

Note: This story may contain unrealistic and occasionally ridiculous content. It is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

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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.

First day in the dorms! #collegegirl #westcoastsun
#livingthedream

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 really nice."

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

"Oh thanks, you're cool too, Leah."

"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?"

"Staaaahp!"

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 -hng- 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.