

“Hey! Thanks for hosting this Liz. Feels kinda weird, being back. Like.. all three of us? Heh. Game day seems like a good way to celebrate it. Wanna make a bet on who wins maybe?”

Liz rose up from by the stove in the kitchen with two trays of pizza rolls in hand, carefully offloading them into a large bowl while she passed the other snacks – pretzels, beer, cheese sauce – to her son to try and get everything out to the living room in one trip. Andrew was shaking his head vigorously about the 'bet' suggestion but Liz didn't really see the harm.

“What kind of bet did you have in mind, Billy?”

The TV room was a smallish space, college had let Liz get a house to raise Andrew in but it hadn't left her *wealthy* per se. Billy took up a seat and a half by himself, the scruffy blond youth was *quite* heavy and one tended to smell him before they saw him. Liz didn't find that *particularly* odd for a college student though, even if her own son seemed to be an exception. Andrew avoided Billy, finding a spot on the floor on the other side of the couch. Liz took the spot next to the large boy.

“Mmm. Well, it's my Tech school versus that State place you went to, and Andrew's going, right? Bout the only place your scrawny ass was going to get in, right Andy? Now, I'm not gonna try to like.. be an *asshole* about it, but our football team is *shitloads* better, so-”

A quick scoff from Liz was the first answer to that, and a handing over of the pretzels to her son and the pizza rolls to Billy.

“Heh, sounds like you're taking that bet then? Okay. We'll check after each quarter. Losing side, meaning your little spindly bitches out there in the blue, has to admit – and *mean it* – that the other side's way of doing things is better.”

Another snort was the answer to that, from Andrew and Liz both this time.

“You're on, Billy. Don't worry Andy, no way my alma mater is going to lose to a bunch of slovenly freshman Tech *ruffians*. No offense intended. Just wait.”

Fifteen minutes worth of field time later saw the score almost tied and Liz feeling confident about things as she stood to head to the kitchen again. A play or two after that things were a little less certain, but with her confidence still intact Liz didn't much mind stepping away.

“Goodness, your appetite seems to be intact at least Billy! I'll start making a pizza or two I think.. Maybe put some cheese fries on there? I remember how much you like those.”

The first thing out of Billy was a humid, ear-pounding *Bwurrpshhbt* that left Andrew

wincing and leaning away. As for actually replying to his hostess, Billy leaned back and aired out his pungent, bushy pits and left Andrew recoiling even further.

“Oh fuck yeah! And hey, let's make this a bit more interesting. How's about the losers have to start *living like* the other side? Just to get a proper taste.”

Liz bent down again, this time to get a couple things cooking that she was *fairly sure* would be done by halftime – maybe a little after at worst.

“..Oh? I *suppose* I could do that.. I do have to ask that you abide by any terms you set though, Billy. I trust my boys to handle things out there!”

The answer got a grin out of Billy and a worried look from Andrew. One that only got worse when a loud commotion on screen rang out through the small home.

“Hey! That's a touchdown – and a two point conversion! Way better than any of your botched extra points from the first half, your State team can't finish anything on field or in bed. How's that feel over there, Liz? Actually getting to finish for once?”

Some kind of tension in the air left Liz frozen for a moment. She felt it in her skin too, in her flesh, a weight tied to the core of her. It wound itself into a knot of potential somewhere around her navel, and then some of it relaxed.. and so did she. Liz's body just kind of *loosened* in every direction at once. She felt soft and heavy, she *was* soft and heavy.. and-

“O-oh.. Billy..? What.. What just happened, what.. the *fuck* happened, I- *Bwurphhb-*”

Straightening up, Liz felt her frame sag more than a little. She'd had plenty of curves to start with but now..? Now she looked *thick*. Her thighs touched, her belly wasn't flat anymore, and it felt *good*. There was a buzzing pleasure between her legs that she couldn't think past. One that only spiked higher when she felt the press of her thighs clench down on a *much* fuller, more plump pussy than she ought to have. One that was steadily drenching her panties as she got hotter and breathed heavier by the second.

“What happened is we fuckin scored on you! Ya wanna snag us all a few more beers and bet it won't happen again before the pizza's ready? Heh.”

Liz wasn't even really thinking at that point, she just closed the oven and went for the fridge like she'd been asked – told – to. She already had the beers in hand by the time her son's voice rose over the noise of the TV.

“Mom. **No**. Do not – no more bets okay? They're just-”

The warning slid right past the same problem Liz was having with focusing on even her own inner voices. It just broke against a wall of curious fleshy bliss and a spongy empty spot where her inhibitions used to be. Most of them anyway. Liz sauntered back to the living room and handed out beers, but she had two for herself – one of which she was chugging before she crushed the can in her hand and let out a jarring *Bwurphhhbbb!*

“F-fuck yeah I'll take that bet. State's going to g- *Hwurphh*- get this-”

As soon as Liz dropped herself into the seat next to Billy the voices on the screen went ballistic once more and both Liz and Andrew's hopes sank as they watched a long pass get intercepted and a run for the end zone begin.

With the ball soon spiked by a celebrating tech school freshman Liz ended up clutching her remaining beer tight while her body went 'loose' on her again. There was a kind of clammy, wiggling vibration under her skin at first. A crawling, greasy feeling that went with it, too. They left her squeaking in confusion, partly because it seemed she ought to be terrified and she wasn't. Partly because she couldn't really explain why she was being flooded with quite so much pleasure as her frame bloated outward and took up every inch of available space on the couch that Billy wasn't already using. Her hips wedged in against the arm of it and against Billy's own corpulent frame. Her gut spilled out across her knees. Liz even felt the drenched, humid mound of her pussy pushing out into a pillowy camel toe while her tits got too big for her top to contain them anymore.

..So she peeled her top off. It seemed like the thing to do, even if it apparently bothered her son something awful. Andrew scrambled back and looked *bothered* but Liz was having to struggle to maintain some kind of concentration as to why.

“F-fuck..n.. robbed, and.. a-and it's so *hot in here*. I.. Andy, would you get your mom another beer or three? I.. a-and for Billy too, *fuck*.”

As much just to flee from the sight of his mom ballooned out to a fat, drunken slob as anything Andrew did get up and leave the room. Billy on the other hand swung his weight up against Liz and left both of them sloshing to and fro on the couch while he belted out a belly laugh and tore into a pretzel.

“Heh! Lookin good so far Liz! B- *Buwprhhhb*- but I think you'll like it even more by the end of the game if this keeps up. Feels good, right? So, if being a fat Tech-U slob feels this good.. and I fuckin' know it does. What'cha wanna *bet* being an even bigger one's like?”

Out in the kitchen Andrew shouted a blunt, bellowing 'MOM – NO' but it didn't get through Liz's ears in time, and it was questionable if it would have helped to begin with. Thickened and confused and riled up as she was, Liz just put her hands down onto her thighs and let the fact that they sank in a good inch or two distract her for a moment before a nudge from Billy got her back on focus for the game – and the challenge.

“F-fine! If Tech-U is so much better they can prove it in the second half, and.. a-and I'll..”

An uproar of laughter from Billy followed, along with cheering from the TV as the second half officially started. Andrew didn't bother coming back from the kitchen, he just weighed his options and placed an order for pizza and wings before retreating to the back of the house. After getting a good whiff of the two in the den Andrew cut his losses, loaded a cooler with all the rest of the beer in the fridge, and dragged it out to the couch. After that he wandered off, nose pinched shut, muttering 'I'm out' before fleeing to watch the rest of the game on his phone.

“Huff. Fine 'Andy', go watch your boys lose in the closet like you always did. I'll show your mom what *winning* feels like. You wanna know what winning is like, right Liz?”

A buzz was setting in rather quickly for Liz, which was a little odd given her new body weight. She kept feeling confused about that, grabbing at herself and feeling a wash of confusion and panic only for a bloom of pleasure to blot it all out and leave a sense of dull contentment in its place. It made it all too easy for Billy to shove food at her and leave her too befuddled to even think about refusing. Liz found herself tearing through a bucket of chicken wings with one hand coated near to the wrist in grease while she watched the Tech team score three more times and her alma mater do nary a damn thing in retaliation.

The first time around Liz felt herself shudder and grow again but she got lost in the buzzing pleasure it left in her nerves, too much so to properly react to anything in particular apart from feeling.. itchy? On the second touchdown Liz figured out *why* she was feeling itchy.. the hair growing in was doing that. It started out under her arms and *that* she could just about manage, rubbing at it a little using the bushy tufts of blond down there to do their own scratching, but it kept getting worse – and when she lifted her arm to look at how much new bush had grown in she got a whiff of the rancid stink coming off her pits. It was a bit like overcooked onions left to rot, and seemed to be wafting up from all around her body now.

It was when the third quarter finished that the couch broke underneath her.

“Shit! The fuck..?! Oh *dammit*. Can't spare cash ta replace that right now.. I-”

Liz didn't quite get to finish her thought. She found herself with a beer stuffed in her hand and with Billy's hands occupying her nearest tit instead. The things were still growing along with the rest of her, inch by inch – but they'd started out *big* and now each one was the size of a yoga ball. The things swung and bounced about every time Liz moved, and there was an awful lot of motion to the couch collapsing. It ended up dumping Billy right against her too, one fat body pressing up against another. Liz crushed a mostly empty beer can in her fist over the demise of her furniture and barely registered in that moment that she'd ballooned out to double the size she'd been at half-time.

“Fuggin, Liz! It'll do just fine for now. I mean.. You can still bend over it, right? Heh. Kinda like Tech is bending those State boys over.”

The point didn't even need to be suggested. Liz just grunted and heaved herself upward, flabby rolls jiggling about the whole while, becoming dimly aware that it wasn't *just* her pits that were growing hairier. Once she was moving around her crotch started to send the same itchy signals, bushy and rank, crawling a trail all along her up to her navel. That itch needed scratching, but there was only one way to go about that and it meant spreading her legs for Billy. Which, ever since she kept hearing those goals getting made, was seeming less and less like something to resist..?

“F-fuck.. Billy, just.. just get in there. Get *deep* like those *limp-dicked* idiots from State never manage to! Make it *rough!*”

Billy didn't need telling twice any more than Liz did. The big student heaved himself up and within moments had his sweaty body slung up against Liz, his belly resting on her ass, working himself in deep enough to properly mount the massive, pungent fatass. Even while she was sprawled out on a broken couch Liz was savoring the chills she got every time she heard State get spanked a little harder, possibly because Billy started smacking her ass as soon as he was inside. The young man got to hammering up into her, spreading her wide and running rough through the thick bush between her legs while Liz clutched the couch with one arm and groped for food with the other.

Underneath it all somewhere Liz could feel more than just the couch breaking under them. She felt something inside herself splinter, crack, and weather away with every wet, meaty thrust into her cunt – but she wasn't trying to stop it. The need was too much at this point, it had to be seen through. All there was to do was stuff her face while Billy stuffed her pussy. Liz felt her belly slapping against her thighs before long, she felt her ass clapping against Billy's body, and most of all

she felt that triumphant squeal when another touchdown came right at the same time Billy did. A tighter grip on her ass followed, sharper and faster thrusts, and a hot flood inside her belly that she clenched down on and tried to squeeze, suckle, and milk for every spare ounce it had inside.

“G-gawd dammit.. You are a *sloppy fuck* but you're *great* Liz! Can't believe Andy came out that hole, hah! Guess we'll see what comes out next.”

Somewhere amid all the sloshing and jiggling Liz felt what was left of her clothing splitting apart, unable to even pretend to fit around her enormous frame. She was sweating up a storm too now, especially with Billy's little barbs hitting just right to leave her blushing and hungry for more.

“F-fuck.. B-Billy, come on – keep going.. I-”

A hard, firm slap against her ass was the answer Liz got, that and a roughly handled box of pizza pushed toward while Billy leaned against her ass and rubbed it up and down.

“Just fuckin' breathe Liz. Shit – I'll plug yer stinky swamp of a puss again, don't worry! We'll have you moaning just like those State boys after they lose **again**. Promise!”

Whining, Liz tried to buck back against Billy as best she could, but bent over as she was and with her body this *catastrophically* heavy she could only do so much. She needed to wait, needed to satisfy herself as much as she could with more greasy food, until Billy was ready to put another load in her. Maybe *then* she'd get that promise of satisfaction..?

She sure hoped so. Liz couldn't think of much of anything else. Not even with the game on, and Billy rubbing her ass, and her son *whining* somewhere in the back about his team losing again. Like they always did.

Anyone would've needed a bit of a snooze after that night. Liz was sore when she started coming to though, her head was throbbing and her hips felt shaky – and something *stank*. It took her a minute to figure out that the thing she was smelling was herself.

Remembering what had happened came a bit more slowly. Liz had to pour herself off what was left of the couch and she landed in a small heap of bowls, wrappers, paper buckets, and just *so much empty beer* everywhere. The mess was wild, it was *everywhere*, Liz could hardly remember how it got this bad – though the sheer volume of beer lying around might have something to do with that. She felt *wrong*. Something was off, but familiar? Or.. Liz had to struggle quite a bit to get herself off the floor, she had *so much* weight hanging off her frame, and some of it was sitting

weirdly right on her bladder just like..

“Oh. *Oh shit*. That.. fuck'n.. Billy..”

Liz remembered like it was yesterday what having Andrew inside her was like. Even with as fat as she was it was impossible to mistake, she reached around and rubbed at the hairy swell of her belly and felt that firmer little central core inside. The one that was going to make life real interesting for a while going forward.

She was pregnant. Much more so than just having gotten knocked up last night, in fact. Liz's mind reeled, she couldn't be that far along – it would've had to have happened.. ages ago? Like last season? Liz had definitely put on some more weight since then and-

“N-no.. No I, I wasn't.. like this? It.. it all happened-”

Pawing at herself, hands sinking deep into all that pale blubbery fat of hers, Liz felt an itch to scratch at the itchier and hairier parts of herself. One that she didn't really have any control over, as soon as she had her fingers dug into what she could reach of the bushy hair between her legs Liz felt things shudder themselves away from her. Little reeking blushes of delight while her flesh sloshed and quivered around, and-

“Mom? Holy *shit* it's a mess in here.. M-Mom, are you okay? I uh, I had to leave yesterday after all that nonsense with Billy but-”

Somewhere in all that cheese, chicken, and beer something rocked itself loose. Liz' gut clenched inside and she felt all that pleasure she was wrapped up in rush to the surface. Which it did by leaving an echoing *Fwurrp hhbbbrt*- flooding the bathroom as she waddled out of it without even bothering to notice she was naked.

There had been *something* on her mind, but it had just shattered out of her grasp when she'd gotten that fart startled out of her by her son.

“..The fuck's up, Andy? Billy around? I could go for another run after last night~”

Liz watched as her son's face went pasty white and he stared, briefly, before shaking his head in a panic and backing out of the house. She couldn't do much but shake her own head in response to that, and start waddling herself back toward the kitchen.

“..Well, hopefully the next one's not *quite* so much of a pussy.”

Giving herself a firm pat on the belly and ending up with a rolling, rumbling *Bwurprhhbb-* for it, Liz flung the fridge open and let the cool air wash over herself.

“And there *better* be some beer leftover..”