

## A Corrupting Influence - Part 4

**For Deadtom**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Caleb tries to reassert his dominance but finds life as Jane's panties far too intoxicating.*

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It was quiet, the world was dark.

Caleb couldn't tell what time it was, hidden beneath the thick blankets of the bed it was just as dark now as it had been several hours ago when Jane went to bed. At least, he thought it had been several hours; he couldn't really be sure, time passed strangely now. As panties he could not sleep, only zone out. A task that really should have been easy; he was in the dark, perfectly still for the most part. Only he was constantly being stimulated by Jane's body all around him which prevented him from ever truly finding respite. The worst part was, a sick part of him enjoyed it.

She was on her side right now as she had been for a while. It meant his left side was crushed into the mattress, while his inner lining was pressed down by her right leg resting atop her left. The pressure pinned his inner lining against her pussy so that he could feel the curves of her folds. Her breathing was slow and deep, meaning his waist band was stretched gently every few seconds, the little pink bow at the front growing tight then loose, tight then loose.

Sometimes she would shift, her legs rubbing together subtly, yet even the most miniscule of movements sent spark cascading along his form. Fabric wasn't like skin; if one part of him was pinched or moved, even minutely, the rest of him moved as well. It meant that even the tiniest movement had him distracted and fully focused on the pleasure it caused.

Jane gave a sleepy moan, rolling over onto her back and pressing his own against her round ass. He'd never realised what a fantastic butt his girlfriend had, probably because she had, up until recently, always hidden it away behind long flowy skirts. It wasn't the biggest one out there, but it was pert and round with plenty of jiggle. The cleft was smooth and peachy and he wished he still had a tongue so he could run the tip along that crevice.

Another moan, Jane's legs straightened and stretched out, allowing his inner lining to loose around her pussy and enjoy her scent as it wafted forth. He'd become so accustomed

to the smell of her skin and juices, trapped beneath the thick blankets, that he wasn't sure he remembered what fresh air tasted like.

There was a muffled sound from somewhere above him; Jane's voice. A moment later he was blinded, dazzled by the brightness of light after so many hours of deprivation. She had flung the blankets away and he was now exposed to the world for the first time.

Cool, morning air washed over him and dulled her scent and to his humiliation, Caleb realised he didn't like it. He enjoyed his little cave, with nothing but her, the world outside seemed far too over stimulating and not in the fun way.

Jane bounced off the bed, momentarily crushing him before the mattress sprung her off as she skipped over to her bathroom and lowered him around her ankles on the cold tile floor. The heat from her body swiftly disappeared, replaced with the icy marble of the floor. Caleb hated it; he felt cold and almost clinical lying here, looking up at her beautiful legs. Fortunately, a few moments later her fingers looped around him once more and pulled him back against her.

A feeling of security washed over him; he felt safe and snug against her pussy as though this is where he belonged. The feeling frightened him; this was...just a fetish thing he was still a man deep down. Even if he had spent the last day as clothing he was still human, wasn't he? Even if resting against Jane's sweet pussy, cupping her ass from all sides felt more right than anything in his life ever had before now?

'Jane, I think it's time I turned back now.'

"Hm? What right now?" She replied, walking over to the sink to wash her hands, "I don't think so, I mean, how would I explain where you came from? My father might think you had snuck in during the night and then my moral prospects would be ruined!"

'Moral prospects?' Caleb said in shock, 'I didn't think you cared about that after how you were acting at that club last night.'

Jane moaned, squeezing her legs together and Caleb found himself momentarily distracted by a drip of wetness that flowed from her hole.

"That was...so lovely." She moaned, "But...I can't have anybody know I did that! Besides, it's Sunday, I have to get ready for church and I slept in."

Church? Fucking church? She was seriously going to church and preaching morals to him right now after everything she had done over the last twenty four hours? He tried to talk

some sense into her but Jane simply wasn't having it. She continued to ignore him as she showered; leaving him on the floor to watch before picking him up and slipping him back on again.

She stood in front of the mirror, putting on one of her plain white bras and pouting as she turned from side to side.

"It's so...boring." She sighed, "Maybe I could risk buying something just a little more showy...nothing whorish though that could be interesting."

Caleb was instantly filled with memories of being her bra; how warm and soft her supple skin had felt as he cupped her breasts. It was similar to how he felt now holding up her peachy ass but with the added benefit of having her pussy there was well. Speaking of her pussy, it grew warm looking at her own reflection and a fingertip brushed against his waistband, almost daring to slip under it. She patted the tiny bow at his front and if he could have, Caleb would have preened. It was almost as though she was rewarding him, her good panties. He hated how wonderful that thought made him feel.

*'Do that again.'* He begged and Jane scoffed.

"I don't have time, I need to get dressed."

She turned away from the mirror and began rifling through her drawers, pulling out one of those long skirts that hid her pretty figure.

'Oh don't wear that, don't you have some jeans or something shorter? You shouldn't hide such a lovely ass from the world, or me for that matter.'

"God, you're so needy today-Oh! Look at me, taking the Lord's name in vain! You're such a bad influence Caleb."

She smacked him, right across her left butt cheek and oh, it felt lovely. Her warm palm hitting his fabric so firmly and the force of the hit making the skin beneath him heat, he wished he could moan, instead he had to resort to begging

*'Fuck, that was so hot, again. Please, Jane.'*

"So desperate." She sighed, "Sorry Caleb, I am too busy."

*'But I need it!' He whinged, hating just how true those words were.*

"Well you're the one who got yourself into this mess, now you get to deal with it." She giggled, "Ah, here we go, perfect."

Jane was cruel, pulling the long skirt on before choosing her top so he didn't even have the luxury of watching her get dressed. How had he let things get so far? In a single day he had gone from being a big, dominant, sexy man to a meek little pair of panties, happy just to taste Jane's skin. She was changing too, he'd heard the mirth in her voice just then, not to mention felt the heat in her pussy grow; she was getting off on teasing him.

After all that, he'd not even been able to have sex with her. He had been right there, inches from her warm hole and not able to get it up because he'd already become so enraptured by being her clothing. Even now, as he longed to be human again he couldn't think of what benefit there would be. His mind would just go back to fantasising about being her bra or panties, maybe something else even.

He sat through the tedium of her breakfast before she walked to church with her father. Once again he couldn't help but feel aroused knowing he was touching her while her strict father was right there; completely obvious. He had no idea his good little daughter was actually turning into a secret sexual deviant. That he now knew her body almost more intimately than she did, that he was right there being stroked by her thighs as she walked, forcing him up into her pussy lips, right against her clit.

Caleb thought back to how she had teased him this morning and how he'd lapped it up like a good dog. Well, no more of that, it was time to remind Jane that two could play at that game and she had the disadvantage of having to keep up appearances. It was time to use that new found sex drive of hers to his advantage.

*'I wonder what your father would say if he knew what you were up to last night.'* He teased, *'I bet he'd be so disappointed but you can't help yourself can you? Now that you know how good it feels to touch yourself.'*

Jane's walk faltered slightly but otherwise she didn't show any signs of hearing him.

*'I bet you're trying really hard not to get wet thinking about it. But I know, I am right here, feeling you right now, you feel so good Jane. I bet you want to touch yourself don't you? Maybe get one of the men in your congregation to sneak behind the building and ravage you while I watch.'*

A squirt of wetness.

*'Ha! I knew it, you can't hide from me Jane. I know how sexy you are.'*

She skipped up the stairs to what must be the church judging by the organ music floating through the air. Each hop was small, but enough that he could feel her ass jiggle and stretch his fabric a bit. There was no way to prove it, but Caleb was sure she was moving just a little more as punishment for what he said. Jokes on her, if anything that only encouraged him.

'How are you going to concentrate on a sermon when you're so turned on? I bet it all goes in one ear and out the othe-agh!'

She sat down on the hard wooden pew, crushing him under her ass as she rocked back and forth under the guise of getting comfortable. He was overwhelmed with the sensations, unable to tease as Jane punished him for his insolence. She leaned forward, crushing her pussy into him so that his thin fabric was sandwiched between her and the pew. Her wetness from the walk now pushed up against him so hard it soaked into him at a rapid rate.

He felt a small shudder pass through her as she was subtly grinding against the edge of the pew. The movement was small enough that her flowing skirt would hide it, even sitting down and a thrill went through him as Caleb realised what was happening.

*'You're getting off, aren't you?' He teased with excitement, 'oh my God you're masturbating on a church pew, that's downright naughty Jane. You're such a bad girl, getting off in the house of god like this. But you like it don't you? I bet you can't stop.'*

He was right, if anything she ground down on him harder. The sounds of the church service were just background noise to him as he basked in the feel of her. The hard church pew meant that the only give came from her body, he was pressed against her harder than he'd ever been. He could feel every tiny change in her shape, the perfect roundness of her bulging clit, the warmth of her folds. It was glorious.

Not to mention the taste of her, she was so wet now he could feel it seeping through onto the polished wood below. Would she get wet enough to leave a puddle or stain the wood? Getting off on a church pew was just so deliciously ironic. He continued to tease her, whispering sweet nothings about how naughty she was as she continued to grind.

*'You like being naughty don't you? That's the thing. You love pleasuring yourself in this room full of people, a church no less because you know how wrong it is! You know and you still can't help yourself, you're acting like a whore.'*

Jane's hips stuttered slightly.

*'And it's not enough, is it? You want to grind harder but you can't because people might see. You can't risk everybody knowing who you are deep down can you?'*

Her whole body leaned forward, he could hear shuffling around him as other people moved to. He could see her in his mind's eye, fingers interlaced together in prayer as she rested her head atop her fist.

"Stop it." She whispered, sounding desperate, "I can't do this here..."

*'But you don't want to, do you Jane. That's why you wore me here today, admit it; you're a horny, naughty girl deep down.'*

"No...I'm not."

*'Yes you are, you can't lie to me while I am here soaking up all your juices. You're soaking wet, Jane. What would all these people think if they knew there was a man between your legs right now? Tasting you. Feeling you.'*

"Oooohhh..." Her moan was soft and her whole body quivered in response.

"Are you alright, dear?" Came a voice from beside her.

"Yes, f-fine, I just need to go to the bathroom." Jane whispered, slipping out of the pew.

Caleb wondered if she used her skirt to wipe up the wetness that she would have obviously left behind. She walked quickly, her legs rubbing him together between them so fast he'd have seen stars if he still had eyes. The sound of sermons vanished a moment later as a door closed behind them and Caleb found the weight of Jane pressed against him as if she'd collapsed back against the door.

A moment later light was filtering as she hiked up her skirt and before he could think to say anything her fingers were pressing into his front. Squashing him further into her wet pussy lips as she rubbed and moaned.

“Oh god, listening to you talk to me was so...mmmm...”

*‘I knew it. I knew you couldn’t go back to being a perfect little girl again. You’re a woman now. A sexy woman. God s-so fucking sexy...’*

It was getting harder and harder to keep up his teasing now that she was touching him. Her fingers were so soft, the nails tiny pin pricks to sharpness against his front as they dug into him. Her panties were already so wet that his fabric was silky smooth, allowing them to glide across with ease. Yet he still had enough roughness to stimulate her.

He loved the way she quivered; those tiny movements that normally nobody but her would be able to feel but he could. Now that he was this close to her he could feel every twitch, every pulse of her pussy as she masturbated.

“I couldn't even hear what was being said.” She whined, “And I could think about was you between my legs. God, it’s not enough m-my fingers-fuck! They’re not enough. I need more...moreee....ooooohhh.”

‘Turn me back.’ He begged, ‘I can do it this time, I can get hard and plough you right here in this bathroom. Please Jane, I have to know what you feel like as a man!’

“No.” She refused, stopping for a moment to pinch the front of his pantie form hard in punishment. “I like you like this, my teasing panties, knowing you can't do anything but give me p-pleasure...oh...ohhhh fuck, yes. Yes, that's what I want. I want you to watch as I touch m-myself or fuck other men.”

Caleb tried to deny how good that sounded even to him. This felt so wonderful, being pleased while she pleased herself, and he remembered what it had felt like to be trapped between her body and that man as he felt her up. Damn, it had been the most intensely hot thing he’d ever experienced. After all this, was it a wonder he couldn't get it up anymore? His only hope was to get her to turn him back and then resist the temptation to do this again. He had to forget it; forget how it felt like pure ecstasy.

“Don’t pretend you don’t love it.” She hissed, “You talk big but really you love this. Love love me being in control.”

Caleb couldn’t bring himself to respond.

“Y-you love being my clothes. You wanted me to be all sweet and submissive to you but n-bow look what’s happened.”

Her fingers started to move faster.

“You thought I’d get desperate as I got hornier b-but instead it’s you who’s desperate. You want me so bad ohhhh fuck I love how much you want me.”

Her fingers swirled him against her clit, pressing down on her love button with so much pressure Caleb was surprised it didn’t hurt.

“You want to be inside me so bad.”

‘Yes.’ He wailed, throwing pride to the wind, *‘fuck I want that so bad!’*

“Tell me.” She ordered, “Tell me how much you want it. Tell me how much you want *me.*”

*‘So bad, babe. I want you so fucking bad I have to know what it feels like inside you. I have to feel it, taste it even, you want me to use my tongue? I will! I’ll do anything if you turn me back so I can bury myself in your pussy.’*

He hated how he sounded; so whiney, so desperate. Yet it was true, he meant every word. His brain was so fogged with lust he could barely think straight. He was being rubbed against her messy pussy over and over again. Her taste and smell was everywhere. That wonderfully, sweet, womanly flavour that was so innocent yet so sexy all at once. It was intoxicating, almost soporific. He felt the dizziness that came with drinking and all the hyper awareness of party drugs at the same time. It was a wonderful, addicting, bliss filled mess.

“I think it’s time we grant your wish, to be inside me.” She whispered, stopping her ministrations and giving him a moment’s rest from all the stimulation.



A moment later her fingers slipped against his side and began to lower him down to the floor. He could feel his wet fabric peeling back from her pussy and despite everything he mourned the loss. The second he was away from her body heat the moisture on him seemed to grow cold. While it still smelled and tasted of her it wasn't nearly as good as being pressed up against the source.

Instead he focused on how nice it felt to slide down her smooth legs, feeling the lace around his legs hole brush against her inner thighs. Gently she stepped her delicate feet out of him and held him up to her eyes. He could finally see her full outfit now; pale blue blouse and all; perfect church attire.

Slowly Jane undid her buttons and for a moment Caleb thought she was going to strip off entirely but instead she stopped at just two. Revealing his magical necklace sitting against her clavicle. If he had a heart he knew it would be racing as she reached behind to lock the door. This was it, he knew he'd be rock hard when she turned him back. Oh fuck, having her against the bathroom wall or the sinks would be incredible. In a church no less! That was even more sexy than his fantasies of deflowering her in a normal bedroom.

Jane ran her fingers across the gem, giving him a teasing smile. Seeing that innocent face twist into something so seductive was...indescribably sexy. She made no move to take the necklace off though, nor bring him any closer, instead she held him up to the light before slowly moving to the centre of the room and sitting on the ground, her legs spread. She bunched up her loose skirt to reveal her pretty pink pussy, still glistening and wet

"You want this?" She whispered, pressing a finger against the pink folds.

*'You know I do.'* He breathed.

"You want to be inside me?"

*'Yes! Please. Jane, I am begging you, enough games, please!'*

"As you wish."

Instead of taking off the necklace she pushed him back towards her legs. Crushing him against her hole as she rubbed him up and down, soaking every inch of him in her juices. She twisted the fabric, bunching and unbunching him against her until every inch of him was fully soaked. It felt incredible, to have his entire form be soaked in her essence.

*'How will you wear me home like this?'* He managed to ask, *'I'm wet, s-so so fucking wet...'*

"I'm n-not going to...at least not the usual way...ooooh...ahhh...fuck..."

Slowly, he fingers began to move further down. Now that he was fully slicked with her juices there was no resistance as she started to press him inside her. He had wondered what it would feel like to fuck Jane for so long and here he was finally getting to feel her velvet walls. Not in the way he expected though, if anything this was even better. Now it wasn't just his cock being pleased, it was his entire being.

Gently she began to poke him further and further inside. The world went dark and warm. No, not warm, hot. A burning heat that was somehow wonderful. He could feel her soft walls squeezing around him as she shivered and moaned. Most of him was still outside, allowing him to hear her as she babbled.

"Oh fuck...oh God, s-so good of oh...can you feel me? I am so fucking...f-fuuuuck...ohhhh, ah...ahhhhh!"

It would be a miracle if nobody outside heard her. Then again, they were in a church; it was the perfect place for a miracle all things considered. Her moans devolved from words to simple sounds as she forced more and more of him inside, rubbing him against her inner walls until he was almost fully buried. It was far too dark to see but he could feel himself pressing against the deepest part of her. There was a patch, a small bundle of roughness in her inner walls; her G-spot, he was sure.

A moment later he was scraping against it and her walls tightened. He could feel the vibration of her voice moving through him as she groaned and repeated the gesture. With a quickening pace she began to thrust her finger in and out of her hole, dragging him along with it. She twisted the finger, pressing him into every nook and cranny as the walls grew impossible tight around him, pussy clenching before finally releasing.

They pulsed, squeezing him over and over as a torrent of juices squirted all through him. She was sure to have made a mess were he not here to soak up what he could but even so, he was already so wet there was only so much he could do.

With a shiver she finally removed her finger but slowly, ensuring he stayed mostly stuffed inside with only a tiny piece of him dangling from her hole. Caleb felt dizzy, still basking in her after glow as her pussy quivered and she stood, forcing him to be squeezed even further.

Caleb realised with shock exactly what she had meant before, she had no intention of removing him. He had no choice but to hang there, the tiny part of him still outside staring at the ground as she walked back into the church.