

Flash fiction based on this prompt:

*Road trip! A family of 4, mom, dad, older brother, younger sister, all hop in their RV for summer vacation. The only problem? The youngest has trouble getting in.*

Contains: *Chounyuu*

---

## Road Trip

Dad walked around the perimeter of the family motorhome one last time. He tapped on hatches that were already locked and tightened hose plugs that were already tight. Mom was in the passenger seat, half-engrossed in a book even though they hadn't left the driveway.

"Come on!" Stephen called from the back seat, "It's gonna be dark before we get there!"

"Calm down, son," Dad said, "Better to arrive late than not at all."

Stephen groused, but knew better than to argue with his dad's little "words of wisdom."

Dad poked his head in the RV's narrow doorway, "Where's your sister?"

Stephen only shrugged.

"Ceecee!"

Cecilia was waddling from the house, carrying her massive breasts in both arms.

"Can't we just fly there like normal people?"

"Yeah right," Stephen snorted, "Like *you'd* fit on a plane."

"Don't talk to your sister like that!" Mom snapped.

"Come on Ceecee, let's get this show on the road!" Dad said cheerily, jogging back to the house to lock up.

Cecilia approached the motorhome, eyeing the side door dubiously. She put one foot on the extended step, grabbed the handrail, and hefted herself upward.

Then stopped. Ceecee's breasts completely filled the narrow opening, soft mounds of flesh pressing against both sides of the boxy RV.

"Haha, are you stuck!?" Stephen teased.

"Stephen..." Mom said.

"What?"

"Try backing in, sweetie."

Cecilia turned around, stepping into the motorhome. Her small body fit through the opening easily, but her behemoth breasts refused to compress.

"They won't fit..." She whined.

"Maybe if you hadn't gobbled up *both* pans of brownies last night," Stephen said, "Those were for the road!"

"I'm sorry, okay!" Ceecee said, "I was just really hungry..."

Mom marked the place in her book with a tissue, then climbed out of the motorhome. She took in the situation, eyeing her youngest's breasts as they mushroomed out of the narrow camper door.

"Alright Ceecee, I'm going to give you a little push. You pull when I say three, okay?"

"Okay..."

"One, two, three!"

Mom pushed a hand against each of her daughter's breasts. Inside the camper, Ceecee pushed against the wall of the RV, grunting and straining. Cecilia still didn't move.

"What's the hold-up?" Dad asked.

"Just a little trouble with the door, Hon," Mom said, "Go ahead and finish your checks."

Dad shrugged and circled the RV again.

"Stephen, we're going to need your help."

"What!? I'm not touching my sister's... you know..."

"You most certainly are not!" Ceecee snapped.

"Don't be childish, you two. Stephen, just put your hands on Ceecee's shoulders, and pull when I say three, okay?"

Stephen undid his buckle and stepped up behind his sister, grumbling and muttering the whole time.

"Alright," Mom said, "One, two, three!"

Mom pushed, Cecilia pushed, Stephen pulled. Ceecee slid back into the RV maybe an inch, but no further.

"Maybe..." Ceecee said slowly, "Maybe we could have a 'stay-cation?'"

"What's the matter?" Dad asked, finishing his third unnecessary check.

"Ceecee won't fit," Mom said.

"Oh," Dad said, face falling.

The family stood in silence for a few moments, waiting for Dad to fix everything. Maybe they would have a staycation. Maybe they'd leave Ceecee at home "to watch the house."

"Well," Dad said, "You can just ride up front with me, sweetie!"

Cecilia stepped down out of the RV and climbed into the passenger seat. Her breasts filled her lap and smooshed against the dashboard.

Nobody asked what Dad's plan was for when they actually got to camp.

