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Contains: Weight Gain mostly to Breasts

Unlimited Meal Plan

Chapter I: Move-in Day

CJ leafed through the orientation packet she'd been handed by some overachieving student volunteer, while swiping through tiktok videos with her free hand. There was some big orientation meeting tonight at 5pm, but the student clubs and Greek houses had booths set up on the quad until 6:30. There were also some parties getting started around 8 apparently.

“Sure, as if school sanctioned parties are going to be any fun.”

CJ posed for a quick selfie to post on the ‘gram. Teasing her shoulder-length blonde hair just so, she made an ironic duck face, applied the best filter, and posted the photo.

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First day in the dorms!  
#collegegirl #westcoastsun #livingthedream
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A timid knock snapped CJ back to the real world, and she turned to see a figure in her doorway. Short and curvy, with waves of auburn hair, there was no mistaking her new roommate, Leah.

“Hi, are you CJ?”

“Oh my god, hiii!”

CJ pranced across the room to wrap her tiny roommate in a big hug. Leah was more than a half a head shorter than CJ, and was a little on the thick side. At least, that was CJ’s assessment based on what she could feel through the shorter girl’s extra large hoodie.

Stepping back with an awkward grin, she added. “Sorry, I probably should of warned you my people are huggers.”

CJ looked Leah over. The photos on her roommate’s socials were almost never of her, at least not the more recent ones, just a lot of food and trees and group shots. She was cuter in person than CJ had expected, and it made her a little jealous.

“Oh, that’s alright. We’re huggers up in Michigan too.”

“Awesome. You know, I don’t think the Student Life office realized when they matched us up that there’s so much rivalry between Michigan and Ohio.”

“Yeah...”

“Not that any of that matters way out here. That’s half the reason I didn’t wanna go to OSU.”

Leah chuckled awkwardly.

“Right? And have to hear it from my uncles and cousins even more about which is better between State and Michigan?”

She blew a raspberry.

CJ stumbled back and bent over laughing as if Leah had just told the world’s funniest joke.

“I knew I was gonna like you. Do you have more stuff to unload or carry in?”

Leah had pulled a big roller bag in behind her, and was wearing a large backpack.

“Nope, I have some books and stuff that should be delivered in the next day or so, but this is everything else I brought on the plane.”

“Nice. Well did you eat yet? The big orientation thing isn’t for like an hour.”

“Just snacks on the flight.”

“Well come on then, let’s see if this college food lives up to the hype!”

CJ sat with a plate of curry and eyed her new roommate's mixed greens salad. From a distance one would assume they had their plates mixed up.

"Is that all you're gonna have?"

Leah blushed cutely, her green eyes darting to CJ's plate through her auburn bangs.

"Well, it *is* buffet style. I might try something else if I'm still hungry."

"Oh yeah, that makes sense. I was just worried for a second you were one of those girls who eats like a mouse."

Leah gave a nervous chuckle that sounded forced.

"Oh god, what am I saying? I'm freaking body shaming you or whatever and we just met!"

Leah smiled playfully, seeming comforted somehow by her new friend's flustered reaction.

"It's fine, CJ, really. And don't worry, I eat normal food. No fad diets or fake allergies over here. I just don't want to overdo it. I heard there are some parties later."

"Oh, *-hompf-* yeah maybe. I bet they're pretty lame, though."

"Really?"

"Well, they're in the orientation packet, so they can't be *that* great."

"Hmm, that makes sense. *-crunch-* Maybe we'll meet some cool people anyway. How is that by the way? It's curry, isn't it?"

"Yeah. It's alright. I've had better, but not outside of Columbus."

"I've never had curry."

“What? Here, try some.”

After the girls finished their first plates, they both went up for seconds. CJ got her own salad with shrimp and Leah dished a whole plate of curry for herself, along with some flatbread that might have passed for naan, if you’ve never had naan.

They each got a small bowl of soft serve ice cream to finish off dinner, plain vanilla for CJ and swirl with chocolate syrup for Leah.

The orientation was as boring as the girls had expected, with lectures about underage drinking and responsible choices, as if they were still in high school.

Out on the quad they checked out the various clubs the university had. The “hot girl” sororities seemed eager to talk to CJ, as were the representatives from various sports; volleyball, tennis, basketball, and cheerleading of course. Leah got more attention from the brainy clubs; anime/manga, literature club, and an actual chess club.

“Man, I had hoped the stereotypes wouldn’t be as blatant in real life as they are in the movies.”

CJ said wryly as Leah escaped the Math Club table and rejoined her.

“For real. Just because I’m blonde everyone assumes I wanna be a cheerleader?”

“I mean, you could, if you wanted to...”

CJ wasn’t sure if she was being teased or complimented.

“Yeah sure, you gonna join the ‘mathletes’ back there?”

“Probably not...”

“That’s what I thought.”

Eventually the pair had seen all they cared to see of the clubs, and they wandered through a few of the move-in day parties. Despite overdoing it a little at dinner, Leah helped herself to generous amounts of snacks at each party. CJ assumed she was just covering for her nervousness; the girl was quite the introvert.

“Hey, I heard there’s a real party at the Kappa Gamma house, you want to check it out?”

“I don’t know CJ... *-urp-* I’m kinda tired.”

Leah had covered her mouth, but CJ hadn’t missed that cute little burp.

“Come on! It’s not even 10. What have you got to do tomorrow?”

“Um, classes start tomorrow...”

“Pfft, it’s all syllabus handouts the first day, especially for freshman. This is our chance to meet some people!”

Leah seemed to debate internally for several long moments, then put on a determined expression.

“Yeah, you’re right, let’s do it!”

The Kappa Gamma house was across the street from the Delta Omega fraternity, and the party was a joint venture that included kegs brought by the guys and wings made by the girls. CJ bounced around and made new friends with several girls and more than a few guys, while Leah found a couple of the more nerdy girls, chatting about some kind of anime movies that were coming out in US theaters in a few months.

Leah had several beers and more than a few wings.

“And then... *-urp-* then she said, she said SAO was her favorite anime of all time!”

“Mmhmm, mmhmm, the nerve of that bitch...”

CJ had no idea what Leah was on about, as she steered her new friend down the sidewalk back to their dorm building.

“Not much of a drinker, are you?”

“Hey! You’re the one who wanted to go to that *-hic-* party!”

“Yeah yeah. Don’t worry girl, stick with me and we’ll get your tolerance built up.”

“Thanksh...”

Leah’s eyes got a distant look and her brow furrowed in concentration.

“Hey, I’m really glad we’re roommates, CJ. You’re kinda my favorite person right now.”

CJ chuckled nervously, this conversation was getting a little too real. Was Leah one of those ‘sincere’ drunks?

“Oh thanks, you’re pretty cool too...”

“No, no I’m being serious. We’d never have been friends in high school. You’re so tall, and pretty. I figured you were some snobby cheerleader type, but you’re actually super nice and–“

Leah stopped suddenly, cheeks puffed up, and CJ was certain the short girl was about to boot.

“Hey, there’s bushes right over there–“

Leah only burped – her loudest one yet, though still pretty quiet – then she grimaced at whatever taste she had just experienced.

“False alarm.”

“Alright, Princess, let’s get back to the room so you can lie down.”

“It’s Leah not Leia!”

Leah stomped one foot, making her breasts wobble under her hoodie.

“Too late, I’m calling you Princess from now on, your worship.”

“Ha! You just made a Star Wars joke! I knew you were at least a little cool.”

“Oh I’m cool now? Not just some snobby cheerleader?”

“Staaahp!”

Back in the dorm room, Leah flung the hoodie off her head, tossing it on her desk chair, and revealing a not-too-baggy tee shirt underneath. It had some anime characters on it that CJ didn’t recognize, but she had been right that her roommate was definitely a bit of a short stack, a little thick in the middle but with a set of boobs that more than made up for it.

CJ helped the auburn-haired girl off with her shoes and socks, while Leah tugged around under her shirt to unfasten her bra.

“Jeans.”

“Huh?”

“You’re not going to sleep in your jeans are you?”

“Miss CJ, are you trying to get into my pants? Shouldn’t you at least buy me dinner first?”

“Why is your drunk persona Southern?”

“I do *-hmg-* declare.”

Leah was still struggling with the hooks on her bra.

“Whatever, just help me help you, ya drunk nerd.”

Leah unbuttoned her jeans and propped her generous hips and butt off the bed so CJ could slide them off, just as Leah flung her bra over onto the desk. Through her tee shirt the busty girl massaged her chest, and CJ could see that she was definitely more than a handful.

“Feels so great to have that damn thing off... it’s so tight already.”

“Already?”

But Leah was already drifting down onto her side, eyelids closing.

CJ pulled a blanket over her new friend, and turned to her own side of the room to change. Leah had thrown her bra farther than she probably intended, because it was on CJ’s desk. Picking up the pale blue undergarment, CJ’s curiosity made her check the tag.

34H

“Damn, a 34H is tight on this girl?”

The tall blonde had perky little A-cups, and often went braless, maybe a bralette or sports bra at most to keep from “poking out” when she wasn’t wearing many layers.

She wondered if it was the band that was tight, but didn’t think so.

“Share the love you chubby nerd...”

CJ smiled at her passed out roommate as she changed for bed.

This was going to be an interesting semester.

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 gluttoned dome 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 busy 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.

Chapter III: Wardrobe Malfunctions

It was the first week in October, and the roommates were getting dressed for Saturday “brunch.” CJ could hear an aria of grunts and groans as her voluptuous roommate struggled to close the hooks on her bra.

“You need some help?”

“No... why?”

“Oh I don’t know, you just kinda... sound like a dying seal.”

Leah made an indignant huff, stomping one foot.

“I do not sou—”

Unfortunately the redhead’s stomp sent a wave of quaking and jiggling throughout her body, making her well rounded chest wobble and her overtaxed undergarment creak.

–SNAP–

CJ watched in slow motion as her roommate’s breasts slumped down slightly into her tee shirt and protruded a little further forward.

“Did... did your bra just break?”

“Ugh. Stupid thing. It was kind of old and worn out anyway.”

Leah fished the broken bra out from under her tee shirt.

“Isn’t that the one you got right before school started?”

Leah’s cheeks flushed a faint pink.

“No,” she lied, “it’s one I got last year.”

“Well, do you have another one?”

Leah’s eyes darted around, and she grabbed an extra large hoodie from her wardrobe cabinet.

“None that I like. Let’s just go eat. I’ll go shopping after.”

“Oh sweet, I need to do that too. Start looking for Halloween ideas...”

Leah suppressed a groan. Why had she told her model-thin roommate she was going shopping??

At least some bacon and eggs would make her feel better.

Brunch consisted of an extra large Denver omelette with several pieces of toast for Leah and a bowl of fruit and two eggs over-easy for CJ. Leah was unable to shake her roommate from accompanying her to the outlet mall, so by midday the two girls were walking around the outdoor mall of shops.

“Do you usually do tops first or bottoms?” The blonde asked.

“Huh?”

“You know, tops and bottoms. You gotta have a plan at a place that’s all spread out like this. Do you like to shop for shirts and blouses first or pants and skirts?”

CJ paused for a moment.

“Or maybe underwear first...?” She asked in a teasing voice.

Seeing shades of pink blossom on her curvy roommate’s cheeks she pressed on.

“Maybe some nice lacy stuff for when you ask out Jayden...”

“Jayden?”

“You know, that blonde guy at the Epsilon Omega party..”

“I don’t know who you’re talking about.”

Now it was CJ’s turn to blush, though the auburn haired girl didn’t see it. What did it mean, CJ wondered, that Leah hadn’t noticed the cutest guy at last night’s party?

The shorter girl touched her hip nervously, and then hugged her breasts with her other arm. Torn between two equally stressful options, she finally said,

“I guess we can do tops first. And I guess I need new bras, after that old one broke.”

“Alright, let’s hit up the lingerie outlet first, then we can look at tops.”

Leah was praying that her friend would find something to distract her while she shopped for bigger bras, but the tall glamorous blonde was on her heels like a Golden Retriever.

Once inside, Leah started flipping through the racks, trying to find anything in her size. CJ on the other hand, kept grabbing lace teddies and silk camis, holding them up to her torso and asking Leah her opinion.

The short girl rarely said more than “that’s nice” as she thumbed through the racks, finding precious few that were even G-cup, much less H, and even those were 36s and up, so the band would likely be too loose.

“Leah do you want to maybe... get refitted?”

“What? Why?”

“Well, didn’t you say your bras were too tight?”

Leah blushed again. “When did I say that?”

“Heh, our first night together, when you got drunk at that Kappa party.”

“Oh...”

“It’s nothing to be embarrassed about. You want to make sure you have the right size for like, your back and stuff...”

CJ brushed one hand in a straight line down from her chin to her navel with a sardonic grin.

“That’s what I hear, anyway.”

“I guess so...”

“Come on.” CJ took her friend by the elbow and went to the counter where a bored looking dark haired teenager sat.

“Hi there! My friend needs to be fitted, can you do that?”

“Sure, come with me.”

The young girl barely suppressed an eye roll.

Walking to the next shop, CJ kept repeating “34 I...”

“I can’t *believe* I had to get a maternity bra... **and** the band is too big...”

“34 I...”

“I’m going to have to start custom ordering them online. This is such a pain.”

“Cheer up, short stuff.” CJ said with a grin. “It could be way worse. Imagine being flat like me.”

“Oh shit, I’m sorry CJ, you probably think I’m humble bragging.”

“Don’t worry about it. Like my grandma always says, ‘the grass is always greener.’”

“Yeah...” the shorter girl eyed her roommate, imagining herself fitting comfortably into cute skinny girl clothes, and not having these big weights jostling around her shirt all day.

Thinking about CJ’s body, Leah soon was picturing the thin, perfect blonde with her hair in a pony tail and cap, grunting as she swung her racket to hit the tennis ball. Turning red she shook her head rapidly to banish the image.

“After we look at tops maybe we can check out the food trucks!”

“Ugh, I think there was something weird in that pulled pork.” CJ groaned.

“I don’t think it’s the food so much as how much of it you ate.”

“Hey! I had way less than you did!”

“Yeah well... you’re skinnier than I am.”

“Wait... are you calling yourself fat?”

“No, I’m just saying...”

“Is somebody *else* calling you fat? You just point ‘em out to me, I’ll throw down.”

CJ had affected a bad Italian-American accent, and Leah was giggling.

“Nobody messes with my roomie. Not even her.”

CJ met Leah’s eyes.

“Because you’re beautiful. And you’re not fat or chubby or any of that. You’ve just got real curves. And there’s nothing wrong with that. Would you rather be a beanpole like me?”

The taller girl’s expression became pensive.

“H-hey...” Leah stammered “you’re not...”

CJ grinned again, though it didn’t quite reach her eyes.

“Yes I am. But it all works out, you know? If we go to a party, we’ll never have to fight over the same guys. You can have the guys who like big tits, and I’ll take the ones who don’t!”

As she tried to process CJ’s joke, Leah felt her stomach rumbling despite the fact that she’d eaten a very generous portion of BBQ pulled pork and tater tots less than two hours ago. She briefly considered hitting up their normal meal spot for dinner, but they’d had a late lunch. Leah knew CJ wasn’t going to be hungry yet, and she’d probably think Leah was some kind of pig if she said she wanted dinner already.

Leah thought up a quick excuse. Sitting up on her bed she slipped her shoes back on.

“I’m headed out.”

“Oh? You got something going on?”

“Yeah it’s a study session... History.”

“*-yawn-* Well you have fun with that.”

“Yeah... thanks.”

The dorm two buildings over was where most of the international students lived. Seated in the relatively small dining room, Leah scooped a big mouthful of curry rice into her mouth, smiling and wiggling in her seat as she chewed

contentedly.

“What about this one?”

CJ asked, pointing to a bunny-girl costume.

“For you, maybe.”

“Yeah right, I’ll spend the whole party getting asked where my boobs went.”

Leah however was imagining her roommate’s long legs in the dark tights that the model on the costume package was wearing.

“Well how about this then?”

“You’re not serious?”

“What’s wrong with it?”

“A nun?” CJ picked up the costume package to look more closely.

“It’s not even a sexy nun. Don’t they have some of those nuns from those Chinese cartoons you watch?”

“It’s called ‘anime’ and they’re Japanese.”

CJ was already on to another costume.

“Here you go!”

“Veto.”

“Why?”

“I’m not wearing a slutty maid outfit, CJ.”

CJ was already imagining her shorty roommate's ass in that short skirt, and her breasts overflowing the wide neckline at the top.

"Here's one for you."

Leah pointed to a witch costume.

"Har har. Ooh wait..."

CJ picked up the knockoff Harry Potter "witch" costume next to the traditional black one Leah had pointed at.

"I think I can make this one sexy."

Leah rolled her eyes and grabbed a package with cat ears and a tail. CJ wanted to protest but suddenly she was picturing her curvy roommate as a cat. Curling up in her lap... rubbing against her leg... rolling on her back to present her soft tummy and full breasts for rubs...

Shaking herself, CJ shrugged at her roommate's choice and they made for the checkout.

On Wednesday Leah found herself at a dining hall up campus that was set up like a faux-Italian bistro. Swirling a big lump of spaghetti onto her fork, Leah replayed the memory of trying on several of her favorite 'cute' shirts to go with her cat-girl Halloween costume.

They were too small.

Literally all of them were too small on her now.

Seams stretched, buttons strained... One cute black babydoll top wouldn't even button in the back behind her big fat boobs.

As she stuffed the wad of pasta into her mouth and chewed, Leah chided herself. This was definitely not helping.

But it was good, really good.

And it was free.

And whenever she was freaking out about tests, or big assignments due, or how much she'd grown since the semester started, the instant gratification of delicious food always calmed her down. It made her feel safe, and content.

The woman in her mid 30s who was working the counter watched the pneumatic redhead inhale her spaghetti like she thought it might run away. The girl had also polished off a whole basket of rolls. And it was three-thirty in the afternoon. She wondered if this was 'lunch' or 'dinner' for the hungry girl.

Finding only an empty plate under her fork, Leah licked her lips contemplatively.

"Could I have some more?"

The spaghetti was neither lunch nor dinner for the growing Leah. Lunch had been chili cheeseburgers with waffle fries, and dinner would be fried chicken with a side of pizza.

"Ta-da! 'Expecto Sexo!'"

CJ had shortened the skirt on her costume by a lot, it barely covered her panties. She had tall white socks almost to her knees and black Mary Janes. The top robe was just a cape that only reached the small of her back, and her white shirt was tied up to show her whole flat stomach. A wide maroon and gold necktie completed the ensemble.

"First of all, that's the worst joke spell I've ever heard. If anything it should be 'expecto socium' or something, 'sexo' isn't a real word."

“Nerd.”

“That said, you look great.”

“Really?”

CJ grinned and twisted her hips shyly. It was a startling image.

“Alright what about you? Aren’t you gonna change?”

Leah grinned and picked up the headband from her desk, popping it on her head to create a set of cat ears that didn’t quite match her auburn hair, they were too brown. Turning around, Leah wiggled her bottom at her roommate, showing off the frizzy brown tail that hung there.

Apart from the ears and tail, Leah was dressed normally. She had on jeans that hugged her perfectly plump bubble butt, and a fuzzy brown sweater that almost matched the ears and tail. Leah had hoped it would disguise her shape, but it was snug enough that CJ could see where her waist tapered in, and it made her generous breasts seem even larger than normal.

“I’ll admit I was skeptical, but that’s sexy as hell.”

“What!? It’s not sexy, it’s supposed to be cute!”

Leah put her hands on her hips angrily, and the motion caused her well rounded sweater puppies to wobble enticingly.

“Sorry, sorry... Fine, you look cute? You happy now?”

CJ reached out and patted Leah’s head placatingly.

Leah swatted her hand away.

“Come on, let’s just head to the party. I bet they have decent snacks...”

Chapter IV: Study-Snacking

The days of November passed for Leah in a blur of studying and eating, eating and studying. Once in a while a few of her classmates wanted to have group study sessions. Leah found she couldn't snack in these study groups without feeling self-conscious, but she also had trouble studying on an empty stomach.

Which is not to say that Leah's stomach was ever truly empty. The short-stack redhead found it much easier to focus on reading notes and reworking equations with a little something to munch on. Fortunately, the campus was laid out in a way that made snacking while studying very easy. Maybe even a little *too* easy.

In an Asian Fusion dining hall below the Student Union, Leah typed away at a paper on "Gilded Age" American History. She dipped gyoza in a cup of spicy mayo, empty plates stacked around her laptop.

In the coffee shop across from the Pre-Med building, Leah worked algebra equations over and over, while sipping on a drink that was more milkshake than coffee. A steady stream of cake pops and sous vide egg bites passed her lips, delivered by a fascinated young barista.

The woman who often worked at her favorite faux-Italian bistro was starting to recognize Leah. So instead she started getting her mid-afternoon snacks at a little vegan place that had surprisingly good fried tofu.

By the time Leah, CJ, and the rest of the students were finishing their last midterms, papers, and presentations before Thanksgiving break, Leah's new 34-I bras were getting tight. The cups cut into her front, the band squeezed her back, and the straps pinched her shoulders until she was back to sleeping naked at night.

The anxiety of classes only added to Leah's stress over her climbing weight and her swelling breasts. Focussed on academics, Leah was visiting so many different student food spots that she'd lost track of her daily meal count. Her "official" meals – at least three and often four or five – were supplemented with

hour upon hour of studying and snacking. Some days Leah felt like she was eating constantly, from breakfast with CJ, to the now habitual insomnia gorge sessions after her roommate was asleep.

“Do you know what you’re doing yet for Thanksgiving?”

They were sharing breakfast in the dorm cafeteria as always. Leah stared at nothing as she cut a large bite of syrup from her second mounded plate, sliding the sugar-dusted bread through a pond of maple syrup before popping it in her mouth and chewing with a contented smile.

“Hmm?”

“Girl, you’re miles away. What are you thinking about so hard?”

Leah blushed faintly through her mouthful of sugary carbs, realizing CJ was right.

“Nothing...”

“Nothing?”

Leah sat up straight and opened her mouth as if to confess a secret, but instead rolled her shoulders forward as she curled back in on herself.

“I’m fine. Sorry. What were you asking me?” Leah scooped up another hearty bite and popped it between her teeth.

CJ scowled in disappointment at her roommate’s evasion, but decided not to press.

“I asked what you’re doing for Thanksgiving. Are you gonna fly back to Michigan?”

“Nah, I’m already flying back for Christmas so I’m staying here over Thanksgiving. What about you?”

“Same.”

CJ took a bite of waffle, expression thoughtful as she chewed. Leaning forward excitedly, she adopted a conspiratorial tone.

“Hey, you know what we should do?”

Mouth full again, Leah could only murmur, “hmm?”

“We should hit up a bunch of the Thanksgiving dinners around campus!”

“–*gulp*– What?”

Leah looked genuinely baffled, and a little nervous. Her eyes darted around the room as if the two of them might be overheard.

“Okay, so,” CJ began, “all the locals go home for Thanksgiving, right?”

“I guess so.”

“But there are loads of students like us who live far away and stay on campus for the whole weekend...”

“Right.”

“And I’ve heard that some of the student clubs, local churches, and even some of the meal halls, all do some kind of Thanksgiving dinner for students and whoever else.”

“Whomever.”

“Whatever, nerd.”

Leah finally cracked a grin.

“I mean yeah, I guess that makes sense.”

Leah's brow furrowed thoughtfully. She still wasn't sure where her sporty friend was going with this.

"So... not all of them are on Thursday night..." CJ spread her hands palm-up as if presenting a devious scheme. "We could make up a schedule and try to hit a bunch of them, as many as we can, all weekend!"

Leah unconsciously plucked the left strap of her bra through her crew neck sweatshirt, making the massive globe on that side of her torso shuffle and bounce briefly as she moved the strap to a more comfortable position.

"W-why would we do that?" She asked, feigning innocence.

CJ fixed her roommate with an annoyed stare.

"For all the free food of course! I know you have the Unlimited Plan, but I for one would like to have a good old fashioned Thanksgiving pig-out just like back home... Aaaand, if we can get more than one great meal, well... variety is the spice of life, right?"

CJ's grin was wide and almost predatory.

Leah stared down at her plate, the two mounds of her breasts dominating the bottom of her field of vision.

"I guess..."

Leah tried to think about the damage a weekend of Thanksgivings would do to her wardrobe, but her stomach was rumbling again, despite being more than full with breakfast already. She had at least three full slices worth of French Toast left, and she was already looking forward to getting fruit toppings for her third plate.

"Remember Zeta Omega Epsilon, the sorority we went to for Halloween? I hear their Thanksgiving dinner is legendary..."

Leah perked up at the memory of the ZOE's decadent desert spread from the costume party. There'd been cupcakes, bowls of homemade candy, and an actual chocolate fountain. Still awkward in social situations, Leah had spent the whole party hovering around the snack tables and stuffing her face. Sure, she'd probably gained about five pounds a full cup size that night, but it had been totally worth it. She straightened back up in her chair and grinned at her blonde bestie.

"You son of a bitch, I'm in."

Leah's change in posture put a fresh strain on the straps of her overworked bra, and a soft *pop* sounded from somewhere inside her snug sweatshirt. Feeling the change, Leah quickly hunched back down again, her face going a light shade of crimson.

"Was that..."

"Nothing! It was nothing."

Leah decided to skip her 'breakfast dessert.' She chugged the last few gulps of her chocolate milk, grabbed her tray and stood.

"I've got some stuff to do today, I'll catch up with you later!"

CJ watched, mesmerized as her boob-queen roommate bounced and bobbed her way toward the tray drop station and out of the cafeteria.

Several hours later, CJ was watching YouTube videos when her busty roommate slowly opened the door to their room. Leah was halfway through the door, looking around to see if the room was empty, when her eyes met CJ's. She straightened up and stepped the rest of the way into the room, there was no point in trying to be sneaky now.

CJ immediately spotted the pink bag in her roommate's hand, and pointed at the offending parcel.

“A ha! You went shopping without me you little rat! *J'accuse!*”

Leah's apple-cheeked face turned bright red, and she stared down at the floor. CJ jumped up from her desk chair and crossed the room giddily, trying to peek into her friend's bag.

“So, what'd you get? What'd you get!?”

Leah clutched the bag to her chest defensively.

“It's just more underwear, okay?”

“A new bra? Is it cute? Lemme see!”

CJ was practically vibrating with eagerness.

“Ugh, no! Why?”

Hot tears were forming in the lower lids of the auburn-haired girl's eyes. She crossed her arms across her chest and scowled at her friend. CJ stepped back, a sincere tone replacing her playfulness.

“Hey... what's the matter?”

Leah's emotions boiled over, and words began pouring out of her.

“I outgrew my bra again! Is that what you want me to say? God, this is so freakin embarrassing... I thought I'd be able to control myself and eat better once I got to college, but there's free food everywhere, and now I'm fatter than I've ever been!”

Leah stood with her arms down at her sides, breathing hard and failing to stop a few tears from slipping down her cheeks.

“Hey, hey...” CJ closed the distance between them in a single step, and wrapped her arms around the short girl. One hand stroked Leah's back and she made shushing sounds as if soothing an upset child or frightened pet.

When CJ spoke it was in a whisper. “Listen. You are beautiful, do you hear me?”

She continued stroking Leah’s back.

“We talked about this before, remember?”

Leah could only squeak in the affirmative, struggling to hold back more tears.

CJ stepped back and put her hands on Leah’s shoulders.

“Come here, I want to show you something.”

CJ steered her friend into the bathroom, where a full-length mirror hung on the door. Leah stared at her shoes.

“Look.”

Leah’s eyes slowly drifted upward. She took in her wide hips. Saw the barest hint of tummy pressed against her sweatshirt. She saw breasts that were way too big for her height, filling out her broken bra and stretching her sweatshirt tight. She saw wavy, difficult to manage auburn hair. And she saw red-rimmed eyes, and cheeks starting to turn blotchy from her emotional outburst.

CJ let Leah look herself over, then spoke again.

“What do you see?”

“I see a stumpy, fat, ugly—“

CJ clamped a hand over Leah’s mouth.

“How ‘bout I tell you what I see?”

Removing her hand from Leah’s mouth, CJ clasped her shoulders again, and leaned forward to rest her chin just beside Leah’s face.

“I see a cute, curvy goddess.”

Leah scowled in disbelief at CJ's reflection.

"I'm being completely serious right now. You're gorgeous, Leah."

Leah's expression faltered, and her eyes became questioning.

"But... but I'm..."

"You're what? Short? Plenty of guys like short girls, babe."

Barely audible she muttered "...plenty of girls too."

"What?"

CJ took a half step back and squatted down, putting her hands on each side of Leah's hips.

"And this? This is a phenomenal ass, girl."

Leah's cheeks slowly grew warm and faintly pink.

"You wanna compare with my bony butt to prove it??"

Leah cracked a smile. Then CJ gave her right cheek a slap for good measure, and her mouth fell open in shock.

CJ slowly stood, running both hands along Leah's thighs, then hips, then waist, until she lifted them off her friend's body to hover just below her generous jugs.

"And as for these... these beautiful beauties you're so embarrassed of?"

Leah wasn't expecting CJ's gentle touch. Nobody had touched her like that since senior prom, and that night had been an unmitigated disaster. Her breath caught in her throat as she met CJ's eyes in the mirror.

"Y-yeah?"

“These are perfect. They’re amazing. If I had tits half this size I’d be running this place.”

Leah scowled again.

“Yeah, sure, *half* this size. They’re way too big, and gross.”

“No Leah.” CJ’s eyes bored into Leah’s. “They’re perfect. I thought so when we first met, and they’ve somehow gotten more perfect since then.”

CJ seemed about to touch those perfect breasts, but she suddenly stepped back instead. She took a few deep, calming breaths while Leah slowly turned to face her directly.

“Do... do you really mean all that?”

Leah was smiling faintly now, one arm under her breasts.

“A thousand percent, babe.”

Leah thought she saw something ‘more’ in CJ’s eyes, but a moment later her friend’s expression was lighthearted again.

“So I don’t want to hear anymore of you being down on yourself, alright?”

Leah nodded with a small smile.

“I can’t hear you!”

“Alright.” Leah said with a grin.

“Now tell me you’re beautiful.”

“I... I’m beautiful.”

“Good.” CJ put her hands on her hips and nodded with satisfaction.

“Alright, beautiful girl. You ready to go get dinner? I’m starving to death.”

Leah thought about the double cheeseburger she’d had less than two hours ago, but it was quickly forgotten in the elation of her friend’s encouraging words.

“You bet!”

Chapter V: Hungry for the Holidays

Leah bounced giddily down the half-flight of stairs and down the hallway to her dorm room. Her last class of the day was over, and she was a free woman for the next four and a half days. Even the excessive jostling of her overgrown breasts in her 34-J bra weren't enough to get her spirits down on this joyous afternoon.

Her auburn hair flew as the short stack flung the door open with uncharacteristic energy, where she found CJ lounging on the sofa watching Netflix.

"You're back, yay!"

"Yay!" Leah agreed, flinging her bag into the corner by her desk. She planned on not touching it until Monday morning. Or maybe Sunday night.

CJ was scooted forward to the edge of the couch and digging in a store bag Leah hadn't noticed.

"Hey, guess what?"

"Um... what?" Leah's high spirits were suddenly dampened ever so slightly.

"I got you something!"

"What? Why? What is it?" Leah sounded shocked and confused in equal measure.

CJ's shoulders dropped slightly, and her tone became a little less bright.

"Well, I saw it in the store, and I got two, that way we can match! I mean... unless you think that's lame... You think it's lame, don't you? Ugh this was a dumb idea..." CJ sat slumped over, hands still buried deep in the bag. Her cheeks turned pink.

"You weirdo. Can I at least see whatever it is you're talking about before you go all 'Leah' on me?"

That perked CJ back up. “Ha! That’s a good one.” She produced a tissue paper wrapped bundle from the bag.

“Okay, here. If you don’t like it I can return it, so...”

Leah snatched the bundle from CJ’s hands and unwrapped the paper, revealing a knit material in bright reds and oranges.

“It’s a... a sweater?”

“Yeah, a Thanksgiving sweater! For our big Campus Thanksgiving Crawl!” CJ beamed up at her roommate, then retreated again. “Do you... like it?”

“It’s very pretty CJ. Though I don’t normally wear red or orange...” Leah reached up and twirled one of her shoulder length auburn locks.

“Oh, whoops... well, maybe we can see if–“

“Lemme try it on though!” Leah skipped halfway to the bathroom before CJ could finish her sentence.

CJ squirmed on the couch for a few minutes while Leah was in the bathroom. “Why didn’t you just try it on out here?”

“For the big reveal, obviously!” Leah’s voice came through the door.

Moments later the bathroom door swung open to reveal Leah, still in her hip-hugging jeans, but having replaced her green anime hoodie with the large festive sweater. It was fuzzy knit with a scoop neck that showed off her clavicle and the top of the cami top she wore underneath. It fell all the way to her hips, covering her round bum, but the thick material emphasized her round breasts with its extra fluff.

“It’s kinda big...” Leah said shyly, rotating her shoulders. Even through the thick sweater CJ could see her friend’s breasts bobbling from the motion.

“Oh my god it’s even cuter than I imagined!” CJ was up on her feet now, taking in Leah’s look from all angles. “And they’re big on purpose.” She dashed back to the bag. “Let me show you mine...”

CJ was only wearing a tee shirt, so she pulled a matching sweater from the bag and slipped it over her head, pulling her blonde ponytail out of the collar. The red and orange garment hung on CJ like a coat tree, and covered her butt and pelvis as well. She spread her arms wide and twirled. “See?”

“Mmhmm...”

“They’re nice and loose, so you don’t have to feel self-conscious when we’re stuffing ourselves with Thanksgiving stuffing!” CJ grinned wickedly at her own ‘joke.’

Leah rolled her eyes.

“So...” CJ looked down at her feet, “do you like them?”

Leah took a few short steps to her tall blonde roommate and wrapped her in a big warm fuzzy hug.

“I love them CJ, this weekend’s gonna be the best.”

CJ’s heart fluttered as she felt Leah’s warm body and full breasts press into her. Then Leah released her, stepping back, and CJ felt just a little empty.

She recovered quickly, however. “Alright. We’ve got about an hour before the cafeteria starts their Thanksgiving dinner. You want to watch some Bake Off to prepare?”

“Hell yea I do!”

The main residence dining hall's day-early Thanksgiving feast played all the hits. White meat turkey with no hints of bones, mashed potatoes smooth as paste, and perfectly uniform rolls. Gravy, cranberry sauce, corn, and green beans that almost certainly all came out of very large cans.

Despite the blatant "food service" quality of the dorm feast, CJ and Leah tucked in as if they were back home in their respective grandma's houses. For once, the tall blonde attempted to match her curvy friend plate for plate, though CJ's plates weren't *quite* as full as Leah's. By the time CJ was scooping up the last bite of potatoes from her third helping, Leah was leaned back in her chair, arms hanging limp by her sides.

"You're not tapping out already, are you?"

"Soo fulllll..."

"Well I'm going up for another plate. Want me to get you one?"

Leah contemplated for half a second, then nodded. CJ brought back two plates. One with a single thick slice of meat, and half scoops of all four sides. The other was mounded higher than Leah's first plate, CJ's forearm muscles straining to carry it on her fingertips.

"CJ, I can't eat all that!" Leah protested weakly, straightening back up in her chair so that her fuzzy sweater puppies cast a shadow over the small mountain of cafeteria Thanksgiving food.

"Sure you can." CJ said with a smile, scooping some potatoes into her mouth. "We didn't get these big loose sweaters so we could go easy on our Thanksgiving crawl!"

"Well I still have pants on, and they're killing me."

"Just unbutton them then. The sweater will cover it anyway."

Leah stared in wide-eyed horror at her friend.

“Here, I’ll go first. Mine are getting tight too...”

CJ reached below the table and under her long sweater. Her hands fiddled near her waist for awhile and then she let out a long exhale in relief.

“*Hooo*, that’s better.”

Leah followed CJ’s example and undid the button on her jeans. Her stuffed tum expanded a little and she found her second wind. Leah dug into her fourth plate with gusto.

“Tomorrow...” CJ said through a mouthful of bland dinner roll, “we need to remember elastic. Maybe some stretchy leggings.”

Leah nodded enthusiastically.

That night CJ passed out even earlier than usual. Leah wasn’t sure which was louder between CJ’s snoring and the grumbling of her own stomach. Glancing at her phone she saw it was almost 11:30. Rubbing her middle, Leah wondered if that little Thai cafe was open tonight. Something spicy would be a nice counterpart to all that hearty (if a little bland) Thanksgiving food.

The campus kitchens were off all weekend, so Thursday morning’s breakfast was coffee and bagels. Leah ate two entire everything bagels with a thick layer of cream cheese. She considered that more than enough breakfast, but CJ coaxed her into having a third, saying they needed to keep their bellies prepared for ‘the crawl.’

Lunch likewise was cold sandwiches. CJ had two, and Leah went up for a third without prompting.

At around 4pm they crossed campus to the Kappa Gamma House for ‘Gammagiving.’ Remembering their struggle of the previous evening, the roommates wore black leggings under their long sweaters. The Kappa Gamma dinner was a little more eclectic. Dozens of slow cookers full of bone-in chicken wings, with crinkle-cut fries, pasta and potato salads. It came as no surprise that a frat house went for a ‘dude food’ Thanksgiving.

The girls lost count, but eventually Leah started to feel like she’d eaten at least a whole chicken’s weight in wings. To say nothing of sides.

“Don’t forget we’ve got another dinner tonight...” CJ warned, watching Leah scoop more wings onto her plate. Leah dropped a few from the spoon so it contained four instead of six. Of that flavor.

Later in the night was ‘Greeks-giving’ at the Omega Delta house. The Delta girls seemed seemed to have some semblance of culinary skill, though CJ spotted a couple telltale Cracker Barrel containers. Nevertheless, the girls dug in with gusto.

“Ready for some more?” The blonde asked as she struggled to her feet.

“Hnnng *-urp-*”

“I’ll take that as a yes.”

The pair staggered back to their dorm, CJ leaned forward with Leah’s arm over her shoulder for support. The taller girl tried to ignore the rhythmic mashing of Leah’s substantial left breast against her bloated stomach.

“Forget *-hic-* thanksgiving crawl. A couple more nights like that and you’ll be rolling me back to the room.”

“Ah ha ha! Cute *and* funny? You’re the whole package, girl.”

Leah chuckled, breast wobbling warmly against CJ, then she groaned again. “Don’t make me *-hic-* laugh...”

For the first time in a long time, Leah passed out without feeling the call of her midnight snack. However, she woke up at about 4am to the feeling of her stretched-out stomach roaring with hunger. Knowing even the cold breakfast options wouldn’t be open at this hour, she dug into her top dresser drawer for her emergency Oreos. Ripping the brand new package open and shoving a whole cookie in her mouth, Leah moaned in pleasure before catching herself. She paused to listen for signs of life from the other bed, and hearing nothing but her own grumbling stomach, she popped another cookie between her lips. Leah scrolled on her phone until her hand found an empty package. She still felt a little peckish, but nothing remained but crumbs, so she tossed the empty bag in the trash and went back to sleep.

Saturday continued the same pattern. The community center provided a student meal at noon, the ZOE’s dinner was at 7, and they found a pizza party a few floors up in their dorm.

Sunday was the quietest— there was a taco bar for lunch, and the dining halls were back to mostly normal operation by Sunday night.

CJ sat in the dorm cafeteria scrolling her phone while she waited for Leah to finish her meatloaf. The cafeteria pancakes were pretty disappointing to CJ after their weekend of feasting, but Leah was on her fourth plate.

CJ supposed her curvy friend had *really* stretched out her stomach capacity over the past four days. She played back the events of Saturday night in her head— the cute chubby ZOE’s refilling everyone’s plates with their genuine homemade food. All the Thanksgiving staples down to fresh cranberry sauce, spicy sausage stuffing, and a parade of delicious pies all made from scratch.

The sorority chefs-in-training seemed particularly enamored with Leah and her endless appetite, filling her plate again and again until the rounded shape of the redhead's bloated stomach was visible even through her baggy sweater.

Leah scraped her plate clean and stood.

"I'm gonna get some cheesecake, you want some?"

CJ put a hand to her flat but slightly domed middle. "Just a little piece."

Leah came back with a normal piece for CJ, and three pieces for herself. CJ's eyes widened for a second but she made no comment as the curvy girl cut into the first cherry sauce-covered slice.

CJ wondered if Leah's family would recognize her at Christmas. Eyeing the way her form filled out the fuzzy sweater, the plump curves of her cleavage just barely visible in the deep neckline, she also wondered if Leah would be up to a K-cup by the time she came back from break. The thought gave CJ a warm feeling in her middle, just below her stomach.

Chapter VI: Revelations

CJ sat on the cheap dorm couch watching a random nature documentary. In truth she only half watched as she scrolled on her phone. Eventually she heard the sound she'd been waiting for as a key worked into the lock and the door swung slowly inward. CJ jumped up from the couch and dashed across the room to wrap her friend in a big hug.

"Oh! I'm so glad we're back! I missed you!"

Leah dropped the handle of her roller bag and returned CJ's hug.

"Aww... I missed you too."

The hug lasted just a beat longer than a 'friendly' hug should, then the taller blonde released the curvy girl and stepped back, holding Leah by her soft shoulders. She examined her friend up and down.

Leah wore stretchy leggings and a maroon hoodie. Even through the baggy garment CJ could tell that Leah had gained a pound or two over the holidays. She guessed that her friend was still wearing a J-cup bra, because her muffining 'quad boob' was visible even through the sweatshirt.

"It looks like *someone* had a fun Christmas..." CJ smirked, poking one of Leah's breasts playfully.

"Hey!" The auburn haired girl pulled back, hugging her bosom in both arms and making the shape of her breasts even more pronounced in her oversized top.

"You're right though," Leah sighed, "nobody gave me a hard time about my weight at all. I'm pretty sure my aunts and grandma tried to feed me even *more* than usual. Big dinners, endless cookies, the whole deal."

CJ laughed. "Well we can hit up the outlets tomorrow after class. How was your flight?"

“Pretty normal. The random dude in the seat next to me kept trying to talk to me until I put my earbuds in and he finally left me alone. He goes to a school in the south somewhere, probably some sports jock...”

“Hey!” CJ said, “*I’m* some sports jock!”

“Yeah, but you’re cu-er- cool. This guy was a complete tool. Even worse than the random sons of my mom’s friends or whatever they kept trying to interest me in.” Leah rolled her eyes as she hefted her bag onto the bed and slumped onto the couch.

CJ’s heart skipped a beat and she felt warmth in her chest from what she didn’t dare hope was a Freudian slip by her adorable friend. She returned to her place on the couch, close but not touching the busty redhead.

“Well you’re back now. And if any tools or dumb jocks try to come after you I’ll kick their asses.”

CJ shadowboxed and scrunched up her face in a mean scowl, eliciting a fit of giggles from her roommate.

“You weirdo... What are we watching?”

“Some documentary about moose or something. Want to finish this episode and then get some dinner?”

Leah stomach rumbled her enthusiasm. “Sounds like a plan. One last good meal then I’m starting my diet tomorrow.”

The blonde looked over at the short stack, surprise written plain on her face. Leah erupted in giggles again.

“Ah ha ha ha! You should see your face!” Leah leaned to one side showing CJ with her shoulder. “Alright, tell me what’s going on with these mooses.”

Leah and CJ settled back into their routines as the new semester progressed. Classes and club meetings throughout the week, parties on the weekends, and several nights a week vegging out on cheesy movies and old sitcoms.

With her newfound confidence, Leah felt almost no need to suppress or restrain her appetite. On one particular Tuesday she packed away seven waffles for breakfast – in contrast to her athletic roommate’s three. Between morning classes she hit up a pizza cafe – the staff at the Indian dining room she’d gone to yesterday gave her dirty looks when she asked for a third helping of curry and rice. Lunch was a burger bar, and since CJ was at practice there was no one to stop Leah from having four double cheeseburgers... and loaded fries. Her afternoon homework wasn’t a lab so she slipped into a corner booth with a truly massive coffee that was practically white with sugar and cream. The barista who worked Tuesdays was a shy freshman who never hesitated when Leah asked for more chocolate scones.

Of course all those extra calories had to go somewhere. Leah did indeed need a size up to 34K when they went shopping after the holidays. Thanks to CJ’s boundless encouragement and enthusiasm, Leah didn’t mind the upgrade at all. Though she did notice the band getting a little snug...

One day in early March, Leah walked back to her room to drop her bag and pick up CJ for lunch. The blonde was reading something on her phone.

“Hey, guess what?”

“What?”

“A bunch of girls are going down to the coast for spring break, and they got a block of rooms in a hotel right on the beach. What do you say?”

Leah’s face fell as she recalled times she’d been teased for her chunky body at lakes and pools as a teen.

“I don’t know...”

CJ skipped up close to the shorter girl, touching her chin so their eyes met.

“Hey hey... don’t go ‘all Leah’ on me again.”

Leah scowled but couldn’t help grinning. “You don’t get to say that, that’s *my* bit.”

“–*Pfft*– whatever. Do I have to give you another pep talk? Because I fuckin’ will. I’ll help you pick out a perfect swimsuit, and I can promise nobody will give a shit about your little cuddle fluff once we get these bad boys on display.”

CJ emphasized her words by grabbing Leah’s honeydew size breasts and hefting them upward. Leah’s cheeks turned pink but she didn’t pull away. CJ got quiet, focusing on the sensation of her friend’s breasts in her hands. She was stunned by the weight, the elasticity of Leah’s plump pulchritude as the flesh pressed back against her fingers.

Leah let out a faint whimper. “–*Hmm*– if I agree to go... will you let go of me?”

CJ pulled her hands away as if burned, her cheeks were pink now too. “S– sorry.”

She recovered quickly, wrapping the shorter girl in a hug. “But yay! Spring break, woo hoo!!”

Leah laughed. “Come on weirdo, let’s go get some lunch, I’m starving.”

CJ’s fingers felt the slight layer of chub along Leah’s torso and doubted very much the cute little redhead was even close to starving, but released her friend and nodded agreement.

“Let’s do it. We can go shopping for swimsuits this weekend.”

Leah ended up needing to buy two bikini sets to get the right fit. Despite going up two pants sizes since the start of the school year, she was still considerably too top-heavy for off-the-rack sizes. Nonetheless they found a nice lime green

bikini joined with a ring in front, and the long sarong bottom made Leah less self-conscious wearing the ensemble.

They carpoled to the hotel with a couple girls from Zeta Omega Epsilon. As they scanned their keycard and turned on the lights in the room, they were surprised to see the room did not have two full size beds, but a single king.

“Um...” CJ began nervously.

“It’s fine. We’re both girls after all!” Leah said cheerily, dropping her bag on the side table.

CJ’s heart was racing, but she followed Leah’s example and checked out the rest of the room.

“It’s pretty nice for the rate. You can have the bathroom, I’ll change out here. We’re meeting some of the girls downstairs to check out the beach then hitting up the boardwalk for some street food.” CJ started pulling things out of her bag while Leah took her own into the bathroom.

Leah emerged from the bathroom slowly, steeling herself for CJ’s reaction. Looking up she saw the tall blonde frozen and staring, but found herself in a similar state.

CJ’s blonde hair was pulled back into a cute ponytail, and she wore a bright blue bikini with big white flowers printed on it. CJ’s body was everything Leah’s wasn’t— firm abs, toned limbs, and tiny breasts that would just barely fill a palm. Leah always considered herself straight, but she’d often found herself appreciating feminine beauty a little more than most of her friends, and seeing so much of CJ’s lean, athletic body on display was making her rethink things.

For her part, CJ was not confused at all about her feelings toward her short stack friend. Leah’s wavy auburn locks framed her cherubic face and rested on her bare shoulders. Her soft tummy pooched out a little over the sarong wrap, and the opening up one side gave CJ a clear view of one smooth, pale, perfectly thick leg. The bikini top provided less support than a bra, but Leah’s massive breasts still jutted from her torso full and round. CJ remembered doing the

math when they'd gone shopping and wondered how soon it would be until Leah's bust measurement hit a full four feet around. The thought made her heart race. The only thing CJ was unsure about was whether this 5-2 goddess was also into *her*.

CJ broke the spell first. "R-ready?"

"Ah, yeah. Let me just..." Leah shrugged into a thin see-through coverup robe that reached just to her hips, in the same green as the swimsuit. "Alright, let's do this!"

It turned out 'Spring Break Leah' was even more popular with the ZOE's than 'Thanksgiving Leah.' The small mob of college girls scoped out the beach, then spent the evening going from place to place along the beachside street.

"Alright girls, I got more nachos!"

CJ wondered if any of the ZOE's had eaten more than three chips from the first plate.

"You want another mudslide Leah?"

CJ thought she could *hear* Leah's bikini top stretching as the busty redhead gulped the sugary drink.

"Oooh sushi! Come on!"

CJ put away three entire rolls by herself, which was nothing compared to her short stack friend. The blonde lost count when a plump brunette ZOE slid a third dragon roll among the four partial plates already surrounding Leah.

The roommates didn't have to spend a dime or lift a finger. Most of the sorority sisters were from well-off families and clearly possessed strong nurturing instincts. By the time the pair staggered back to their room, Leah's smooth tummy was round and hard from a steady stream of food and alcohol she'd poured into it. The auburn-haired girl slumped onto the bed face-up, groaning in pleasure and pain.

“Didn’t I tell you this trip was gonna be awesome?” CJ lay on her side, head propped up on one arm, admiring the three mounded curves of her friend’s body. She held out a hand tentatively over Leah’s bloated stomach. The curvy girl eyed CJ’s hand and nodded.

CJ laid her palm on Leah’s belly and started rubbing softly, eliciting cute moans from the short girl.

“–*Oohhh*– I don’t know if I’ll survive a whole week of this…”

“Bullshit. You know you love it. Those girls are something else, huh?”

Leah only murmured and groaned in response. CJ realized suddenly that her friend’s noises were turning her on. She flushed and rolled off the bed. Grabbing a few things from her bag she dashed to the bathroom.

“I’m gonna get a shower before bed.” CJ declared as she pulled the door shut behind her.

Leah was already changed and asleep on one side of the bed when CJ re-emerged, so the blonde slid into bed beside her friend–crush. They were laying back to back, with plenty of space between them, but sleep was still a long time coming for the taller girl.

It was still dark when Leah woke with her usual midnight munchies. Her eyelids fluttered open and she felt something warm all along her back. Glancing down, Leah saw a tanned arm draped over her side, and one hand resting on her left breast. She could feel CJ’s soft breath on the back of her neck, and it sent warm tingles down her spine.

Leah slowly rolled onto her back, making her friend stiffen and come awake. Their eyes met for a moment and CJ’s widened when she saw how she was laying.

“Sorry…”

The tall blonde shifted away from Leah back to her side of the bed.

“Wait...” Leah whispered, shifting herself hips first then the rest of her body to press against CJ, wrapping her soft form around the blonde’s lean one.

Green eyes stared into blue ones for several moments. CJ’s heart raced as she felt Leah’s thick thighs pressed into her lean ones, Leah’s soft arms holding her... Leah’s huge breasts mashed into her chest.

CJ craned her neck upward to press her lips to Leah’s.

They kissed for several minutes, then came up for air.

“You’ve been wanting to do that for a while, haven’t you?” Leah asked smugly.

“You have no idea, babe...”

Chapter VII: Acceptance

After the spring break trip, Leah and CJ started spending even more time together. Gone was the gap between them on the couch during movie nights, and once in awhile one would crawl into the other's bed so they could cuddle. Leah's appetite was as powerful as ever, and in the giddy elation of a new relationship, she more willing than ever to take advantage of her meal plan.

Eyelids just starting to close over her green eyes, Leah felt a twinge in her tummy that meant her stomach was expecting its usual midnight 'snack.' Sliding forward from under CJ's arm, she moved toward the edge of the bed to climb out.

"-Mmm- why?" The blonde muttered, barely conscious.

"Bathroom" Leah lied.

Leah padded down the dorm hall wearing slippers and a two-piece pajama set. The pants hugged her ass snugly and the button up top was straining against the curves of her L-cup breasts. As the little bell tinkled above Leah's head, the middle-aged woman who worked the night shift at the coffee shop called out, "Miss Leah! Welcome back!"

'I need to stop coming here so often...'

But the pastries were just too good. Before Leah reached the counter, the barista was plating three donuts for her.

"Here's the cream puff and custard Long John you like so much, and I added one of the new peanut butter ones we just started carrying— I'm sure you'll love it."

Leah's cheeks brightened and she accepted the plate, letting the woman scan her ID card. She took a seat at a high top table, ignoring the way her plush bottom was starting to spill over the sides of the stool. She plucked up the new donut first and took a small bite. Relishing the salty-sweet flavor she took a second larger bite before she'd finished the first.

Almost two hours later Leah crept back into her room. She almost crawled into her own bed, but saw CJ pull her sheet back in an invitation to resume her 'little spoon' position. Wincing in mild discomfort Leah slid into the bed, slowly shifting herself back until her soft ass pressed against CJ's thighs. The blonde tossed the sheet over them both and snaked her left arm around Leah's torso to cup and caress the redhead's massive left breast. As Leah drifted off to sleep, CJ's hand slipped down to lightly stroke her girlfriend's tummy— surprised at how full and firm it felt. The buttons around her middle were in just as much danger of popping off as the ones over her chest.

CJ's dull history class mercifully let out ten minutes early, so she decided to grab a latte before her next period. Pushing open the glass door, she spotted a familiar head of auburn hair in a corner booth facing away. Surreptitiously crossing the cafe, CJ saw Leah take a massive bite from a tall deli sandwich. Approaching the table she could see a second sandwich on the busty girl's plate, along with two frosted cupcakes.

None of this would be odd except that CJ and her girlfriend had shared lunch just before her history class, barely half an hour ago, and she'd watched Leah put away three double cheeseburgers and a mountain of fries. The tall blonde slid into the booth across from Leah.

"Hi." She said flatly, with a faint smirk.

Leah almost choked on her food, dropping the half eaten sandwich atop the second.

"CJ! What are you doing here!?"

The redhead pulled a few napkins from the dispenser in a vain attempt to cover her second lunch, before realizing the futility of the act.

"History let out early. But I should be asking you the same thing. Have you been cheating on me?"

“W–what!?”

“Sneaking around behind my back...”

“No! CJ I would never—“

“How are you even hungry again so soon?”

Leah’s face fell.

“I’m sorry CJ. I just didn’t want you to know.”

“Know? Know what?”

“Know that you’re going out with a fat pig who can’t stop stuffing her face!” Hot tears started to form in the lower lids of Leah’s eyes as she stared down at her plate over her bugling breasts that were beginning to rest on the table.

CJ looked around the coffee shop. Fortunately it was pretty dead this time of day and nobody was paying attention to the two girls in the corner booth. She jumped up from her seat and slid in beside Leah, pressing her body against hers and wrapping one arm around the redhead’s shoulders.

“Listen to me you dummy.”

Leah’s eyes went wide with shock and she glanced over at the blonde.

“What have I told you about saying mean things about my friend?”

Leah only sniffed, saying nothing.

“About my *girlfriend*...”

Leah’s eyes softened and her downturned lips quirked ever so faintly.

“You. Are. Gorgeous.” CJ said insistently.

Leah blushed.

“And I don’t care what size you are, or how much you eat.”

“But—“

“I was only upset that you were keeping your secret from me.”

“My... my secret?”

CJ brought her right hand around to heft the considerable weight of Leah’s right breast upward. Leah was wearing a lightweight pale green hoodie, but the shape of her bowling ball size breasts was unmistakable.

“The secret of how you grew these things so big, obviously.”

“Wha... no... I...”

“Listen babe,” CJ dropped the breast in her hand and slid her hand down to rest on Leah’s waist, just above her bloated tummy. She leaned in and pecked a kiss on the redhead’s cheek between her earlobe and the hinge of her jaw. “It might be a little soon for this, but fuck it— I love you.”

Leah’s face turned bright red. She glanced down at the table for a long moment, then back up into CJ’s blue eyes.

“I... I love you too...”

Their lips met briefly before they remembered they were in public.

“Now that that’s out of the way,” CJ said, “I want you to know that I’ll support you in whatever way I can. If you want to go on a diet, I’ll help you make a meal plan and make you some protein shakes like some girls on the team drink. If you want I’ll even take your ID away and help you get switched over to a normal meal plan.”

CJ paused a moment to gauge Leah's reaction to those ideas. The pained scowl on the short stack's pink lips was all the answer she needed.

"Or... If you'd rather take full advantage of college food..." CJ slid her free right hand out from under the shadow of Leah's chest and picked up the half-eaten sandwich. "And keep feeding those big tits all the nutrients they can handle..." She brought the sandwich to her girlfriend's mouth slowly.

"You don't have to hide it from me— I'll help you with that too..."

Leah took a bite from the sandwich, blushing profusely, heart as full as her stomach was soon to be.

CJ and Leah cuddled together in CJ's favorite position. She was just starting to drift off when she felt Leah start to slide out of bed again. She came fully awake and wrapped both arms around the short girl, hugging her tight.

"Don't do that. Stay here."

"But..." Leah's stomach grumbled under CJ's hands, completing the protest for her.

CJ gently pushed them both forward until they were out of bed, then led her short, busty girlfriend to the couch. Leah was wearing a skin-tight pajama romper that showed off most of her smooth, pale, thick legs, and buttoned tightly up her soft torso to arc over her nearly M-cup breasts. CJ leaned down to kiss Leah deeply, their tongues mingling for a few moments.

"Don't move." CJ commanded.

She reached into a drawer of her desk and produced two brand new packages of double-stuffed Oreos. Then she popped open their mini fridge to fetch a half gallon of whole milk. CJ stood directly in front of her seated girlfriend. With Oreos in one hand and milk in the other, she slowly knelt onto the couch, straddling Leah's soft lap. She set the milk down to open the Oreos.

“You shouldn’t buy me food. I can eat in the cafe for free...”

CJ plucked a cookie from the package and pressed it to Leah’s pink lips.

“Hush. Less talking and more chewing.”

One by one CJ fed the Oreos to Leah, who used her unoccupied hands to caress the blonde’s narrow waist and firm butt. CJ pressed her flat midriff into Leah’s soft belly, feeling it swell and firm up as she offered the busty girl long deep gulps from the milk jug.

Halfway through the second package Leah started to slow.

“CJ *-haa-* I don’t think I can...”

CJ plucked an Oreo from the bag and brought it to her own mouth slowly, watching the pained expression on her girlfriend’s face. Holding the cookie between her teeth, she leaned onto Leah’s massive breasts and brought their mouths together so Leah could take the cookie from her mouth. After a brief crumb-filled kiss, she leaned back and picked another Oreo from the package. She used her free hand to stroke the taut tummy pressed against her torso.

“Just a few more, hungry girl...”

Epilogue

CJ pulled slowly around the pickup lane at John Glenn airport, seeking a familiar face. Or at least a familiar silhouette. She spotted a head of medium-length auburn hair pulling a roller bag. Head sized-breasts filled out a dark green tank top and smooth pale legs extended from cutoffs that hugged a perfectly plump ass.

The blonde pulled her mom's hybrid sedan up to the curb and waved at her girlfriend. The month they'd been apart felt like an eternity. Leaving the car running, CJ jumped out and dashed around the car, wrapping the short girl in a bear hug. A nearby airport employee yelled for them not to block the pickup lane.

CJ grabbed Leah's bag and tossed it in the backseat of the car. Then she held the door for her girlfriend and returned to the driver's seat, waving apologetically to the guard.

"How was the trip babe?"

"It was fine, though I think next time I might drive. It's only like five hours..."

"Maybe we can meet in the middle, like Toledo or something?"

"That might work..."

"You know," CJ said, reaching her right hand over to grope her girlfriend's chest, "I'm a little disappointed..."

Leah swatted CJ's hand away. "Hands on the wheel you perv! And what's that supposed to mean?"

"I mean you've been gone from me a month and you're practically wasting away!"

Leah wrapped her arms around her bosom defensively.

"I'll have you know I had to get this bra custom made! It's a 36M!"

CJ's eyes shot upward and she inhaled sharply.

"You're such a fuckin' tease... At least wait until I can park somewhere!"

Leah giggled, then reached across the car to take CJ's hand. Holding it in her own she brought it back to her left breast.

“I don’t mind if you touch so long as you stay in your lane.” She said firmly but sweetly.

CJ responded by tenderly squeezing a breast that was much too big for just one hand.

“You know...” CJ said slowly, finding Leah’s nipple and gently rubbing it with her index finger, “we’ve got lots of buffets around here. And I’ve been getting my grandma to teach me how to cook...”

Blue eyes glanced over to see green ones staring back hungrily.

“What do you say we try to get those babies up to N-cup before you have to go back to Michigan?”

Leah lifted CJ’s hand from her breast to kiss it, then returned it to its former position. Her pink tongue peeked out to slide across her lips and she grinned at her roommate-turned-girlfriend.

“Challenge accepted.”