

Betsy's Farm Days: Pie Eating Contest

Dropping off the last of the chairs, Betsy brushed aside the strands of brown hair in front of her face to look over her work. It was a simple setup of a table covered in a polka dot cloth with three chairs placed alongside one another. Her tanned, muscular arms had made putting it together a breeze in comparison to her usual farm work. For the occasion, she had forgone her usual overalls for a simple white sundress that was a few sizes too large for her buxom body. While it looked especially strange on someone like Betsy who favored form instead of function, it was a rare sight that she was willing to share with her treasured guests.

“So when do we start?” Ren asked, shuffling her boots along dirt floor of the barn. In stark contrast of Betsy's attire, she had chosen to wear a black tank top and ripped jeans that paired well with her short cut, dyed pink hair. Further distancing herself from Betsy was her relatively flat chest and rear, fitting for her short stature. Despite the difference in their physical features, the smirk on her face showed no hesitation for the challenge ahead.

“Soon as Melonie's ready,” Betsy replied, tugging at the cloth to ensure it was properly spread across the table.

“That's going to take foreeeeeever. You know how long she takes to do something as simple as fix her hair.”

“Well excuse me, but perfection takes time dear.”

Betsy and Ren turned around towards the familiar voice. Among the three of them, Melonie stood out with a sundress in a dazzling, bright blue color. The fabric was tightly wrapped around her impressive bust and rear to show off her perfect hourglass figure. A straw hat with a blue ribbon that matched her dress and shimmering eyes was placed upon her long,

luscious, black hair. Flourishing her hair behind her back, her bright red lips shimmered as she showed a warm smile towards her fellow shapeshifters.

In the wake of Melonie's stunning appearance, Betsy shook her head. "Didn't I tell you to wear something you didn't mind losing?"

"Oh this old thing?" Melonie replied, waving about the hem of her skirt. "It was just something I had sitting in the back of my closet for ages."

"You do realize that a normal person doesn't have wardrobe that could clothe a small country, right?" Ren only half-jokingly asked.

"Say what you will, but at least Jonathan understands that a woman of elegance such as I must try to look her best on any occasion. Isn't that right?"

"Yes dear," Jonathan replied, peeking his head out from the side of the barn. To go along with his wife, he had dressed himself in button down, blue shirt and made sure his black hair was slicked back with just the right amount of gel.

"Hey Jonny boy," Ren said with a casual wave of her hand. "Joining in on the contest?"

"I am merely here to assist Betsy with running it since she will be participating," he corrected.

"Yeah right. Like you're not just saying that so you can give Melonie an unfair advantage."

"Calm down," Betsy said, placing her hand on Ren's shoulder. "You know Jonathan ain't the kind a guy to do that. Besides, he's not the only helper we have today." A rhythmic honking from outside made Betsy put on a wide smile. "Speak of the devil, there he is now."

With the rest of the group in tow, Betsy stepped outside of the barn. Waiting for her there was a white van driven by a meek young man named Arin who helped her out with various things around the farmstead. While she was happy to see his bright eyes and short brown hair, she was more interested in the contents of the back seat.

“Any trouble getting the goods?” Betsy asked, purposefully pressing her chest against the window to tease Arin.

“N-no,” he replied, turning away from her attempt to see how red she could make his face. “I’m not too late am I?”

“Nope, just in time. Now pop open the back so we can start unloading.”

“Right away Ms. Bevoine, I mean, Betsy.”

Reaching the back of the van, Betsy pulled open the doors to reveal the bounty Arin had delivered. White cardboard boxes were stacked tightly in the back seat, with very little room to spare. Picking one at random, Betsy held it out to group as she opened up the top. The gathering admired the delicious looking pie that stared back at them, marveling at the golden crust and the filling seeping out of the holes.

“Hold on,” Ren said, picking up another one of the boxes. “You bought these? I thought the tradition was that you make them all yourself.”

“Changing times call for changing methods,” Betsy answered, closing up the box and handing it off to Arin. “These contests have gotten a little too competitive for me and my humble oven to keep up with. While I cooked up a few myself for today, I decided to outsource most of

the work to one of Beth's cousins. She owns a bakery and I can tell from firsthand experience they're just as good as my own stuff."

"Heh, we'll see about that," Ren replied, taking five boxes in her arms and hauling them back over to the barn.

"Line up everyone," Betsy announced, picking up another stack. "The faster we get this done, the sooner we can get to the good part."

One after another, Betsy handed off a stack of pies to her guests and sent them off into the barn. Following Betsy's instructions, they piled up the boxes nearby the table. As they continued to stack, it soon became evident that Beth's cousin had worked overtime to create a surplus of pies that could feed a horde of picnic goers and then some. Even still, Betsy had her doubts that it would be enough for the three competitors. Taking one last trip to the farmhouse to add her own collection of pies to the mix, Betsy gave a satisfactory nod.

"So," Ren said, taking her spot on the left side of the table, "you ready to lose?"

"Confident aren't ya?" Betsy asked, bringing over three of her homemade pies to the table.

"Sure am. I've got a bulletproof strategy to leave you all in the dust."

"It would be wise not to take me lightly," Melonie said as she sat down on the seat on the right. "I didn't come here today with the intention of losing."

Ren let out a childish giggle. "Sorry to break it to you Mel, but this isn't exactly your territory. The winner is the one who's willing to do whatever's necessary to claim victory."

There's no time for things like manners or even utensils. You have to go at it like a starving wolf and tear that pretty dress of yours to shreds."

"As I said, I have many more outfits like this," Melonie replied, handing her hat off to Jonathan. "And believe me, I can get wild when I need to," she added, a smirk on her face.

"Y'all can stop with the pre-game banter," Betsy said, taking her spot between the two of them. "We're about to start. Arin, you remembered what I told you?"

"Um, right. Always make sure there are at least five pies in front of each contestant, but keep my distance to avoid getting in their way unless asked."

"There ya go. If you have any questions, feel free to ask Jonathan. I'll be a bit too preoccupied to answer."

"Are we ready to begin?" Jonathan asked, holding up a timer and setting it for half an hour.

"Whenever you are Jo," Ren replied, licking her lips at the mere thought of digging into the blueberry pie in front of her.

"Ready as always darling," Melonie said, blowing a kiss to her husband before turning her attention back to her lemon pie.

"Same here," Betsy replied, inhaling the aroma of her apple pie.

"Very well. On your marks. Get set." Flourishing a bit overdramatically, he hit the button on the timer. "Go!"

Less than a second passed between the women hearing the words and slamming their heads face first into their pies of choice. In their pursuit of gaining the upper hand, all three of

them swallowed up the sweet filling and crust with reckless abandon. Their faces became covered in a sweet mess, droplets running down their chins as they ate their way through their first pie.

Nearing the end of her pie first, Betsy waved her hand for Arin to bring over her next serving as she dug into her second helping. Rushing up to her, Arin dropped off four more pies for her. Just as he was about to run back to the pile, he noticed a lump protruding from Betsy's mid-section. Before he could get a chance to examine the growth, he heard a pair of snaps from Melonie and Ren, signaling that they were ready for more.

With Jonathan aiding him, Arin restocked the collection of sweets just as the group finished up their third serving. Again his eyes dashed towards Betsy's midsection to see a plump potbelly taking up more of her lap. Even after seeing her shapeshifting powers at work before, he still found it hard to grasp that her swelling stomach was real.

Setting down the next stack of pies, Arin glanced over to see Ren brushing her hand against her own rounding gut. Finishing off her sixth pie, she paused to shuffle around in her chair. The reason became evident as he noticed her jeans were starting to rip apart as her legs and butt took up more of her seat.

"Here you are dear," Jonathan said, setting down more pies in front of his wife.

Melonie replied with a polite head nod before she dived down with her open mouth into a cherry pie. While Jonathan tried to focus on his duties, he couldn't avoid letting his gaze wander across her body. Her already impressive curves grew evenly with her swelling stomach to make way for the deluge of excess food. Telling himself that she would be more than happy to entertain him afterwards, he followed alongside Arin to gather more pies for the growing ladies.

Around the time the group surpassed their 12th serving of pie was when the barn was filled with the sound of clothes tearing apart. Melonie's outfit gave out first, a cleavage window forming across her chest as her bosom swelled to pack on the added weight from a chocolate pie. The seams of Ren's pants were the next to go, her bare butt cheeks hanging further and further off of her chair with each mouthful of peanut butter pie. Betsy was the first of the trio to have her belly burst out of her outfit, the beach-ball sized gut taking up more of her lap as she devoured her way through a cinnamon pie in order to keep up her lead.

Amid the noise of hastened eating, clothes tearing, and Jonathan and Arin running back and forth to keep the pies stacked high, a creaking noise could be heard coming from Ren's side of the table. While Jonathan ignored the sound in favor of focusing on keeping his wife fed, Arin lingered at the table after piling up six pies for Betsy. Arin's wandering eyes caught the sight of the last of Ren's jeans getting ripped asunder by her doughy thighs and growing rear. Tracing his eyes over her for the source of the creaking, he noticed she had taken on a noticeable bottom heavy figure. Pondering why she had neglected to pass on any of her growing fat onto her flat chest, Arin was caught off guard by sound of bending metal. Moments later, he got a front row seat to watch Ren come crashing down as the chair was crushed beneath her wide rear.

"Are you alright?" Arin asked, running up and offering his hand to Ren's still jiggling body.

"Thanks, but I'm fine," she said, grunting as she got herself back into a sitting position. Lacking a chair, her butt served as a perfect replacement to keep her within reach of the table. "Can you stop staring at my ass and get me more food?" she asked, digging her fingers into a raspberry pie.

“R-right,” Arin said, jogging back to the pile as Ren tore off her stain-riddled shirt to let her gut hang out.

Running back to the table, Arin glanced over to see Jonathan meticulously disassemble what was left of Melonie’s outfit. He carefully pulled and cut away at the fabric to allow Melonie’s swelling breast to be shown off, while giving her plenty of opportunities to keep up her pace. Tearing open her stretching collar brought the dress past her belly, the sphere looking ready to produce a set of triplets. Wriggling the skirt off of her thighs gave her perfectly shaped buttocks room to breathe as they spread across her seat. Rather than wait for her to fall through like Ren, Jonathan was sure to take her hand and carefully ease her onto a blanket he had set down beforehand. Pecking him on the cheek as a form of thank you, Melonie left him with a smear of lipstick and peach filling before she dug into her next helping.

A sudden realization got Arin to whip his head back towards Betsy. While the rest of her outfit was holding together, the hem of her skirt rose higher in tandem with her swelling belly. All of the extra weight the other girls had distributed to parts of their body had been devoted to enlarging Betsy’s belly into a rounded sphere of taut flesh. Peeking out beneath her skirt, the barrel-sized protrusion continued to grow as it pushed her further away from the table. Using her bulbous belly as leverage, Betsy reached out to grasp a banana cream pie to continue the competition. Finishing off the last slice, she reached for another pie with one hand while the other massaged her stomach.

“See something you like?” Betsy asked, noticing Arin’s gaze.

“Well, um, you see, I-“

“Hey farm boy!” Ren shouted as she tossed another empty pie tin onto her growing pile.

“I’m running low here.”

“On my way,” Arin shouted back, grateful for the interruption.

Through several dozen more pies, the girls showed little signs of slowing. Jonathan and Arin raced back and forth between the table and the pie surplus to try and keep up with the contestants. The chair beneath Betsy creaked and groaned under her weight, crying out for mercy for fear of joining its fallen brother. While the two men helped ease the farm girl onto the ground, they glanced at the growing stacks of pies in an attempt to see who was in the lead.

Ren’s butt cheeks continued to expand across the dirt floor as her ravenous eating kept enlarging her pear-shaped figure. Her strategy of padding out her rear to keep herself comfortable seemed to be working until the fat started to spill out to the rest of her body. Her thick thighs played host to her gut as it further bulged with each pie she ate. More than a few crumbs that tumbled out of her mouth found their way into her growing bosom, each boob having grown past her flat chest to become a set of heavy D-cups.

While she tried to keep up her refined act, it was hard for Melonie to retain her dignity as she did everything in her power to keep up with the others. The soft curves of her body occasionally gave way to an odd lump or speck of cellulite. Her small blemishes would be quickly rectified when she noticed them, but they took up more of her attention as she surpassed the 500-pound mark alongside the others.

Pausing her feast to rip apart her skin-tight dress, Betsy still somehow managed to keep most of her added weight focused on her belly. Any fat that slipped away from her waistline was packed onto her already voluptuous breasts and butt while paying mind to her mobility. The

pudge layered onto her arms allowed her plump fingers to grasp more pies to feed her needy mouth. While her leg muscles were buried under blubber, the chunky limbs proved adequate in keeping her swelling belly in place. Pausing after finishing off a rhubarb pie, she peeked over her cow-sized gut to glance at the others. Looking over at their stacks of empty tins and the awestruck look on Arin's face was more than enough motivation for her to keep eating.

The final stretch of the contest made Arin and Jonathan hurry to whittle down the pie stash. As the collection of pastries dwindled, the contestants finally showed signs of being full. Not a single woman was below 800 pounds, the main difference being how the massive amount of weight had been packed onto their forms.

Ren's erratic movements slowed considerably as she wasted precious time readjusting her elephantine ass. Her efforts to keep her fat focused on her lower body fell apart as her stomach bulged with fat rolls and doubled over itself. The smallest part of her was still her breasts, but that wasn't saying much considering each one had grown to match the size of a cow udder. Scraping off crumbs from her plump cheeks, she attempted to lift another slice up to her mouth only to lower her hand in defeat.

Too distracted by keeping her curves in line, Melonie fell behind the others even as she surpassed Ren's weight. The perfect shape of her breasts and butt did her no favors as she attempted to feed herself at glacial speed. Even with Jonathan climbing atop her wrecking ball-like gut to feed her, her chewing became more lethargic from both exhaustion and using up precious time to properly sculpt the fat onto her body.

The winner was made evident as Arin balanced the last pie atop Betsy's gut. Pulling the pumpkin pie across her sizable stomach, Betsy licked her lips in anticipation. Biting down on the

pie, she reveled in the flavor that only her family's special recipe could bring out. The pie did the job of finishing up her growth as a car-sized sphere of fat with a pair of beanbag chair-sized breasts perched on top and a set of airbag like butt cheeks keeping her cushioned. Seeing the last few seconds tick away on the timer, she let the taste linger on her tongue to properly savor the sugary taste of her own cooking and her triumphant victory.

"So who won?" Betsy asked, tossing the empty pie tin onto her stack.

"Like you even need to ask," Ren said, grimacing as she ran her fingers along her uneasy stomach.

"You only have yourself to blame," Melonie said as Jonathan cleaned up the remnants of pie from her multiple chins. "Throwing all of your excess weight into a more comfortable seat pales in comparison to giving your stomach proper room to grow."

"You're one to talk. If you had spent more time eating rather than molding yourself into a super-sized model, you could have won."

"Regardless of the results, I enjoyed myself. And besides," she replied, letting Jonathan embrace what he could of her massive form, "I wasn't the only one enamored with how I grew."

"Still, y'all made me work for it," Betsy said, slapping her overstuffed belly. "Made me go nearly twice as large as last year just trying to keep the lead."

Ren let out an aggravated huff. "Okay, you can stop being a show off. Hey farm boy, bring me the bottle."

Busy trying to take in the sight of the large women, it took Arin a moment to realize Ren was talking to him. With a quick nod of his head, he ran over to Betsy's storage chest and pulled

out three bottles of clear liquid. Bringing one over to Ren, he received a quick thanks before she downed it in one gulp. Mere seconds after she handed back the bottle, her body began gradually shrinking down to her old self.

“Do you need one?” Arin asked, offering it to Melonie.

“No thank you dear,” Melonie replied, using Jonathan to help her get into a standing position. “I want to play around with this form a bit longer.”

“Figured that be the case,” Betsy said. “You two can go ahead to the guest house down the road. Feel free to use the van if you get tired of walking.”

“Much appreciated Ms. Bevoine,” Jonathan said, holding his wife’s pudgy hand.

Melonie bent down and placed a kiss on Jonathan’s cheek. “I’ll see you all in the morning,” she called out, waving towards the rest of the group as she waddled out of the barn.

“Here you go Ms. Bevoine, I mean Betsy,” Arin said, offering up the bottle.

“Thanks, but do you want me to change back?” Betsy asked back.

“Um, what do you mean?”

Betsy adopted a mischievous smirk. “I might not be able to move much or even get a proper angle for some fun, but my belly button is pretty deep right now if you want to take it for a ride. Ren won’t mind watching.”

A shade of bright red encompassed Arin’s face. “B-betsy I, um, not that I’m ungrateful or anything, but I...you see-“

Betsy reached out and ran her sausage-like fingers through his hair. “Just messing with you. no need to get so flustered.” Grabbing the bottle, she put it to her lips and drank.

Arin let out an exasperated sigh. “I just wish we had the same idea of fun.”

“I’m sure it’ll grow on you,” Betsy said, taking another sip to shrink her belly down to a manageable size. “Besides there will be other opportunities. I have to defend my title of course. Now once I’m back down to size, how about I treat y’all to one of the pies I saved in the house?”

“I think I’ve had my fill of pie for at least a month,” Ren replied, rubbing the leftover lumps of fat around her stomach. “I could go for some meat to balance out all the sugar.”

“Figures. Arin?”

“I’d actually prefer some kind of fruit or vegetable. Or even just a glass of water. I’m pretty tired from competition.”

“Alright,” Betsy replied, holding out a hand for Arin to help her stand back up. “Help me get back to the house and I’ll treat you to some good home cooking. What do you say?”

“Lead the way” Ren replied, following close behind as Arin helped walk the reigning pie eating champion back towards the farm house for a well-deserved victory dinner.