

## A Corrupting Influence - Part 2

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

*Caleb is still trapped as a bra watching his formerly conservative Christian girl be very, very sinful.*

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Caleb stretched and bounces as Jane ran along the path. Her suitcase trundling along beside her as she hummed happily, occasionally bursting into a fit of excited giggles much to the confusion of passersby. It was odd, the sensation of being rocked gently by the weight of her breasts. He couldn't help but wonder if people could see him through the slightly loose button holes as they walked. If she started to run, how hard would she need to jump before one of those nipples poked out? Caleb found himself focusing, trying to will himself to stay in place, it was almost as if he had some strange instinct as a bra to ensure he functioned properly. The idea made a bolt of fear pass through him, why the hell was he thinking like a damn bra? He was a man, this was temporary. Perhaps he needed to speed things up before he lost even more control.

'Jane, you have to change me back.' He begged, 'this was just supposed to be temporary.'

"I know." She pouted, he could feel her heart beating below him, "BUt I've never felt anything like those orgasms before."

'Never?' Caleb questioned, surprised, '*I get that you've never let anybody feel you up and all but you've never even gotten yourself off before?*'

"No...My father said it was sinful to touch oneself."

Sometimes Caleb underestimated just how repressed his girlfriend had been, no wonder she was going a little sex crazy.

“I can’t believe I let a stranger finger me.” Jane moaned, sounded equal parts ashamed and aroused, “And you were there watching, feeling me at the same time, ooohhh...”

Panic flared in Caleb as he felt her nipples begin to press into him.

*‘Jane, hey, don’t get lost in your head, we need to get to your father’s house so you can turn me back, alright?’*

“A-alright.”

They walked in silence but Caleb swore he could almost hear the cogs in Jane’s mind turning at a frantic pace. She had experienced so much all at once this afternoon, it was no wonder she was feeling overwhelmed and tempted. He just had to play his cards right and he would finally be able to take her virginity just as he’d always planned.

He gave her this time to cool down, he needed it himself honestly. He was starting to feel a little overstimulated by it all. After several minutes they finally entered into a wide, almost palatial street of white picket fences and rose bushes.

Jane’s father’s house was exactly what Caleb had been expecting; austere and serious. His vision was obscured by Jane’s blouse, but thanks to the rough treatment earlier a few of the buttons had come loose and gave him a small peep hole. The front door even had a crucifix on the front and when Jane unlocked the door and stepped inside he was met with the picture of a pastor’s residence. All the books on the shelves were related to religion, the pictures on the walls showed family members, Jane included, in conservative dress, more often than not with a Church somewhere in the background.

Caleb felt a thrill pass through him; the entire reason he’d started dating Jane was to deflower a virgin. While she wasn’t quite as inexperienced as he hoped anymore she was still a virgin and judging by the home she grew up in, she hadn’t tasted anything yet. He was still hot and bothered, at least metaphorically, unlike Jane he had just spent a day being teased without release of any kind. He couldn’t wait for Jane to turn him back. There was no way she would turn him down for sex now that she’d finally experienced a proper orgasm.

“Dad? Are you here?” Jane called and was met with silence. “He must be out.”

*‘That’s okay.’* Caleb replied, silently thankful, *‘Let’s go up to your room and you can turn me back. Maybe we could have some fun...’*

“Oh, what kind of fun?” Jane asked, her question was innocent but her hard nipples showed she at least had a suspicion.

*‘Aren’t you curious about how it would feel to be with me?’*

Caleb knew he was coming on too strong, but he was just too horny to care. Jane was already on the edge, he just needed to push her over. God if he didn't get off soon he may just explode. Her heart began to beat heavily beneath him, making the soft skin of her breasts subtly shake against his inner lining as the nipples got harder and harder.

His heart soared as Jane stepped into a bedroom upstairs and closed the door, leaning heavily against it and squashing his strap against the smooth plane of her back. Slowly, far too slowly for his liking, she began to unbutton the blouse, stepping into the centre of the room to shrug it off.

If he were able to laugh Caleb was sure he would have. Jane's childhood room looked almost stereotypical; white bed sheets, fluffy carpet, there was even a picture of the Virgin Mary for goodness sake. Caleb felt lucky; all the teasing today was going to be worth it now. This was basically the set of every 'deflowering' porno he'd ever watched; he couldn't have thought of more tropes if he tried.

*‘Alright Jane, just take out the pendant and change me back and we can have some fun.’*

“I don't know...”

WHAT?

*‘But you let that random guy feel you up, surely having your loving boyfriend give you a little pleasure is less...sinful than that!’*

“I know I just, I feel so bad, it felt so good and yet, I know it's wrong.” She shivered, “I feel unclean. I need to shower first.”

She raced to a door at the side of the room and revealed a small ensuite, complete with shower. Caleb tried to reason with her but just like before his Jane proved annoyingly stubborn. He watched in the mirror as she began to shed her clothing, finally he was seeing her girlfriend naked and even with the strange situation, he could not help but treasure the

moment. How many nights had he dreamed of that beautiful body? Too many was the answer.

He had to admit, the spell had worked well. In his bra form he fit her perfectly and judging by how soft he looked, he was quite comfy to wear as well. He wondered what it would be like to be a man again and feel her tits through the fabric. What would it be like to touch a bra like him from the outside?

He watched as her skirt slowly slipped over her wide hips and down her thighs to pool on the floor, her panties following after. Caleb wanted to cry out in frustration, the mirror only showed her hips and above, that beautiful pussy was invisible to him and no matter which angle to look from in his bra form, he could now see beyond the gentle curve of her lower body.

“Are you watching?” She asked with trepidation.

‘Yes.’

“Oh that makes me feel...really good. Oh God, I’m so sinful, even when trying to clean myself I am dirtying my soul.’

Caleb wished he could roll his eyes; who the fuck talked like this in the modern age?

Fingers appeared at his back and fear flooded his system as she gently unhooked him. He fell away from her chest and immediately a sense of wrongness filled him. Perhaps it was some strange new bra instinct but being empty felt...wrong. Almost immediately the heat from her body began to leech from his fabric leaving him feeling cold and lonely. Being stuck as a bra was bad enough but to be stuck as a bra and not even holding her lovely tits was pure torture.

*‘No, don’t take me off!’* He begged before regaining more of his composure. *‘Don’t you like wearing me?’*

He made his voice as low and teasing as he could and the effect was instant. Jane shivered one more and he desperately tried to think of more ways to convince her to put him back on.

*‘Who cares about being dirty, we can be dirty together. Remember how nice it feels to have me pressing against your tits, squashing them back. You could do me up extra tight.’*

"I...don't know."

Caleb wanted to scream.

For a moment he dangled in the air as Jane brought him up to her face; for the first time since the change Caleb realised just how helpless he was in her hands. A few hours ago, if you had asked him he would have said Jane didn't have the spine to do anything but what she was told but now he realised she was braver than he had given her credit for.

"It's hard to believe this is really you." She breathed in wonder, "I...the things I could get away with with you like this."

Her voice dropped an octave and Caleb watched as her eyes turned hooded.

"Knowing you were there, feeling me while I came, watching that man touch me..." She shuddered, "Why did it feel so good?"

He didn't know how to answer her, his eyes scanned the room, spotting the suitcase where his amulet was resting, why didn't she bring it with her.

'*Aren't you going to change me back now so you can shower?*' He tried, Jane shifted uncomfortably.

"I could..." She mused, "But seeing you like this is just...I want to keep you like this a little longer."

She giggled, dropping him unceremoniously on the floor and stepping toward the shower. At least from this angle he could finally see the body he had been dreaming of in its entirety. Those conservative clothes had hidden away a truly magnificent figure. Her ass was pretty and pert, almost like a peach; right down the dimples of red on the edge of each cheek.

As she turned he spotted the neat mound of dark hair between her legs. Her pussy obscured by the hair almost completely, save for a tiny swath of pink at the edge of her lips. It was like torture; finally he got to see his girlfriend in all her naked glory and he couldn't even touch her, couldn't even touch *himself*. He was trapped, forced to watch as she stepped into the shower and turned on the water, gasping with pleasure as the warm water hit her chest and began to cascade down her body.

For a woman who didn't have a sensual bone in her body until a few hours ago Jane sure had adapted. She pushed back her hair, exposing the curve of her throat and hummed

in contentment as the water slowly flowed over her breasts, down her stomach and between her legs. Rivulets ran like rivers, highlighting each curve and accentuating the sheer smoothness of her skin.

Her eyes slid to him every few moments and he watched her shiver each time; he had made his conservative christian girlfriend into a voyeur.

Steam filled the room and he felt a subtle dampness seep into his fabric that left him feeling oddly flush. When she finally turned off the water and stepped out steam wafted off her body giving her an almost ethereal beauty that totally captivated Caleb's attention. He watched as she dried herself, before neatly folding the towel and bending over to pick him up, pinching his strap delicately between her thumb and forefingers.

As he rose through the air he passed her pussy once more and Caleb noticed how the hair there was still damp in a way that had nothing to do with the shower.

"Caleb." She whispered, holding him close enough that Caleb could feel her warm breath pass over him. "I know I shouldn't feel this way but knowing you were there watching..."

She didn't finish the sentence, only bit her lip. God he wanted to kiss those lips, he wanted it so badly. She was still warm and damp from the shower, her hair sticking to the skin on her shoulders and back. He already knew she was wet and ready for him, the stage was set, it was time to call action.

*'I loved watching you.'* He replied honestly, *'Now take me into the bedroom and change me back, then I can show you what a real man can make you feel.'*

"You mean sex?" She gasped as though it were the most scandalous thing in the world. After the way she had acted all morning he was surprised Jane was even still clinging to her old attitude.

*'Yes, Jane.'* He tried not to sound too desperate but was unable to hold back entirely, *'Real sex, like I've wanted for so long. I'll make you feel so good, you have no idea how much you are missing out on being a virgin.'*

She moaned, walking back into the bedroom slowly.

"Will it feel better than those man's fingers?" She asked.

*'SO much better, I'm big, Janie, I'll stretch you out so far. It'll feel wonderful.'*

She sat down and rested him on her lap, arm reaching for the suitcase to grab the pendant. Caleb felt his anticipation rising, his own desire blooming into a full on blaze.

'I'll make you cum so many times.' He promised, 'That's how good it feels to have a man inside you.'

"I can cum more than once in a single session?" She whispered, mouth agape. "Oh....I shouldn't, but it's so tempting..."

Her hands were unzipping the bag now, Caleb was silently cheering, just a little more.

'Just give in, let yourself have fun, don't you remember how much fun you had earlier. You want it again don't you?'

"Yes." She whimpered, taking her hand away from the suitcase. "But sex is...too much but I...I'm so horny! Oh, maybe if I just...get myself there I'll be able to think straight."

No! No, no no! He'd been so close, he watched as she left him at the foot of the bed and slid back against the headboard, her chest heaving with deep excited breaths.

"Will you watch me?" She asked, "Oh I know you will. I know how badly you want me and that makes me so much hornier."

She spread her legs, finally giving him the perfect view of her pussy. It was spread wide, pretty and pink and oh so wet. The smell hit him even from a distance and Caleb internally groaned. What he wouldn't give to be able to taste it, even better, feel it closing around his cock. She was a virgin, she was sure to be so tight, tighter than any girl he'd had in the past. Yet here he was, forced to watch, unable to even inch closer.

"I've never done this before." She whispered, "But...I've thought about it. For years, some nights I barely slept because my pussy was burning with want."

Oh God. The image of his girlfriend sweaty, twisted in her sheets and she tossed and turned trying to ignore her own sexual frustration was glorious. What he wouldn't have given to be a fly on the wall or better yet, be there in person to relieve her.

“I always resisted the temptation though. I was such a good girl and in one afternoon I threw it all away.” She groaned, slowly moving her finger to press against her clit.

The touch made her jerk, her face a mask of pleasure and shock. Even after this morning’s adventure she was clearly taken aback by the intensity of the pleasure she could feel.

“I’m such a bad girl...” She moaned, slowly stroking down to her hole before curling up again. “Touching m-myself, letting you watch, loving knowing you’re trapped there. Fuck, it turns me on knowing how tortuous this must be for you.”

Caleb never thought he’d hear Jane swear like that. It did things to him; the idea that such a sweet, innocent woman could have such a foul mouth was so sexy. He found himself almost falling into a trance, watching that finger circle her hole before moving up to do the same with her clit. She gasped and moaned, never picking up speed, just endlessly teasing herself. Caleb wanted to tell her how to do it properly, how to touch herself in ways that would make her scream for him as he watched. But he could not. With no contact he was nothing more than a bra, unable to even speak to her unless she reached out to touch him. God he wished she would, he would do anything to be able to talk to her right now.

“H-have you touched yourself thinking of me?” She whispered, “I bet you have, you’re such a bad boy, it’s part of why I was drawn to you.”

Her finger slipped in to the first knuckle.

“Sometimes I’d hear you in the shower, jerking off. It would make me so wet.”

Another knuckle now.

“The sinful part of me, this part, wanted to join you.”

She shuddered, freezing for a moment as she pushed the whole finger in before drawing it back out and repeating the gesture. Each time the air would leave her lungs in little puffs. Her eyes were wide and her mouth formed an O as she began to moan.

“Fuck, so g-good oh! Oh! Ah!”



She slipped in a second finger, then a third. Wet slapping sounds filled the air as she finally began to pick up speed. Her free hand reached up and over her head to brace herself against the headboard.

“Ahhh! Oh god, is that, f-feels so nice when they are deep in there.”

She'd found her G-spot; Caleb watched as she twisted her fingers to rub against it with every thrust as her legs began to shake violently. She was right on the edge, he could tell. Her hips bucked and then finally she cried out, shuddering and shivering as she came once more. For a moment, she collapsed back against the headboard, breathing heavily.

Caleb's desperation was at a new level. He wasn't sure how much more he could take. It was one thing being worn while she was leisure but being stuck here just watching, it was pure torture. His fabric had turned cold and he longed for her touch, even the brush of a finger would bring him pleasure right now. But once more he was denied.

Instead of removing her fingers from her wet pussy, she began to move them once more. The hand gripping the headboard moving down to grope at her tit. She grabbed a great handful of her soft skin and began to massage it, pushing the breast up and down as her fingers thrust in and out of her.

“Fuck! Fuuuuuck oh, it feels even better right after!”

Her whole body was writhing in ecstasy now. She groaned and bucked her hips, forcing her fingers deeper and deeper into her pussy. Her eyes locked on him with intensity, as if she were staring right into his very soul.

“You want my tits don't you? That's what you're thinking right now. You want my body so bad oooooohhhh.”

He did, he ached for it. To touch, to taste, as a man or bra he didn't care he just wanted to be with her, to feel her body. Hearing her say those dirty things made him so hot. Caleb could only watch with awe as her back arched and her eyes rolled back as yet another orgasm washed over her. This time though, her moans were high and breathy, almost screams.

“Ah! Oh...AHHHHHHHH!!”

A stream of clear pussy juice squirted from her hole with enough force that it sprayed against him all the way at the foot of the bed. Caleb felt the viscous liquid immediately begin to soak

into his fabric, permeating his very form as it pooled in one of his cups. He had wished to taste her and he got his desire, in a manner of speaking. That heady, uniquely female flavour was all over him as though his entire bra form was one giant tongue.

The scent blocked out all others and for a few moments he couldn't even think; what remained of his mind was so foggy with lust and the smell of her he couldn't even register what was happening in front of him. Eventually though he felt the mattress dip though and his vision returned. He had been so out of it he hadn't even realised his vision had gone totally white.

Fingers brushed against his surface; oversensitive from the deprivation he could do nothing but moan silently as she picked him up. Her fingers were still slick with her own juices and as he took in her flushed face it was all he could do to force out a single, desperate word.

*'Please...?'*

He wasn't even sure what exactly he was begging for; to be touched, changed or worn. Any of the options would do right now. For a second it looked as though Jane were reaching for the amulet and Caleb could have wept for joy, only for the sound of a slamming door to make her freeze.

"My father." She whispered, "He's back. I can't let him catch me like this!"

She dropped him without a second thought, running to the bathroom and hastily washing her hands to remove any scent of her juices. In a blind panic Jane dressed, hastily pulling on stockings, then her skirt while roughly grabbing Caleb once more to dab at the stains on her bed. Caleb felt dizzy with sensation as he was crushed into the mattress, forced to soak up every last drop of her juices where they had squirted and leaked out of her until the white bedspread was pristine once more.

"Sorry Caleb, I'll turn you back later." She said airily, something in her tone made him doubt her honesty. "I can't very well have my father catch me with a man in my bedroom!"

*'At least put me on again!' he begged desperately, 'Remember, you can always masturbate again, this time wearing me. Please, Jane, if you're not going to turn me back it's the least you can do. I want to feel your heart racing as you cum while fingering yourself.'*

"What if my dad suspects something?"

'He won't, I'm just a bra. Plus, won't it be fun knowing you have a man touching you without him even knowing? Naughty girl.'

"I'm n-not naughty," The breathlessness of her reply said otherwise, "I'm a good girl..."

*'And a good girl wouldn't be caught with a man, but if you leave me up here the magic might activate and I'll turn back. You have to wear me.'*

It was a bold faced lie but he couldn't stand the idea that she might stuff him in a suitcase and go out to find more pleasure without him.

"I suppose you're right." She sighed.

With deft hands she rehooked up to him and hefted her breasts to rest inside his cups once more. Despite his desperation Caleb settled down easily; it felt good to be full again, to have her heavy breasts resting inside his folds and her nipples pressing against him. It felt oddly homey.

The world disappeared behind a neat, button up blouse, this one undamaged so there was no peep hole for him. Jane cleared her throat and opened the door just in time for an elderly voice to echo up the stairs.

"Jane? Is that you?"

"Yes!" She called, "I'm coming!"

Meeting a girlfriend's father is always daunting but never in Caleb's life had he imagined he would be doing so while being worn as a bra. Jane pressed her psalm against him through her shirt for a moment before heading down the stairs. It was time to meet the man himself.