

# A Corrupting Influence

**For Deadtom**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

*Caleb's girlfriend is a good Christian girl waiting for marriage. So he decides to become her bra and tempt her into having sex only to have things backfire in a way he could never have guessed.*

~

“Come on Jane, it's a perfect way for us to spend time together.”

“I don't know...” She pouted, “What if somebody finds out?”

Caleb bit his lip; they had been going round in circles with this conversation for ages now. He and Jane had been dating almost six months now and he was yet to even cop a feel. He had to admit, the idea of deflowering a reverend's daughter had been a huge part of why he'd put up with her being so frigid. She was staunchly a 'wait for marriage' girl and had been upfront about it when they went on their first date but Caleb knew he'd be able to change her mind. It was obvious the poor girl had been so repressed she'd never even masturbated, it was only a matter of time before he seduced her into bed.

He had managed to finagle his way into her apartment at least, though never overnight but that was all about to change. He'd shown up with a bottle of wine as a surprise; the plan was simple, have some wine with dinner, start a heavy make out session and she'd be all his. All of that had been thrown out the window when she admitted she was going home to see her family for the holiday. Being blue balls, again, was just too much. It was time to take drastic action.

“It's not even sex.” he insisted, “I'd just be feeling your t-breasts a bit.”

She bit her lip.

“I haven’t even told my father I’m dating anybody, let alone anybody from the occult club. He’d never approve. If he finds out my bra is actually my boyfriend’s he will be so angry.”

Caleb resisted the urge to roll his eyes; he was barely an occultist. He’d been playing with ouija boards and reading obscure spell books for years but his magic was still fairly basic. One thing he had mastered was transformation...except he could only use it on himself; and it was not particularly stable. He required a focus to even have it happen, the first time he’d transformed he’d been stuck as a pair of ladies panties for almost an hour before his roommate found him and placed the focusing gem back on him.

“He won’t find out.” Caleb gripped her shoulder comfortingly before reaching a spare hand into his pocket and fishing out a red gem, “I’ll change, you can wear me for a few hours till we get to your parents house and then, if you really want to, you just hold this up against me and I’ll change back and leave.”

“What if my father sees you?”

“I’ll say I just came by for a quick visit and will be on my way.”

“Well...”

“Come on, Jane. A man has needs.” He was getting sick of this, “You said you want to get married one day right? Doesn’t the bible say to obey your husband?”

That had her thinking; Caleb had no intention of marrying her, obviously. But good Christian girls like her never dated unless they assumed it would lead to a ring and who was he to burst her bubble.

“...Okay.”

Caleb had to resist the urge to punch the air in victory.

“But you’re only going to see my breasts.” She said stiffly, “And only for a few hours till I arrive at my father’s house. And don’t think it will lead anywhere else.”

“Of course not.” He nodded seriously, biting his tongue.

Once she was wearing him he'd be able to whisper such temptations in her ears. By the time she reached home she'd be so wet and turned on there would be no way she could resist letting his hands touch her tits once he changed back. One thing would lead to another and he'd be taking her virginity in the reverend's own house! It was even better than he dreamed, when his friends heard they would be so jealous.

Trying not to appear too eager he clutched the gem in his hand, forcing what little magic he had into it and focusing on the form he wanted to take. His vision blurred and his skin began to stretch strangely; he had only done this a handful of times but he was grateful. The odd discomfort distracted from his arousal; the last thing he needed was to get a hard on right in front of Jane and put her off the whole idea again. He felt his cock, along with all his other appendages disappear, forming into limp soft fabric while he focused on a design. A few seconds later his centre of gravity disappeared; his whole form feeling light and soft as he fluttered to the ground. The gem hitting the carpet a foot away with a thunk. His vision returned and he looked up at his girlfriend, her hands over her mouth in shock. With glee he realised that for the first time, he could see up one of his stupidly long, pencil skirts. He couldn't see her pussy unfortunately, but he did glimpse a patch of white which had to be her panties.

"Oh wow, magic. I know it's wrong but that was actually...really amazing."

Caleb was glad he no longer had to control his expressions; it would have been hard not to smirk as she knelt down beside him and reached out.

"But Caleb...I can't wear you looking like *this*. It's far too sinful!"

He was quite proud of his bra form; wine red, with silken cups and soft lace decorations in the shape of roses. To any other woman, he might seem generic; a normal date night bra but to his ultra conservative girlfriend he was practically lingerie.

*'I used up all my energy changing once.'* he lied, *'I can't change now and it's not like anybody but you will know what I look like.'*

This was just step one of getting her turned on;

*'Besides,'* he added as innocently as possible, *'just a little sin can't hurt.'*

He watched her swallow, already he could see temptation in her eyes, just like so many times before. This was it; he could feel it. Tonight he was finally going to taste that sweet pussy and add another notch to his belt. Finally.

Nervously, she rested her fingers atop him, pressing down on the soft cups and rubbing her thumb inside the silk lining with a quiet moan. The touch felt wonderful and Caleb relaxed into it, it had been so long since a woman touched him even this felt like bliss.

"I suppose I'd better undress." She whispered, swallowing again before reaching for the top button of her blouse.

Jane always dressed conservatively; she gave credence to the nickname Plain Jane. With her dark brown hair always neatly braided and her clothing modest, she didn't give much to the eye. But Caleb knew there was no crazy quite like repressed, Christian crazy; once he got her in the sack she would be wild, he could just feel it. Still it was such a treat, laying in her lay looking up as those round, beautiful breasts were finally revealed. They were surprisingly large and pert, almost defying gravity with their perfect roundness. If only she weren't wearing a plain white bra she might even look hot. Were he still a man, Caleb would be drooling as she slowly unhooked it in the back.

After six months of waiting, those tits were finally within his grasp; the only downside to his bra form was that he had to wait for her to move him since he was incapable of doing it on his own. Her nipples were sweet and pink, he wasn't sure how but somehow they exuded innocence. When a girl in her twenties that was as beautiful as Jane told you she was a virgin, the natural thing was to doubt. But now after getting to know her and seeing those pretty tits, he knew it was true. God he could not wait to tease them to hardness.

Jane was blushing as she picked him up. One of those full body blushes that added a dusting of pink not only to her cheeks but her shoulders and chest as well. If anything, it made her breasts even more enticing.

'*You're beautiful.*' he whispered to her, he wanted to say sexy but that was probably too much too soon for her.

After what seemed like forever, she pressed his cups into those soft mounds. He could see everything, the subtle raise of his soft nipples and the tiny bumps surrounding them, the weight of her tits, the gentle curve of them. It was a wet dream come true. Luckily in this bra form there was nothing to give away just how horny he was feeling now; if he were still a man he'd have a raging hard on.

"I feel so naughty..." She said with a shiver, sending vibrations all over Caleb's fabric skin.

*'But it feels good, right?'* He teased, he felt her body move as though she were nodding.

She was like putty in his hands. Jane hooked him up and he felt a stab of gratification as his tiny metal hooks closed around her; pressing him into her skin at every point. Flush with that creamy skin so tightly he could taste it. His cups perfectly moulded to her breasts and she rebuttoned her blouse with hands trembling from excitement while he revelled in the soft feeling of her flesh surrounding him.

"I'm so wicked." She attempted to sound self deprecating but Caleb could tell she was loving it.

Her nipples hardened ever so slightly and he focused all the energy he could on those sensitive little nubs, willing her to feel them even more. She rose and her breasts gave a subtle bounce. He resisted the urge to laugh, unsure of the sound would carry telepathically; his bra form had no underwire, she may as well have been wearing tissues for all the support he gave her. With each step he felt the heft of her tits as they weighed down on him. This was even better than he'd hoped! It was one thing to hold and touch a girl's tits but another to surround them with his very being. It was almost addictive; he could smell her skin, taste it even. He was almost thankful when the blouse was buttoned back over him, blocking out his view of the world; he was starting to feel a little over stimulated. If he had known how wonderful it felt being a woman's bra he would have done it sooner.

Each step she took he could feel the movement of her body, no matter how subtle; or in the case of her breasts, not so subtle. They swayed slightly as she made her way toward the door and pushed down on his front as they hung off her frame when she bent down to pick up her holiday bag.

"I never realised how much my breasts could...move." She giggled, clearly already enjoying herself much to Caleb's delight.

*'See, being naughty once in a while isn't so bad.'* He soothed, *'Do I feel nice?'*

He felt a slight increase to the heat of her skin, he wasn't able to see pressed right up against it, but Caleb was sure she was blushing.

“Yeah, really nice.”

The outside world was a mystery to him, limited to the sounds he could hear but Caleb barely paid attention. His full focus was on the feeling of those tits rubbing against him. He could feel her nipples pressing into him, getting harder and harder with each passing minute as his silky lining brushed against them. And slowly but surely, his pleasure increased with it. He felt so full, holding up those breasts that were now his entire world. He could not cum as a bra but he didn't care, it was all one giant tease. When he turned back in an hour or so it would be hard not to cum on the spot. He was essentially getting extended foreplay with none of the risks; God it made him so hot.

Eventually he heard the hiss of bus doors opening and Jane skipped up the stairs. The tiny jumps felt titanic in his new form and with each bounce he felt his stretchy fabric struggling to contain her tits as gravity pulled them down, only to bounce back up again. His back wire was pressed against her back as she took her seat at the back of the bus and she sighed. Whispering so that only he could hear.

“I can't stop thinking about it. The fact that you're just there, feeling me up and nobody else knows.”

*‘Feels good, yeah?’*

“Mhmm, really, really good.”

She gave a tiny whimper. He couldn't see from inside her blouse but he'd been around girls enough to know what that sound meant. If he could grin he would put the Cheshire cat to shame; his little gambit was already paying off. If he was really lucky, he might get her so turned on she'd stop before they even reached their destination and they could go at it in an alley. He'd always loved public sex, the risk, the adrenaline rush; but suggesting that to a woman like Jane was pointless. Though maybe less so after today. He decided to take a risk.

*‘Jane...are you getting wet?’*

“No!” She hissed, “Well, maybe a little I just...I know it's wrong but knowing you're there, feeling you touch me. I can't help it.”

*'Hey, it's okay. I don't mind. I really love how you feel. Your tits are so lovely, you should be proud.'*

"The bus driver looked at me, I saw his eyes dip when my...my...when they moved."

*'Felt nice right? Knowing you are so attractive. You are hot as hell Jane. That's what I have been trying to tell you for ages.'*

"It's not right..."

*'Yes it is. Having me against you right now feels so pleasurable, imagine how nice it would be to have a warm pair of hands there instead? Squeezing them, brushing up against those nipples, sucking on them.'*

"Ooooh..." She gave a breathy moan, if he wasn't so familiar with her ironclad will power Caleb might worry she wouldn't last the trip.

"You shouldn't say such things, you're making me..."

*'Horny?'*

"Yes."

He continued his teasing, turning himself on in the process. Each time Jane would shift in her seat his desire flamed. She was probably soaked by now, her pussy aching. There was no way she would deny him. When the bus finally came to her stop after almost an hour Jane practically ran out the doors. Jumping off the top step of the bus and down onto the sidewalk, bag slamming against her back as she did so. It was Caleb's turn to moan. The sensation of such movement was intense and did not let up as she continued to run, jog really, tits bouncing worth every step. His fabric stretched and snapped back into place over and over. It was like a sore muscle being stretched but so much more pleasurable. Never had his human body experienced such torture; it was all build and no release. Her nipples were diamond hard now and he couldn't stand it; each jump making them scrape against his oh so soft lining. Eventually they came to a stop and once again he felt his back pressed into a wall. The sound of buttons popping made him start and a moment later he could see again. Jane was in an alleyway between two suburban homes, sitting with her legs spread in

front of her. Her chest was rising and falling rapidly and her body heat felt like fire beneath him; Caleb had never been so turned on in his entire life.

“I-I know it’s wrong I just have to.” She mumbled.

Suddenly two great hands were crushing him, trapping his thin fabric form between hot skin on either side as Lisa grabbed hold of her own tits and began to squeeze.

“Oh, oh wow, I never knew they could feel so good!”

She massaged them, pressing Caleb in so hard he almost felt like he was about to merge with her all together. The idea made him so hot and he savoured this feeling. He could taste the slight salt tang to her skin from sweat, it made her taste all the better and he wished he could drink it in. If he focused he could just smell that heady, distinctly female smell wafting up from her skirt. She must have been incredibly wet for the scent to be so strong. She’d probably have to peel her panties off.

*‘Grab the gem.’* he moaned, *‘I’ll change back and take care of you.’*

“N-no, that would be too much but I am sure just f-feeling myself like this would be okay.” She rationalised, “Oh, that’s so nice!”

She was pressing a thumb down on her nipple, brushing them through the bra over and over again. The movement sent wave after wave of pleasure through Caleb, driving him nearly mad with it.

*‘Imagine how good it will feel if I do it!’* He tried, *‘Oh Jane I’d lick and suck them till you came, please, change me back!’*

“B-but I can’t stop, oh God, I have to stop, but it’s so good, so good, so-! Oooooh!!”

Her whole body shuddered, sending ripples of vibration through Caleb and almost whiting out his senses with the overstimulation. She was gasping for breath, that scent of pussy juice now ever stronger in the air. She’d cum, just from touching her tits. Fuck, that was so hot, Caleb would be cumming too from the sight alone if he could. Already he knew he would blow her mind when he turned back, if she was truly that sensitive he would have her seeing stars in no time.



“Oh my God, I can’t believe I just did that.” She gasped, letting go, “I-I’m so...sinful.”

*‘No it was good! So good! You want to do it again, right?’*

“...Yes.” She admitted finally, “And hearing you talk, knowing you were watching and feeling everything I was...it was just so hot. I am getting wet again just thinking about it.”

Hearing such dirty talk from his girlfriend was like ambrosia. For so long he had tried to get her to even masturbate and she’d never given in. But already he knew this was the straw, she would never be able to stop herself from getting off again. Once you have experienced the pleasure of orgasm you can’t just stop.

*‘Don’t you want to feel another person pleasing you?’* He asked, he was desperate now, if he didn’t cum soon he was worried he might just go mad, *‘Don’t you want somebody else to feel you up, so you can really lose control?’*

She swallowed before quietly whispering,

“Yes.”

She stood and a thrill went through Caleb only to immediately dissipate when she began rebuttoning her shirt; his magic gem nowhere in sight.

*‘What are you doing?’*

“You’re right, I have to know what it feels like, I am going to find somebody to...well you know. “She said breathlessly, with a voice full of both trepidation and excitement, “God will forgive me. I’ll only do it once.”

*‘What? No! No you can’t cheat on me, Jane!’* he cried in horror, *‘Turn me back! I’ll sleep with you!’*

To his surprise and horror, she giggled.

“I know it’s naughty but I just...really like being naughty. It feels so good!” She bounced a little on her toes, “And you can’t turn back unless I use your gem right? So now

you're at my mercy, oh...that feels nice. Is this what they call BDSM? Am I dominating you right now? Oh that's so exciting!"

No, this isn't how things were supposed to go! He was supposed to be the one moulding her into his perfect, sexy submissive! Jane was so vanilla the idea that she would get off on holding him hostage while she got off without him just never occurred; it was ludicrous, the girl didn't even know what BDSM really was and here she was jumping in the deep end! He was so horny right now he felt as though he would explode, he needed to get off but it was impossible until he turned back. Jane was speed walking now, heading God knows where in search of cock and he was powerless to stop it. Her nipples were still semi hard and teasing his inner lining with every step.

Caleb was starting to feel dizzy, was that even possible without a brain? All his senses were fuzzing together in a cacophony of sensation. Even if he cut off his vision the smell, taste and feel of Jane were overstimulating in the extreme, the pleasure was too much with no release in sight. He lost all sense of time until all of a sudden, there was a pressure on his front. He refocused himself and realised he could hear Jane and another male voice whispering quietly to one another, a strange, warm hand pressing against her back and his own hooks.

"J-Just feel me up, no sex." Jane sighed, her breath shaky with excitement.

"No prob, doll." The voice was coarse and rough, he sounded twice their age. "But you gotta do me in return."

Envy burned brightly within Caleb; he had been dreaming of taking Jane's virginity for months. Her whole virginity too, the fact that she was going to jack off this complete stranger instead of him was too much to bear. When he felt her nod he wanted to wail in jealousy. Suddenly, there was light, the man had ripped open Jane's blouse and reached inside before Caleb had a chance to think. Those hands were suddenly on him and he wanted to groan in both pleasure and disgust. This man's hands were rough, nothing like the sweet tasting smoothness of Jane's. But his touch was nonetheless pleasurable, both he and Jane sank under his influence as he stroked; Caleb almost screamed in frustration as the stranger slipped a finger inside to play with her nipples.

"Oh, oh you were right, it feels so much better with somebody else." Jane moaned, if the stranger was confused by what she said he didn't show it, he was too busy unzipping his fly.

From his vantage hanging off Janes' chest he could only watch as the man used his free hand to guide Jane's, placing his dick against her soft palm. His jealousy burned anew watched Jane form a fist and slowly begin to pump; that should have been him! Not only was he stuck here, overstimulated and unable to cum but he was being forced to watch his virginal, goody goody girlfriend jack somebody else off. Just when he thought things couldn't get any worse, the man took his free hand and slid it under her skirt. No! Surely not!

*'Jane! What are you doing! Tell him to stop!'* He begged.

He couldn't take it, that should have been his hand touching her!

"S-so good..." She sighed, "Oh, Oh! Don't stop!"

Her whole body was shaking now as the man fingered her, each time he pushed deeper inside her and caused Jane to gasp. Both her and Caleb were completely awash in pleasure now, he wanted to beg her to stop and change him back, anything to stop this torturous pleasure but the words wouldn't come and neither could he. Jane and her companion on the other hand were better off. Jane sighed, whole body quivering as her second ever orgasm washed over her. A few moments later her companion began to cum and Caleb watched, filled with jealousy as hot seed spurted out onto Jane's skirt. Almost as if to tease him.

They had both found release but Caleb was still swimming in metaphorical hormones. He felt desperate and dizzy; he'd do anything if it just meant he could cum. It wasn't until Jane and her partner had gone separate ways he could even focus enough to speak.

*'Please.'* he begged, *'No more...I can't take it, it's too good. I need to cum.'*

"God, hearing you so desperate is such a turn on."

Oh no.

"I could hear you moaning while he felt me up, knowing you were watching made everything so much more exciting! I...I have to do it again."

Caleb had no choice in the matter, he could only follow along and brace himself for the next round and hope that soon she would exhaust herself and turn him back. He'd been right,

there really was no crazy quite like repressed sexuality and in opening that gateway, he'd created a sex crazed monster.