

The Corset
By Inflate123 - inflate123@gmail.com

There are times when even the most self-assured person feels like an idiot. For Amanda, this was that moment.

She looked at herself in the mirror. Staring back was a young woman wearing black briefs, nude pantyhose, and a red shoulder-strap corset, with a ridiculous hose sticking out of the top. The corset didn't fit right, or at least it didn't yet. The hose was to take care of that once she started pumping air into the outfit. The promised result: a more pleasing hourglass shape, undetectable from normal support garments when worn under clothing, and the perfect solution for tomorrow night's class reunion "second prom." Once and for all, she'd be able to retire the dreaded high-school nickname "Mousy Mandy." Well, supposedly.

Would this really work? She felt stupid for even trying. But desperate times called for desperate products made of rubber and spandex, and since she'd repeatedly talked herself out of permanent surgical means of self-improvement, it had come to this. All alone in the privacy of her room, door locked, gazing into the all-too-truthful mirror, she figured she had no reason not to give it a go. She squeezed the bulb experimentally.

Nothing happened.

She squeezed a few more times. Bupkis.

Stupid, she thought. But then, she felt it – the corset felt tighter. The air she'd pumped into the outfit had started to find its place, firming up the thin chambers where the steel stays would normally be. Oh, I get it, she thought – air pressure will keep it in line. With renewed hope, she pumped a few more fistfuls of air in.

Now the corset started to take shape, and that shape was an hourglass. As she pumped, the predetermined curves became apparent, tracing a racy concave arc from bust to hips. She felt the inside of the corset push against her stomach, cinching her middle while redistributing everything above or below. The bust cups themselves began to blow up, lifting her increasingly visible breasts up even further. It hadn't taken long before she did have a killer hourglass.

She reached for her dress – a black floor-length gown, dusted with gold sparkles – and, with amusing difficulty, slipped it over her head. With a little adjustment, it was the shape she'd hoped she'd be able to create – stunning curves, a prominent bustline, and a flared hip that put Pamela and Marilyn in their places. No sign of mice. This was perfect.

Well, almost perfect. The corset was doing a fantastic job – with the midsection squeezing in on her, she wasn't going to be able to do much bending over – but it

showed too much hip, not enough bust. With a slight frown, Amanda slid out of the dress and, hugging her inflated hips with one arm, encouraged the air to head north as she gave the bulb another squeeze.

She didn't see a difference, but she felt one – her midsection found itself even more constrained. A few more pumps made pretty much all the areas inflate equally. She was starting to look a little cartoonish. So close, she thought, but better learn how to do it right. She pressed the release valve on the bulb to deflate and start again.

No such luck. The air was staying put. She gave the hose a tug, then a few more sharper pulls. She heard a THOK from inside the pressurized corset – the hose had apparently been pulled free from its connector. But as Amanda tried to pull it out the top, she felt the hose catch on something – there wasn't much room to move in there, after all. She couldn't reach in from the bottom; it was too tight. She'd managed to trap herself in her own clothing! And why hadn't the thing deflated when the hose popped off?

So...she shimmied.

Like an idiot, she thought, realizing she was right after all, that this would never work. She wriggled her midsection around, rolling her stomach muscles around, sucking in as much as she could, hoping to free the trapped hose. All it did was tickle her belly button; she could sense the end of the hose but couldn't reach it, couldn't move it anywhere. She felt like a moron, writhing in front of the mirror, hoping to create just enough space to pull the blasted thing out.

Then she felt...something else. The hose had apparently gotten jammed, but it felt like...it had gotten stuck in her navel. It tickled her, but it would not be moved. The hose wouldn't come outta her innie.

Exasperated, Amanda squeezed the bulb. Amazingly, the corset swelled. Well, it looked like the corset swelled...but she thought it felt more like she was swelling. The tube had lodged itself in her belly button; was this even possible? She pumped again; same feeling. Looking for proof, she quickly pumped four or five times in a row, and there was no mistaking it. She felt electric sensations throughout her midsection; she felt her hips widen a little. She saw her breasts grow.

She stopped and stared. She didn't know what to think, other than one thing: Damn, that felt good.

The corset was now less an undergarment and more a bondage outfit; she had managed to imprison herself in a crimson hourglass, then increase the pressure from inside. She was stuck in the garment; she couldn't unfasten it, she couldn't move within it. All she could do was pump...and that, she could not deny, felt enjoyable. The teasing erotic thoughts began to take over. This won't last forever, she realized – not the feelings, but not the garment itself. If it wouldn't let go willingly, she'd force it off.

She squeezed several fistfuls of air down the tube. The sensations returned; her midsection tingled and tried to expand. She was blowing herself up, and it thrilled her – air forcing its way through her torso, into her cartoonish hips, deepening her increasingly impressive cleavage. The feeling of pressure – from inside her body and from the imprisoning, inflated corset – drove her completely crazy. Prom? Reunion? Fuck it. She pumped. And pumped. And PUMPED!

Her body swelled accordingly. Rounder and rounder she grew, waist constrained while her chest – not the corset cups, but her actual breasts – rose higher, looking like nothing so much as swelling balloons. Her hips flared out sharply beneath the corset, plumping up as her rear grew rounder. Even her thighs began to thicken, pushing her black panties up as they inflated apace.

And it felt fantastic! Every squeeze of the bulb tickled her belly, sending shocks of pleasure straight down. She felt her belly try to swell, but it was tight – constrained by the merciless corset, which was already stretched tight from the pressure. The air displaced above and below, pumping her to a more outrageous hourglass than she'd ever seen. Harder, she thought. Faster. Bigger. MORE. She wanted the corset to explode.

If anything looked like it was going to explode, it was Amanda. She was pumping furiously now, cursing the tiny bulb for not sending more air down the narrow tube, eager to pop the corset straight off. Her breasts engulfed her upper torso, straining at the shoulder straps that pressed down on her bulging chest from above. With only a few stitches of warning, the straps blasted off, unable to contain the intensity. Ah, she thought, gasping – progress! She switched hands and pumped with renewed vigor.

Her bottom ballooned out behind her, leading to giant curved hips down to conical thighs. Even her belly had started to show some rounding as the corset creaked – the pressure was immense! As she saw the spandex snap its stitching and heard the rubber stretch with deepening groans, she knew she would soon be free. She was going to make this corset blow!

Amanda was winded; it was hard to breathe, and she was overexcited. She paused, panting, to look in the mirror. She could barely see over the twin balloons that were her breasts, noting that they echoed her overinflated hips and bottom. Even her belly had swelled ominously, as the corset struggled to keep her curves in check. It was failing, but it had not failed. Not yet.

"I...win," Amanda puffed, aware that the next intensely orgasmic pumps would be the last of her incredible experience. "Time...to go out...with a bang."

Gathering all her remaining strength, Amanda pumped the bulb as many times as she could before blacking out.

There was a mighty explosion.