springs chugged along, not yet under full steam, but quickly getting there. She hadn’t managed to reach the train before it left the station, but she couldn’t let it get away. Not when her corrupt ex-deputy and her gang had taken control of it.

As her horse’s hooves bit into the sand on the side of the tracks, sending it spraying behind them, the weasel narrowed her eyes as the dust and desert sun stung them. She was fast approaching the train, but once it got up to full speed there was no way her horse could keep up. She needed to get on board, and soon.

The fastest and easiest way aboard would be the rear door of the train, but it was also the most obvious, and if Texas knew her ex-deputy, she would have a guard there. She might even be there herself. On the other hand, Texas could push her horse a little more and pull up alongside the train, allowing her to jump in the side and clamber onto the roof, but that had other risks. Missing the jump to the roof would be both painful and humiliating, and likely lead to a splattered weasel on the tracks. It would also take longer to get to the side of the train than the back, and if it took too long, she risked losing the train altogether as it sped up. She had to make a decision, and make it now.

> Board from the back

> Jump to the roof

~~~~~~~~

Texas didn't have time for risky maneuvers. The train was already speeding up, and she wouldn't be able to push her steed much harder. Already she could feel the sweat seeping through the large, powerful mare’s jet black fur. The weasel would have to take her chances with and guards Georgia out in place.

Riding up to the back of the train, the weasel sucked down a breath to steady her nerves and slowly stood up in her stirrups, before climbing onto the saddle until she was crouched low on it. With one hand holding her hat to head to prevent it from blowing away, the weasel sheriff steadied herself, then jumped.

With a clang, the weasel’s boots landed on the metal platform on the back of the train car. Wasting no time, Texas threw the door open revealing Georgia, waiting for her.

“Hello, Sheriff!” The grinning mare said, and before the weasel could react, the huge horse’s meaty fist slammed into her belly, doubling her over, eyes bulging, and launching her straight off the back of the train. “Goodbye Sheriff!

The weasel would have screamed if Georgia’s punch hadn’t knocked all the air from her lungs. Instead, she could only gasp breathlessly as she sailed through the air, then crashed down into the scorching desert sand… right behind her horse. Her exhausted, sweaty horse. Her horse who hadn’t noticed her owner flying over her, and now, as the weasel lay in the dust behind her, wanted nothing more than a good sit down…

As Texas groaned and opened her eyes, spitting out a mouthful of sand, she found herself staring up at a lunar eclipse, as suddenly two huge black moons blocked out all light. The weasel’s eyes widened and she opened her mouth to scream, but the horse’s ass crashed down hard right on top of her face, flattening it out instantly with a sweaty ‘splat!’, and filling the weasel’s mouth with foul-tasting butt fat. As Texas screamed and thrashed around, the exhausted, sweaty horse on her face just ignored her, thankful for the comfortable seat as it enjoyed a long afternoon’s rest.

From her viewpoint on the back of the train, Georgia just chuckled and shook her head at the sight of Texas getting squashed by her own steed. While she was half tempted to stop the train and go scrape the sheriff up, she was content in the knowledge that Texas would be the laughing stock of the town for a long time. Besides, Georgia had a train to rob.

Bad End: Crushed By Your Own Horse.

~~~~~~~~

No, she knew Georgia too well. The mare wasn’t stupid, and Texas couldn’t take the risk. Spurring her horse forwards with a quick ‘hyah!’, Tex slowly came to pull up alongside the final train car, keeping her head down to stay below the window line until she came up to a break in the glass. With no time for an exploratory peak, the weasel gave her horse a final, reassuring pat, then took a deep breath and leapt.

With a thud and a grunt, Texas slammed into the side of the train car, her arms and head just reaching over the rim of the roof, and her fingers digging into the wooden planking. Her legs kicked a little, until they found purchase on the car’s side, and pushed, allowing her to pull herself fully up onto the hot wood of the train’s roof. Crouching down and squinting as the smoke from the locomotive’s chimney stung her eyes, Texas glanced back, seeing her horse trailing off away from the train.

“Ya did good, girl. Get home an’ get some rest.” She muttered to herself, then opened a metal hatch on the roof of the car and slipped inside.

~~~

Click.

“Expectin’ someone, Georgia?” Texas said, her gun levelled at the large horse, who appeared to be waiting at the back door of the train. The two of them were in an empty passenger car, Georgia’s goons likely having moved all the passengers to a single car further up, the seats on either side leaving Georgia nowhere to hide. Gritting her teeth, the huge mare raised her hands, then turned around.

“Texas. Guess I was wrong.” She said, her eyes narrowing a little. “You haven’t had all of the brain cells squashed out of you just yet.”

“Got more than enough to deal with you, ya varmint.” The weasel said, grabbing a pair of cuffs off her belt. “Yer under arrest.”

“Oh come on, Tex. You didn’t really think I wouldn’t have a backup plan though, did you?” She said, the mare’s eyes moving past Texas, to something behind her.

>Duck!

>Call Georgia’s bluff

~~~~~~

THUMP!

Texas went cross-eyed as the butt of a rifle connected with the back of her head, and she slumped to the ground, her hat fluttering down after her.

“There go those last few brain cells.” Georgia chuckled as she looked at the unconscious weasel, then up at the rifle-wielding cat behind her. “Get the rope.”

When Texas came to, she was being dragged through another passenger car on her back, her arms and legs tied up tightly. Ahead of her, Georgia whistled to herself happily as she pulled the weasel along by the rope, each heavy step giving Texas a perfect view of her huge, jiggling ass.

Hearing movement behind her, the massive mare glanced back and grinned.

“Well howdy there, Tex!” She said Jovially, continuing to drag her along. “Y’know, as much as I'd like to ram your face so deep into my ass that you never see the light of day again, I just can’t risk havin’ you on my train.” Opening the door at the end of the train car, she stepped out into the open air, standing on the small metal platform that connected this car to the next. “And besides, you forgot to buy a ticket! As the unofficial conductor, I’m gonna have to ask you to leave the train.”

“Ah’ll catch up, Georgia! Just you wait! Before day’s end y’all’ll be sittin’ behind bars!” The weasel shouted up at her, still trying to get herself free of the ropes. Georgia said nothing for a moment, then grinned, seeing what she was hoping for coming up fast.

“Nah, I don't think so, Tex, I’ve chosen somewhere special to drop you off.” Georgia picked Texas up by the scruff of her neck with one hand, just as the train began to cross the mighty bridge over Coyote Canyon, a deep, dry gorge. The weasel’s eyes went wide at the sight of the sheer drop, the features of the bottom of the canyon appearing as mere specks below, and opened her mouth to beg. Georgia, however, wasn't having any of it.

“Bon Voyage, boss!” She shouted against the wind, then hurled the bound weasel out into space, sending her plummeting, screaming, into the gorge. The train moved on quickly, Texas falling out of sight, but Georgia just grinned, knowing her timing had been perfect.

“AAAAAAAAARRRRRRRRRRGGGGGGGHHHHHHHH-”

SPLAT!!!

The weasel’s meteoric fall ended abruptly as she smashed into a huge, muddy patch. While this helped break her fall a little it was nowhere near enough, and Texas was flattened out painfully on impact, leaving her twitching and whimpering in the muddy ground, like a bug splattered on a windshield.

Still bound, and in no shape to move, all the weasel could do was look around, her eyes falling on a sign nearby, Texas’s muddled mind struggling to read it.

“H-Harriet’s… Harriet’s… Hog Farm?” The weasel whimpered, before the cogs in her dazzled mind clicked into place. “O-oh no…”

The weasel screamed as a huge hog butt swung into view, as big Texas’s her entire body, then slammed down with a SQUELCH.

The happy hog gave a pleased oink, thrilled to have found a comfortable cushion amongst the mud, and so close to the food trough too! She leant down and started to chow down on her slop, while beneath her, a few muffled screams marked the state of her cushion. With an annoyed grunt, the pig tensed her stomach, then blasted out a foul, wet fart, spraying mud in all directions. As she returned to her eating, putrid green fumes leaked out from beneath her butt, where the worst of the smell was trapped. The stench bothered her a little, but at least those annoying screams had stopped.

Bad End: Long Walk Off A Short Pier.

~~~~~~

SWISH!

The butt of a rifle swung over where her head had been just a moment ago, and Texas countered with a vicious uppercut, sending the black cat behind her reeling. Texas raised her gun, but the cat recovered quickly, swinging her rifle and knocking Tex’s revolver out of her hand, then moving to level her rifle at her. The weasel shoved the barrel upwards just as the cat fired, blasting a hole in the ceiling, then kicked her hard in the stomach, sending the cat stumbling back. The rifle fell from her hands and clattered onto the wooden floor, while the cat coughed, trying to catch her breath.

“Boss! Why did you warn her!?” She yowled, hands clutched to her stomach.

“Because Tex is MINE!”

Spinning around to face Georgia again, the weasel saw her crouch low, a sure sign that the mare was about to charge. Looking around, Texas’s eyes fell on her dropped revolver poking out from beneath one of the benches. That’d stop the mare in her tracks for sure... IF she could get to it before Georgia did.

>Grab the gun!

>Dodge!

~~~~~~

The weasel leapt forwards for the gun at the same time Georgia began to race forwards, her huge footfalls booming down the aisle. Feeling warm steel under her fingers, Texas grabbed the gun and pulled herself up.

SMACK!

Georgia’s huge arm came swinging through as Texas rose up, backhanding the weasel in the chest. The gun spun from her grip as she flew through the air, eyes bulging, and slammed hard into the wall of the carriage, next to the door. The force of the impact bounced her off like a ragdoll, and the limp weasel flopped down onto the green cushions of one of the passenger benches.

Lying on her back and groaning, the weasel’s eyes spun. It felt like she was just hit by a runaway carriage full of bricks, but the weasel knew she had to move. The rational part of her brain was screaming at her. Every second she stayed down was a second that Georgia could-

“Awww… you offerin’ me a seat, Tex? How kind!” Georgia’s voice boomed, and a shadow was cast over the weasel. As she looked up, she could see the hefty horse towering over her, and grinning down.

“G-georgia! Ah’m warnin’ you, ah-” The weasel’s words trailed off into a terrified squeak, the colour draining off her, as Georgia turned around, bringing Tex face-to-face with her ridiculously round rump. Georgia savoured the fear she could feel coming off the weasel for a brief moment, then wriggled her rear and slammed it down. With a screech and a squish, Texas was absolutely demolished beneath her nemesis’s ass, the immense weight flattening her out like dough and pressing her deep into the seat cushions. Grinning, Georgia ground her ass down, then put her feet up against the wall in front of her, making sure all of her weight was focused on the squashed sheriff.

“Tell those pigs not to rush with the safe.” She said to her feline underling, who retrieved her rifle and Tex’s pistol. “It’s five hours to the pickup point. Might as well take our time.” The cat nodded, then dashed off further into the train to spread the word, leaving the grinning Georgia behind.

~~~

“Alright boss! That’s the last of it! The gang’s here to pick us up!” A voice called. Georgia opened her eyes, then glanced out the window, seeing the rest of her bandits riding alongside the train with empty horses for them.

“Well, looks like our time together’s come to an end, Tex. You made a shitty sheriff, but a damn good cushion.” The huge horse grunted, putting her legs down, then slowly pushing herself up. With a sound like tape peeling off a wall, the mare rose up, the fabric of the seat sticking to her ass as she did so. When the last of it pulled free, Georgia turned around, grinning at the sight that awaited her.

Texas was flat. But so much more than that. For the last five hours she had had a twelve foot tall, obese mare using her spine as a seat cushion, constantly grinding, bouncing farting and, in this heat, sweating all over her. With that much heat, pressure and friction, the weasel had been squashed so flat that her body had practically merged with the seat, becoming stuck to the cushion at an atomic level, and flattened so much that she was almost entirely transparent. Currently, the seat bore a huge sweat stain in the shape of Georgia’s ass and, right in the middle of it, a very, very faint decal of a weasel sheriff.

Her eyes lighting up in delight, the horse reached down and picked up a bit of the seat, rubbing the fabric between her fat thumb and forefinger. She could feel no difference between the weasel and the seat. The mare’s grin widened, and an evil glint appeared in her eye.

“Well ain’t that somethin’... I don’t think you can actually get free of that, Tex! I think I might’a squashed you so hard that you’re stuck… permanently.” She said, relishing the word. On the seat, the flattened sheriff’s eyes darted around desperately, unable to move her body. Georgia laughed happily at the sight, but a shout from outside made her turn away. “Well, I’d love to stay and test you out further, sheriff seat cushion, but I’ve got places to be and gold to spend. But don’t worry, I’ll make sure to tell every bandit in the west exactly where you are. Enjoy your new life, Tex!” The villain said, then turned and dashed off, leaving the whimpering weasel permanently stuck as a seat cushion, and facing a future full of nothing but butts.

Bad End: A Seat-able Replacement.

~~~~~~

Texas grit her teeth and crouched, pretending to go for her gun, but as Georgia began her sprint the weasel launched herself to one side, diving into the safety of the seats as the horse stampeded past. Georgia gasped, turning to look at Tex, but the momentum carried the horse forwards and, as she wasn't looking where she was going, directly into the cat. The two of them collided, and Georgia tumbled over, falling in top of the cat with a splat.

Behind them, Texas rolled out of her seat and scooped up her gun, but Georgia, seeing this, immediately pushed herself up and raced out the door into the next train car, her huge footsteps sounding out a hasty retreat.

“Ya always were a coward.” The weasel growled, stomping forwards, then paused as she noticed the flattened, shocked cat stuck to the ground. “Hmph. Ah’ll be back for you later, ya varmint. Ah ain’t got handcuffs thin enough for ya.” She said, then stepped around her, then out the door and into the next train car.

This car was full of luggage, most of which was strewn about as Georgia’s gang had already gone through it, but of the mare herself there was no sign. She had a significant lead on Texas, as well as more than a few gang members still on the train. The weasel would have to make a choice on how to proceed.

>Don't waste time, charge on!

>Take it slow and be careful.

~~~~~~

Slow and steady was the smart way to play it. It’d let Georgia get a bit of a head start, but at least the weasel wouldn’t be charging headfirst into a trap, or creating too much noise and giving her position away. She moved slowly and stealthily up to the door, heading through to the small bridge between carriages, then paused, her hand on the knob of the next door. It was hard to hear over the rushing wind and the sound of the train, but from the inside of the carriage she could hear voices and the clang of metal. The weasel raised her gun, about to open the door, but suddenly the voices started moving away, accompanied by hasty footsteps. A second later there was the sound of a door opening and closing, then silence.

Slowly and cautiously opening the room, Texas was greeted by the sight of a large wooden room, filled with cloth mailbags, and a large metal safe bolted to the floor in the middle. Around the edges of the safe door there were the telltale scratches and dents of someone trying to break into it, but it looked like they hadn't had much luck.

Moving on passed the safe and up to the door of the next carriage, the cautious weasel paused, listening, but couldn't hear much over the sound of the train chugging on the tracks. Texas opened the door, then froze. The room was filled with tied-up passengers, the hostages she had been looking for, but what more captured her attention were the six guns pointed at her, and the five girls pointing them. On the left, sitting in an empty bench near the window were Jesse and Jane, the foul pig twins, with shotguns pointed right at the weasel. On the right was another cat, similar in look to the one Georgia had flattened in her escape, holding two pistols, and behind her was a large skunk, probably about eight foot tall, and holding a rifle. In the middle of the carriage was Georgia herself, the mare looking a lot more confident now that she had her whole gang behind her, and a pistol in her hand. Texas grit her teeth, then dropped her pistol and raised her hands. This was gonna be bad…

~~~

“I’ve really gotta thank you, Tex! I woulda been in trouble if you hadn’t given me time to rally the troops!” Georgia said, swirling a hip flask on her hand and taking a sip. “And you waltzed straight into our little ambush there! Gotta admit, you pretty much brought this on yourself.”

The behemoth of a horse was reclining on one of the train seats and using a hostage, a little mouse girl, as a footstool. In the middle of the carriage, surrounded by hostages, was Texas, bound up tight but not gagged. No, Georgia wanted to hear the sheriff’s every utterance as the cat forced her face deep into the skunk’s ass, pushing on the back of her head and forcing it so deep that only Texas’s ponytail peeked out of the purple butt crack. Speaking of the skunk, she was in heaven, biting her lip as the thrashing, screaming weasel wriggled around in her backside, desperate to be released. But the only releases she would be getting were from the skunk herself.

With a moan, and pressing on her bubbling stomach, a thick, purple mist blasted out of her back door, causing Texas to scream and redouble her thrashing. The filthy fart conquered her sinuses like an invading army and marched onwards to her lungs, filling the weasel’s world with the smell and taste of hot garbage fermenting in an open sewer. As the weasel tried to pull free, the cat let her withdraw an inch, before stuffing her face even deeper, just as a second, far worse fart blew free with the sound of a broken foghorn. As the thick mist spread across the carriage, the hostages all moaned and shrieked, while even Georgia coughed and fanned her nose.

“Ugh! Smells like a nasty gas leak. Better plug that up.” She said, rising from her seat and giving the mouse girl a temporary reprieve, then walking over to the weasel. The cat quickly backed off, and as Texas went to struggle free, Georgia’s boot stomped down on the back of the weasel’s head, forcing it as far as she could go. The skunk’s eyes immediately went wide, before she melted with bliss, her tongue lolling out of her mouth. Georgia’s stomp had pushed the weasel so deep between the skunk’s cheeks that Texas’s muzzle had become the skunk’s butt-plug. She let out a squeal of joy and another loud, filthy barrage, but not a single wisp of gas made it past the shuddering, suffering weasel. Georgia grinned and sat back down on her seat.

“Don’t worry Tex, it’ll be over soon enough! After all, in an hour or two the pigs’ll be done with the safe, then they get their turn with you. And after that, I’ll get mine…” She ground her butt down on the seat, already imagining that sweet moment.

~~~

When the criminals at last left the train, they took their putrid-smelling, unconscious sheriff with them as part of the loot, and spent weeks on end using her as their personal fart slave. With her share of the gold from the train heist, Georgia bought an old brothel out in the middle of nowhere, and refurbished it into a bar where criminals from all over the west could pay to gas and squash the sheriff. Texas was shoved into and under asses all day, while Georgia became one of the richest criminals in the west. Finally, one fateful day years later, a particularly large and putrid elephant accidentally slipped and fell as she was renting out the sheriff. Tex’s last view of the world was a giant, unwashed wall of grey butt, before she slipped up between the elephant’s cheeks and was never seen again.

Bad End: Sheriff Buttslave

~~~~~~

There was no time to lose. Every second Texas wasted was a second that Georgia had to rally her gang. She needed to hit them now and hit them fast, before they could group up and hunt her down.

Sprinting through the destroyed luggage room, Texas shoulder charged her way through the opposite door, crossing over the small bridge between cars, then crashed into the next room. The first thing Texas noticed was the large steel safe bolted to the ground in the centre of the room, surrounded by mailbags and safecracking tools. The second thing she noticed was the meaty arm that swung into her view. The third thing she noticed were the stars she saw when that same arm smashed into her face, and the weasel’s own momentum pulled her off her feet. Texas hit the wooden floor on her back, and when her vision cleared, she found herself staring up at two identical pigs, both wearing bandanas over their mouths, one blue, one red.

“Wow, Tex! You make more noise than us on chilli night!” The one in the red bandana said.

“Good thing we stuck around to grab our tools. Now we get you all to ourselves…” The blue bandana continued, both of them snickering.

“Jesse and Jane…” Texas groaned, not particularly thrilled to encounter two of the smellier members of her rogue’s gallery. Above her, the pigs grinned under their bandanas.

“Hear that, Jess?” The one in the red bandana said. “She remembers us!”

“Yeah.” The other one said. “I wonder if she remembers this!” The bottom of the pig’s boot suddenly came into view, caked with grime, and rushed down, trying to stomp the weasel’s head flat. Luckily, Texas still had some of her wits about her, and deftly rolled out of the way, the foot crashing down and splintering the wood beneath it. Jesse winced from the stomp onto hard wood, looking unsteady for a moment, but recovered quickly. As did Tex, for the weasel hopped to her feet and stepped back, only to notice that her gun had slipped from her grasp when she took the hit. With a sigh, she raised her fists and took up a boxing stance.

“Ah definitely remember how slow you two varmints are.”

In front of her, the identical pigs looked at each other and grinned, then cracked their knuckles and began to advance.

“We’ll try not to enjoy this too much, Tex.”

>Attack!

>Defend

~~~~~~

Attacking either one of these walking pork balls would leave her open for a painful counterattack from the other. Texas knew these two well enough to know that. Instead, what the weasel needed to do was bide her time and not get flanked. These two got frustrated easily. So long as Texas kept blocking and dodging, they’d start to lose their temper and get sloppy. That was when she needed to strike As the two plump porcines approached, the weasel kept her fists raised, not engaging either of them.

Wait for it…

The two pigs closed in fast, and Jane threw the first punch, which Texas weathered easily, but Jesse followed up quickly. Texas dodged the second blow, but by the time she had recovered, Jane was on her again with two quick jabs. Jumping back, the weasel put some distance between her and the two pigs, who were still grinning behind their bandanas.

Ah ain’t there yet. Just gotta be patient. They’ll get mad soon enough.

Texas took a deep breath and blocked a powerful haymaker from the left, but immediately took a blow to the ribs on the right, Jane having delivered a vicious kick.

“Oooh! That looked painful, Tex!” The pig laughed while her sister, working in unison, moved in to grab Tex’s braid. Just in time, the weasel recovered and pushed her away, sending Jesse stumbling back, but Jane was coming at her again. Hopping back again to get some more space, the weasel grit her teeth and kept her fists raised.

Why ain’t they angry yet? They’ve only gotten one hit on me, an’-

A fist swung at Texas from red-bandana’d pig, and Texas hopped back yet again. Only this time, her back to hit solid metal. With a blink of surprise, the weasel glanced behind herself and saw the solid black steel of the safe. It had been a trap. She thought she was playing them, but they were playing her, and now there was nowhere to escape to.

The weasel turned back just in time to block a slug to the jaw, but the second she stopped that, Jesse’s fist smacked into her ribs. The weasel gasped and bent over, seeing Jesse going for a follow-up blow, but as she was focused on that, her attention had shifted off the other pig. A powerful stomp to the weasel’s foot from Jane made her yelp and drop her guard a fraction, allowing Jesse’s blow to strike true.

WHAM! Went Jesse’s fist into the weasel’s stomach

“Wow Tex!” Said Jesse

SMACK! Went Jane’s foot into her groin

“It’s almost like letting us gang up on you” Said Jane

CRUNCH! Went Jesse’s head into her muzzle

“Was a really, really bad idea!” Jesse laughed.

In front of them, the weasel was swaying in a punch-drunk daze, her jacket half-slipped off and her hat crooked on her head. She opened her mouth to say something, but Jane’s knee slammed into her stomach, doubling her over and making her eyes go wide. Jane withdrew her leg, and with a weak whimper, the weasel toppled to her knees. Above her, the two pigs grinned and nodded to each other. Time to finish her off.

Tex was desperately sucking air into her lungs and trying to push herself back into the fight. She planted a hand on the wooden floor and pushed her upper body upright, but as her blurry vision swam back into focus, she wished it hadn’t. With the sheriff down, the two fat pigs had both spun around, Jesse to the left and Jane to the right, so that they were pretty much standing either side of the weasel. However, these two weren’t exactly skinny, the exact opposite in fact, being akin to extremely large hourglasses in shape, and with them spinning around so quickly, it meant that they had both built up rather a lot of momentum... With a loud SMACK, the two giant butts had come curving around and crashed together like twin wrecking balls, Jesse and Jane hip-bumping hard into each other and sandwiching Texas right in the middle. The weasel was able to let out a brief scream of sheer terror, which was of course appreciated by the twins, before her entire upper body and head were reduced to paper between the meaty, barely-contained butts of the pigs. Instantly they burst out into uproarious laughter at the sound of the sheriff squashing between them, and in doing so let loose with an unaware burst of piggy flatulence from their squashed together backsides which, while they weren’t being blasted directly in the weasel’s face given the positioning, Texas could most definitely smell. Between them, the weasel’s legs and what was left un-smashed of her arms twitched and struggled, but the two twins held strong, even rubbing their butts against each other a little.

“You like it, Tex?” Jane called out between laughs and gaseous explosions. “We call it the ham sandwich!”

“Yeah, but you’re the meat!!” Jesse finished, the two of them redoubling their laughter, causing their whole bodies to jiggle, and their butts to smash together around the weasel even more. Finally, when the hilarity had died down, the pigs simultaneously stepped away, and allowed the half-flat weasel to flop down on her side, an expression of surprise and horror on her face.

“You ever see anything so flat, Jane?” Jesse laughed, bending over and putting her hands on her knees to get a good look at the weasel.

“Once, when I saw Roxxie butt-slamming April.” Jane said, leaning down and mirroring her sister’s posture. “But we can make her flatter!” As the weasel looked up from her paralytically flattened state, she was greeted by the sight of both heavy hogs turning around and leaping into the air, coming down with a double butt slam.

“GERONIMO!!” They screamed in unison, before the two giant, gassy boar butts, each one half as wide as Texas was tall, slammed down on top of what was left of the sheriff, and utterly demolished her with a loud SQUISH!

~~~

“Woof! You two sure did a number on her.” Georgia chuckled, looking down at the floor with the two proud pigs flanking her on either side. “I reckon she’s gonna be flat for a good day at least! An’ it’ll take weeks for her to get the smell out.”

“Good thing we stopped for those burritos beforehand!” Jane snickered, swaying her butt to one side and letting out a tiny squeak of a fart, almost mocking compared to what the weasel had gone through. For the last hour, the pig siblings, regarded as two of the smelliest souls in Gold Springs, had been using Texas as their personal cushion while they cracked open the safe, and they hadn’t been holding back with the gas. They had let loose with a typhoon of foul fumes, farting up a storm so that now the entire carriage reeked… but not as much as Texas did.

And speaking of Texas, the last hour of being sat on, ground on, farted on and sweated on hadn’t done her any favours, and while she had certainly been flat before, she was now stretched out over the 6 foot by 3 foot area that the two pigs massive butts had encompassed, and pressed hard into the wood. As Georgia watched, she could see visible wisps of piggy stench curl off the weasel, who’s sickly-green face portrayed a deep, dazed, nausea.

“So… Can we keep her?” Jesse asked with a grin, looking up at Georgia with a twinkle in her eyes. The mare just chuckled, then shook her head.

“Sorry girls, ya did good, but I ain’t gonna risk her bouncing back and messin’ this whole thing up.” She said, her eyes sliding up and across the room, taking in the rest of its contents. “But that don’t mean she don’t have to suffer…” The massive mare said, walking up to one of the mailbags that littered the room and opening it up, grabbing a letter from inside.

“Peel her up, girls! We’re sending her to a good home.”

~~~

It was early morning in Gold Springs, the hot sun just beginning to crest over the horizon. All week, everyone had been talking about the daring train heist pulled off by Georgia and her gang, as well as the disappearance of the town’s star sheriff. For most people, they assumed the worst (or best, depending on your point of view), and one such person was Annabelle, the huge cow bartender and owner of The Crushed Weasel. Currently, she was rolling the last few drunks out from the night before, but as the final pickled rat was thrown into the dusty street, she noticed a letter sticking out from her doormat, presumably delivered not long ago by the very slow postal service.

As she picked up the letter, she recoiled at the stench of pig ass coming off it. However, intrigued, she held her breath and opened it up.

And grinned.

Inside was Texas. Flattened, folded, and absolutely filthy with pig farts, which she had been stewing in for an entire week. Her eyes were unfocused, dazed, but as Annabelle opened up the letter, they slowly drifted over to look at her.

“Howdy, Sheriff.” Annabelle said happily. “Have a little trouble with your last job?” The weasel gave a weak whimper, and Annabelle’s grin widened. “Well, don’t you worry, Tex, you’ll be back to helping people in no time!” She said, grinning and stomping inside with the letter clutched in her fist.

“After all, we were out of toilet paper.”

Bad End: The Ham Sandwich.

~~~~~~

Jesse and Jane were formidable fighters, and caution was usually advised, but the weasel had noticed something that would give her an advantage. Texas launched forwards and delivered a hard punch right into Jane’s snout, making her squeal and clutch her nose, then kicked her right in the gut. While the pig was left doubled over and gasping, one might think that Texas had left herself completely open to Jesse, but as the second pig lumbered forward to tackle the sheriff and no-doubt smother her under her blubbery flab, Texas stepped back and kicked Jesse hard in her ankle. With a squeal, the massive pig’s eyes widened and she collapsed like a sack of bricks, clutching her leg in pain. Texas put her hands on her hips and shook her head.

“Fightin’ on a sprained ankle, Jesse? Ah’d’ve thought you had a bit more sense than that.” She said admonishingly. The pig's squeals turned to a growl as she glared up at Texas.

“How the hell did you-” She started, and Tex just smirked.

“Gave yerself away when ya tried t’ stomp mah head in. Looked like it hurt.” Glancing to the side, Texas noticed her trusty revolver lying next to a nearby mailbag, and stepped over to grab it.

WHAM!

From out of nowhere, Jane slammed into the weasel with a powerful shoulder-charge, sending her crashing into the mail bags in a blizzard of letters. The weasel groaned and started to push herself up, but as she did so, she had taken her eyes off the pigs.

“Jesse! Grab the gun!” She heard, and as Texas got back to her feet and turned around, her head spinning, she was faced with a conundrum. Both pigs were standing within striking distance for the sheriff, but she couldn’t see their hands, and had no idea which one had the gun. The only distinguishable feature between the two pigs were their different coloured bandanas, but… which colour bandana did Jesse wear again…?

>Blue!

>Red!

~~~~~~

Texas launched herself bodily at the pig in the red bandana, tackling her down to the ground and pinning her hands to reveal… no gun. The weasel’s eyes widened as the terrible realization swept over her, and right on cue there was the distinctive click of a hammer being pulled back on a revolver behind her.

“Wow, Sheriff. Ya really can’t tell us apart after all this time? I’m hurt!” Jesse said, holding Texas’s own revolver to the back of her head. Below her, and being held down by the weasel, Jane grinned.

“Yeah, me too. But not as hurt as she’s gonna be.”

Texas grit her teeth and raised her hands helplessly, as the pigs’ snorting laughter echoed around her.

~~~

“Let’s go over it again, Sheriff.” Jesse said, sitting on the floor with the weasel planted firmly beneath her. From under the pig’s 3-foot wide ass, only Texas’s legs were visible, sticking out from under Jesse’s belly. “So my farts sound like this:”

BBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTT...

The legs kicked and spasmed in disgust as a billowing brown gas cloud sputtered out from under the sitting pig. Jesse grinned, just barely able to hear the sheriff’s muffled screams.

“An’ have a slight cinnamon-y smell to them!” She continues, then sniffs the air. “Or maybe that’s just dung. And Jane’s farts… Hey Jane! Switch!” She called up, making the red bandana’d pig look up from the safe and grin. In what was clearly a well-practised routine (since they had been doing it for the last hour) the two pigs quickly got up from their respective seats and switched over, Jesse grabbing a crowbar and starting on the safe, while Jane plopped her huge ass down on their ‘pupil’, ignoring her weak pleading.

“My farts sound like this!”

PPPPPPPPPRRRRRRFFFFFFFFFTTTTTTTTTSSSSS…

The pig sighed in bliss, enjoying the moment as she felt the sheriff struggling beneath her, knowing that Texas was sucking down lungfuls of her gas, and that there was absolutely nothing the weasel could do about it.

“An’ have a slight strawberry-ish smell to them!” She said with a grin, then sniffed the air as well, much like her sister. “Or maybe that’s just dung. Hey! You getting this, sheriff!?” She shouted, then rolled her ass to one side, revealing the sweat covered, sickened and rather flat weasel, who currently smelled something like a dung pile left out in the heat, with a few rotten strawberries sprinkled on top.

“N-no more…” The weasel gasped, her face covered with dirt and streaked with sweat. Jane just gave an overdramatic sigh, then plopped her giant ass back down on top of the weasel.

“I don’t think she’s gettin’ this at all!” Jane complained. Jesse, however, grinned widely, then smacked the side of the safe with a meaty fist. With a series of whirs, ticks and clicks, the locking mechanism of the safe disengaged all at once, and the door swung open on well-oiled hinges. As the contents filled the room with a golden glow, the two pig’s faces lit up.

“Ha! Who cares if she gets it? We’re getting paid!!”

~~~

It was another hour before the loot from the safe was loaded into half a dozen spare mailbags. It probably would have taken half that time usually, but progress was slowed by Texas’s continued ‘lessons’. Finally, however, the job was done, and the two pigs were left with six bags of loot, an empty safe, and a barely-conscious weasel.

“Well, you’ve been a terrible student, sheriff!” Jane said, grabbing the back of the weasel’s collar, and dragging her limp body across the floor. “So me an’ Jess have decided to go for some… drastic teaching methods. Make or break, y’know?” She oinked. Dropping the weasel in front of the empty safe, the two pigs slowly pulled off that pants, then peeled free their sweaty, stained and reeking underwear. One pair red, one pair blue, and each so moist they could have just been pulled from a lake.

That was enough to get Tex’s attention, and the battered, smelly weasel desperately tried to drag herself across the floor away from her tormentors as they encroached.

“S-Stay away from me ya v-varmints! W-wait, no! NOOOO!” The weasel’s screams ended in a disgustingly juicy gurgle, as Jane grabbed her jaw and shoved her sodden red panties into her mouth. Before the weasel could spit them out, Jesse twisted her filthy, blue underwear into a gag and rammed them into Texas’s mouth as well, before tying them around the back of her head and leaving the weasel sucking on pig sweat and stale farts from two sets of putrid underwear. As a final touch, Jane grabbed a drawstring from one of the mailbags and tied Texas’s arms tight behind her back, ensuring that it was impossible for her to remove the defiled panties from her mouth. As Texas gagged and thrashed around on the floor, trying anything she could to make the taste stop, the two pigs grinned as they observed their handiwork.

“Perfect! Now to put you in detention and call it a day!” Jesse oinked, then picked up the struggling weasel like a bag of dirty laundry (which she kind of was…) and tossed her into the safe with a CLANG!

“Hey sheriff! Try to figure out who this is!” One of the pigs called out, and Texas looked up from her dazed, curled up position inside the safe. A huge bare butt was suddenly jammed into the opening, and this close, Texas could make out every speck of filth and unwashed stain on it.

BBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!

A rank smell and thick brown cloud flooded the inside of the safe, making it impossible to see anything or breathe anything but the fart cloud. Texas screamed and thrashed around, but was only met with booming laughter from the pigs.

“Don’t worry, they’ll probably let you out at the next town… If they don't throw you straight into the scrap heap! Enjoy the smell, sheriff!” With that, the huge butt withdrew and, before a single wisp of gas could escape, the airtight safe door slammed shut and locked, leaving the weasel only darkness, stench and… cinnamon?

Bad End: Lesson Learned?

~~~~~~

Texas’s eyes fixed on the pig in blue, and she gulped behind her coloured bandana, surprised that the sheriff could tell them apart. Desperately, Jesse lifted the gun, but Tex was faster, kicking the foot from her hand and sending it spiralling through the air. However, as the pig’s eyes were focused on the airborne steel, that meant that they weren’t on Texas, and the weasel took full advantage of that. Rushing forwards, Tex grabbed the pig by her blue bandana and yanked hard, bringing the pig in close for a painful headbutt. With a crunch, Jesse landed on the floor, unconscious.

“JESSE!!” Jane cried, rushing forwards to try and tackle the weasel, but as she did so Texas grabbed her arm, stepped to one side, and tripped the pig as she went. Jane squealed as she flew forwards, then slammed into the safe with a satisfying CLANG. Both pigs were out cold, and it had happened so fast that her gun hadn’t even hit the ground. Texas snatched it out of the air as it fell, spun it around and stuffed it back into her holster.

“Sorry girls,” The sheriff said, grabbing some rope holding the nearby mailbags and starting to tie them up. “Two heads ain’t better than one if they’ve each got half a brain.” With the two pigs secured, and the weasel certain that they wouldn’t be escaping their binds, she straightened up, then glanced at the safe. “But if y’all like locks so much, the prison’s got all the locks you could ever want. An’ you’ll have a good, long time to examine ‘em.”

Getting only a low groan in response from the unconscious pair, the weasel decided it was time to move on, and so drew her gun and stepped out of the door between carriages, pausing on the small bridge that joined the cars. It was hard to hear over the sound of the steam train chugging along the rails and the wind whistling by, but as she put her ear up to the door, there were voices inside.

“Damnit! Jesse and Jane shoulda been here by now! Tex musta got them… Alright, new plan. You two hold here with the hostages and blast anything that comes through that door! I’ll… go and check on the locomotive. See if we can’t make this bucket o’ bolts go faster.” Said Georgia’s voice, heavily muffled, before the sound of retreating footsteps could be heard, and the opening and closing of the door. So, the hostages were inside, and the malicious mare herself was headed further up the train. Well, Georgia could wait. The safety of the civilians always came first. Luckily, Texas knew just what to do. She looked to the ladder beside the door, and began to climb.

~~~

The inside of the train was cramped, smelly and tense, with all the train’s passengers crammed into the one car. The two guards that Georgia had left behind, a cat and a large, plump skunk, waited at one end of the carriage, their eyes trained on the door and their finger twitching, ready to turn whatever came through it into swiss cheese.

“Ugh! Damn it stinks in here! Would you quit it?” The cat growled, throwing a sideways look to the skunk, who just rolled her eyes.

“It’s not me, numbskull. We’ve got a bunch of nervous passengers probably farting up a storm in here. If you want to go find who’s doing it and stick your nose up their ass to plug the leak, by my guest. Otherwise, shut up and do your job. When the sheriff comes through that door, she’s history.” The skunk said, rolling her shoulder slightly uncomfortably, before steadying her rifle again and continuing her watch.

Tex, however, had the brains not to walk through the door in her own personal Charge of the Light Brigade, and instead was using her previous discovery of roof access to the cars to get the drop on the guards. The weasel gently pulled open the hatch without a sound, then slipped inside, hitting the floor just as noiselessly.

A few of the passengers who saw her lit up with surprise or happiness, but the weasel placed a finger on her lips. If the guard’s noticed her, it wouldn’t be pretty. Instead, Texas drew her gun and began to creep up on them, planning to stick one of them up and demand that the other surrender. But who best to capture…

>The skunk.

>The cat.

~~~~~~

The skunk was bigger, stronger, and had the better weapon. If she didn’t comply, things could get ugly fast, and Texas wasn’t going to risk a firefight with this many civilians here. Her decision made, the sheriff snuck forwards, then stood up, sticking the gun into the skunk’s lower back.

“Drop it, ya varmint. And you too, cat.” She said, and both the guards froze. In front of them, the passengers all cheered happily, relieved to have been saved by the skilled and brave sheriff of Gold Springs. Surely the danger was over now, right?

“Ah said drop it!” The weasel repeated, and the skunk dropped her rifle, nodding for the cat to do the same with her pistols.

“Alright, sheriff. You’ve got us. We’ll come quietly.” The skunk said, then put her hands behind her back for the sheriff to put cuffs on. As soon as Texas withdrew her gun to do so however, the skunk struck.

BBBBBBBBBBBBBBRRRRRRRRRRRRFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFFTTTTTTTTTTT!!!!!!!!!

Went the skunk’s backside, her cheeks flapping together as hurricane force winds suddenly rocketed out of her ass, engulfing Texas with the smell of a tyre fire in a sewage treatment plant. The weasel screamed in disgust and stumbled away, but the skunk was on her quickly, slamming her ass back and crushing Texas between her oversized butt and the carriage’s back wall.

“Mmmm… You have no idea how long I’ve been holding this in for, sheriff…” She said, then grinned as she felt her stomach rumbling again. “Open wide!”

PPPPPPPPPPPPPHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSSTTTTTTTTT....

“Oof! That one was hot!” The skunk exclaimed, fanning her nose as a purple cloud of stink built up behind her. “Still alive back there sheriff? ...Sheriff?” She glanced back, then grinned in delight at the sight of the weasel, her face buried in the skunk’s ass, out cold. “Weakling.”

Around the train, the passengers all bore a look of horror on their faces, seeing their brave and strong sheriff turned into a skunk’s butt-toy in an instant. Surely they were all doomed… And it wasn’t just them who was unhappy, as the cat gagged, grabbing her pistols again and starting to wrench open the carriage’s windows.

“You couldn’t have done that in a less smelly manner??” She growled and coughed, pulling a bandana up over her face to avoid having to breathe the stench.

“Well it worked, didn’t it?” The skunk responded, folding her arms and stepping forwards, the unconscious weasel coming with her, as she was essentially the skunk’s wedgie at this point.

“Yeah, except now I have to deal with your stink, AND the passenger's!”

“Oh please. Mine’ll pass. As for the passengers…” She paused as she got an idea, a slow grin spreading over her face.

Looking out over them, her grin widened as she noticed an absolutely massive elephant girl, easily twice as large as the next biggest passenger. As the skunk looked at her, the elephant squeaked timidly and let out a small squeak of a fart. “P-please, y-you’ve already got my valuables! T-there’s nothing else I can do!”

“Oh, I beg to differ. Stand up.” The skunk said with an evil grin.

The elephant quickly stood to her feet, revealing the seat beneath her, which was an absolute mess. The cushion bore a perfect imprint of her giant ass, which took up the whole bench, and it was crushed so flat in parts that it was touching the wood of the seat. And judging by the smell that was released when the elephant stood up, she had been quite nervous this trip. The skunk walked over, peeling the sheriff out of her ass just as the weasel was coming to, and laying her down on the bench.

“Wakey-wakey, sheriff! Time for the citizens of Gold Springs to show their appreciation for all your hard work… You. Sit.” She commanded the elephant, who looked back and hesitated. The weasel’s eyes fluttered open, and she found herself staring at the biggest ass she had seen all day.

“I-I don’t think I-”

“I said SIT!” The skunk roared, and with a timid yelp, the elephant slammed her ass down. There was a crunch and a squish as the weasel disappeared beneath the giant elephant booty, being absolutely demolished. As was the bench, for in her scared response, the elephant had sat down slightly too fast and with too much force, and on impact the seat had buckled, bending the arms inwards so that they covered her legs, locking her in place. The elephant was stuck.

She tried to tug herself free, but all she accomplished was rubbing her enormous, sweaty butt down more on the sheriff, smearing her even flatter. The skunk just burst out laughing.

“BWAHAHAHA! Cat! Go tell Georgia that the sheriff problem’s been taken care of. She won’t be bothering us again. At least until they find a metalworker to cut this lard lump free!” She shouted back. Meanwhile, on top of Texas, the elephant winced, her nerves getting the better of her. Her stomach had started to rumble

“S-sorry, Texas.” She whimpered, before a powerful eave of gas came flooding out of her backside and onto the weasel beneath, the first of many to come. Beneath her oversized, smelly and catastrophically powerful butt, the paper-thin weasel could only scream muffledly.

~~~

By the time the train reached the next town, Georgia and her gang were long gone with all the loot. Jesse and Jane had been disappointed that they wouldn’t get their revenge on the sheriff, but when they learnt of her predicament, they spent a good hour scaring the elephant and making her gassing of the sheriff so much worse. When the train had finally stopped however, it had taken an additional two hours for the townsfolk to find a metalworker capable of cutting the elephant free, and another hour on top of that for him to actually do it. All the while, people passing by outside the train were pointing to the elephant through the windows and whispering to each other, making the poor girl blush as red as a beet. It also made her increasingly nervous, so that by the time the metalworker finished, she was farting up a storm. Embarrassed, nervous and just wanting to get out of town, the elephant had immediately raced off the train and caught the first stagecoach she had found, heading to god-only-knows. Unfortunately, this meant that no one had the chance to tell her that they hadn’t found Texas on the seat, meaning there was only one possible place her to be: Stuck to the elephant’s butt. The poor weasel was never seen again, and lived out the rest of her life as a transparent stain on a gassy elephant’s pants; forever unnoticed, and forever sat upon.

Bad End: Public Service.

~~~~~~

Sneaking up behind a skunk? Yeah, that was a bad idea. A colossally bad idea. The kind of bad idea that you regret for the rest of your life. Luckily, Texas was more sensible than that, and so when it came down to it, she made the right choice. In a swift maneuver, the sheriff stepped up and shoved her gun into the small of the cat’s back.

“Drop yer weapons an’ put yer hands up.” The weasel growled, causing both of the guards to freeze. The cat blinked in surprise, then looked back over her shoulder, seeing only the angry sheriff, and the door that Georgia had just left through.

“H-how the hell did you…”

“Doesn’t matter. I said drop them.” The weasel repeated, and the cat immediately drew her dual pistols and dropped them, where they clattered on the ground. Texas kicked them away, then looked to the skunk. “Ah don’t wanna have t’ hurt either of you if ah can avoid it, so just drop the rifle.”

“No.” The skunk growled, and Texas grit her teeth. Damnit. She didn’t want it to come to this. “Give me one good reason. I’ve got my gun trained on the hostages, and any minute now, Georgia’s gonna be coming back. You’ll be caught between a rock and a hard place, and, appropriately, flattened.” She said with a smirk, having everything figured out. Or at least, she thought she did.

“Georgia ain’t comin’ back.” Texas said, rolling her eyes. The skunk blinked in confusion, but the sheriff continued. “Let me guess. Y’all stripped all the valuables from these folks an’ their luggage, an’ Georgia told you to put it in the locomotive for safety, right?” She asked, only getting a glare from the skunk. “An’ now that things’ve turned sour, Georgia left you two here, while she went to ‘check on the locomotive’, right?” The weasel continued, not mentioning that she had overheard that last part through the door, but it was working. Texas could see the cogs turning in her head. “Yeah. Ah thought so. Which means in about two minutes, Georgia’s gonna finish unhitching the locomotive an’ make her escape with the valuables, leavin’ you in the dust. So here’s one good reason fer ya: If you don’t drop yer weapon, she makes a clean getaway with the loot, an’ you end up behind bars. If ya do, yer still gonna end up behind bars, but ah can promise you that Georgia will be right there along with ya, with mah boot print on her oversized ass.”

The skunk grit her teeth, then snorted and dropped her weapon, the rifle clattering to the ground. Texas nodded to her, then handcuffed the cat to a nearby railing, and picked up the rifle. She then walked up to the skunk, who held out her hands, allowing herself to be cuffed.

“You’re gonna get her, right sheriff?” She growled. “Cause if you don’t…” She paused, not really wanting to threaten the girl who was now handcuffing her, but leaving it hanging in the air.

“If ah don’t, then ah’ve got bigger problems than you.” Texas replied truthfully, then turned to the passengers “Alright folks! Yer safe now. Uhhh… You! Ah’m temporarily deputizin’ you.” She said, pointing to a large elephant girl, who gulped nervously. “Watch these two varmints, sit on ‘em if you have to, just make sure they stay. Got it?”

“Y-yes sheriff!”

“Good.” Texas threw her the rifle, then walked over to the carriage door, following after Georgia. “Stay safe. Ah’ll be seein’ y’all real soon.”

~~~

“Come on you stupid thing, come on!!” Georgia snarled. The mare was on her hands and knees in the doorway of the locomotive, trying to figure out the precise unlocking mechanism for the train cars, which thankfully had been more than a simple metal pin. “Just WORK! Once I get you loose, I’m home free!”

“Oh, yer goin’ home, Georgia. But ya ain’t gonna be free.” Texas said. The mare gasped and toppled backwards, looking up to see the sheriff leaning against the door of the other train car, gun in hand.

“Damnit Tex! Don’t you know when to give up! Why can’t you be a good little sheriff and be reduced to a stain on someone’s ass!?” Georgia barked back at her, getting to her feet and backing off into the locomotive a bit. Texas, not wanting to give Georgia the chance to slam the door and block her line of sight, pushed herself off her door frame and across the small gap, entering the black steel room of the locomotive, coal piled in one corner, and a huge furnace at the front.

“Guess mama never taught me when t’ quit.” Texas said with a half shrug, keeping her gun trained on Georgia, who backed up to the furnace.

“Oh yeah? Well too bad for you!” The mare suddenly grabbed something behind herself and swung it as hard as she could, a large, coal-covered shovel scything around and knocking the gun from the weasel’s hand, sending it skittering away for what must have been the third time today.

“Ah really don’t know why ah even own a gun.” The weasel sighed in annoyance, then yelped and side-stepped another powerful shovel blow from Georgia. The mare had her back to the wall now, knowing that either Tex went down or she did, and she was not pulling any punches. Again and again the shovel swung through the air with lethal speed, and without anything that could match the reach of a twelve-foot tall mare with a shovel, Texas was being forced back

“Just so you know, Tex. I’m gonna use my share of the loot to turn you into a pair of panties, which I’m going to wear every! Single! Day!” Georgia roared, punctuating the last three words with a shovel swing. The sheriff continued to retreat, but as she backed up to the pile of coal in the corner, she realised she had nowhere else to go. Except, maybe… Yes! Glancing up, Texas could see another trusty hatch in the roof, this one for loading coal. If she was fast enough, she might be able to pull herself up and through the hatch after Georgia’s next swing. But it would be risky. She could also probably duck Georgia’s next swing, but who knows where that would leave her…

>Duck!

>Jump!

~~~~~~

Texas ducked under the large metal shovel as it swished past overhead, holding her hat tight so it didn’t get left behind by the sudden maneuver.

“Ha! Missed me, Georgia-”

CLANG!!

With the weasel trapped and crouched low, the mighty mare had used the momentum of her missed swing to spin the shovel around and bring it down in a powerful overhead strike, slamming it down on top of Texas and knocking her senseless. The weasel staggered dizzily, sheriff stars dancing around her head as she did so, before collapsing at Georgia’s feet, her eyes spinning. Georgia smirked down at the weasel, tossing the shovel aside, then planted a foot on her back to keep her pinned.

“Didn’t dodge that one, did you, Tex?” She said with a grin, pressing down with more of her weight and hearing the weasel whimper beneath her boot. “You’ve caused me a lot of trouble today, so I just want you to know that this is going to be immensely satisfying for me. Then again, crushing uptight lawgirls into smelly stains always is!” The boot was removed as the mare positioned herself, but by the time Texas had summoned up the strength to push up from her prone position, she was staring up at Georgia’s huge, brown, bare ass, which encompassed Texas’s entire world. The weasel gave a weak gulp as she stared up at it, taking in the sweat-drenched fur, the smell seeping from Georgia’s butt-crack, and the tattoo just above the butt with the simple words: ‘Solitary Confinement’. As Texas opened her mouth to speak, Georgia decided that she had savoured the moment for long enough, and slowly allowed herself to fall back at a leisurely pace.

“Wait, NO-” Were the last words the mare heard out of the weasel, before her giant ass crashed down like a meteorite, smashing Texas down onto the coal pile and crushing her like she was a piece of gum. Moaning at the euphoric sensation of her more vexing rival struggling against her bare ass, Georgia slowly began to grind her ponderous ass back and forth, hearing the crunching of the coal as it cracked and shattered beneath her, and the squishing noises elicited by Texas, as the weasel was pressed flatter and flatter.

BRRRRRRRRRRTTTTTTTTTTTTTT….

Came the deep, rolling sound of thunder as Georgia’s ass spewed out a vile stench onto her trapped captive. The mare grinned as she heard muffled screams coming from beneath her.

“Better get used to that smell, Tex! That’s the smell of your defeat. And I promise you, you’re gonna smell it every day for the rest of your life…” She practically purred, Texas’s defeat being more delicious than any heist could be. Still, she should probably go and see what damage the weasel had done, and get the robbery back on schedule… In twenty minutes or so. The mare chuckled, putting her hands behind her head and ripping out another foul, humid fart, all the while continuing to grind her ass down endlessly. “Game over, sheriff…”

~~~

When the mare’s twenty minutes of ecstasy were over, Texas was a mushed-up tan stain on her backside, her fur colour blending in so well with Georgia’s ass fur that the only indication she was even there was the two pained, blinking eyeballs in the middle of the stain. And those eyes could only watch as the mare pulled her pants back up over her, plunging Texas into a smelly, jiggling darkness.

With Texas taken care of, Georgia soon retook control of the train, the passengers unable to do much against the giant, intimidating horse, especially since they all assumed that she had already dealt with Texas. Her gang freed, and Jesse and Jane woken up, the bandits soon had the safe unlocked and all the loot stolen from inside. And though the pig twins asked where Texas had gone, wanting some revenge, Georgia simply told them that she’d fallen from the side of the train. The weasel was hers, and Georgia intended to make good on her promise.

A week later the bandits returned to Gold Springs, having spent some time hiding out in the hills until the heat died down. Georgia, with her share of the loot, bid the rest of her gang farewell, and they went their separate ways, most of them stumbling off to The Crushed Weasel to get themselves a drink. For the mare, however, she had a different location in mind. Weaving her way through some back streets, she eventually came across a small tailor’s shop, oddly out of the way, but well kept and maintained. Pushing her way through the front door, a small bell ringing to announce her, Georgia walked up to the counter to where a mouse girl was working on a pedalled sewing machine. She gave Georgia a querying look, and the mare just smirked, reaching around behind herself and peeling an almost molecule-thin weasel from off her ass, where she had been trapped for the entire week.

“I’ve got a special order for you…”

The mouse’s eyes lit up and she grinned and nodded, then grabbed the flattened weasel and disappeared into the back room. For the next hour, all that could be heard was the sounds of snipping, stitching, folding and ironing, all coming from the back room, until at last the mouse returned, with a pair of perfect, weasel-fur underwear in her hands. Georgia’s grin grew as she took them, looking inside the back and seeing Texas’s frightened face.

“Well well, looks like I’ve got a new pair of lucky panties! And I’m gonna make sure to wear them in hard.” The mare said with a laugh. “After all, they’ve gotta get used to this treatment for the rest of their life.” With that, the mare dropped a gold bar on the counter for the mouse, then ducked into a nearby changing room, doing the quickest clothes change of her life. On her way out the door, Georgia paused briefly to throw her old pair of underwear into the trash can, ripped, sweat-stained and smelling like a sewage factory.

“Don’t worry, Tex! I’m sure you’ll last much longer than a normal pair of underwear!” The mare laughed loudly, so that the weasel panties could hear. “Who knows, you might even last TWO weeks before you start to stain!”

Laughing uproariously, the mare stomped off into the sun-drenched streets of Gold Springs, blasting off rank farts with every step. Wrapped around her ass, Texas could already feel the mare begin to sweat…

Bad End: Lucky Underwear.

~~~~~~

“Nowhere to run now, Tex!!” Georgia roared, swinging the shovel as hard as she could in a powerful sideways strike. Texas tensed her muscles and grit her teeth, knowing that the timing would have to be perfect, then leapt upwards and grabbed the small handle on the underside of the hatch, pulling her feet up just in time for the shovel to swish past underneath. Georgia snarled with rage and pulled back for another blow, but Texas landed a two-foot kick right square on the mare’s nose, sending her stumbling back and yelping with pain. Quick as a flash, Texas pushed open the hatch and clambered out onto the roof.

Texas’s boots clanged on the black metal of the locomotive roof, smoke stinging her eyes as it billowed from the chimney, and wind whipping all around her. She was without her gun, which was probably in Georgia’s fat hands right now, outmatched in strength, so there was only one thing for it. She’d just have to rely on her wits and cunning.

Down below, Georgia growled and scooped up Texas’s revolver, throwing her shovel aside. Raw strength was nice, but not even a slippery weasel like Texas could dodge a bullet. Stomping back out the locomotive’s door, the mare grabbed onto a black metal ladder and began to climb, making sure to pull herself up gun-first just in case the weasel tried to ambush her. But all Georgia was met with was smoke and wind, and not a single trace of the weasel. Up here, the smoke from the chimney enveloped everything, making it almost impossible to see, and giving the weasel all the cover she could hope for. But there were only so many places she could hide up here…

Squinting against the smoke and trying to cover her eyes with her arm as best she could, Georgia peered around, and saw exactly what she was hoping to: Up behind the chimney, she could just see the very edge of Texas’s jacket sticking out of her hiding spot and flapping in the wind. With a grin, the mare advanced.

“You’re tenacious, Tex… Frustratingly so…” She said loudly as she began to step forward. Texas hadn’t moved yet. She didn’t know Georgia was onto her. “But you’re always gonna lose, cause o’ one detail… You’re dumber than a sack of bricks.” She grinned, pulling the hammer back on the revolver as she reached the chimney. “You lose, Tex!” She shouted, quickly rounding the chimney and aiming her gun… at the empty jacket hanging off a large metal bolt.

Texas, jacketless, hauled herself up over the edge of the roof, where she had been clinging on since she heard Georgia ascending the ladder, and kicked the gun from the mare’s hand as she tried to whip around. The revolver spun through the air, gleaming, and sailed straight over the edge of the train car. In a split second it was gone, lost to the desert sands as the train roared onwards, but Tex would have to worry about that later. For now, she had a beatdown to deliver.

Her fist smashed into the mare’s belly, doubling her over, enabling a quick uppercut to follow. Georgia stumbled back, teetering on the edge of the roof, but quickly regaining her balance just in time to block Texas’s next blow and counter with a vicious kick. The weasel sheriff leapt back, avoiding it and putting some distance between them, but having lost the element of surprise, she would have to fight smart. Georgia had taken some hits, winding her, and Texas could press that advantage and keep the mare on the back foot if she kept attacking. Or she could play it safe, back off and let Georgia tire herself out, but she’d be backing away from the chimney in that case, leaving her with more smoke in her eyes. Whatever she did though, she’d need to do it fast, as Georgia wasn’t going to wait for her.

>Back off

>Press her!

~~~~~~

Leaping forward again, Texas caught Georgia off balance with a flurry of blows, forcing the mare back. She grit her teeth as she blocked blow after blow, but with Texas’s small and spry figure, the huge horse couldn’t get a single hit in before she was forced to block another of Texas’s punches. To make matters worse for her, she was forced to retreat back onto the main section of the roof behind the chimney, meaning that the billowing smoke was once again in her eyes as she tried to swat Texas’s attacks away. However, with her eyes watering, her vision impaired and the weasel never faltering, more and more of Texas’s hits snuck past her guard; first a jab to her stomach, then a kick to the knee, then another hit to the face.

The mare groaned as she stumbled back, aching and coughing, and not weathering the blows well. Texas, however, was still fit as a fiddle, bouncing on the balls of her feet and lunging forwards again to attack. Georgia, barely managing to block anything this time, fell to one knee, gasping.

“Give it up, Georgia.” Texas said, narrowing her eyes. “You’ve lost.” She spat. The huge mare, heavily for breath, looked up… then smiled.

“Sorry Tex… But I see something you don’t.” She chuckles “Look behind you.”

“Ha! Yeah, like I’m really gonna fall for tha-”

The weasel’s eyes widened as Georgia suddenly threw herself flat against the train’s roof. Texas spun around, just in time to see the low train tunnel rushing towards them.

And not in time to stop it.

WHACK!!

The speed of the train meant that Texas smashed into the brick with bone-crunching force, flattening out instantly like a bug against a windshield and being embedded almost a full inch into the brickwork. On the train, Georgia looked up from her prone position and grinned, seeing no trace of the weasel.

“Don’t worry Tex! We’ll be back for you soon enough!” She shouted, her mocking laughter carrying off into the distance. Splattered across the stone, Texas gave a weak whimper, then peeled off and slowly fluttered down to the tracks, leaving a perfect, sheriff-shaped indentation in the bricks.

~~~

A full day later, Texas finally heard the sounds of horses approaching. For an entire 24 hours, Texas had been at the mercy of the railroad, and apparently it had none. No less than half a dozen trains had steamrolled over the sheriff, their immeasurable tonnage squashing her again and again to the railroad until she now resembled a fine, greasy paste, her hat laying in the dust nearby.

And things would only get worse, as the unseen rider dismounted, and Texas heard heavy boots approaching. As the figure came into view, the obliterated weasel could only give a weak whimper. She had hoped that it was her deputy come to rescue her, and in a way… it was. However, in another, more accurate way, it was Georgia.

“Woof! You’re looking a little run-down there, Tex!” The mare laughed, poking the almost liquidized weasel’s body with her foot and smearing it across the iron tracks. “But god if it ain’t satisfying seein’ you like this. A pathetic stain beneath my boot? It’s what I’ve always known you were.” She growls, her eyes lighting up with devious delight. “But don’t worry, Tex! I’m here to offer you a trip back to town!” The mare said with a grin, then slowly slipped off her boot.

Instantly Texas felt sick as the putrid smell of ancient cheese and acrid sweat wafted out of the boot and over the desert, even making Georgia’s horse whinny with discomfort and back away. Georgia herself didn’t seem to mind however, or maybe the thought of humiliating Texas overrode her disgust.

“Your chariot awaits, Sheriff!”

Laughing at her demolished rival, Georgia grabbed a handful of the Texas goop and peeled it up with a sickening, slow, sucking sound, the entire weasel coming up off the tracks like gum. With the weasel putty in hand, Georgia just smirked down at her for a good few seconds, relishing this moment and committing it to memory, then dumped the weasel paste into her boot. Texas would have screamed if she could, but instead all that she could do was splatter pathetically across the boot’s moist, filthy insole, forced to smell, breathe and taste the putrid concoction that festered at the bottom of her ex-deputy’s boot. And as the light was suddenly blotted out by Georgia’s sweaty foot, wrapped in a once-white, now grey sock, the weasel would have begged and pleaded if she had been able. Instead, Georgia pulled her boot back on fully, and felt the sheriff squish around her toes.

The mare shivered with delight and bit her bottom lip at the sensation, both the pleasurable feeling of the weasel beneath her foot and the joyous emotion from defeating her most hated rival overcoming her. But slowly the mare lowered her foot back down until it pressed against the sand, then ground it down hard as if she was putting out a cigarette. A slow grin spread across her face as she realised that she could hear the muffled whimpers of the old sheriff, and the loud squishes of her new insole. Georgia sighed happily and looked back to her horse.

“Y’know… It’s such a lovely day, I think I’ll just walk the way back to town.” She practically purred. Lifting her boot, Georgia felt the weasel paste pull away from her sole slightly, only to press back into it again as she stepped down, marking the first step of her long journey.

“After all, it’s only ten-miles.”

Setting off on her long walk, Georgia whistled to herself happily and listened to the sobs beneath her feet as Texas was mashed again and again and again into her sole, the smell only becoming worse as every passing step soaked the weasel in fresh sweat. By the time Georgia reached town, she’d probably be able to pour the sheriff out like a liquid. The girls at the bar would sure enjoy that trick… And after that? Well, who knows...

The mare would just take things one step at a time.

Bad End: A Mile In Her Shoes.

~~~~~~

Georgia was strong but slow, and while Texas had gotten the drop on her, one wrong move would give the mare and upper hand.