



CHAPTER 1: Gloss in the Box

The room was dim, lit only by the soft glow of a bedside lamp, which cast long shadows against the walls. Elara sat on the edge of the bed, the box containing her new purchase resting open in front of her. The silence of the apartment was comfortable, broken only by the faint, sharp scent of petroleum and rubber that began to fill the air the moment she lifted the lid.

Inside lay the suit, black but with a deep, underlying sheen that caught the light and seemed to shimmer when she tilted the package. It was a full-body bodysuit, designed to look like a second skin, but Elara knew from the description that the material was far more advanced than her standard latex wear. It promised durability, elasticity, and that specific, intoxicating glossy finish that turned so many people on.

Her fingers trembled slightly as she reached in, brushing against the smooth texture of the fabric. It felt stiff against her fingertips, promising a resistance that would turn deliciously soft against her skin. She pulled the suit out, holding it up by the shoulders. It was beautiful. The fabric clung to its own structure, molding into the vague shape of a woman's body, highlighting curves even when it wasn't being worn.

She set it down on the duvet and spread the arms and legs, then turned her attention to the seam where the thighs met. This was the innovation, the part that made her heart race. The pump sat there in the latex itself, a rounded little shape that would press firmly against her most private place.

A small silver valve sat beside the pump, with a neat QR code label sewn into the seam below it. The manual called it a pairing tag, meant to sync the suit with its app.

“Vacuum sealing”, she thought, a flush of heat spreading through her chest. The app controlled the pump, the listing had said, pulling the air out from between her skin and the rubber until the suit clung perfectly to her body. The idea thrilled her. Every inch of latex drawn tight, every curve contained, every pocket of space disappearing until she was sealed inside a flawless, glossy shell.

Elara ran her hands down her own legs, imagining the friction of the latex against her thighs, the way it would hug her hips. She could already feel a dull throb of anticipation in her core. The texture of the suit looked almost wet, like oil spilled on a black surface, and she felt a sudden urge to touch it, to smear her fingers across the glossy surface and feel the cool firmness.

She picked the suit up again, turning it over in her hands. It was thicker than she expected, slick but sturdy, with just enough resistance to make her imagine how tightly it would cling once it was on. The silver pump looked almost too deliberate to be purely practical, its smooth shape nestled into the crotch seam like something meant to be felt as much as used. The curiosity was sharper than her usual lust, a need to see the mechanics in action.

She ran her fingertips over the pump, imagining the app waking it with a clean little tap, the seal engaging, the latex pulling tighter and tighter until she was completely contained. A shiver of anticipation raced down her spine, eager to see if the suit would truly seal her in the way she imagined.

With a soft exhale, she moved the suit aside and reached for the drawstrings of her oversize pajama pants, slowly working the knot loose while her body tingled with anticipation. The black rubber sat like a dormant animal, waiting to be inhabited, and Elara couldn't tear her eyes away from its promise of total, glossy domination.

She sat on the edge of the bed, the cool black material crinkling as she picked it up.

First, her feet. The material fought back slightly, stretching tight around her arches before sliding into place. She worked her way up, pulling the suit over her calves and thighs. It was restrictive in the best way, molding to the curve of her legs. She stood, her knees brushing together, feeling the suit tighten around her skin with every inch of her body it covered.

It was a tight, delicious squeeze for her lower torso. She worked the latex up inch by inch, feeling the friction of the material against her skin as it heated up, smoothing it over her hips until the hidden pump settled snugly between her thighs. The fit made her breath catch for a moment, tight enough that she had to pause and adjust herself before pulling the suit higher. The pump sat exactly where it was meant to, firm and precise, pressing against her most sensitive area like a promise.

The suit climbed higher, and Elara had to stop for a moment as the tightness caught around her chest. She pulled again, slower this time, feeling the latex stretch and give just enough for her breasts to slip into place.

Cool latex brushed over her nipples, shocking against the flushed heat of her skin. The material molded itself around her with intimate precision, cupping her so perfectly it felt less like clothing and more like possession. Beneath the black shine, the suit's hold became constant, private, and impossible to ignore.

When she looked down, she didn't see her own body so much as she saw a glossy, perfect reflection of her shape. The bodysuit clung to her form, outlining her breasts and the curve of her lower back with predatory precision.

She turned to the full-length mirror on her closet door. The black latex shimmered, absorbing the light and reflecting it back as deep, dark pools of her own desire. Her body looked incredible, encased in a second skin that looked impossibly tight, molding every curve carefully and deliberately. The sight made her knees weak, a thrill of anticipation racing through her veins as she admired the glossy silhouette.

She walked over to the mirror as her hands drifted to her sides, her palms gliding over the smooth surface of the suit. She traced the line of her waist, feeling the tightness of the fabric against her fingertips. The whole thing was intoxicating; the suit was a hungry thing, already demanding submission.

She rested her hands on her chest, pressing down. The latex didn't give much, but it held her chest like a lover's embrace. She imagined opening the app, starting the seal, and feeling the pump draw away every last pocket of air until the latex clung to her completely, tightening the embrace into something even more intimate.



"Wow," she whispered, watching her reflection.

Her lips were slightly parted, breath coming faster. The suit truly felt like a second skin, but one that was alive, eager, and incredibly erotic. She could feel the cool material warming against her skin, turning her flush. She ran a finger down the center of her stomach, feeling the subtle tension of the fabric readying for the next step, her body already restless with anticipation.

CHAPTER 2: The Wrong Pressure

Elara reached for her phone on the bed, where the companion app waited with a clean, clinical setup screen. From what she could recall, it was supposed to control the vacuum seal, drawing the air out from between her skin and the suit until the latex clung perfectly to every curve.

The small pump sat low in the suit, its shape visible beneath the black latex in a way that felt almost shameless. It looked like a secret the suit had made no real effort to hide, a rounded, intimate bulge like a toy concealed beneath tight panties.

She tapped the activation button.

For one breath, nothing happened. Then a soft mechanical hum stirred between her legs, quiet but unmistakable. Elara gasped as the pump began to vibrate against her most sensitive spot, low and steady, far too intimate to feel accidental. It did not feel like a vacuum seal activating. It felt like the suit had switched on a hidden toy and settled it exactly where it knew she would feel it most.

Her heart quickened as she felt the vibration, still expecting the suction any second. She watched her midsection closely, thumb hovering near the button on the app, ready to shut it off if the suit compressed too hard.

The hum grew slightly stronger, a rhythmic pulse vibrating from the pump. Elara frowned, tilting her head. The suit was not sucking in. The material was not constricting around her waistline.

Instead, **it was pushing out.**

Wasn't it supposed to draw the air out? So why did it feel like the pump was forcing air in? For a dizzy second, she wondered if the manufacturer had installed the mechanism backwards. A defective valve. A reversed pump. This should have made her reach for the release button, but the pressure felt too good.

Elara placed a hand over the center of her belly, feeling it slowly rise beneath her palm in a smooth, rounded curve. The surface was stretching into a shape she hadn't expected at all. The pump kept going with a soft, steady hum, vibrating between her thighs as the change became impossible to mistake.

A startled heat rushed through her as her belly began to push forward beneath the glossy black surface, rounding slowly as if the suit had taken control of her shape. Each quiet pulse filled her a little more, pressing her outward, stretching the latex smooth over the growing curve of her stomach. She could feel it happening, feel herself becoming fuller, softer, bigger.

She was being inflated.



The sensation was nothing like the vacuum seal she had imagined. There was no sharp squeeze, no sudden compression, just a deep, steady pressure spreading across her midsection. The latex held her firmly as it expanded, hugging her sides and lower back while the front of the suit rose beneath her hand. It felt controlled, strange, and intensely intimate, as if the suit had found a new way to fit her.

She glanced toward the mirror and felt her breath catch.

Her reflection had changed. Her once-flat stomach now curved outward in a smooth, glossy swell, taut enough to catch the lamplight in a bright streak across the latex. It still looked like her, only fuller, more deliberately shaped. She rested both hands over the rounded front of the suit while the pump vibrated softly lower down, pressed between her thighs and still waiting to give her more.

Elara slowly moved her hands over the rounded front of the suit. The swollen curve had a soft give beneath her palms, but the latex itself held firm, resisting just enough to make every touch feel slow and deliberate. The pressure wrapped around her middle and pressed gently into her lower back, warm and strange, intense enough to make her knees weaken.

For a moment, she looked down at the release button in the app.

This was not what she had signed up for. She could stop it now, let the suit release, let her body return to normal, and pretend this had only been a defective product. Something to box up, return, and forget.

But her thumb did not move.

The idea of stopping only made her more aware of how good it felt to be held this way, swollen and inflated beneath her own hands. The latex had stretched around her so perfectly, shaping the new curve of her stomach as if it belonged there. She should have been alarmed. Instead, heat curled low inside her as she realized she did not want to go back yet.

Her thumb hovered over the release button.

The pump gave a soft hiss between her thighs, its vibration deepening as the rounded swell of her belly pushed forward another careful inch. Elara bit her lip, watching the glossy curve grow in the mirror. The pressure deepened around her middle, tight and warm, and the thought of undoing it suddenly felt disappointing.

Slowly, almost daring herself, she moved her thumb away from release.

The increase setting glowed beneath it instead.

For a moment, she only stared at it, breathing hard, feeling the pump snug and insistent between her thighs. The instructions had mentioned calibration settings, but she had not realized how much range the app would give her. She could still drag everything back down, still let the suit soften and return her body to normal.

But the thought had no weight.

Not compared to the swollen curve of her belly, the tight shine of the latex, or the way each breath made the pressure feel heavier and more intimate.

“No,” she whispered, a breathless smile crossing her lips. “I don’t want to stop.”

Her thumb pushed the setting higher.

The pump answered with a deep, eager hum. The feeling returned instantly, a wave of pressure spreading through the suit as the vibration pressed more firmly between her thighs. Elara gasped as her belly began to swell outward again, rounding beneath the glossy black latex with slow, deliberate force.

Her once flat stomach had become a smooth, inflated, stretched black shine, fuller than before and still growing. The latex held every inch of the new curve with flawless tension, making her look shaped, sealed, and impossibly erotic beneath the bedroom light.

Elara ran a hand over her inflating belly. The latex was warm beneath her palm, smooth and firm, resisting her touch while still yielding just enough for her to feel the pulse of pressure beneath it. The shape forced her to adjust her stance, her balance shifting around the new fullness as if her body was learning itself all over again.

She backed toward the bed and sat carefully on the edge, the bedsheet cool against the backs of her thighs. The suit hugged her everywhere else with exquisite pressure, trapping her body heat beneath the latex and making every nerve feel awake. Her hand drifted to her chest, squeezing lightly through the slick black material. It molded perfectly beneath her fingers, emphasizing the fullness of her breasts against the tight restraint of the suit.

The heat between her thighs had become impossible to ignore, steady and insistent, made worse by the pump’s soft vibration still nestled low against her. Elara swallowed, breath trembling as her eyes dropped to the swollen curve of her belly.

She knew exactly what she wanted to do.

Thanks for checking out the preview of **Inflated by Design!**

Elara ordered the suit for one reason: **a perfect vacuum seal**. According to the listing, it would shape her body, tighten around every curve, and give her a flawless glossy silhouette.

What she got instead was something far more intense.

A hidden pump. A vibrating pressure point. An app that did not seal her into the latex, but began inflating her from within the suit.

What starts as a confusing product feature quickly turns into a breathless solo experience of pressure, pleasure, and discovery as Elara realizes the mistake feels far too good to stop.

> This preview version includes only the first **2 chapters**.

The full version includes:

- **5** chapters
- **20** pages
- Solo female inflation story, in a glossy black latex bodysuit
- Belly inflation and breast inflation
- App controlled pressure settings
- A mistaken body shaping feature that turns into an **inflation awakening**

The full story is available on **Patreon**,
starting at only **\$2 USD/month**:

◇ patreon.com/StretchLab

Thank you for reading, we hope to see you in the Lab.

- **StretchLab**