

The Emancipation of Mallory, an Elk County story

Chapter 4

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Later that night, Madison threw open the door, and flung a wad of cloth at Mallory face.

"Put it on."

Mallory clawed frantically at the garment, which had tangled with her headset. She ended-up throwing both to the floor. "What the Hell, Mads?!"

"Now," repeated Madison, pointing down to the bra. "Put it *on*."

"I'm not playing your stupid-ass games. Get out of my room."

"I said to put it on!" commanded Madison.

"I'm not putting on your sweaty-ass bra!"

"You didn't have any trouble doing it in middle school!"

"Jesus, we were teenagers; let it fucking GO, already!"

"Lady and Gremlin: ENOUGH!" thundered Mavis from her tobacco desk-console.

Mallory was beyond confused and weirded-out. Madison clenched her fists and excused herself with another of her '*hmpfs*' and slammed the door shut behind her.

Nearly half-an-hour passed before Mallory caved. She picked up the garment, trembling the slightest bit. Just it's mere *weight* was startling, and the triple-pair of hooks was a first for her.

Her shirt came off, and on the bra went. And it was empty. *Vastly* empty. It was pitiful. There was no way Mallory could make up the sheer volume between her chest and the intended curve of fabric.

The elastic still clung to her, even though she knew it was far too wide in the band. But the point had been made, played, and executed in the most depraved and evil way. She sat, glum and motionless for a few moments, and above her waist wearing only this gargantuan lingerie. Then some part of her forced herself up and walked to her dresser. She opened her drawer of socks and intimates.

She started shoving socks, pair-by-pair into the bra, then evaluating in the closet mirror. She held out well, until the fourth trip, then she started to crack. Finally, after shoving six socks into each cup, she somehow managed to fill them.

Stubborn resolve pushed back her emotions as she started furiously trying on top after top.

First, she put on a white button-up and a sweater vest from when she worked for the catering company. Necktie and all. It was grotesque, obscene, and she absolutely loved it. But her fantasy started running wild and she quickly exchanged for a second and a third outfit. Every one was pushed to the limit,

stitches cracking from as subtle as a slight inhale. There was true power at this size, a real power, but Mallory was only experiencing an illusion.

Every time she looked in the mirror, she flushed red, then glowed green. Nearly a dozen times, she went after this fantasy, brimming with humiliation then envy. She ended up with a slim-fit black button-up top that was clearly far-too-tight, pulling dangerously at the buttons. The gapping was awe-inspiring, and strain was definitely in "dear life" territory.

"Try it," said a voice from the doorway, interrupting the fantasy. Mallory looked over her shoulder, confused. Madison stood there, arms crossed underneath her incredible bust. **How long has she been watching?**

"Go ahead. Give it a shot."

Mallory was still fighting the inevitable, but she had to obey at this point. She had been mastered, but this was initiation, an acknowledgment, a recognition. Fighting tears, she took a deep breath and pulled back her shoulders. The button snapped off, clacking innocently against the mirror, and she wavered for a moment, sucking her lower lip until she collapsed to her knees. Both hands were now shoved between her thighs and working her crotch, while she panted and trembled, weeping as quietly as she could out of embarrassment.

"Take your time. I'll wait."

Fuck you.

Mallory tried to fight the despair, but no words escaped it. She had taken the bait, and fallen into a custom-tailored trap. It stung bad enough as-is, but to be forced to have Madison witness her foolishness...

"Look, just give yourself some relief and finish it." Madison's patience was deteriorating.

"Fuck...f..Fuck you!" Mallory managed to force out.

Mallory wailed as she fell to her side, screaming in her head, **It's not fair, it's not fucking fair!**

"Do you fucking get it, now?" asked a stern, yet vicious voice. And with that, Madison left, having enough spare humanity in reserve to close the door behind her.

A heart-wrenching squeal went out from Mallory as she finished, her body shaking, her climax competing with her grief. Her destruction was utter, and bitter tears, half agony, half pleasure, flooded her face as she twitched.

"I hate you." Mallory was coughing through her dismal state.
"I hate you so God-damn much..!"

It had been nearly a week since the incident, and Mallory was gloomy. That utter humiliation killed her spirit, and there was no will left to salvage herself. She limited all her interactions, and actively avoided

exposure to Madison. She had stopped doing her regimen, and she spent even more time holed-up in her room on her laptop, zoning out. No reading; it was all just trash TV shows and repetitive music.

On the seventh day, Mallory left her self-imposed dungeon briefly to go to get a snack. She had used up all the trash-tier junk food she kept in her room, and her gut needed something. She didn't get too far down the hallway before she heard the television and the distinct crunching and crinkling of the very same vittles she was in search of.

Probably just Mothra on her way out of consciousness, again, she thought, rolling her eyes at her paranoia.

The atmosphere of the kitchen and living room possessed a permanent haze, so nothing seemed out of place to Mallory. She started digging around, and caught a whiff of the cloud. She froze.

That is not Marlboro!

She turned a little too quickly and saw Madison sitting on the couch, surrounded by what was probably the entire kitchen's inventory of indulgences. Bags of potato crisps and Chex Mix, boxes of Little Debbie's, leftover Chinese take out containers, a McDonald's, meat and cheese snack packs, cans of Monster and beer, and God knows how many wrappers. **No wonder those fun-bags keep inflating!**

"Hey, Mal!"

It wasn't said in a cheery tone, nor was it a taunt. Neither was it a threat. It was a challenge, as though Madison was saying, "Let's see if you know the right answer."

"Bring me a beer."

Mallory stayed frozen.

"Yo, Mal. Didnja hear me? Beer."

Mallory thawed briefly to face Madison directly, squaring her shoulders, clenching her fists and jaw.

"I'll let you have another of my outgrown bras for you to wallow in miser...excuse me: *'have your playtime in.'*" Madison smirked. Mallory snarled.

"It's even bigger than the one you kept from last time," grinned Madison slyly. **Boom! Headshot!**

In a clipped, regimented motion that would have made her marching band drill instructor a bit jealous, Mallory scowled and ripped open the fridge. She leaned down to grab a beer, and using the cover of the door, vigorously shook the can before standing back up and letting the door swing back.

"Catch!" shouted Mallory as she threw an absolute bullet at Madison's face. The beer can rocketed through the air; one almost could hear it whistling.

And Madison sat up and caught it, effortlessly.

"Varsity softball: catcher. District champs for three years. You thought you could pull a stunt like that?"

I'm disappointed, Mal: you're off form tonight!" gloated Madison.

Wait for it... thought Mallory, her lips twitching as she fought her smile.

"I guess it's no prize for you, then," huffed Madison, flopping back into the couch.

Wait for it...! Mallory was practically drooling.

"I was trying to be nice to you after that lit-WHAT THE FUCK! AGGH, FUCK!" Madison rose into a scream as she cracked into the ice beer. In spite of the razor-sharp muscle memory that permitted her to capture that hurtled missile, she was too well into her pleasure binge to react so deftly to the ominous gurgling. Her panicked brain simply held onto the can, which committed her to the baptism. The pale geyser that erupted from that aluminum bomb enveloped her utterly.

Mallory was in absolute stitches, doubled-over, coughing in a complete teary-eyed fit. It was a cackle, and it was shocking that such a loud cacophony could erupt from such a small woman. It only ever came out whenever she was in an impish mood, listening to the little devil on her shoulder, and how she had earned the cursed nickname "*Gremlin*" in school. She fought for her composure, trying to gain control over her convulsing sides, and finally sniffed that final "*Ah-ha*" sigh that signals victory over a fit of laughter. She looked at Madison again, completely drenched and smelling like a bad rap music video.

Then lost it, busting out laughing again.

"Fuck me," coughed Mallory, settling down the second time, then sighing. She beamed a brilliant smile, and her eyes sparkled. She raised her right arm out and pointed a finger-gun at Madison.

"Psshew!"

And off she hopped with an emergency ration of bread and peanut butter, as well as a well-earned trophy beer for her troubles, giggling all the way.

Madison sat there for a moment recalling that impish face. It had been so long since she had seen Mallory smile like that, that special little devilish glint in her eyes. The only person in Madison's world that would even try to keep up with her, could keep up with her. Just the two of them could take over the county. No one could stand up to a one-two punch like that.