*Author’s note: this is a prequel and companion series to the ongoing Mallory series by laurelindoriath, an author I began as a fan of and am now proud to be collaborating with. While Mallory is very much a BE story from the get-go, the tale of her wicked cousin Madison is less so, although rest assured that Madison has plenty of growth coming her way in good time.  
  
First and foremost, this is a boob story for boob lovers, and I hope it’s as much fun to read as it’s been to write.*

Madison: The Painted Jezebel of Elk County

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Chapter 1

“Ugh.”  
  
It was morning, probably; and with the singular malevolence she’d come to expect from the universe, the sun was angling through the Venetian blinds at the mathematically precise angle necessary to hit Madison squarely in the eye in a way that was impossible to ignore. She groaned softly and shifted a little. However tired she was, however her head pounded, sleep was officially out of the question.

But her pique was up now, so she screwed her eyes shut, wedged her head between the pillows, and spent the next twenty minutes trying to catch a few extra elusive z’s anyway. It wasn’t like she could spite *the sun* somehow, but it was the principle of the thing, wasn’t it? She wasn’t used to being told what to do and she wasn’t about to start now.

But the peaceful, somewhat phlegmy breathing from behind her changed cadence, and the covers shifted, and a new weight settled on her side; a pudgy arm, she knew from beneath her pillow, covered in fine blond hair, wrist snapped into an Apple Watch, and the big hand at the end of that arm sleepily settling onto the fabric of her borrowed, oversized t-shirt and kneading the oversized, entirely-her-own breast within.

*Fuck.* She frowned from inside her pillow sandwich. This was a problem.

It wasn’t that she minded the touch, exactly; she liked the warm breath of a stranger on the back of her neck, and the way her nerves lit up softly as an aimlessly-clutching finger rubbed across the fabric over her nipple. Honestly, men were probably best this way: faces innocent and content instead of ugly with anger or greed, hands guilelessly burrowing towards warmth and comfort with the kind of childish gratitude none of them would ever admit to when awake.

And sometimes, when they were hard against your ass or thigh, thick and hot with blood, you could take one for the road without the bother of having to actually engage or listen to their bullshit.

Though that wasn’t going to be happening with - Darren? Derek? Fuck, who cared? Right now Madison just wanted to make her exit and get a Lyft home. In retrospect, she really should have known better. He’d stood out, at the county line dive bar, for his clean shave and neat hair and pressed shirt and fancy watch. He wasn’t hot, he didn’t have a lean rangy build and a soulful cowboy’s gaze, but he had two rows of clean straight white teeth and wasn’t paying attention to the game on TV and didn’t smell like Skoal and that sounded like what she needed right then.

He was also happy to make conversation, and even managed to drag his gaze up from her eight fat inches of cleavage for actual eye contact now and again, but she should have excused herself when he started referring to himself as a “high-value male” who was fit for the attentions of a high-value female like herself. People who called girls “females” were always weirdos, but she’d wanted to believe that it meant what it sounded like, and she liked the look of the canary-yellow Mercedes SUV he’d rolled up in, enough to climb into it and take a deep breath of that new car smell (a better aphrodisiac than any cologne) and let him take her back to his place.

She half-listened to his conversation as they drove, enough to tell he was neck-deep in internet hustle-culture bullshit, which she couldn’t care less about...but if that stuff could pay for this ride, well, we all made sacrifices, right? She smiled slightly to herself and let the hand on her thigh move upward as he blew past the usual turn on the county line road and instead angled for the upscale bedroom community thirty miles beyond, a land of gated neighborhoods with names like Oakwood Farms and Windsor Place. The kind of place she knew she belonged.

But it wasn’t to be. He never slowed to turn into one of those wrought-iron gates with statues of lions on either side, just buzzed past one after the other until they’d almost come out the other side of town, and only slowed when they reached one of those rangy, secluded, out-of-the-way apartment complexes meant to cheaply house the recent high school graduates and migrant families who staffed the retail jobs and landscaping companies that served the actual high-value households here.

His apartment itself looked like someone had just moved in or moved out; thin gray utilitarian carpet under bare white walls, a few lonely sticks of furniture sat before a dusty TV; and piled up in the corner, pallets and pallets’ worth of cardboard boxes full of heavy cans of some kind of supplement powder, which Darren/Derek explained were going to make him “change-your-wife money” once he got more “captains” into his “downline.”

Madison had nodded patiently while noting the dayglo-yellow FINAL NOTICE envelope from an auto insurer on the kitchen counter, but when his sweaty, coked-out rambling turned to suggesting maybe *Madison* could be one of his “captains,” she threw her shoulders back, feeling the familiar heft and strain in her taut back muscles, the constriction of breath as overtaxed fabric tried desperately to hold her bulk in, and she reached down for the bottom of her little club dress in the abrupt silence. Nature had given her a mute button for boring men, and she wasn’t shy about using it; and anyway, there was still one way the night might not be a complete disappointment.

...Well, she was nothing if not an optimist. Fittingly enough, Derek had been packing a chode, and thanks to her wide hips she was able to have a little fun with its tuna-can girth, but after a certain point he’d reddened with...shame or post-high contrition or something and begun *crying*, if you can believe it, actually fucking crying and telling Madison he loved her and wanted to marry her the moment his divorce was final and how she’d make such a great mom or something, just an absolute firehose of weapons-grade cringe, and she’d had to bury his balding head in between her tits just to make it stop while she hastily rode him to completion, no longer caring if she got anything out of it at all beyond blessed silence and a place to crash for a couple of hours before escaping.

Now escape...*that* was the problem here. Slowly, slowly moving her arm as if past a motion sensor in a heist movie, she raised the pillow from her face and frowned as she studied the tactical landscape. She was on her right side – the only way she’d been able to sleep since she was fourteen and a D-cup – and Derek’s hand was lightly resting on the hillock of flesh and fabric at the seam where her left breast met her torso. If she rolled very slowly rightward, maybe the hand would drag softly down her side and then her back and then onto the duvet while she crept out the door.

It wasn’t ideal, but...well, shitfire, no time like the present, right? Mads took a few calming breaths and began to move, rolling on her side and then onto her front...and onto it, and onto it, rising ever higher, biting her lip at the discomfort as her flesh mashed and compressed beneath the weight of her frame, each breast squashing inches out to either side of her rib cage, far enough to rest her forearms on. Derek shifted and snorted a little, but his hand limply followed the line of least resistance down her toned back to the puffy coverlet. Success.

Madison stood up, pushed lank strands of strawberry-blonde hair out of her eyes, blinked in the unpleasant morning glare, and turned quietly, scanning for her things. There. Her shoes were outside the bedroom door, already facing outward – a trick she’d learned years ago – and her slutty little club dress, still smelling of spilled beer and a bit of spilled cum, was wadded up on the dresser, with her bra, representing not much less fabric, and significantly more expense, draped with painstaking care atop it. A 38H bra was as impossible to find in Elk County as someone who could count that high, and even more precious. She had to make the three-hour drive into the big city three times a year for a new custom fitting, and she still outgrew the goddamn things almost as fast as the army of little Hispanic abuelas in the back could make them.

Changing was out of the question; the dress was a write-off until she could catch a ride to the dry cleaners on Monday. She wriggled into her leggings, girding herself for the struggle to get them up those last few voluminous inches where her fat ass really started to come into its own. It was a millimeter-by-millimeter process to get it up there without the waistband making a loud snap against her skin.

But, soon, it was done, hair tied back and out of the way in a spare scrunchie, dress neatly deposited inside her clutch, and clutch in turn stowed safely away in the human disappearing act of her cleavage along with her iPhone, and all of it neatly concealed beneath the tent-like Dropkick Murphys shirt Derek had handed her last night.

Madison crept over to the bedroom door, eyeing her waiting shoes, getting ready for the home stretch.  
  
“Ow FUCK!” she yelped. “Jesus FUCKING Christ what the actual SHIT - ”

She’d barked her left shin hard against something squatting on the floor near the bedroom door. Hopping up and down on her other leg in pain, she saw it was...another crate of supplement powder, this one with the invoice still attached. “You’ve gotta be fucking kidding me...!”

“Yo! Babe, what happened?” Derek was up in a flash, reddening with embarrassment. “Aw shit, I’m sorry! I didn’t, uh...do you need anything? Like ice. or…?” He hastily kicked the box into his bedroom closet and threw in some of the loose laundry in the room for good measure.

“It’s – it’s *all right*,” Madison gritted out through clenched teeth, forcing herself to breathe. “It’s...alright.” With the surprise gone, the pain was ebbing, and she was left feeling less hurt than chagrin at the spoiling of her careful getaway.

“Yeah, okay…” Derek said uncertainly, pinching the sleep out of his eyes. “Uh, you want me to make some breakfast? Or maybe a power shake?” he added hopefully. “Once you have it, you’ll know why we gotta be in on the ground floor and - “

“Oh, *babe*,” she said in her most honeyed voice. “You’re so sweet, but I don’t have time. I have a shift this afternoon, and, well, you know.” He *didn’t* know, and neither did she, but how else were you going to end a sentence like that?

As much as she wanted to just get away and shower the stink of divorce and failure off her, for some reason Madison couldn’t quite bring herself to be as direct – as cruel – as she might have in other circumstances. Maybe on some level this aging bro reminded Madison of her dad, and how he’d flailed around awkwardly and pitiably for those first couple years after her mom had skipped out.

Or maybe, and this really stung to think about, it was because he had something in common with *her.* This puffy pale sweatlord was going nowhere fast, but shit, at least he *wanted* to be somewhere else. At least he *wanted* something more, some way out. Wasn’t like anybody else in this fucking shithole did, that was for sure, and they hated Madison for knowing she was meant for something better. Maybe that’s what she’d really picked up on from across the bar. It was just too bad for him that she’d come equipped with a set of cheat codes for life that he never could.

She sighed, and the tent of XXL t-shirt fabric swayed with the motion, and she drew Derek’s head down to her chest, where she let it rest for a moment. “Thanks,” she murmured softly, because she couldn’t think of anything else to say.

He was silent for a long moment, basking in the sensation of resting his cheek upon a chest whose like he would never see again; his last fleeting taste of the velvet rope VIP section, the champagne room, the skybox seats that he must have known, on some level, were never meant for such as he.  
  
Finally, he looked up, and despite her flash of pity she still felt the thrill of reading the defeat in his expression, that inevitable final recognition of her utter authority. He took a deep breath. “Hey, uh...can I get you a different shirt? I got that one at the concert where I met my wife. ”

“I’ll bring it back,” she lied.