V

Camping out in the middle of the desert was something that two little hippies that had been born and bred in the evergreen South would have only been able to imagine doing before they had agreed to take this trip.

The slow crawl across the US in Ella’s crusty old van was something that both of them had felt that they’d desperately needed. Making out to California for a few weeks before heading home was definitely the end-all goal, but there were some pretty… interesting… things that the two of them could do along the way.

Sure, it might not have been smart to try those things without knowing what was in them, but Wendy genuinely could not name one single time throughout this entire voyage that Ella had thought about what was going into her mouth before shoving something into it—and that had only yielded positive results so far, right? Why question it when it came to a self-purported Navajo shaman who was willing to let them get the “authentic” experience of being out west?

“Do you feel anything yet?”

“I feel… *kinda* funny…”

Building a campfire out in the middle of the desert might have sounded silly, but it got *cold* at night! And being this far away from town, where they could (hopefully) go on a little trip in peace and quiet, meant that they had a little more leeway to do what they wanted. Sitting on the little park bench that Ella kept in the back of the van, Wendy could see for miles as the flat land rose and fell with the dunes all around them. The inky black blue of the sky punctured by little white pinholes of stars…

And Ella, absolutely crammed into a tie-die t-shirt with a cheap alien-inspired graphic that was distorted by not only the cheapness of the application, but by the brunette’s teeming womanly form that threatened to pop every stitch on all sides.

“Because your shirt’s too tight.” Wendy giggled, wishing herself into being a little loopy so that they hadn’t wasted $40 on ayahuasca, “It’s probably cutting off circulation to your brain.”

“Yeah, well, what good’s *that* thing gonna do me when this stuff finally kicks in, huh?” Ella chuckled, peeling back the tinfoil from that burrito that she’d squirreled away from back when they were in town, “I want to be nice and loosey-goosey when we earn our astronaut helmets, Wen.”

“Doesn’t that mean you should take it *off*?”

And Wendy wanted to clap her hands in front of her mouth so badly as soon as she had said that. She hadn’t *meant* to—like, she hadn’t meant it to come out the way that it had. Wendy had been dealing with her budding attraction to Ella’s plumping physique this entire trip up, but she certainly hadn’t meant to sound so forward. The last thing that she needed was to make things awkward *now,* when the two of them were far more than a hop skip and a jump away from home.

“I guess you’re *right*~” Ella said in a flirty sort of way that was *just* genuine enough to make Wendy glow alight like the fire in front of them, “Oooh noooo, it’s already *happeningggggg~”*

“D-Don’t be such a geek, Ellie.”

“Nope, it’s… oof… it’s already… ugh… I’mmmmmm doin’ it…”

And watching how hard she had to try to *peel* that shirt from off of her plump right lovehandle was enough to make Wendy shut her mouth. She was getting *so* chubby, and it was all because Wendy had absolutely refused to reel her in over the course of this trip—to the point where the shirt that she had bought in Nevada just two weeks ago could no longer contain the swell of her stomach.

Unsheathing that thing was enough to make Ella audibly sigh with relief even before the whole of her shirt had been taken off. Her bountiful breasts were still restricted by the tight, strained design of the top she’d picked up in Roswell, but her fleshy gut was free for the entire empty desert and Wendy to see. Cutting hard into the waistband of her cutoffs, rolling into her lap as she sat on the bench next to Wendy, Ella’s belly was slowly starting to sag lower and lower as it succumbed not only to gravity, but its round shape. Where Wendy’s weight folded itself into two distinct rolls, the visceral fat surrounding Ella’s once-toned waistline was as round and soft as it was jiggly. A sign of a quick expansion to be sure, but certainly not a slowing one.

“Woof.”

Ella hefted up a naked right boob into the cold New Mexico air and gave Wendy a (probably) facetious wink. From behind her coke bottle sunglasses, Ella’s eyelids drooped slightly afterwards as she looked Wendy up and down. She was clearly enjoying the attention that she was receiving from her friend—even if neither of them quite understood just where exactly it was coming from.

“I must really be starting to feel it, huh?” Ella asked, stone sober, as she shifted on her plump rump to better face her friend, “Here I am, out here in the cold desert, and I just took off my shirt.”

“Haha… y-yeah…” Wendy managed, “You uh… you must really be starting to feel that ah-ya-wa-ska stuff…”

In an uncomfortably lucid moment, both of them would admit quietly to themselves that they had been swindled, and that the drug that they had been promised was almost certainly fake. But at the same time, Wendy couldn’t manage to peel her eyes away from Ella’s slowly stiffening nipples. Her breasts sat perched over her round tummy, threatening to droop over either side until she finally put on a bra.

“That, uh… must be why you keep staring at me.” Ella chuckled, uncharacteristically unsure as she lingered on Wendy’s gaze, “It must be hitting you pretty hard too.”

“Must be.” Wendy whispered into the desert night, her hand slowly coming to rest on Ella’s chunky thigh “Must be…”

VI

Wendy couldn’t hear the operator anymore, so that meant that they’d finally made the connection.

Sure enough, the phone began to ring. Deep and low, purring into her ear like Ella would whenever she did her Eartha Kitt impression. Wendy wasn’t exactly excited to have to tell her mama that it was gonna be a bit longer before the two of them got back, but what did they expect her to do? *Not* spend a few weeks out here in Free Lovin’ California? All the Mexican food out here was to die for, and she wasn’t about to let Ella miss any meals…

“Hello?”

“Hey mama, it’s Wendy!” the porky redhead felt a little silly waving into the phone, but old habits and all that, “I just wanted to let you know that we finally made it to California.”

“…how are you just now getting to California?” her mother’s voice was more incredulous than confused, “Honey, it’s been six months—don’t you think that it’s time for you two to come home?”

“Mama, don’t be like that.”

Oh the earful that Wendy knew that she was going to get. Outside this taqueria gas station, in the hot sun while she was at it. But she knew that it was for the best. It wasn’t like she could just make Ella turn around now that they’d gotten here. They talked about this, and they wanted to spend at least a month out here with Ella’s friends—and as nervous as Wendy felt telling now *both* of her parents that she’d be out here for at least another month before heading home, she felt confident that she was doing the right thing…

“Oooh yeah… this looks like… *mmm…* s’gonna be good…”

The now heavyset brunette pressed one of Wendy’s old dresses against the sandy red exterior of her van. Soft, squishy gut rolling out from underneath a purportedly flowy top just enough there was a spare inch or so of belly chub that managed to find enough room to breathe from underneath it. Her soft arms dimpled at the elbow as she unwrapped another authentic entrée into her newfound love for burritos.

“You like it?” the pump attendant asked in a heavy accent, “My wife likes it.”

“Your wife’s lucky—I could eat these all day.”

“She does!” he laughed, “Want a beer to wash it down?”

“*Wen, I’m gonna grab a beer, okay?*”

Wendy held her thumb up while she got chewed out on the other end of the line. Her parents were pissed, telling her how she wasted her Summer, how they’ve been worried about her (despite her checking in every week to say hi) and how they were being selfish. And maybe they *were* but…

Watching Ella’s thick ass slosh back and forth like cake mix in the bowl was almost worth getting called all sorts of names by her parents. And seeing her freckled face get rounder and chubbier as she managed to walk titties-first back to the van while munching on a burrito was going to be what she got to saw for the next month or so, until her parents decided that they weren’t going to kill her. Sure, they’d be angry at her for a while, but they’d eventually relax once she got home and stayed put for a while.

After all, it wasn’t like she and Ella couldn’t head down to the malt shop together once they got back—Wendy doubted that Ella’d ever be able to whittle her appetite back down after a good long trip like this, and there was plenty to eat back home that she’d probably been missing…

While Wendy got reamed, Ella ate. She drank her beer, she sipped on a Coke, and inbetween she took hungry and wanting bites of her silver-shelled snack. The latest one, anyway. This was the third time that they’d stopped, and it was still about three hours until dinnertime. In a perfect world, they’d be pulling up to Ella’s friend’s around that time, so she’d stay topped off. It felt like the last thing that Ella wanted was to skip a meal; as happy as Wendy was to witness her friend widen over the course of this trip, she hadn’t needed to do much prodding. Once they’d gotten on the road, her appetite had been *unleashed*…

By the time Wendy had finally been freed from her parents, Ella had been able to talk herself into just going ahead and eating her second burrito now while she waited. She’d been about two mouthfuls in by he time Wendy finished her walk of shame—her head hung low in the California sun as she kicked dirt up behind her.

“Rough, huh?”

“Totally.”

Wendy plopped her broad bottom against the hood of the car, next to Ella. Their thighs brushed against one another not only in a show of closeness, but also as a reminder of just how little hood there was to go around these days. As Ella had continued to pork out, it had gotten the point where she and Wendy were basically sharing a wardrobe. And seeing her dresses and pants stretched across that butt, Wendy couldn’t help but feel like they’d been a lot smaller than she remembered…

“They’ll come around.” Ella nudged her friend with one plump elbow, “Besides, at least we’ll be sleeping somewhere for free.”

“Yeah, I’m kinda outta cash…” Wendy frowned, “Do you think your friends will set us up with some dough for the ride home?”

“*Suuuure*. Her and her boyfriend are cool.” Wendy shrugged, “Besides, they own a restaurant. I’m sure they’ll let us work there for the month, if nothing else.”

The cool, casual way that Ella’s free hand fell to rub on her belly told Wendy so much about what she could expect for what was probably going to be her last month of freedom for a while. Nothing but watching Ella eat her way through whatever hospitality her friends were willing to serve them. Seconds at every meal, most likely. Maybe plenty of extra helpings if they agreed to help out for some extra cash…

Oh yeah. Wendy’s summer wasn’t over yet. There was still *so* much left to look forward to…