

## West of the Wild, Wild, Wild

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## West of the Wild, Wild, Wild

by [MirandaFave](#)

### Summary

Captain McGregor and Commander Cartwright find themselves in a strange situation. No explanation, no resolution.

“Howdy, pardner.”

Molly looked down. McGregor followed her gaze before her apoplectic look and thunderous face snapped up and caught him. “McGregor!”

“Now Molls, and I think it very fitting to call you Molls dressed like that,” McGregor of course referred to Cartwright’s reason for the affront, the copious layers of silk and thrills about her body as befitting any saloon woman circa 1848. And, as befitting a saloon girl, the frills and layers of silk all tended to taper away when it came to the low-lying cleavage line.

“McGregor! I swear to God!”

With mock solemnity, McGregor bowed his head, joining hands in prayer, before intoning, “God listens to all, including sinful women who would lead good men astray.”

“McGregor.” Molly hoisted the neckline, to preserve some dignity.

He swatted at a buzzing fly. A vulture’s shadow circled the ground at their feet. “You know Molly, that’s an impressive display. I swore you rigged ship’s artificial gravity, but no, it’s *all* you.”

“I will kill you where you stand.” Her finger is accusing and threatening. “Where – what – the hell is this place?”

McGregor turns about on his heeled booted feet to take in the dusty landscape with the small township behind them, forming a simple high noon main street of a frontier town. “West of the wild, wild, wild.”

Fuming, Cartwright came up to him but almost tripped on the hemline of the skirts. She wrestled between hefting the hemline to adjusting the neck line. Opting to give up the ghost on both counts, Molly stormed towards him, kicking the skirts and bosom bouncing merrily.

“Now Molly, none of this is of my doing.” He jumped on the spot, spurs a jangling, testing the gravity and he held a finger up to the air after licking it and turning in every direction.

“What? Don’t tell me you’re testing to see if this is holographic simulation?!” Rolling her eyes at the simple acts of deduction, Molly nevertheless held on awaiting his conclusion. “Well Sherlock?”

McGregor licked his finger again. “Hmm. Butter popcorn flavour.” He shrugged. “What? I had some earlier. Was watching a movie.”

“A movie?”

“Yeah. An old western.”

“Really?”

“Yeah. Surely, a coincidence... But for the record, no this is not a holographic simulation. You can fake gravity and create wind and air, so no I wasn’t testing for that.”

“Oh why all the play-acting?”

“Thought it might be impressive looking. Nothing is quite as impressive as those, though. Seriously, those globes are something Stanley would

need to avoid their gravity wells.”

“That’s two bad gravity jokes in a row.”

“The gravity of the situation, warranted such efforts. There’s no electronic buzz in the background, Molly. Whatever this is, it’s not a holographic simulation.” A tumbleweed did its tumbling thing past their feet at that juncture.

Molly glares at the tumbleweed. If looks were phasers, the thing would be blasted to smithereens. So too might McGregor. “What then?”

“It looks, feels, smells, tastes like what it is trying to be like. Something from old Earth history books.”

“Or holo-videos.”

“Or those. It’s a simulation of some kind but on a different kind of scale. I mean, theoretically, it could be another of those anomaly planets like Magna Roma. Count your stars, we’re not in togas.”

“You’re saying this is possibly an alternate Earth, currently living out the Wild West era?”

“No. Only there’s an outside theoretical chance it is. But nah.”

“A form of time travel?”

“I don’t recognise it as that. Also, the details aren’t quite right. It’s an approximation. Like someone stole the idea of the wild west era, rather than an actual, historically accurate recreation.”

“Or they stole the idea from your holo-vid!”

“Precisely. It somewhat explains your saloon gal get up.”

“What kind of video was this, McGregor?” She pulled again at the neckline.

He chuckled at her reaction. “It explains too, well my sheriff outfit.”

“The hat is a *tad* ridiculous.”

He looks up at the extremely overlarge sheriff hat. “Damn sure, pardner.”

“The vernacular is going to be a thing, isn’t it?”

“You’re rootin’ tootin’ shootin’.”

“What do we do?”

“Rule 1: Don’t squat with your spurs on.”

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