

## Waste Not, Want... Her

September 2022

"Yo, this is nuts in here! You're sure this is all for us? Absolutely, positively sure?"

Nina's voice is incredulous – and for good reason, too. We've never volunteered for this before, the job of checking over the cafeteria food waste for being hauled away and dumped into the campus's new green energy project. Something about digesting it in a giant concrete stomach and using the gas to make power, I guess. But yeah – the amount of stuff in this dimly-lit storage alley is crazy.

"Wait, we throw out this much food? Like, for reals? Hell, some of it looks perfectly good still!" She's tossing her stringy blonde hair back, bending over one giant trashcan apparently heaped full with an entire batch of cookies. "Anh, I don't suppose... you don't think they'd mind if..."

"Eww, no way! No way you're dumpster diving and eating food out of a *literal* trash can, okay?" I'm simultaneously amused and horrified at her suggestion. "We're just supposed to check for any plastic contaminants and consolidate it a bit, remember? No eating on the job. Please! Like, I'll literally take you to Starbucks tomorrow if you promise not to try to eat anything in here-"

"Yeah, yeah, whatever," she grumbles amiably, and I catch her reluctantly depositing two of the cookies back into the heap. "Okay, so what the hell are we supposed to do again? Push these all into one giant bin or something?"

"Correct," I assent, glancing down at the instructions on my phone. "They say it's the giant green bin over on the far end there. But we can't just dump it all and call it good. Prof says that we gotta be on the lookout for plastic and metal and, you know. Anything that won't break down. Anything 'non-biodegradable'."

"Got it," she replies, and before I can stop her she's grabbing one of the giant trash cans and leaning into it, trying to tug the ungainly thing along toward the back of the corridor and the waiting bin. "Fuck, this thing's heavy!" she complains, stopping after less than two meters. "What the fuck is in these things, anyway?"

A quick heft and tug of practically every barrel shows us that dragging isn't an option – at least not for two female college sophomores who aren't exactly into working out. "Here, I know," I offer, motioning toward one that is maybe the lightest of the bunch. "Let's go dump this one, and then we can use it to haul off bits of the rest to make them lighter. That should work, right?"

It does. And once we've got our empty can, Nina immediately starts digging into the heap of food refuse and dropping it, with a chorus of various splats and thumps, to the bottom. "Nina, ugh! You're not- listen, why don't we find some gloves or something-" "No time for gloves, girl," she cheerfully giggles, hefting a load of congealed macaroni into the can. " It's just fucking food, okay? It's not exactly radioactive waste. Come on, roll up your sleeves and help out!"

"Ugh... really?" But she's got a point. It's already like nine at night, and I've got Chemistry at 8 tomorrow morning, and we really need to get this shit handled. "At least try to keep your clothes clean...?" "Great idea," she agrees – and before I know it, she's shrugging out of her T-shirt and sweatpants, leaving her standing there in nothing but her panties, bra, and Crocs.

*Oh, god. I guess she- I mean... Jeez, why does she have to show off how well-endowed she is? That's not gonna be distracting at all. Not for her roommate who's been fantasizing about her for the last two months...*

"Look at all this bread in here!" She's uncovered a massive heap of what appears to be Wonder bread, and is squeezing it speculatively between her fingers. "This shit is, like, super flimsy. Wait – I have an idea!" Into the barrel drops a heap of the stuff, and then, before I can stop her, she's giggling, slipping off her shoes, and lifting her long, curvaceous legs over the side. A minute later, and I'm left, staring aghast at my half-naked roommate, literally standing in a trashcan on a heap of discarded food.

"What the- Oh, my god! Nina, get out of there!" "Nope, no can do," she giggles, and by now I'm beginning to think she enjoys my horrified reactions. "Look, it'll be like one of those cool grape stomp things! This silly bread will practically melt once you douse it in some kind of liquid, and then we'll be able to fit a hell of a lot more in here. Over there – that's a bunch of milk and juice cartons, isn't it? Come on, pour some in!"

"This is so freaking weird..." But away I go, wondering if the thudding in my chest is due to our exertions or to the sight of my chesty roommate and her scantily-clad curves. I knew for years already that women turn me on... but god damn, she's so incredibly weird and yet hot at the same time...

"Oh, yeah," she sighs, and maybe it's just my dirty mind, but her tone sounds lusty with delight. "Pour it in, baby. Pour in on me good..." Carton after carton empties in, and she bobs up and down, the squish and squelch of her weight on the food below sounding unnaturally loud. "Ooh, yeah.

You know that Vine, right? "That's what good pussy sounds like?"

"I... I guess?" I'm blushing beet red now, acutely aware now of the figure Nina makes. "And it really does," she titters, reaching over and pulling a fresh load of stale bread and other food in upon her. "Believe me, I can teach you all about the sound of good pussy..." *Is she hitting on me? God, if only I could think straight- Focus on the job at hand-*

"Here, dump some more in! Doesn't matter what..." And I gamely obey, grimacing as applesauce and bread crusts and bits of meatballs all tip over the edge into the can. "Hah, this is awesome," she mutters, and I can see she genuinely means it. "Ever watch Nickelodeon growing up? All those slime videos and food fights and stuff?"

"Um, not really," I venture, blushing anew as she reaches out and grabs more food, giving me a full-on view of her generous cleavage. "I don't think they had that in Thailand..." "Such a shame," she sighs with another loud squish. "Fuck, the things they did on there! As a kid I always wished I could be on one of those shows. It seemed like such fun, you know: like, ramming a pie into someone's face, or sitting down on an entire cake, or getting squirted head to toe with ketchup..."

And then, as her fingers close around an entire, intact piece of chocolate cake, her gaze grows speculative. "Never too late to try... right?"

"Nina, no- don't!" I begin, but it's already too late. She's closed her eyes, and with lips parted in an idiotic grin, rammed the thick and gleaming wedge of dessert squarely into her own face. Crumbs fall, frosting smears, and I can't look away from the horrifying scene: a scene in which my stupid, thumping pulse hammers in my ears and assures me, as my breath flutters and the glow between my thighs grows moist, that I am finding this all weirdly and disturbingly sexual.

"Ooh, yeah," she splutters stickily, and now she's blinking gleefully through her cake-encrusted and frosting-smearred face. "Fuck, Anh, that feels *amazing!* Here, you've got to try this. Come on, take off those silly clothes. There's room for two in here..."

"Wait, wha- Room- No, no way I'm-" And even as I splutter, my eyes are drawn irresistibly to the sight of that cake dropping, soft and sticky, from Nina's chin down onto her beautiful breasts... disappearing within her cleavage... In my mind's eye I'm seeing it: me stripping down like her, my own petite figure so flat and youthful in comparison. And still I'd climb in, my bare skin brushing against hers in that tight space...

Do I dare? We're getting fucking crazy in here, and I know it. And if someone comes in, and finds us like that- Oh, god, no, no I can't. Besides, this food waste is so disgusting-

"Anh," and now she's leaning forward, an open carton of milk in one hand. "Trust me. I want you in here trying this, okay? It's gonna be fine, I promise. This is your chance! Don't you want to know how it feels to be so..." the milk is tipping forward, a creamy stream dribbling out to run provocatively down her ripe breasts. "So very... *very* dirty? I'm a dirty girl, you know. And call me crazy, but something in the way you're looking tells m you want to be a dirty girl, too..."

Do I? I do. I most certainly do. I can't help it. She's so hot- I've been fantasizing about her for so long, and here she is, inviting me to make out with her. It's all so weird, and yet... so hot and right all at once-

As I shiver, and drop my phone and reach down to pull my shift over my head, I can only focus on three things: the frenetic thudding of my heartbeat in my ears. The sights of Nina's food-smearred smile. And the intoxicating sight of that river of milk, pouring suggestively down over the glistening fullness of her breasts.