

“The Corset” Draft by TROGDOR297

Agatha walked through the empty mall known as Springbrook Square with her sister, Harmony. They both had fond memories of this place, remembering when the mall had been the main setting of their social lives, spending countless hours over weekends and evenings convening in this glorious multiplex of shops to spend their free cash and just hang out with their friends.

But that was 20 years ago. Since then, with the rise of online shopping, and better and fancier developments springing up in the surrounding towns, their poor local mall had become destitute; practically deserted on most days of the week, with almost half of the units without a shop to fill it. Time had not been good to Springbrook Square, that was for certain.

Time had also not been good to Agatha or her sister. After graduating high school, most of their friends had gone to college and moved away. Agatha and Harmony had stayed behind and spent their early 20's working dead-end jobs to afford money to party. They lived life to the fullest, but eventually life caught up. As they aged their excessive lifestyle habits (drinking all day, eating whatever they wanted, poor sleep habits) had taken their toll. Though only aged 35 and 36, they looked closer to their mid 40's, and both were quite heavy. Agatha, the older sister, was the heavier of the two, weighing just over 300 lbs on her 5'6" frame. They both had their mother's genetics, with most of their weight favouring to settle around their torso, leaving both of them with large spare tires.

“Ugh, I can't believe you talked me into coming here” Harmony huffed as she walked beside her sister. “This place just makes me feel sad...Look, that place used to be the Orange Julius...and beside it was the La Senza! Now they're just abandoned holes in the wall”

Agatha nodded “I know this place sucks, but a friend at work told me that there was a new store that opened here with really cute outfits!”

“Which friend?” Harmony asked.

“Sheila” Agatha replied as she scanned what few stores did remain in the rundown shopping center.

“Sheila...wait, is she the redhead?”

Agatha nodded.

“Aggy!” Harmon whined “She's like a size 2! Clothes that are cute on her won't look cute on us!”

“Hush! Sheila said they have lots of stuff there, I'm sure we'll find something. It's called something ‘Sugar’ she told me, it's got to be around here somewhere” Agatha said feeling optimistic.

Unfortunately her optimism was sorely misplaced. The store, which went by the name of Petit Sucre, had zero items above a size 12, leaving both sisters dejected.

As they walked out of the store empty handed, Harmony sighed. "Well that was a waste of time. Thanks a lot Sheila"

Agatha shrugged "She meant well"

"Whatever. I'm done with this place, let's go" Harmony said turning down the corridor in the direction of the parking garage.

"Here take my keys" Agatha said, fishing them out of her large bag. "I'm gonna wander around a bit more, I want to see if they still have that jewellery store we used to go to"

Without waiting Harmony took the keys and started off, waving over her shoulder. "Later, Aggy"

Agatha rolled her eyes, annoyed. Her sister could be such a pain sometimes. She turned and walked the other way, trying her best to remember the layout of the mall.

After walking for ten minutes she found what she was looking for, the jewellery store...which had recently closed for good.

"Oh god dammit" She said, shoulders slumping as she read the paper notice on the door, thanking their customers for supporting them for many years. "Harmony was right, this was a waste of time"

"Excuse me? Madame?" A female voice with a vaguely european accent called to her.

Agatha turned her head to the left, to see an older woman popping her head out of her storefront and waving to her. "What?" Agatha called back.

"Come, Madame, Come! I think I have the product that is right for you!" She said with a toothy grin, before her head disappeared.

Agatha considered turning and walking away, but her curiosity got the better of her. Besides, she'd come to the mall to shop, it would be awful if she left empty-handed. Maybe this kooky old woman really would have something she liked.

She approached the storefront, which was labelled "Morgana's Delights". Black curtains hung over the glass walls, giving no indication to what exactly the store sold. Agatha had never heard of the store before, but that didn't stop her as she pushed her way in.

Her nose immediately wrinkled as she stepped over the threshold, the air thick with incense. The room was dimly lit except for a bright circle of light in the middle of the room, where the woman who'd beckoned her now stood. Looking around the room Agatha could make out various items of clothing on the walls; silk kimonos, extravagant gowns, various scarfs and shawls. Frankly none of it fit Agatha's personal style, but she would be polite and hear the old woman out.

“Welcome, my dear” She spoke, waving her hand to beckon Agatha forward. “Welcome to my shop, I am-”

“Morgana?” Agatha said as she stepped into the circle of light.

“Yes.” Morgana said flatly, annoyed to be interrupted.

“I’ve never heard of you, when did you move in?” Agatha asked as she looked around the room.

“Oh, recently. I move around quite a bit” She gave another toothy grin, which left Agatha feeling slightly unsettled.

“Right...” Agatha turned her attention back to the shopkeeper. “So? What’s this product?”

Morgana gave a small bow “Of course, Madame, of course. But first a few questions...”

Agatha gave a small sigh “Fine. What do you want to know?”

“You do not like the way you look, yes?”

Agatha blinked, shocked at the woman's blunt assessment of her. “What?! Who the fuck do you think you are!” She shouted, suddenly angry.

The older woman was unfazed by Agatha’s outburst “I am Morgana, and I know things. I know that you wish you could change how you look. I know that you struggle to lose weight. And, I know that you are lonely”

Each of the shopkeepers' statements were harsh, but Agatha couldn't deny their truth. She never spoke of it with anyone but she was unhappy with her appearance, and definitely struggled to lose weight. As for lonely...the only person she had in her life now was Harmony.

“How...?” She asked, confused at how this total stranger had sized her up so quickly.

Morgana stepped forward and rested a hand on each of Agatha’s shoulders, reassuringly “I told you dear, I know things. Now, I cannot do anything about the loneliness... I am not a matchmaker! But...perhaps I can help with the way you look.” She stepped out of the circle of light, disappearing into the darkness. A minute passed by with Agatha waiting alone. She could hear sounds from the backroom where Morgana had disappeared to, but she couldn't place them.

After two minutes Agatha was starting to get worried, when the old woman reappeared once more. She held up a garment made up of reinforced fabric panels, tied together at the back; a corset. It’s exterior was red satin, trimmed with black lace. It looked like something that Agatha expected you’d see at a burlesque show.

“This is your answer? A corset?! I’m not wearing that” Agatha protested vehemently.

“This is not just a corset, my dear, this is one of Morgana’s corsets! Trust me, I know what you need, and this is it. Let me put it on you and you will see” Morgana undid the steel eyelets, and loosened the laces as she stepped forward.

“Do...I need to undress?” Agatha asked, feeling self-conscious. It’d been awhile since anyone had seen her nude. She’d worn just a simple black tank top with a sports bra and a pair of yoga pants today.

“No, no. My corset’s can be worn over or under clothing!” Morgan said with a smile. “Arm’s up!” Agatha complied, lifting her arms. Morgana extended her own arms underneath, holding the two halves of the corset. She slipped the pieces together, reconnecting the steel eyelets in front, then she pulled, forcing the corset to press into Agatha. Agatha blushed with embarrassment as Morgana fiddled with the restrictive garment.

“The top should rest...hnnng...right underneath...your bust. There! Like that!” Morgana looked over her shoulder, snapping the fingers on her right hand. From out of the darkness a full length mirror rolled forward.

“Wait, how did-” Agatha started to ask, but Morgana cut her off.

“Look at yourself, my dear!”

Agatha did look though she wasn’t impressed. She just looked ridiculous. The corset sat snug underneath her modest breasts, giving them a bit of a lift, but it still bulged out in every direction doing nothing to hide her fat underneath.

“I’m sorry, but this doesn’t make me feel better about myself”

“Of course not!” Morgana said, her face peering over her shoulder once more. “It needs to be tightened to work!”

With a heavy grunt, Morgana pulled tight on the corset laces, causing the entire garment to squeeze in. Agatha let out a moan of shock and pain. “Ouch! Hey, that hu-”

“Not done yet dear!” Morgana replied in a sing-songy voice. Another heave, and the laces tightened further. The pressure on the corset increased, pressing tighter on Agatha. She started to hyper ventilate. Her body felt strange beneath the corset. She figured it must be a lack of oxygen, the corset restricting her blood flow. “Morgana, please take it off!” She managed to get out.

“Just one more!” Morgana said, ignoring her.

“Ahhhh!” Agatha cried as the corset somehow got even tighter, squeezing her from all directions. She couldn’t breathe, it was so tight. Her eyes began to water, and she struggled to stay upright. Her vision faded slightly, the edges going dark. Morgana was speaking to her, but she couldn’t hear what she was saying. She stumbled forward, until she collapsed on to the shop counter.

She rested face down bent over the counter, her breathing shallow, still feeling restricted by the corset. She could hear the old woman speaking but her voice was incoherent. Then as quickly as it came it all faded. Her vision cleared, the pain receded, and she could make out Morgana's words of reassurance. With a grunt she pushed herself back up and turned back around.

"What the fuck!" She yelled at the old woman. "I said take it off! You nearly killed me!"

Morgana crossed her arms rolling her eyes. "Do not be a baby. You are fine now, are you not?"

Agatha wanted to yell again, but stopped herself. Yelling at the old woman would be pointless, and...she did actually feel fine now. A minute ago she'd felt like she was suffocating, but now she could breathe easily. The pain was gone too.

"Whatever, just get it off me. It's not for me" Agatha said, pointing at the corset.

Morgana shook her head. "Darling, just come look at yourself" She outstretched her hand beckoning Agatha to the mirror.

Agatha hesitated for a second, then with an annoyed sigh, stepped over to the old woman. If this would placate the old woman she'd do it. "Fine, but I still don't think it's for....me...Oh my God..."

Agatha looked at herself in the mirror and didn't recognize herself. She looked...good! Really good! She had a waist! For years her body had bulged out in every direction, but now it went the other direction. From underneath her bust where the corset rested snugly it actually tapered slightly in, forming a slight convex curve to where it stopped at her hips. It looked like the corset had taken 50 pounds off her figure!

As she stared at herself she began to notice that there were more changes. Her waistline had been the obvious difference, but as she studied herself she realised that her body had shifted in more ways than one. Her arms were more slender, no longer thickly wrapped in fat. And her face! Her double chin was gone! Both her neck and face were definitely slimmer than they'd been when she'd looked in the mirror minutes before. Still a far cry from how small she'd been in her youth, but it was still improvement!

"How?" She asked, lifting her arms and looking at them. It wasn't just the mirror, her arms were definitely more toned. "Where did it go?"

"It went where it was needed, my dear" Morgana said with a smile.

Agatha looked back at herself in the mirror in confusion, gasping with shock as she noticed it. Now she understood what Morgana meant. Her curves had gotten...curvier.

Her breasts had never been spectacular, poor genetics had led to very little of her weight gain going to her chest. In recent years they'd just sat on her chest, saggy and sad. That

had changed now, as each breast had swollen up, like a balloon pumped with air. They were now full and supple, round and fat sitting high upon her chest, lifted from beneath by the corset. They pressed at the neckline of her tank top, bulging up over the top by almost an inch.

That change was minor compared to down below. Her hips had grown significantly wider, by at least a few inches, sloping out to either side from underneath the bottom edge of the corset. Her thighs had thickened to support her widened frame, though they didn't look bad, no trace of cellulite visible through her leggings.

"Oh shit!" She said as she turned to the side. Her ass had always been big, but not like this. Her cheeks jutted out from her, forming an almost horizontal shelf that curved away to form each massive cheek. She reached behind her and rested a hand atop it, giving it a squeeze. Her flesh was soft and jiggy, and definitely all her. With a wiggle of her hips she felt her cheeks shake back and forth against each other. She laughed out loud as her ass clapped audibly as she shook it.

"Not bad, no?" Morgana said, crossing her arms with a smile.

Agatha spun to face her. "Better than not bad! Holy shit, I'm sexy! My god I haven't felt sexy in...in years!"

Morgana nodded "I know. This is what you needed" She stepped around Agatha, inspecting her from all side, while Agatha fawned over her new body. Her breasts were plump and round, her ass was fat and jiggy, and she no longer had a gut!

"How much?" Agatha asked.

"For you, my dear? Nothing. Consider it a gift for someone in need" Standing behind Agatha now, Morgana reached out and tugged on a knotted lace at the top of the garment. The knot came undone, and the whole thing released.

"Wait! No!" Agatha cried as the Corset fell off her. With a sad heart she watched as her body reformed itself. Her torso bulged back out as her butt and breasts shrank, her arms and face thickening in seconds. Morgana picked up the corset where it'd fallen on the floor and carried to the counter where she wrapped it up in a red box.

Agatha walked over and reached for the box eagerly. Before her fingers could make contact, Morgana yanked it back.

"There are rules, darling" She stated firmly.

"Ok? Tell me!" Agatha demanded.

"Rule number 1, only wear it for a few hours at a time. It's not healthy for the body otherwise" Morgana stated holding up a single finger.

Agatha nodded, though feeling disappointed. She wanted to look like that 24 hours a day if she could!

“Rule number 2, do not adjust the sizing.” She held up her second finger “When I put it on you I set the laces to fit precisely for your figure, and you will pull it to that size whenever you wear it. Do not attempt to change the sizing without me! If your natural body loses weight, please return and I will make the adjustment for you”

Agatha nodded, feeling no remorse this time. Morgana had clearly squeezed that corset as tight as it could go, there’d be no point in trying to go further!

“Rule number 3?” Agatha asked.

“Rule number 3...Don’t break the rules”

Agatha frowned. “Wait, what? Isn’t that a bit redundant?”

Morgana shrugged. “Perhaps, but I’ve known too many girls who didn’t listen...and...well I do not wish to frighten you, so I will just once again say; follow the rules” With her warning given, Morgana pushed the box across the counter to Agatha who gleefully snatched it up, willfully ignorant of the foreboding message the shopkeeper had conveyed.

“Thank you Morgana!” She said with a smile, turning to leave.

“You are most welcome, Agatha” Morgana replied with a smile.

Minutes later Agatha returned to her car finding Harmony waiting, scrolling her phone with the A/C blasting.

“Hey” Agatha said with a grin when she got in.

“Hey...” Harmony said only looking up from her phone when she heard Agatha toss the box in the back. “Wait, did you buy something?”

“Mmm, sort of?” Agatha said, putting the car in gear and pulling away.

“What does that mean?” Harmony asked pulling her seat upright.

Agatha regaled Harmony with the story of the strange old woman who’d given her what appeared to be a Magic Corset.

“Magic?” Harmony asked sceptically.

Agatha shrugged “I know it sounds ridiculous but...that’s the only explanation I have for what happened. What, you don’t believe in magic?”

Harmony scoffed. “Obviously not!”

Agatha looked at her with a raised eyebrow. "Didn't you go through a Wiccan phase?"

Harmony laughed "That's different! Whatever, if you say it's magic, I trust you"

Agatha laughed with her sister. "You won't have to trust me, though! You can see for yourself when we get home and you help me put it on!"

When they arrived at their shared home, Agatha rushed them upstairs to her room, where she quickly disrobed.

"Whoa, what are you doing!" Harmony protested as her sister was suddenly naked before her wearing only her panties.

"Oh relax, Harmony, you've seen me naked plenty of times before"

"Sure, and I've seen horses plenty of times, but I'd still be shocked if one was randomly in our house" Harmony said, her eyes looking up to the ceiling to avert her gaze.

"Whatever, get over here. I needed to put it on naked so I could wear clothes over it." Agatha said turning to face away from her sister, the corset now loosely fitted around her torso.

Harmony sighed as she stepped forward "Ok, what do I need to do"

Agatha's face went blank, thankful her sister was behind her so she couldn't see her confusion "Uh...I don't really know. She just sort of pulled on the laces? She said they're set so you don't have to worry about pulling them too tight?"

Agatha felt a slight tug as her sister grabbed hold of the laces. "Alright here we go..." Harmony muttered.

"Ooo!" Agatha said in shock, as a familiar pressure squeezed her body. Though it felt different this time...better. She reckoned her body was just used to it now?

"Whoa...you ok?" Harmony asked.

"Yup, keep going"

"Keep going?! It already seems pretty tight!"

Agatha nodded "Yup, you gotta pull 3 times" She smiled to herself as she grabbed her phone off the nearby bed. Turning it on she pointed it at herself, opening the camera app. She pursed her lips kissing at the camera, as she felt the pressure intensify on her rib cage. She could literally see her face and neck get slimmer in real time. No longer contained in her tank top, she was able to appreciate the affect it had on her breasts as well, as each one swelled up to the size of a grapefruit.

"Come on, one more!" Agatha said.

Harmony grunted and the pressure increased for the final time. This time Agatha felt the shift in mass down below, her legs and ass stretching as the corset redistributed her weight.

“Ah, there we go!” Agatha said as she took a deep breath. She felt completely fine. There’d been no pain, no discomfort, just a bit of comforting pressure.

“Just tie them?” Harmony asked.

“Mhmm!” Agatha said as she looked at herself through her phone. Oh god, she looked good, she thought as she gave herself a grin. Thick and curvy in all the right places. Her waist could be thinner, she thought as she ran a hand down the side of the corset, but there was nothing to be done about it. She felt a small tug as Harmony tied the laces in place then stepped away.

Agatha spun around, hands held high. “Ta-da!”

Harmony’s jaw dropped. It’d been hard to tell from how close she was standing, but now that she could take all of her sister in she had to admit she was right; it must be magic. Her breasts were huge, full and round, sitting high on her chest, nipples pointing up and slightly away from each other. The corset had slendered her midsection dramatically, curving in slightly before sloping back out to her newly grown hips and ass. Each ass cheek must’ve been nearly a foot wide, and projected a good 4 or 5 inches from her back.

“Pretty good, right?” Agatha said with a smug grin.

“Better than pretty good! Holy shit! Look at you...your ass...your tits?! Everything! You look like you had like...100k of plastic surgery done!”

“I know! I just wish it pulled my waist in a little tighter...” Agatha said, her grin falling.

“Oh my god, shut the fuck up! You look perfect! How are you finding fault right now!” Harmony replied, flustered.

Agatha smiled “You’re right. Let’s go out tonight!”

Harmony crossed her arms and shook her head. “You’re kidding right? I can’t go out with you, look at you!”

“What? Don’t be ridiculous” Agatha said as she walked into her closet to pick out something to wear.

“You don’t be ridiculous! I already feel self-conscious going to bars, I’m not going to go standing next to you looking like that!” Harmony said, crossing her arms and sitting down on the bed.

“If you’re self-conscious then go get one of your own! The mall’s still open...” Agatha said from the closet.

Harmony paused. “No...no, I’m good. It’s too weird. Your body shouldn’t be able to do that...”

“Pfft, who cares what our bodies should or shouldn’t do?” Agatha replied. She stepped out of the closet with a big smile on her face. She was wearing a red dress, that she’d cinched in the middle with an oversized belt. The outfit drew attention to the considerable difference between her hips and waist, and the neckline showed off a delicious line of cleavage as it pressed her breasts together. She ran her hands down the side of the dress and out over the side of her wide hips.

“Woo, I am hot tonight!” She said, slapping her own ass, and revelling in how it jiggled.

“And I am definitely not coming” Harmony said getting off the bed and leaving the room.

“Your loss, sis” Agatha said as she followed her out, grabbing a pair of heels on her way. She swung her hips as she left the room, her massive ass colliding with the door and slamming it shut. Agatha cackled as she walked away, in love with her new form.

The next morning Agatha awoke in bed, eyes dry and head pounding.

“Ah...fuck...that hurts...” She groaned as she covered her eyes from the light shining in the nearby window. Rolling over in bed, she turned away from the light hoping to get some more sleep.

Her eyes shot open. She hadn’t noticed when she first awoke, but rolling over she’d felt it. She pushed herself up in bed. She was lying on top of the sheets, she hadn’t even bother to tuck herself in when she’d got home last night. She still wore her heels, and the red dress...and the corset.

“Oh shit! Oh shit, oh shit, oh shit!” She yelled as she scrambled out of bed. She’d broken Rule #1; don’t wear it for more than a few hours.

She’d gotten far more drunk than she’d planned last night. There’d been so many guys at the bar she’d gone to, and all of them wanted to buy her drinks and dance with her. Most of them probably also wanted to take her home, but she’d rejected them all. She’d lost count of how many drinks she’d had. She vaguely remembered taking an Uber home, and then collapsing in bed. The bed had been so comfortable she’d passed right out.

Even now she felt completely comfortable. She could still feel the corset, but it was nothing more than a mild pressure; like wearing a piece of shapewear.

Without hesitation she pulled off the dress, then reached around behind her back and undid the knot her sister had tied in the lace. The corset released, and her body slumped back to normal; gone was her gorgeous ass and tits, back was her lumpy belly and obese face.

She stepped out of the corset and walked over to the mirror. Morgana had alluded to some pretty serious consequences if she broke the rules. She looked at her reflection, studying

every inch of herself. She was...she was fine? She looked completely and totally fine. There weren't even any red marks on her skin from where she'd worn the corset.

"Huh" She said, stepping back and sitting on the edge of the bed. She'd broken a rule and there'd been no consequences. Maybe Morgana had been lying to her? She looked down at her old body, and after a moment of contemplation, made a decision.

Morgana had *definitely* been lying, she decided though with little proof to support her hypothesis. That meant, she theorized, that she was free to wear the corset as much as she wanted. Including right now. With a grin she scurried to the other side of the bed, and pulled on the garment.

Setting it in place, she reached behind her and grabbed both sets of laces. Then with a heave she pulled. It took far less effort than she expected, as she reached the marker for the first pull. Already she felt better, the reassuring pressure around her midsection pushing in on her. She pulled twice more, and once again her body was back to banging, her tits round and perky, her ass like a pair of two throw pillows. She fumbled with the laces for a bit getting the knot tied, but she managed.

She checked herself out in the mirror once more, turning around to take herself all in. As she inspected her backside over her shoulder in the mirror, marvelling at the size and shape of her butt, she noticed a little knot tied into the lace within the inside of the corset. It was pressed up against the lacehole at the moment.

She stared at it for several moments, puzzling over its purpose. She hadn't tied that knot, so it must have been done by Morgana? But it was on the inside, so it wouldn't hold anything in place it would only...stop the laces from going any further.

"Oh my god..." She muttered to herself, as a smile formed on her face. Morgana had been lying about wearing the corset too long, so obviously she must have been lying about not tightening more than three times.

Reaching behind her and using the mirror as a guide she undid the one section of lace until she had it free, then she undid the knot. Hands shaking from excitement she re-fed the lace into the garment until she was back to where she started. Then she stood with an excited smile.

Author's Post-Script: I came up with the idea of a magic Corset, that squeezed fat from the body into the wearer's ass and breasts while on vacation recently. Came home and typed out 10 pages...and realized that "Magic Corset" wasn't a story, it was just a concept. Where I left off here she would squeeze the corset tighter, and grow curvier...and I didn't have anywhere else to go after that. Also describing the super hourglass shape she would be developing was a bit daunting, though I probably would've managed fine.