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Contains: Weight Gain mostly to Breasts

Unlimited Meal Plan

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.”