

## Chapter II: The Start of the Semester

When morning arrived, both girls seemed relatively unaffected by their night of intoxication. CJ wasn't surprised, as she had only had a couple drinks, but she was surprised her little roommate didn't feel worse.

"You don't have a headache or anything?"

"I don't think so, nope. I feel kinda stiff from sleeping on my back, but otherwise I think I'm good."

"Well that's something at least. I guess the beer in that keg was pretty weak, so the water must have kept you well hydrated."

"I'm starving though, let's go get breakfast, my first class is at nine thirty."

"Nine for me, so we better hustle."

The roommates got dressed, and CJ pretended not to hear Leah struggling to get her bra clasped behind her back. The nerdy girl wore baggy jeans again today, though they were a little snug over her bottom, a tee shirt that said "Tacocat Spelled Backward" and another loose hoodie, unzipped. CJ herself wore a knee length a-line skirt and matching blazer in dark pink, and a white blouse.

In the cafeteria, both girls got waffles; one for CJ and two for Leah. The shorter girl slathered each of hers with a generous layer of peanut butter, emptying 6 packets of the tan paste.

"Peanut butter?"

"Yea—" the thicker girl replied, auburn locks dancing as she chewed a large mouthful. "It'sh the besht."

"I'll have to take your word for it, peanut butter's not my thing."

"Amateur." Leah was adding another layer of syrup to her stack.

"Oh *I'm* the amateur? Little Miss 'drank-so-much-beer-she-almost-booted-on-my-shoes?'"

Leah stuck out her pink tongue while it still had bits of peanut butter clinging to it, and grinned.

“Ugh, gross! Put that away!”

The new friends laughed and went back to eating. They chatted for awhile after the waffles were gone, until CJ looked at her watch and said,

“Shit, I’m gonna be late on the first day!”

“I thought you say the first day was just syllabus crap?”

“That’s true but if I show up late I could end up with a professor riding me hard all semester.”

“Now who’s gross?”

“Shut up you perv!”

The tall blonde grabbed up her bag and fast walked out of the dorm building dining hall. Now that she was unobserved, Leah decided to go through the line for another set of waffles. Maybe just half of one this time, or a whole one...

She got two.

A little while later the brunette was rubbing her slightly distended tummy. She’d planned on learning portion control and eating healthy once she got to college, but decided she could take *one* cheat day.

It was her first day of class after all.

On her way out of the meal hall, Leah remembered something she’d wondered about when she got her class schedule. She had back-to-back classes from 10:30-2 on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and wasn’t sure what to do about lunch.

She approached the stand where a middle-aged, overweight woman sat scanning student’s ID cards to admit them to the dining hall. Waiting until there was a lull in the queue she asked,

“Excuse me? If I don’t scan in for one of the meals are there like... credits that will roll

over into the next one?"

"Not usually, but let me check your account."

Leah handed over her ID and the woman scanned it.

"Oh it doesn't matter, you have the unlimited plan."

"What?"

"The unlimited meal plan. You can come in whenever. And even if you have late classes, some of the dining halls and shops are open 24 hours."

Leah was stunned by this revelation, but she accepted her card, thanked the cafeteria lady, and started her walk to class.

She'd been sure her tuition package had only included a standard '3 per day' meal plan. Maybe there'd been a mix-up at the registrar's office. Leah made a mental note to stop by and look into it soon.

\* \* \*

"Soon" was not the first day of classes. Nor was it the day after that. Or indeed the entire first week. Or the next.

For the first week, Leah was good and only went to the dining hall in their dorm building three times per day. On Thursday of the second week, she and CJ had breakfast together as usual, but after her morning class Leah discovered a basement pizza cafe on the path to her 10:30, and stopped in for a mid morning 'snack.' She still got lunch after her third class let out at 2, and had a big filling dinner with CJ just a few hours later.

There weren't many parties on the weekends during the first month of classes while everyone was adjusting to new schedules, so Leah spent her Saturdays and Sundays gaming and working on homework in between the two girls' normally scheduled three daily meal hall visits.

Lying in bed one Sunday night, Leah thought she could hear CJ's breathing slow down, indicating that her blonde roommate had fallen asleep. It was about 11:30, and they'd

run out of chips at 8pm. Leah's stomach was rumbling and gurgling and even though she knew she shouldn't, she was craving a snack.

Leah pitched her voice *sotto voce* and tested,

"CJ?"

One heartbeat, then two. No response.

Quiet as she could, the curvy girl climbed down out of her bed. There was a 24 hour coffee shop at the other end of the building, she wouldn't even have to go outside.

Leah slipped her fuzzy black slippers on and crept out of the room, flinching when the door hinge creaked and nearly gave her away. Padding down the hallways in her matching set of pajama pants and button-down top, Leah pulled the sides of her zip-up hoodie around her to cover her rounding breasts. She often slept in her bra, but it had been pinching so much lately it kept her awake. Crossing the residence hall braless, Leah used her arms and the material of her sweatshirt to keep herself from wobbling around too much.

She licked her lips as she thought about the cafe. While caffeinated beverages were their specialty, they had a freezer full of packaged ice cream, and were usually well-stocked with pastries.

She just needed a little snack before bed.

It was after 1am when the door to the dorm room creaked open again. CJ made a faint grunting sound but rolled onto her other side and resumed her deep breathing. With some effort, Leah pulled herself back into her bed, lying on her back and cradling her stomach. The pajama top which had been merely snug was now pulled tight, fabric puckering around the buttons. Leah breathed in and out laboriously, feeling the gluttonous rise and fall. She should have been mentally kicking herself for overdoing it again, but every delectable bite of pastry with chocolate chunks and caramel swirl had been worth it.

*Maybe next time I'll pass on that last scone...*

\* \* \*

For the next few weeks, Leah had three meals a day at normal times on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, four stops on Tuesdays and Thursdays, and weekends were completely random.

CJ had joined the tennis team, and sometimes left Leah to her own devices for entire Saturdays. On those days she'd sometimes walk up campus, ostensibly to go to the library to study, but invariably she'd end up at one of the campus cafes to study instead. Study that definitely was accompanied by sweet syrupy coffees and double-chocolate scones.

One Saturday about five weeks into the semester, the girls were dressing for breakfast. Leah was making even more grunts and groans than usual, and CJ turned in time to see her short-stack roommate connect the last hook of her bra, tugging a tee shirt down over her front that read "Earth: Not flat, we checked ~ NASA"

The shapes under the shirt were the furthest thing from flat, and the jokey design printed on the garment was being distorted by its contents. The tee wasn't tight, but CJ could still see her roommate's 'quad boob' bulging up out of the cups of an undergarment that had certainly been too small when the semester started.

"You alright over there, you ready to go?"

Leah unconsciously tugged on one shoulder strap of her bra, lifting the entirety of one healthy breast and setting it to wobble for several seconds. CJ was transfixed by the motion, until Leah's voice snapped her out of it.

"Yeah, let's go."

The dining hall had expanded the cold cereal selection that weekend, so the girls got large bowls of their favorites; Cinna-Crunch Toast, Bunchberry Clusters, Cocoa-Bites, all the classics. CJ ate her cereal slowly, half to savor it – she liked when it got a little soggy – and half out of distraction as she watched her curvaceous roommate inhale the stuff. The tall blonde had just starting on her second bowl when Leah scooped up the last full spoonful of her third, then lifted the bowl to her pretty pink lips and gulped down all the colorful, sugary milk. A few droplets escaped the seal of her lips on the rim of the bowl, to fall down and drip onto her tee shirt. Fortunately the overtaxed garment was black, so the drops didn't show, but they drew CJ's attention once again to her roommate's healthy form and inadequate wardrobe.

"Hey, I'm thinking of going shopping today, you wanna come with?"

Leah brought the empty bowl down, arcing outward so it didn't bump into her bulging bosom, and set it on the table. Dabbing her chin with a napkin she considered CJ's invitation. The two girls had been hanging out and getting along fairly well for the past few weeks, despite their differences. Leah wasn't really interested in tennis, but loved hearing all of CJ's gossip about her teammates. CJ wasn't really interested in anime, but would sit and watch when Leah pestered her enough, and then usually had a hundred questions for the busty otaku.

But clothes shopping was so 'normie,' so stereotypical. And definitely something she did on her own. Leah had banned her mother from coming shopping with her the third time the plump older woman had gone on and on with the store clerk about how much she was spending upgrading Leah's bras over and over.

Leah mind painted a vivid nightmare of going to the mall with her tall, athletic, supermodel-like roommate. Having to stand in shame as some 70 year old lingerie store clerk wrapped a tape measure around her chest with her ice-cold fingers. She could just picture the look of shock and revulsion in the lithe tennis player's eyes as she saw just how high the numbers went around every part of her stumpy, chubby little body...

"No thanks. I'm meeting up with some of the manga club people at the library in a little bit."

"Oh."

CJ stole a second glance at her roommate's plush tushy as she walked back to the cereal bar for a fourth bowl. The auburn-haired cutie's breasts were definitely the stars of the show, but that plump round derriere was not to be overlooked, crammed tightly as it was into her jeans. As Leah returned with a bowl of Peanut Butter Crunch Crisp, CJ imagined what it would have been like to go clothes shopping with the curvy cutie. Get to find out exactly how big those plump bazongas were, get to pick out outfits that complemented them and make the shy girl try on one after another... showing off those ripe curves...

"Earth to *-urp-* CJ?"

"Bu-what?"

"You've been zoned out for like 5 solid minutes. Your Choco-Crunch is gonna get soggy."

“For your information I like it soggy.”

“Whatever –*nom*– weirdo.”

“Peanut Butter Waffle Girl is calling me a weirdo, that’s a good bit.”

Leah showed CJ her tongue again, and lifted her bowl of tan milk.

Had she drank the milk from four bowl of cereal in one meal? That was a lot of dairy, but CJ thought she knew where the girl was putting it.

CJ watched Leah’s breasts bob and jiggle as she chugged her cereal milk. She was going to need new clothes soon, whether she went shopping with CJ or not.