

A Corrupting Influence - Part 5

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

Caleb could barely sense anything outside of Jane's velvet walls. He had been stuffed inside her so tightly with only the tiniest part of his fabric self sticking out of her still wet hole. He could feel his fabric brushing against her insides, a tiny piece of lace resting on her G-spot so that with each step she took. He brushed against it. She was passively pleasuring himself with him and the knowledge made Caleb dizzy with lust.

Was she seriously about to go back and sit down in the pews once more? Like nothing had ever happened and she was still a good little faithful member of God's flock? He wasn't sure why but that idea turned him on. The idea that on the outside the world saw Jane for the persona she was now putting on; that of the good Christian girl.

Deep down though, she was a sexual savant. So horny and devious that he was swiftly suspecting nothing would ever fully satisfy her. And he had done that to her. Him. yes, it may not have worked out the way he intended but he had indeed finally cracked her shell and corrupted his goody two shoes girlfriend. She was a real woman now, perhaps too much woman for even him to handle.

From his tiny viewing window Caleb watched as indeed, Jane did rejoin the congregation. She sang hymns and sat in prayer, all the while squeezing him between her legs or crushing him against the hard wood of the pew. The feeling of helplessness that had plagued him so much was still there but he was starting to feel a new source of satisfaction.

He knew for a fact he was the only thing on Jane's mind right now; she may be playing the part but her mind was far from the words coming out of her naughty lips right now. After the service she stood with her father, wishing others well as they went about their day. Occasionally he would feel a new wave of wetness flow over him when somebody she thought was attractive walked by and he would tease her for it.

'Don't go cheating on me now.'

'Oh that was a big one, were you looking at his crotch?'

'Was that a lady you just clenched for? How sinful.'

He kept up the onslaught, knowing full well she couldn't tell him to be quiet without looking like an insane person. If he could have grinned he would have.

'Imagine what they would think if they knew your panties were stuffed inside you right now?' He taunted, 'If the wind blows you might even flash your bare ass at somebody or worse, your pussy with me sticking out. How naughty, they'll think you're such a bad, bad girl.'

She quivered, pussy clenching and pushing him out ever so slightly. He was so slick he threatened to slip out entirely but she quickly tightened around him once more. The risk was great, if she did that again he would fall to the ground for everybody to see...and Jane knew it too.

"Are you alright dear? You're shivering an awful lot." Her father's voice echoed, "Do you need a jacket?"

"No, no, I am fine, father." She insisted.

'Just horny as hell.' Caleb teased, she tightened around him extra hard.

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The walk home was torture and bliss all rolled into one. Jane was forced to keep herself tight around him to stop Caleb from slipping out. But the tightness also meant he was constantly stimulating her folds. He could feel her getting more turned on as they went and he could only imagine the torture she was feeling having to walk lock step with her father without showing any of her arousal.

"That was a wonderful service, father." Jane said as they walked in the front door.

'You barely heard a word he said.'

"I think I will go have a lie down, I didn't sleep very well last night." She continued.

'Because you were too busy showing off your body at that club like a slut.'

He could practically feel the anger wafting off her in waves; Caleb knew he would be paying for all these taunts but he just couldn't help it. This whole situation was so hot and the only way he could express any sort of agency or power was to keep needling her. Plus, he knew deep down she loved it; her body betrayed her in that regard.

The trip up the stairs to her room felt like it took an age, he could feel her heartbeat through her body getting faster and faster. The click of the door closing struck both fear and delight into him as she immediately relaxed, letting Caleb finally slip out of her and fall to the floor with a damp thud.

"You have a lot of nerve, speaking to me like that." She hissed, picking him up and stretching him out between her fingers, "Especially in a house of God."

Caleb felt a thrill pass through him; in for a penny, in for a pound.

'You have a lot of nerve, acting the way that you did in a house of God.'

She shivered.

"I was so..."

'Sinful, yes you were, you naughty, naughty girl.'

"This is all your fault." She moaned, sitting on the floor and reaching beneath her skirt to play with her pussy. "Those words should make me feel bad, not good. Why does punishment feel so nice?"

'Because deep down you know it's true and you want to be told.' He whispered, 'Like it or not Jane, you're not a good girl anymore.'

"I-I am a good girl..."

'No, you're not. You're a naughty girl who wants to get felt up by strangers in allies and fuck herself with her transforming boyfriend.'

A moment later he was moving, for a second he was worried she was about to throw him across the room but instead he felt himself stuffed inside her once more. This time though,

he wasn't in her tight pussy, but her mouth. Her teeth bit down on him as she used his fabric to muffle her moans.

It was a whole new world of sensations. Her sharp teeth cut into him always painfully, and he could feel the vibration of her throat as she moaned and groaned with the thrust of her fingers. Her tongue brushed against his undersides, twitching with each stroke she made. He desperately wished she had sat in front of the mirror, so that the part of him still outside her lips could watch.

He had to make do with the feeling of touch though and that was more than enough really. He brushed against her soft lips, marvelling at just how smooth and full they were. Her tongue began to press into him, soaking into the damp fabric and moistening it even more. Between her pussy juices and saliva there wasn't a dry patch left on him.

'Like the taste of your own juices?' He took the opportunity to continue his teasing, *'I bet you love the taste, I bet you can't wait to have more, you whore.'*

"Mmmmmppphfff!"

'What's that? I can't quite hear you over all that sluttiness.'

"Mmmhhh! Mmmmhpppfff!"

The vibration of her moans was exquisite. He could feel it tingling across his entire form, up her tongue and deep inside him. It was like sitting on a vibrator, except it encompassed almost his entire body. Her tongue pressed against him hard and with a gasp and a quiet groan Caleb found himself on the floor again, with Jane wiggling out of her skirt.

"Where is that damn amulet?" She whispered, half to herself.

A thrill passed through him once more at the mention of the amulet. Had he finally done it and pushed her over the edge? Was he finally going to get to feel that tight, sweet pussy around his cock? He had basically given up hope of it ever happening at this point and as she raised the amulet up from its hiding place Caleb could have cheered.

"I am sure I can figure this out." She muttered, "If I just focus..."

Wait, she was going to try and use the magic by herself? It had taken him weeks, months really, to figure out how to wield it, there was no way she could force him to change shape on her first try! And yet, the amulet began to glow.

For a moment he panicked, what if she transformed herself on accident and then they were both stuck without the ability to move? Her father would find them and think they were just ordinary items, forever trapped without any company or chance of escape! His fear was swiftly put to rest though as she reached the amulet's cool metal down against him.

He tried to focus on transforming into his human body but hit a metaphorical brick wall. There was already a magical order within the amulet and the magic was flowing through it and into him; he was totally at his mercy. At Jane's mercy.

His fabric form seemed to dry partially and become stiff, taking on a more rigid shape. Far too hard to be skin, yet not totally firm either. There was some give to it that almost felt like rubber. No, not rubber, more like silicone.

His shape became long and cylindrical and that in tandem with the new material instantly told him what Jane was transforming him into. His cylinder form was ridged, with tiny bumps designed to stimulate and a convenient hand at his base. He had turned from a pair of panties into a dildo.

Without a second thought Jane threw the amulet away and picked him up. Her hand felt warm, gripping him around the shaft. It was as if his entire body had become his cock, no matter where or how she touched it felt good. This might just be the end of him, Caleb thought, there was no way the human mind could withstand this level of pleasure. He could barely focus his vision at all, even when she stepped in front of the mirror to show him off.

"Oh, you look so lovely. Even before we met I always wondered what one of these would feel like." Jane whispered, running a finger along his slightly slicked surface.

Caleb gazed at her; her hungry eyes, the wide smile, she looked like a woman possessed. Then his vision drifted to himself. He was made of shiny black silicone, the bumps clearly visible on his shiny surface. He was thicker at the bottom, and a full inch longer than his actual cock. He could bring himself to feel bad about it though, in this form he was sure to feel the inside of her again; in this shape it would be like having his cock inside her at last!

Only now he would feel the ecstasy of fucking her from every pore in his body. If pore was the right word; it probably wasn't but he didn't have the brain function or will to care about such things right now. Not when Jane was sitting herself back on the floor with her legs apart and slowly lifting the hem of her skirt with her free hand.

He gazed at her pretty pink flower, slowly letting her guide him toward it. It seemed to take forever and no time at all until his smooth, slightly bulging head was pressed to her entrance.

'Yes! Yes! YES!' He cried, finally, he was going to fuck her.

Only to have her draw him away. She began to stroke her folds, from clit to hole up and down with the end of his dildo head. Spreading her wetness over him until he was once again drowning in it.

"Mmmmm yes, so firm...so hard..." She muttered, "Yes....this is better than those pathetic, soft panties who could barely get me off."

He watched as her lips curled into a slightly cruel smile as she spoke those last words. Now who was the tease? Eventually though. After what felt like an age of endless teasing, Caleb was positioned outside her hole again and she slowly began to guide him inside. He let that now familiar wet heat envelop him and he parted her folds.

With each inch she pushed inside she would shudder, clearly she had never been penetrated or stretched quite this far before. He loved it; he loved knowing that in a way, he was still taking her virginity. At east he chose to think of it that way, after all, he was sure nobody had ever fucked Jane quite like this before.

Her hands shook as they gripped his hands, guiding him further and further in as her breathing got shaky. The best part was that with his handle outside, no matter what, he could still be able to hear her as she stammered and moaned.

"Oh god, I made you too b-big fuuuuuck!"

'*Careful with that mouth of yours, wouldn't want daddy to hear.*' He teased, loving the way her walls contracted against him as she listened.

"S-so good." She whimpered, pushing him a little bit further up, "Oh, I c-cant feel it, that spot, the G-spot, you're so close..."

She shoved him all the way inside and bit down on her lip, barely muffling the cry of ecstasy as his head came to rest against the back of her passage. Now the only part of him left outside was his handle which Jane gripped for dear life.

She was frozen, likely overwhelmed by the sensation of being penetrated and stretched so fully. Caleb was in Heaven; his whole form surrounded by Jane's tight, wet passage.

'You have to fuck yourself now.' He whispered mentally, 'You have to pull me out again so you can push me back and feel all that again, but better.'

"B-better?"

He could feel the vibration of her voice on the inside and hear her on the outside; the best of both worlds.

"Yes! I want that." She shuddered, "Ooooooooooh!"

She was doing a terrible job of staying quiet and Caleb loved it. He loved that she couldn't help herself, that he was corrupting her even further. The idea that any moment the reverend could walk in and see exactly how sinful his daughter was added an additional level of risk and thrill to the little escapade as well.

It also helped distract him from his own overwhelming pleasure. It was like torture, to feel so much bliss and know he would never reach climax. He could feel every inch of her velvet walls pressing into him, hugging him, caressing him. She was so tight; if there had ever been any doubt of her virginity it would be dispelled now.

She drew him back out with a wet sound, even as her pussy rebelled, trying to squeeze tight around him to keep him in place. Finally when only his head remained she paused for a moment before plunging him back in. It was ambrosia; ecstasy, he ran out of words to describe how good it felt to have his entire being used to fuck Jane.

He desperately wished for some form of release, anything. Just the ability to moan or writhe in pleasure would be enough at this point. But of course he could not; he was a dildo, solid and hard with no way of moving on his own. He was totally at the whim of his girlfriend and her ever increasing lust.

"Uhhhhh! Uhhhhh! UUUUUUUHHH!" She grunted, groning with each and every thrust. "Uhhhhh I-I can't uhhh stop! Oh fuck, father is g-going to hear me!"

'Better cum quick then!' Caleb managed to get out.

It was getting harder and harder to concentrate, his whole mind was filled with nothing but pleasure and happiness as he rapidly picked up the pace. Jane's hand was no longer trembling but instead had him in a death grip, squeezing around his handle so hard it was almost painful. The discomfort only made the ecstasy stronger though and Caleb couldn't bring himself to care.

His head began to press against her G-spot as she angled him to hit the deepest part of her. Wet sounds echoed around the room as her body slurped at him and juices gushed every time she pulled him out of her hole. A few times she pulled him all the way out, leaving them both bereft for a few short moments before filling herself once more.

Caleb could tell by the way her pussy walls were quivering that she was getting close. Her thrusts became shallow, forcing him to rub against the G-spot over and over again as he was drowned in her slickness.

"Yes, oh yes, j-just there uhhhh, ahhhhh! AHHHH!"

Jane's cry was one of pure bliss and so loud any chance of remaining undiscovered seemed impossible. And yet, her father's age seemed to be working in their favour as no footsteps approached. Leaving both Caleb and Jane nothing to do but enjoy the intensity of her orgasm.

Her walls pulsed, rhythmically squeezing him as she squirted. She continued to thrust his dildo form in and out as she fucked herself through the orgasm. Caleb lost all sense of time; it could have been five minutes or five seconds but eventually she ceased, collapsing back onto the carpet in a heap with him still stuck between her legs.

Caleb bathed in the afterglow, switching his vision to his handle so he could see their reflection in the mirror. He was nothing but a piece of shiny silicone between her still spread legs. Then, to his shock he felt her tighten once more around him, the contraction pushed him down her passage and a grunt met his ears.

Another moan and push later Caleb realised exactly what was happening. His gorgeous, naughty girl! She was pushing him out using only her pussy, pleasuring herself as she went. What a tease; she truly had come far the last few days.

With a wet sound he plopped back down onto the floor and Jane gave one final shudder of pleasure. For a few seconds they lay there and Caleb was genuinely worried she had fallen asleep before finally she sat up and reached for him. His surface was so slick with juices the only place his vision was clear was at the handle, even then, the juices were beginning to drip down his slippery surface.

A warm tongue pressed against his shaft and this time it was his turn to moan, at least mentally, which had none of the same release or satisfaction. Gently Jane licked the

wetness away, cleaning him thoroughly as she hummed in contentment at her own taste. It was good to know he wasn't the only one obsessed with her flavour. When he was finally clean, or at least not covered in her slickness she tossed him lightly through the air and onto the bed.

At long last she stripped off the conservative clothes, and basked naked in the sunlight from her window. Jane yawned and stretched, likely for his own benefit as she showed off her wonderful breasts. As good as it had been to be worn as her panties and fucked into her; he did miss those lovely tits.

It was barely lunch time and yet she pulled back the sheets and snuggled under the blankets, pulling him under with her, hugging his form to her chest.

"I can make you whatever I want." She whispered, "We are going to have so much fun together, Caleb."

If he had a spine those words would have made it shiver.

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While Jane napped, he lay away, held to her chest and sandwiched between her breasts. He could feel her heart beating closely against him and to his surprise Caleb found he felt calm. More at peace than he had ever felt in his life in fact. He was almost sad when she began to stir and disturbed him from his not quite sleep state.

For a while they lazed together in bed, her on her phone with him resting at her hip. Dangerously close to her naked pussy. He hoped she would feel like going again but it seemed that his Jane was finally developing some self control which was...worrying. For him at least.

"I'm going to meet a local friend." She told him eventually, "Our weekend is almost over and it'll be good to see Daisy again, we went through Sunday School together."

'What about me?' He asked, slightly fearful, 'You could change me back into a man.'

"Oh no, my dear Caleb, I want you to come with me."

She rifled around and held up the amulet once more, holding it to her until the magic flared to life. How had she mastered it so quickly? He didn't know whether to be terrified or grateful.

She pressed it to him and immediately the hard silicone began to give way to something softer. Softer even than the panties or bra. His body was becoming fabric once more but it was something new. His material was thinner, almost fragile; so much so that he could feel the wind passing through it.

When the change was complete he felt as soft as a cloud, for the most part anywhere. The top half of him felt slightly more elastic; he had no idea what she had turned him into until she walked to the mirror to show him.

His fabric unfurled to reveal a sheen pair of black pantyhose. Sleek and almost professional. She laid him out on the bed and went through a show of putting on her bra once more and buttoning up her blouse before selecting yet another skirt. This one only just brushed her knees; practically scandalous by Jane's usual wardrobe fare. Then again, perhaps wearing stockings made things less sinful. Who was he to know?

One thing he was sure of though was that not wearing panties would definitely land a girl like Jane on the naughty list. And as she reached for him and slowly slipped her foot inside; that was exactly what she did. He was tight around her soft skin, brushing her inner thighs as she snapped him into place against her bare pussy. His inner lining was slightly thicker beneath her crotch, but not by much. All it would take was a strong gust of wind to reveal her sin.

If she got wet there would be barely anything to contain her juices either; it was a risk he was sure she was aware of. She dropped her skirt down, blocking his vision of the mirror before slipping into a pair of sensible ballet style flats and heading for the door. She didn't speak to him again, she didn't have to. The power shift in their relationship was well established now and Caleb couldn't decide how he felt about it.