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Contains: Weight Gain mostly to Breasts

Unlimited Meal Plan

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. Focused 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!”