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Contains: Weight Gain mostly to Breasts

Unlimited Meal Plan

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.