

# The 114th Big Game Bet

1. First Name
2. Adjective
3. First Name
4. Adjective
5. First Name
6. Adjective
7. First Name
8. First Name
9. First Name
10. First Name
11. First Name
12. First Name
13. First Name
14. Name Of A Person
15. First Name
16. Name Of A Person
17. First Name
18. First Name
19. First Name
20. First Name

# The 114th Big Game Bet

It was the morning of the 114th Big Game. As \_\_\_\_\_First name\_\_\_\_\_prepped for the day, he/she sized him/herself up in the mirror and thought, "Damn I look \_\_\_\_\_Adjective\_\_\_\_\_; \_\_\_\_\_First name\_\_\_\_\_had a feeling it was going to be a \_\_\_\_\_Adjective\_\_\_\_\_day.

When \_\_\_\_\_First name\_\_\_\_\_arrived at The Farm, he/she immediately noticed how \_\_\_\_\_Adjective\_\_\_\_\_the campus looked, but was excited about seeing his/her good pals at the tailgate. When he/she arrived, \_\_\_\_\_First name\_\_\_\_\_noticed there was a Stanfurd tailgate happening next door. At first, \_\_\_\_\_First name\_\_\_\_\_was filled with rage at having to be so close to Stanfurd fans.

And then \_\_\_\_\_First name\_\_\_\_\_saw the most beautiful person he/she had ever seen, dressed in the most horrible color imaginable. This person was obviously just as hardcore a Stanford fan as \_\_\_\_\_First name\_\_\_\_\_was a cal fan. It made \_\_\_\_\_First name\_\_\_\_\_dick hard, and made him/her hate her/himself for having a hard dick. As \_\_\_\_\_First name\_\_\_\_\_was staring at this beautiful person and wrestling with these conflicting emotions, the person smiled at him/her.

On an impulse, he/she decided to cross enemy lines and make an introduction. She/He walked straight up to the hottie, threw a hand out, and said, "Hey. I'm First name. Cal is going to kill Stanfurd today."; The hottie shook his hand, and said "Hey, I'm Name of a person. I'd be willing to bet against that.";

Dick still raging hard, First name goes for the gusto. "If Cal wins, you give me a handy."; Name of a person not even phased, takes a quick look at Gambit's hard dick and says, "Done. If Stanfurd wins, you have to give me a â?l";

At this point, First name doesnâ??t think that his/her dick will ever stop being hard. Cheryl is the person of his/her dreams. Beautiful, forward, and ballsy. "Done. Perhaps instead of shaking on it, we should seal this bet with a kiss?";

Before \_\_\_\_\_<sup>First name</sup> can even blink, Cheryl pulls him into her and plants her hands firmly on Gambit's ass.

He runs his fingers through Cheryl's hair and feels him/her shudder at the touch. When they pull away from one another, they realize that the attendees of both tailgates are staring.

\_\_\_\_\_<sup>First name</sup> realizes it's time to go. "I better get back on my side. I'll hit you up via facebook after the game ."; As Gambit trots away, Cheryl smacks him/her firmly on the ass. "You better. I'm looking forward to my â?!.";

Dick still raging hard, \_\_\_\_\_<sup>First name</sup> thinks, "Best Big Game Ever.";

The End.

