

## A Corrupting Influence - Part 4

**For Deadtom**  
**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Jane's transformation from good girl to slut is continuing and Caleb is just along for the ride.*

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As Jane walked down the stairs she felt a thrill unlike any she had ever experienced building inside her. Today had been a revelation; she had felt so many things she'd never known she could and already she was tempted to do it again. Her pussy was still quivering and wet from all the touching. No to mention the way the skin across her breasts seemed to feel alive and hyper sensitive with Caleb hugging against her.

She couldn't believe she was doing this; bringing a man into her fathers house was sinful already but to be wearing him as well. She literally had a man touching her naked body right now as she walked through the halls and nobody else could know. The risk and adrenaline surged through her, making the tingling in her pussy grow. She never knew how much a thrill could increase sexual pleasure; Jane was beginning to realise there were a lot of things she did not know about sexual pleasure but now, she was hungry to learn.

“Jane, where are you?”

“Coming, father!”

She bounced down the stairs two at a time; she could feel Caleb stretching and straining as her breasts bounced inside the cups and he had to bite her lip to keep an excited squeal from escaping.

‘Jane! So good to see you, my girl.’

Her father held out his arms as she reached the bottom of the stairs; he had aged since she last saw him but looked as stern as ever with his steely grey eyes and stiff, proper uniform. The white band around his collar made her heart flutter; she knew God and her father alike would be disappointed by her actions today and yet she could not seem to make herself feel guilty about it.

She hugged him, holding back a giggle as she heard Caleb whimper; being stuck between a woman and her father must have been an odd sensation to say the least.

“You're in a good mood.” Her father nodded, noting her smile, “Any good news? Have you finally met a nice young man at your college bible study group you want to tell me about?”

She had never told her father about Caleb; he would never accept her dating somebody who wasn't part of their denomination, let alone not religious at all. He'd always warned her off such men, saying they would tempt her into sinful behaviour; turns out he was right.

“No nothing like that, father.” She assured him, “I am simply happy to see you.”

He furrowed his brow slightly.

“You are almost twenty three, Jane.” He reminded her, as always. “Marriage is in God’s plan, are you sure attending college isn’t a distraction from your spiritual journey.”

*‘Definitely’* she thought to herself.

“Not at all, I am learning a lot in my theology class.” She lied.

“Just remember your values, I know what those colleges are like.” Her father chided, “Remember, nobody wants spoiled goods.”

*‘That’s not true.’* She thought, *‘That man in the alley didn’t care if I was a virgin or not, if anything it seemed nobody wanted an inexperienced virgin.’*

*‘This is so embarrassing, Jane.’* Caleb said in a voice only she could hear, *‘Please, just change me back I am desperate. I’ll jack off in the ensuite in your room or something. I promise I’ll be quiet just...please.’*

His desperation made her pussy lips grow warm; the conversation with her father faded to the background as she went through the motions of catching up. She couldn’t care less about what he was saying but she knew if she just smiled and nodded at the right time, played the role of the demure daughter, he would never notice. All her life she’d listened to him; let him dictate how she dressed and what she did; how wrong he had been about all of it. She couldn’t wait to find out what else he had been wrong about.

A word made her ears prick and she floated back to reality.

“Sorry, did you say party?” She spoke up.

“Yes,” Her father sneered, “They had the gall to ask if they could use the church hall for it! Can you believe it? As if I would ever let a house of God be infected with that rock music and thrusting hips.”

Immediately Jane’s mind could picture the scene; one of the nightclubs she had always avoided; filled with the sort of scantily clad women showing off their breasts for free drinks that she had judged. Now she couldn’t help but wonder what it would be like to be them...

“Where did they decide to hold it instead?” She asked innocently.

“Some sports club garden,” Her father waved his hand, “The basketball club or something I think, well, that club will not be getting any more funding from our congregation, I can tell you that much.”

“Of course not.” She nodded, mind already racing, trying to think of a way to get to the club tonight without her father noticing she was gone.

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Before now, it had been a battle to get Jane to even show off her clavicle, let alone her cleavage. Yet here he was, sitting on her chest as she posed in front of the mirror showing more skin than she ever had before. She had found one of her sensible church skirts and, with the aid of some scissors and thread, turned it into a passable mini skirt. She'd found a pink blouse and rolled up the sleeves as far as they could go and left the top three buttons undone so that her breasts and Caleb were clearly visible.

If he was honest, it still looked a little off; especially with the golden crucifix around her neck but after the day he'd had any skin looked good.

"I don't look like the women in those magazines." Jane pouted, "But I suppose this is the best I can do with the wardrobe I have."

*'Why don't you turn me back?' he tried for the thousandth time, 'I can take you shopping, I'll buy you the sluttiest, most whorish dress ever and then we can go to that club.'*

For a moment she considered it, pouting her lips again as she smeared layer after layer of red lipstick on. He didn't even know she had that shade, the strongest colour he'd ever seen on her was a pinkish nude.

"I will, I promise...tonight, when I get back." She said slowly, "I don't want to do anything...too intense at the club I just want to look and see how it feels. Then we can come back here and we could...well... you know..."

Caleb's heart leapt! He also couldn't help but metaphorically roll his eyes at a girl who spent the whole day acting like a slut still stammering over the word "sex". It would mean he had to ensure even more teasing but if it meant he finally got to taste that sweet, tight pussy it would be worth it. Plus he got to finally see Jane dance, properly dance that was. It was about time she shook what nature gave her for all to see.

*'Alright, that sounds good. Let's get going.'*

Even in his strange new position, Caleb had to admit he got a kick out of sneaking out. Jane waited until her father was asleep and then lifted the window, squeezing out the window and using the lattice as a ladder. Caleb felt her hot skin press into him as her breasts were crushed against the windowsill while her legs struggled to find purchase. Now that relief was in right though gave him comfort; he could enjoy feeling that heartbeat pressing her nipples further into his cottony cups.

Slowly she climbed down, tip-toeing across the lawn and jumping over the white picket fence; all the while Jane quickly muttered to herself in a voice that was half anxious, half excited.

"I cannot believe I am doing this. I can't believe I am actually doing this!"

The entire walk through the suburbs was filled with her quiet muttering as she psyched herself up; Caleb could feel her heart pounding as the sound of bass filled the air and lights appeared in the distance.

“Father chose to raise me here because there were no nightclubs or bars close by.” She told him quietly as they approached, “It looks like somebody is trying to change that.”

They turned the corner and through the open blouse Caleb could see a building, it looked like a community hall, indeed he could see a sign affixed to the front that had been covered up with a temporary poster that read “Community Disco”. Sort of lame if you asked him but in this two poke, bible belt sort of town it was probably the best somebody like Jane could hope for.

As she walked in the door he felt her gasp in pleasure, taking in the scene before her. Caleb was, admittedly, impressed, he’d been expecting streamers and a fold out table with snacks but the inside of the hall had been done up like a proper club. There was a stage with a DJ, smoke machines, a proper bar and even a dance floor with light up panels that alternated neon colours.

A few women turned to regard Jane as she stepped inside; they were all in stylish mini dresses and smirked seeing Jane’s comparatively plain outfit.

‘Don’t worry,’ Caleb insisted, ‘You’ve got me, now dance like nobody’s watching.’

“But everybody is watching...” She whispered, making her way to the bar, “They call it liquid courage right? Maybe I should have a little.”

Jane ordered a shot and downed it only to half choke as the alcohol burned her throat. Caleb felt her breasts shake and quiver as she coughed, her voice taking on that distinctive rasp.

“S-sorry,” She spluttered to the bartender, “That was a little stronger than I thought.”

“No problem, tell you what, I’ll pour another on the house.”

Caleb burned with jealousy watching the man look his girlfriend up and down, completely oblivious to his presence. Jane reached out gratefully for the extra shot and he felt her skin grow warm as her fingers brushed against the man’s.

This time she downed the vodka without any issue and slammed the glass down on the bartop. Caleb could feel her skin blushing, her nipples softly rubbing against his inner lining as the alcohol fed into her bloodstream. Any tension still left in her shoulders melted away and he could feel the vibration of her fingers tapping against the wooden surface in time with the beat.

“I think I’d like to dance now.” She smiled at the bartender.

“I finish my shift in a few hours, if you’re still here we could go somewhere.” He said smoothly, Caleb’s jealousy burned hot.

*‘Don’t you dare!’*

“We’ll see.” She said sweetly before turning and walking away.

The music grew deafening as they approached the floor and Jane was able to speak to him without looking like she was talking to thin air.

“That man was handsome, I sort of want to know what he would do to me...”

‘It’ll be nothing compared to me, I promise.’ Caleb assured her, ‘Maybe we should go home right now if you are tempted, I can ravish you. It’ll feel ten times better than that stranger in the alleyway.’

“But I wanna dance.” She pouted, “I came all this way. I just have to figure out how.”

As she approached the throng of bodies Caleb could feel her hesitance; she’d never danced in a club before and it showed but as he swivelled his vision to look up at her he saw the lust in her eyes. She was watching the other woman carefully and slowly but surely began to copy their movements.

Her butt swayed from side to side and she raised her arms up high, lifting her breasts and Caleb up high enough that he almost fell out of her shirt entirely. Perhaps it was the alcohol, perhaps the years of built up repression but soon she was undulating and jumping to the beat as though she’d been doing it all her life.

Caleb felt himself stretched in between moments of weightlessness; his straps straining as her heavy breasts bounced in time to her jumps and steps. He could feel a slight sweat beginning to seep into his soft fabric and her scent invaded his brain once more. The scent from the fog machine melded with the heat and press of bodies. More than once he found himself brushing against another person's back or front as Jane began to grind on partner after partner.

A hand slipped into her shirt; one with soft fingers and painted nails that smelt of perfume. A second pair of breasts crushed against him and Caleb was sure for a moment that this was heaven, pressed between two women’s chests as they writhed together on the dance floor.

Their scents mingled together and he could feel the outline of the other woman’s bare breast through the wafer thin fabric of her dress. He looked up at Jane from where he was held against her chest; this other woman was so close and he found himself in the odd position of wishing they would kiss. If she did that there was no way she would go home and change him back though. On the other hand though, watching her first ever lesbian experience would be hot in an entirely different way.

He could tell by the way Jane was starting to move that she was getting turned on. Her thighs pressed together and squeezed as she twisted from side to side and her nipples which had been softened by the heat were starting to stiffen once more. Now was his chance, if he let her get too far there was no way she would walk all the way home.

*‘We should go, Jane.’*

She did not respond, she was too enamoured with her new female admirer and Caleb felt a familiar cold dread fill him.

'Jane please, you want to have sex with me right?' He did his best to keep his voice even, 'I'll make you feel so good Jane I promise, I'll do whatever you want.'

At first she made no indication that she'd heard him but then mercifully, she extracted herself from the woman's arms and began heading for the door. The night air felt like ice after the heat and swelter of the club and Caleb felt her skin instantly tighten all over.

"That girl felt so nice." She admitted as they walked, her legs speeding up to just short of a run thanks to her eagerness. "I've never had a girl that close before, her hands were so soft."

'Maybe we can invite another girl into the bedroom with us, once you're used to just me.' Caleb suggested greedily.

A threesome with his formerly conservative Christian girlfriend? It was like the title of a porno; a porno he would be living it. God it made him ache all over. Or at least that's what it felt like. His mind zeroed in on the two pin pricks that were her nipples; feeling them rub harder and harder against his inner lining.

"That could be fun..." She whispered breathily, "My father says women should be with a man but he's been so wrong about so many things."

For Caleb that short walk home seemed to last forever. He felt oversensitive, able to pick up even the tiniest change in his fabrics position as it stretched and pulled against Jane's body. Soon, so soon he would finally have release, after a full day of nothing but teasing and watching her be touched by others and herself.

Now his biggest problem would be not cumming immediately upon getting his dick back. That and keeping his moans down so that they didn't wake her father. Again he felt that thrill go through him, the one he felt when she snuck out. This almost felt like being a teenager again, all the sneaking around and biting of lips to keep from moaning loud enough to wake parents. When did his life get so kinky? He never wanted it to end.

Jane climbed up the lattice work, each push of her legs bringing him closer and closer to finally having his body back. He gazed up at the window with eagerness, less than a minute left now.

Finally she clambered through the window and locked it behind her, tip-toeing across the room to the door to make sure it was fully shut. There was no lock of course, what good pastor would let his daughter lock her room?

"Okay," Jane whispered, "I think we are good."

'The gem, quickly, place it on me.' Caleb ordered, he could no longer keep the desperation out of his voice, he was so close...

"You sound so hot when you're needy." She whimpered, biting down on her lip as she rummaged through the bag.

With a sway of her hips she lowered her skirt and panties to the floor before gently undoing Caleb's hooks at her back. If he could have Caleb would have moaned in relief feeling his taut fabric relax as he was placed upon the bed.

The gem dangled between her fingers, getting closer and closer until finally the cool stone touched him. Caleb felt a burst of magical energy and willed himself to change. After a full day as a bra he'd almost forgotten what it felt like to have a proper human body. Metal underwires became bone, fabric flesh and his vision warbled out before he blinked to clear it. He could blink again!

He would have laughed out of pure relief, were for the absolute raging hard on that made him groan. His balls were so tight and to his horror he realised the day of teasing truly had taken its toll. He could feel himself on the edge and camped her fingers around the base of his cock tightly, sucking air through his teeth.

"Are you okay?" Jane asked, looking vaguely concerned.

"Fine." he grunted, before breathing a sigh of relief, "I was just...really horny but I didn't want to cum right away. Let's get to this."

He didn't hesitate, surging forward and wrapping his arms around that warm body he now knew so well. He moaned, bringing his lips down to press against hers and found, to his shock, disappointment. She was a good kisser, it wasn't that it was just...skin on skin contact didn't feel as good as he thought it would.

His hands roamed, arms squeezing tight in an effort to touch as much of her as possible but he was painfully aware of the cool air on his back. As a bra, his entire being had been touching her for the most part and the fabric that wasn't was so thin it was still warmed by her skin. Now he could only press his front to her and he found that comparatively it was, well, rather not enough.

Jane for her part though seemed to be enjoying herself and more than once he had to hush her, especially when he grabbed hold of her soft tits. He squeezed, tweaking the nipples the way he'd always hoped to but once again he found himself feeling off.

It made no sense, he was finally back in control, with his horny girlfriend at his mercy and yet...he was going soft. He kissed her again, brushing his thumbs across her nipples and remembering how good it felt to have them pressed up against him. His cock twitched but didn't harden and humiliation flooded his system.

They kept trying, falling onto the bed while Caleb found himself growing more and more desperate. This was his dream! He was finally going to fuck Jane and in her childhood room of all places; so why could he not get hard? What sort of man couldn't get it up when they had a wet and wanting woman beneath them.

One who gets off on being teased and dominated, that's who. How...how had he made himself into a sub? In the span of a single day? He rolled them over so that she sat atop his chest, she was breathing heavily, chest heaving, those beautiful breasts just inches from his face.

"Come on," She moaned, grinding down on him, "I'm so horny."

"Me too." He whimpered, "B-but I...I don't think I can get off like this anymore."

"What do you mean?"

“I mean...pass me the gem.”

She did so and he watched as her eyes glimmered with a hungry fire. That was it, that was the look that turned him on.

“Wear me.” He begged, “Wear me and finger fuck yourself.”

His girl, she learned quickly; she pouted, pretending to look thoughtful for a moment.

“Only if you say ‘pretty please’” she whispered huskily.

Oh god, his balls tightened.

“Pretty please.”

She pressed the gem to his chest; it was the final nail in the coffin that was his embarrassment. Only he had the magic, he had to transform himself willingly, even with the gem for help. He imagined his new form and a moment later he was stretching, skin becoming thin as his vision wavered and switched back to the three hundred and sixty degree swivel he had grown accustomed to.

One of Jane’s fingers looped through a hole and lifted him delicately into the air. Close enough that he could feel her breath brush against his inner lining.

“So cute.” She whispered, “Just my size too.”

He had transformed himself into a pair of panties; white with frills and a little pink bow right in the middle of the waistband. Girly and innocent, the exact opposite of everything his Jane now was. All thanks to his corrupting influence.

‘*Wear me, pretty please.*’ He begged, he was longing to taste her finally.

Jane leaned back on the bed, balancing on her ass as she bent her legs and slipped him on. He felt his lace edges ticking her inner thighs and how she shivered in response. He kept his vision up though, watching that pretty pink pussy get closer and closer until finally he was pressed right against her folds. She was so wet, practically dripping and so it took only seconds for his fabric to start sucking it all up.

The taste was unlike anything he’d ever had; heady and feminine and so delicious. This pantie form could taste as well as any tongue, maybe even better and his sense of smell seemed to expand. Not that it mattered, there was only one scent; pussy juice, and he loved it.

Her fingers pressed into his outer fabric, forcing him into her folds to hug against her pussy as she slowly began to rub. He could feel her pussy quivering from the stimulation and she gave a small squeak.

“Oh God, getting myself off with you, this is so wrong and so good!”

‘Don’t forget to keep quiet.’ He reminded her,



“Don't tell me what to do.” She whispered, “I'm done letting men boss me around, you're mine now you hear, you exist to pleasure *me*.”

If he wasn't so turned on right now he'd have felt proud. Caleb was being squashed into her pussy, so close to her hole and he felt drunk on the juices it produced. He did not have long to enjoy the feeling of being pressed against her though before one of those long fingers found its way between him and her skin. Her hand slowly pulled him away as she began to slip it inside.

In and out it thrust, each time a new wave of wetness coated them and dripped out onto him as she started to get closer.

“Mmmm oh, Ooooooh I wont last long.” She whimpered, clearly forgetting all about keeping quiet, “You teased me too long today, damn you for making me wait, oh ooooooh!”

A gush of fluids coated him and Caleb groaned; he could not cum but he had a sneaking suspicion that it was as close as he could get now. Jane flopped back, gasping for breath, her fingers still slowly circling her clit as her pussy pulsed with aftershocks.

Footsteps were rushing down the hall but she didn't seem to notice or perhaps she simply no longer cared. Caleb certainly didn't; what happened after this moment didn't really matter, so long as he could be worn by Jane, he would be happy.