

The Emancipation of Mallory, Ch2 + 3
by laurelindoriath

Chapter 2:

"Ooh!"

Mallory pulled her foot back from the tub. Her cold feet were not happy about being plunged into steaming hot water. She stepped in, hissing. The melting pleasure of relaxation started to seep through, and she lowered in. Bubbles overflowed the tub, steam rising from the surface where they had parted. She always liked bubble baths, though it made her feel childish.

The bubbles keep the water hot, she justified to herself.

Her new routine benefitted here, too. Massaging her breasts loosened them up and promoted bloodflow. Adding heat encouraged this further and opened her pores to drink in all the oil and creams. She used hot towels most of the time, but soaking in the bathtub was far superior.

Whether or not any of Mallory's methods were truly contributing anything substantial, she could not say. She was definitely getting bigger, and quickly. But she was also young and no longer underweight.

She shook the thought. No, her efforts were real; or her chest just coincidentally decided to blow through five sizes in six months, with the last two in only six weeks. Her trial-and-error research of the past half-year had been rocky. There were so many variables: herbal combinations, dosages, timings. Any further research without experimentation would have required access to research journals or interviewing the old maids of remote villages.

There was a point where she just had to guess. She had YOLO'd herself into acne breakouts, painful menstruation, irregular periods. One trial threw her into a literal intense heat. She couldn't focus that day, any thought was interrupted by an urge to breed. Not just to fuck, but mate, a potent need not to merely procreate, but to be prolific.

A smile erupted, recalling working in produce that day. Mallory leaned her head back, eyes closed.

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She admired her handiwork, surveying herself in the mirror. Her lush breasts were now sizable. Not huge, but definitely on the bigger side. She could just stretch her small hand wide enough to cup and squeeze one still.

Her eyes strayed to the scars of self-harm that marred her inner thighs. She would never ever do that again, but she carried the shame and anger with her still. It became another founding pillar of her obsession. She had ruined her legs, but she had elevated her breasts. They were firm, and bouncy, and pert. They were *happy* tits, the kind that put anyone into a good mood. They were marvelous, and she had cultivated them into beauties.

And they weren't done growing, oh no! There was still so much potential! They needed to be much bigger! So big that no-one would ever notice the marks on her legs; and if they did, they wouldn't care! Because of her huge tits!

And they would be luxuriantly soft, and perfect, and amazing, and wonderful. Hell, she would have cleavage so deep, she wouldn't be able to see her legs anyway! Gigantic mounds of ballooning tit-flesh, growing out of control, until they overflowed her arms and filled her lap and swallowed her thighs so no one would ever have to...

The pain of her teeth digging into her lips shook her from her revenge-fantasy against herself. She grabbed a tissue.

Was this all a bad idea? It was so much emotion poured into the most bizarre outlet. A fairly innocent outlet, all things considered, but with so much intense, bottled-up, unpacked baggage driving it that it couldn't be healthy. Did she actually for a moment fantasize about having armfuls of tits? Big enough to rest in her lap? Was it truly her desire, where she was headed if she didn't correct course?

Surely not! She hadn't even taken the opportunity to introduce her new assets to the world. She didn't feel ready to make their debut in public yet, she had even switched to a baggier shirt at her workplace. Though if her breasts kept swelling at their current pace, they would announce themselves soon enough.

Wouldn't that be fun? To be the pink elephant in the room? She contemplated herself in the mirror. She had an action, but not a goal.

How big do I really want to be? she wondered, and then focused. She crossed her arms and hunched her shoulders, cradling her breasts, squeezing them softly. Then she stood up straight in front of the mirror, pulling her shoulders and posture straight, and she crossed her arms across her stomach. Again, she imagined her breasts filling all the space to her arms, resting heavily on them, feeling their dense, soft warmth on the back of her forearms.

"I guess there's only one way to find out," Mallory shrugged aloud, and grabbed her bra. Her accelerating growth had pushed her to a bit of frugality. It was exciting for her to outgrow a bra, but her savings did not share the same excitement. To open her options, she decided to go looser in the band since her breasts were still keeping their perk, and settled on a plain white 30DDD(US).

She donned the bra, leaning over to scoop herself into the cups hastily, and pulled a shirt over her head. She got her head and arms through, and was about to work it down, when she caught sight of the spillage she was about to hide and froze. A buzzing pleasure filled her head and her...

Was she actually turned on by her own growth? How disgustingly narcissistic! She lifted her left tit up instinctively, straining her tongue to lick her own teet, and was dissatisfied. She needed to be sucked! Praised, worshipped!

She realized how tight her legs were crossed. *God, I am so FUCKED up!* she moaned, deftly removing the bra and flopping back-first onto her bed.

After relieving herself and staring at the ceiling for a moment, she went about her profession. On went the shirt and out came the notebook.

Apr 03 AM

Rec. G @ 7:30AM, Pro. B @ 09:00AM 45 min w/flax.

Temporary swelling after massage, nearly 1/2 cupsize, subsided after 20 min.
New size: 30G(US) / 30F(UK)

She hesitated, but continued...

Caution with recipe G. Mood swings, weird fantasies. Intense arousal.
But the most effective by far.

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Chapter 3:

Mallory was hastily cleaning up her dishes from breakfast to get down to the carpool that had just honked its arrival. Mavis was sipping on her coffee and seemed calmer than usual, "I need a few things from your store. Left a list on the fridge."

"Yeah, sure thing," Mallory said, ripping the note from under the magnet to hide her annoyance at being Mavis' gopher. "Gotta go, text me if you think of anything else."

"By the way, yer cousin's moving in for a while. Make sure the other bedroom is clean and ready before tomorrow."

Just wonderful, surprise frantic chores. Again. Did Mavis do this on purpose, or did she forget things to the last minute? "Cousin? What, did Philip get booted by his landlord again?"

"Not Philip. Maddy."

Mallory pulled the door shut behind her, having lost whatever remaining joy might have been found in the morning.

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Smoking wasn't a habit for her, but Mallory pulled a last stressful drag on the cigarette and tossed it into the gutter when she saw the hatchback pull up.

I should have saved it to flick into her stupid face.

The driver unbuckled and stepped up out of the vehicle. This was Madison: frequent roommate and tormentor of Mallory's childhood and teens, and, if ever the Blue Pines trailer-park had proper royalty, the reigning Slut Duchess. She had won most of the genetic lottery, with ridiculous strawberry-blonde hair, an alarmingly beautiful face, and of course, a body that would make inanimate custom-ordered Japanese fuckdolls envious.

She also had the almost delightful tackiness of being foul-mouthed, rolling her own cigarettes (and other recreations, of course), and an incredible tolerance for cheap ice-beer, all aside from being the proud notch on a wild number of belts and destroyed relationships.

And upon her chest were strapped the Grand Tetons of Elk County. They were practically legendary; even in the small hamlets, prude maids would warn wives to keep their husband's eyes averted, should

this stupendous wunderbusen come wobbling through the village.

Holy fuck-it-all, they got huge! Mallory's eyes couldn't hide her shock, and she became cotton-mouthed. "Hi," she clipped. The awkward greeting was the best she could manage.

"Nice to see you again, Mal," said Madison cheerfully, with her trademark smile. She wasn't traditionally intelligent, but she could move faster than most anyone concerning emotion, and her brows ever-so-slightly furrowed at the vulnerability she detected: *Mal absolutely didn't want her here*. "I guess I missed being roomies," she taunted, the smallest of giggles; the annoying kind that are supposed to sound cute by imitating an adorable hiccup at the end.

Mallory was panicking. Defense mode activated. All hands on deck. *Go matter-of-fact* she urged herself. "We'll need to take the stairs. Let's get your stuff moved in."

"-the Hell? This place doesn't have an elevator?"

"Unless you have fetishes like R. Kelly."

"Ew, gross!"

Diffused for now thought Mallory, dragging an obnoxiously heavy box out of the car, and guiding Madison several trips up the three flights of stairs.

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The staircase was ragged, and the worn and busted woodwork on the railings suggested a time that this had once been a decent place. The ground floor they had passed through was now an open community room, occasionally booked for meetings, or as a voting station at election time. One could see the intricate artisan work on the elegant ceiling, and the outline of the three shops that used to have tenancy here. Maybe it was elegant 100 years ago. Nostalgic at 50. Now it just smelled like rot, as if a building's soul was pleading *kill me*.

Why on earth Madison needed so much shit for a couple months was beyond Mallory. Had she known, she might have flagged Jay for help. Then again, Madison would have simply charmed Jay into doing her share of the work, whilst also slowing him down while he chatted her up; all of which would have had Mallory doing the most work anyway. So this was all for the best. This was the only way to get the bitch to pull her weight.

There were a few items of which Madison was jealously protective. A full-size PC tower and a massive monitor box were to be only carried by her, under threat of slow-torturous death. *Why does she have all this expensive stuff?* Mallory wondered. *If her boy-toy is that rich, then why didn't she move in with him?* She looked up the stairs at the ass that was shoe-horned into the stretchiest of jeans. *Ah. Probably dumped him.*

Three trips left the girls absolutely pooped. Mavis was delighted to see Madison, of course, giving the grand tour of what, at one time, might have been a respectable apartment for a clerk and his family in a fashionable district of an up-and-coming railroad town. The two girls shoved all Madison's boxes into her new room. "Need any help unpacking?" Mallory offered. Madison declined.

After about 45 minutes, Madison, having never been able to justify manners regarding Mallory or her privacy, ripped open her bedroom door with a pained and frantic look on her face. "Why are there NO 3-prong outlets?!" she choked, horrified.

Mallory looked at her deadpan, then turned her head back to her laptop screen. "Bathroom and Kitchen only. Rest are grandfathered," said Mallory.

"Ugghhh!" Madison left and Mallory could hear her grab her keys and run out the front door.

Welcome to Hell, bitch! thought Mallory, and she took the opportunity to spy on the vulnerable cache next door.

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The stress and aggravation of the past few days had been too much for Mallory. After Mavis' welcoming tour was the welcoming dinner, where she waxed emphatic on how much nicer it will be living with "us three girls," and hoped that Mallory might learn from Madison (whether by teaching, example, or osmosis) things like posture, charm, and how not to dress like a irate badger on an acid trip.

Every waking moment Mallory encountered her, Madison had been nothing but a chattercut. Humblebragging her accomplishments, whining about her exes, complaining about her dad's girlfriend. But worst for Mallory was that Madison had somehow gained the authority to boss her around like Mavis' deputy, all under the guise of, "I just don't know where things are yet," "but you're **so** much better at that than I am," and the ever favorite, "well, you go by the place on the way to work, right?" How did the one member of the household without a car end up running the most errands?

It was 2 AM and she was currently on her third round of fingering herself tonight, trying to find release from whatever Old Testament deity she had pissed off to deserve this newfound torture. She had to find a new target. It always had to be real, an actual someone she could or did have for herself at one time.

Tanner. The brown-haired guy from the track and soccer teams, and part of the drumline with her in marching band. Tanner. She remembered playing hands of euchre in the back of the bus and later finding herself draped across his swim-team driven torso while she pretended to sleep on the long ride home from an away game. Tanner! It was one of the few chances she got to be alone with him, she didn't mind being shared as part of his little harem. Tanner! Her fantasies wracked through her head carefree, and she was trying to soar.

Maybe a little too much.

A knock at her door startled her awake and she squeaked, ripping the covers up to try and hide her shame before the door was fully open. There stood Madison, in her oversized t-shirt she used like a trailer-court nightgown.

"I know I'm just a guest, and that you are probably used to Mavis being able to sleep through an earthquake. But if you can't keep it down, could you at least have the tact to keep my ex's name out of your mouth while you are sleep-fucking yourself?"

"S-sorry." Mallory, now truly mortified, flushed an even deeper red.

"Hmph!" And with that, Madison closed the door, just a bit-too-firmly.

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Mallory was doing her daily soak in the tub.

knock knock

"Occupado!"

KnOcK. kNoCk.

"I'm busy, whaddya want?!"

The bathroom door squeaked open, and Madison stepped in. "Howya doin' Mal?"

"-the Hell do you want, Mads?" Mallory, panicked, sank up to her chin under the foam.

"I was just checkin' in on ya. You sure spend a long time in here every morning." Madison sat tubside.

"What's it to you?" Mallory foamed.

"Oh, nothing really...just concern after that first night."

"Concern for friggin' what?"

"Your, ah...more energetic activities. After you quieted down that night, I wondered about what other hobbies you may have, and thought about how much time you spend in here as well. I'd rather not make assumptions of course...Y'know." Venom flowed from Madison's carefully gentle and worried voice.

"Look, I said I was sorry," bubbled Mallory, sinking even her mouth below the water's crest.

"You're fine, you're fine. You're human, after all. We all have some...dissatisfaction in our lives," Madison paused. "Still, I'd like to help you through your pain."

"And I'd like to remind you that you are #1 on my shitlist, you cum-trough." More steam seemed to be rising from the tub.

"Mal-Mal, such unbecoming language for an adorable little girl," cooed Madison, and she noticed the notebook on the sink counter. "And what's this? Taking up poetry? A diary, perhaps? A sketchbook for deviantArt?"

"Don't fucking touch it." That was a big mistake: Mallory just revealed its value.

"Oh, not deviantArt? FurAffinity then?" Madison picked up the journal and stopped, giving her best Jack Sparrow, "You're not furry, are you?" A growl emitted from the tub. Madison started leafing through it, and her smile grew wicked and she started chuckling.

"This can't be real. This...it's unbelievable. It's like the...journal of an autistic weeb who runs through a whole box of tissues in a week. I can't believe it. I cannot fucking..." and she broke down on a full fit of laughter.

Mallory fumed in the tub. "You've done enough, just *go*!"

Madison grabbed at the bra hanging on the towel rack, bringing up the label. "What's going through my little sis's head? Wait, 32G? There's no way." She laughed, "Not a chance in Hell. This is adorable."

"I had to have the back taken in. My ribcage is three inches smaller."

Madison read the latest log in the journal. "You actually believe you are somewhere near an H-cup?!" There was a haughty anger in Madison's face. She stepped over to the tub and dropped the bra into the water, and exclaimed, incredulous, "You...You really think...?"

She lifted off her shirt and set her braless mountains free and stood at the head of the tub, dangling and teasing above Mallory's head. "Flight of the Valkyries" started playing in Mallory's mind as the shadow of Boobymandius, Queen of Tits, washed out her view of Madison's face, and eventually the overhead light. Mal was in a tit-eclipse at full occlusion. Sweat and condensation from the steamy tub dripped down off those fat bags, plunking loudly around her ears and echoing in the confined space.

"I'm not touching yooouu..."

Madison's voice grew loud, as if she truly was a goddess at the top of a mountain boasting down at puny humanity. She started swinging them ominously as she got lower and closer to Mallory's head. "Knock it off, you overgrown cow!"

Mallory's projected confidence rang hollow. Madison pretended to gasp, "Ohoho, someone sounds like she had a big bowl of Honey-Nut BitchWheats to start her morning."

"Get. The fuck. Out of. The bathroom."

Mallory's growls were clearly impotent, much like a cornered kitten. Madison wobbled herself dangerously closer. Mal could feel the slight currents in her hair. "I swear to God, if even one mere teet of those so much as grazes me, I will fucking bite it."

Madison giggled tauntingly, "Don't threaten me with a good time, little sis."

"I'm not your 'little sister,' damnit!"

"Aren't you, though?" And with that, Madison plopped down on her, plunging her arms into the water, groping toward her prize. "What's this? My, my, Mal! Maybe not so-little after all?"

The humiliation Mallory was enduring was titanic. She was being utterly mogged by the two proudest balloons in town, even the county. The cause of countless trips and injuries, hundreds of jealous slaps, a dozen scandals, and at least two divorces was crushing down on her head; and now Mallory was sandwiched between, with Madison's arms squishing them into her ears while fondling mockingly.

Mallory stopped fighting against Madison's greedy hands, and reached up, clamping down on each nipple with the strongest pinch her soapy hands could muster. Madison yelped and jerked up straight. She gritted her teeth, recovered, and laughed darkly.

"Feisty! You actually fight back now."

Madison was content with her administration of torture, especially with prey that now had teeth. She brushed it off and dried herself quickly, donning her shirt, and paused. "I'll be taking this with me," she said, matter-of-factly. "Don't worry, I'll leave you some good notes and advice."

"Put it **back**!" Mallory had stood up in the tub with a frightening scowl. Water and foam dripped from her, and her fists were clenched.

Madison grinned and surveyed her provoked toy. Her eyes wandered down and saw the scars marring the thighs of what actually was a rather attractive young woman, and her grin slipped into twitching hesitant smile. A small compassion flickered in her eyes, and...

Suddenly the smirk returned, and Madison left, notebook in hand, shutting the bathroom door with the same dismissal as the previous night. Defeated, Mallory sat back down in the tub and stayed there silently for a few more minutes before realizing she was shivering in the now barely lukewarm tub.

"Fucking heifer."