

# A Corrupting Influence - Finale

**For Deadtom**

**By TheSpiralledEye**

Caleb was the most relaxed he had ever been in his entire life. The world was passing him by slowly and he watched things without taking them in. It was that particular kind of relaxation he would have associated with lazy summer afternoons as a kid; nothing to worry about, no big adult concerns, just warmth and relaxation. His mind was fully occupied with the wonderful feeling of Jane's soft skin and the way her legs rubbed him against her thighs as she walked.

He was shocked when he felt her fingers begin lowering him down to the floor, away from her. That was when he realised just how much time had passed; they were back in her room, the lunch date long over.

"I think it's time I turned you back into a man." She sighed, looking content, "Now that I have actually had sex while you watched I think that's everything I can think of to do with you. I don't want things getting stale."

Caleb wasn't sure how to feel about her little announcement. After all that torturous pleasure, after so much denial and begging he was finally going to be himself again. He tried to feel excited by the prospect but in truth he felt...nothing.

The cool surface of the crystal pressed against his crumbled form. He prepared himself for the somewhat unpleasant sensation of becoming flesh and blood again but nothing happened. Was this just another of her teasing jokes? He swivelled his vision up to Jane's face and found her brow furrowed; no, she was just as confused as he was.

"Why isn't it working? Are you resisting or something?"

Was that even something he could do? Surely if he could, some of those other changes wouldn't have stuck unless...it was subconscious? Maybe on some level he had always wanted this, to be Jane's play thing. His ultimate fantasy had been corrupting her into a sexed up slut but he never imagined his avenue to do that would be as her inanimate pleasure toy.

This whole escapade had been his idea after all; he always knew the idea of being turned into an object and worn by his girlfriend was a turn on. He'd just not realised how

deep that desire went. Had he, on some subconscious level always wanted this, to be turned into a plaything for his dominant girlfriend? Had he known lurking deep inside that good church going girl was a sexual deviant just waiting for the excuse to get out. As he'd thought before, there was no crazy quite like repressed, Christian crazy.

"You are, I can feel the magic trying to work!" Jane gasped, then smiled, "You're such a naughty boy. You know, maybe we could still have some fun. We'll treat it like a special occasion., to make sure I never get bored and you get left wanting all the more, sound fun?"

'...yes.'

Even his mental voice was needy and desperate; it was so hot. Getting turned on by his own desperation was a new low but honestly, Caleb couldn't bring himself to care. He was utterly in Jane's thrall now, he'd do anything if she kept using him like an object. The idea of being a man and having sex the usual way just seemed so boring now. He wondered if he was even capable of getting hard.

Maybe if she tied him down and denied him orgasm a few times but otherwise, it was unlikely. No, he'd much rather stay her toy. The gem pressed against his slightly ripped, pantyhoe form and he felt the magic flow into him. This time, his subconscious yielded; mostly because he could sense that whatever she was turning him into, it wasn't a man of flesh and blood.

His soft, sheer body changed, becoming thicker, though not by much, less stretchy and smaller. Jane placed the gem necklace on her nightstand and returned to him, picking him up delicately between her thumb and forefinger on each side and holding him up to the mirror.

If he could have blushed, Caleb would have. He was a pair of plain, white granny panties. The least sexy of all panties. Surely Jane wouldn't want to wear him now; perhaps that was the point. She folded him neatly and opened her drawer, placing him right at the back.

"See you when I feel like it." She smiled and closed the drawer behind him, leaving him in darkness.

In this form he still couldn't sleep, but he could settle into a sort of unthinking state. Time passed oddly, but he never fell unconscious like he would if he were to sleep. The smell of Jane faded, only the tiniest part of her scent lingered, left behind on the other underwear

from months of use. Mostly though, it was masked by the scent of pine from the wooden structure that had become his new prison and the artificial floral smell of washing detergent.

The drawer suddenly lurched forward, light pouring in bright enough to blind him after what felt like an eternity in darkness. Fortunately, he didn't have eyes, but the sudden brightness still dazzled him. For a few glorious seconds he could gaze upon Jane, dressed only in her bra as she picked out a set of panties for the day. Her hand hovered over the choices, never once glancing in his direction. She picked a plain pair of black bikini briefs and then the drawer was shut again.

This became his new normal. A few seconds of light, a view of his beloved mistress and then darkness again. He learned to sharpen his senses, he knew exactly what her footsteps sounded like. He heard her doing much more than just walking though. Each night he could hear her soft moans as she masturbated. Sometimes she even talked about men; how she wished there was one around to give her the cock she was craving; knowing full well he could hear her.

It was such a tease. He loved it. Part of him almost wished she never picked him up. Of course that would be awful though, so when the day finally came that her hand slipped under his soft pantie form for the first time in weeks he wanted to sing for joy.

*'Jane!' the words came before he could stop himself, 'Oh! I have missed you so much. Are you going to wear me? Please wear me!'*

"Hmmm, these old things?" Jane raised an eyebrow, "I don't think so, you need a makeover before I can even think of doing that."

That's when Caleb noticed the gem around her neck, resting just above her breasts. She pulled him toward it, pressing him into the cool surface and letting other parts of his fabric rest against her warm skin. It had been so long since he'd had any skin contact he'd forgotten just how good it felt. He drank in her scent and the feeling of her against him. So much so he didn't even feel what changes had been made until she walked him over to the mirror.

No more ugly undies; now he was a beautiful silken pair of bikini briefs; they were bright red with a lace overlay and a tiny red embroidered rose on the thin waistband. Jane playfully flicked the little thread petals and Caleb felt a tingle move through him as the vibrations continued down his intricate embroidery.

"Much better."

'You have such good taste.'

Jane giggled.

"I really do."

Caleb waited with proverbial baited breath for Jane to put him on but instead she laid him out on the bed and got herself dressed in her usual fare. All the while watching him with hungry eyes; what did she have planned? She neatly folded him, but not in her usual style. This was tight and constrictive. She folded his fabric in on itself so tightly that even if she were to drop him he would retain his shape. A small little rectangle with the rose at the front.

"I have something fun planned for today. Something...risky." Jane said, her voice full of anticipation and lust. "I don't think I'll tell you though, it's more fun if you try to figure it out."

With that she slipped him into her purse and zipped it closed, leaving Caleb with nothing to do but speculate. Perhaps she intended to give him to one of her friends as a gift, a loan. That idea was exciting, as much as he loved Jane, being worn by another woman could be thrilling, especially if she didn't know his true nature. Would Jane eventually steal him back? Yes, there was no way she'd just leave him, he was too fun.

Then the doubts came. Was he fun? Maybe he needed to up his devotion. He saw the way her eyes sparkled with delight when he was desperate or drowned her in compliments. Stroking her ego would surely stop any thoughts of giving him away permanently.

He tried to listen for clues as they walked and he rolled around in her handbag. He could hear the muffled sounds of the outside world through the thick faux leather. He felt the rumbling vibration of a trip on the bus, then the sound of heels on smooth hard floors and the indistinct mutter that only came with crowds. Where was she taking him?

Finally the purse was unzipped and her hand dipped inside and scooped him out. He had only a fraction of a second to take in his surroundings before she was gone; just like that, he was dropped and fell through the air and onto something soft. Caleb swivelled his vision and watched her walk away without so much as a backwards glance. What was going on?

He did his best to orient himself; he was sitting in a plastic basket in some sort of clothing shop. All around him were tightly folded bunches of panties, just like him. There were a variety of colours and styles but all folded the same way. That explained why she had folded him to match. His vision moved upwards and if he'd had a jaw it would have dropped.

She had dropped in the bargain bin at a lingerie shop!

The sign above boasted a cheap lucky dip; for just fifteen dollars you could select a pair of panties from the bucket and take them home. What a steal. Caleb felt humiliated, his whole worth was right there; fifteen dollars. But of course his humiliation only fueled his desire and lust; being treated like an object got him so hot.

He waited, nervous and excited every time a lady walked past the bin and picked something out. She was coming back right? This was her game, buying him like a new pair? What if somebody else brought him first and then she never found him and he was doomed to spend the rest of his lids in this one single form, adorning some other woman instead of his wonderful Jane? The risk made things all the hotter.

After what felt like hours he felt her approach before he saw her. He was so intune, after weeks of listening to nothing but her footfalls he was good at recognising them. She reached down and fished him out.

'I was worried you weren't coming back.'

She just smiled and placed him down on the counter, paying and tipping well like the good girl they both knew she wasn't.

"I have a big date tonight." Jane explained to the cashier, "If it goes well, I want something nice."

"Well these are certainly lovely, I didn't notice them when I was filling the bin or I might have pinched them myself!" The cashier teased, "I hope your day goes well."

"Thank you!"

Jane popped him back in her purse, but this time, kept the zip undone so she could occasionally glance down at him with a devilish grin. She carried him around for the rest of the day until finally entering what smelled like some sort of restaurant. All he could see from his vantage point in the bag was the side of her boob pressing against the handbag and a bit of the ceiling. It was ornate; this was a fancy place.

The smell of herbs reached him only to be whisked away as she entered the bathroom and lowered her plain panties off. Anticipation filled him with glee; finally! He was going to be worn again.

He'd forgotten just how good it felt to be pulled up those soft legs. She had taken to shaving and moisturising them now so they were like velvet against his silken edges. As he settled against her pussy he could have wept; the smell of her was strong; how had he even survived for weeks without it? He sung her praises, stroking her ego and thanking her profusely for this blessing but she didn't respond to him. Just the way he liked it. He was a thing, not a man, he was to be treated as such. Fuck he would have cum right then if he was able.

He enjoyed the gentle sway of her hips as she walked back out into the restaurant, the way her legs rubbed him together and how her ass bounced a little, held in place by his tight fit.

She sat down and crushed him beneath her; it was like Heaven. He couldn't believe this was his life now, he also couldn't believe how much he was enjoying it. He was one hundred percent certain now he never wanted to go back to being a man. Screw the consequences. He was sure he'd heard Jane explaining to his family over the phone once or twice that he'd decided to go on a whirlwind travel trip for a year. It was the sort of impulsive thing he'd do; he didn't even blame his folks for buying it.

Eventually a man's voice met his ears. It was hard to hear under the table but he sounded older, more mature. At least his baritone seemed to imply it. As he spoke he felt warm juices begin to form around her hole and spread over her pussy lips; whoever this guy was, he was hot enough to get Jane wet with just his voice.

The night went on and Caleb simply enjoyed himself, soaking in her juices and treasuring the feeling of his fabric pressing against her folds. He wanted to memorise the shape; he was sure to be left to deprivation again in the drawer after this and he wanted a good, strong memory to keep him company.

He felt a shiver go up Jane's legs and the wetness turned from a drip to a small river. She was shifting in her seat, getting wetter and wetter until finally she asked for the bill. There was no doubt in Caleb's mind that they were going home with this man, whoever he was.

They stepped out into the night air; it was cold and his underside felt instantly frozen as the wind whipped up Jane's long skirt. He wished he could huddle closer to her pussy for warmth.

"I had a wonderful time tonight, Jane." That baritone drawled.

"Oh me too, I never dreamed somebody as important as an investment banker would be interested in little old me." She cooed.

“I’d love to keep this party going but I think the gentlemanly thing to do would be to walk you home.”

“Oh no...” Jane whispered, “Please, I am having so much fun, I’d love to have some more. The truth is, my father thinks I am staying with a girl friend tonight so he won’t miss me if I stay the night...somewhere else.”

“I thought you were a good little church girl.” The man chuckled.

“Only on the outside.” Jane whispered huskily, pressing her body against the man’s. “What my daddy doesn’t know won’t hurt him.”

That was all the encouragement her new man needed. He could hear them kissing, passionately and Caleb marvelled at his girl. Jane had come so far, she was a natural when it came to seduction. This guy didn’t even realise she had him wound around her finger; he got the illusion of getting to corrupt a good church girl when really, Caleb had done that weeks ago.

It didn’t take long for them to be walking, stopping occasionally to kiss and paw at one another. AT one point Caleb felt fingers pressing against his front and Jane quivered in response.

“Stop teasing, let’s get to your place.” She said hurriedly, sounding desperate and horny.

Caleb knew she must have been ravenous for cock at this point, she hadn’t masturbated last night, so that meant it had been almost forty-eight hours since she last came. An age for her nowerdays.

Finally there was the sound of a key in a lock and the turning of a handle. The sounds of the street faded away as they stumbled inside. Caleb could hear them making out even louder now; the sound of wet lips and moans made him so jealous.

Jane pressed her body against her new beau’s and Caleb felt himself being squashed back into her pussy further by his bulge. There was fabric between him and the cock but he swore it felt bigger than normal. Something Jane clearly noticed too because a gush of wetness flooded him, soaking him right though.

There was a rush of air as Jane’s skirt was pulled down, revealing him to the man for the first time. He peered down with a cocky grin; his face was handsome, hair slicked back,

his suit must have cost more than some people's cars. Yes, he looked exactly like an investment banker; right down to the streaks of silver in his dark hair.

"Wasn't expecting that." He chuckled, giving the little red flower on Caleb's front a flick, "Very mature."

"I was hoping you'd like them, I bought them especially for you." Jane breathed before reaching for his wrist, "Feel how soft they are."

The man's fingers dragged across Caleb's underside, smearing the wetness further into him and making Jane gasp in pleasure.

*'Fuck...Jane you're such a tease, this is turning me on so much.'*

"So wet already."

"You make me wet." She replied, to Caleb or her new guy, he couldn't be sure. But he suspected it was both of them.

That finger ran along him a few more times before it slipped him aside to slide into Jane's folds.

"Oooohhhh yeah." She groaned as he circled her clit, "Yes...yes!"

Caleb could feel her pussy clenching as and quivering as she basked in the pleasure. He knew the signs, she needed cock soon or she was going to explode; that meant taking him off. He tried to enjoy it as long as possible. The man's fingers dipped into her hole and Jane wailed. His thick finger couldn't stop the fluids from dripping from her though and soon her hips were bucking and shaking as she got closer and closer.

"Ahhh! Ohhhh, b-but I...I want to cum with you inside me." She wailed.

Fuck, it was so hot to listen to her be the submissive one for once, she was out of control. No matter how bad she didn't want to cum yet Caleb could feel her getting close.

"Oh you will." The man said huskily, "Now cum for me good girl."



“N-No!” She cried, thrusting against his finger harder all the same, “I’m no good girl.”

Suddenly his hand was gone, Jane having stepped away and taken Caleb with her. He snapped back into place around her soaking pussy and mentally groaned, there was so much wetness for him to enjoy. She slipped her thumbs between his loops and lowered him down to the floor. Leaving him there as she stepped away, towards her new man who already had his cock out and was stroking it.

“I’m a bad girl, I don’t take orders. I give them.”

The man’s eyes were wide with lust, his face curled into a smile; Caleb got the distinct impression this wasn’t the sort of guy who got told no too often.

“Now fuck me.”

Caleb watched from his position on the floor as Jane mounted him, right there against the wall. Despite his huge size the cock slipped inside her easily thanks to her wetness and soon she was groaning with gratification as he filled her. With a grunt the man switched their positions, holding Jane up against the wall to brace himself and began to pump his hips up into her. Jane wrapped her long legs around his waist and gripped his shoulders with a wail as she came immediately.

Caleb ached with jealousy; he’d been hoping to feel her orgasm but watching was almost as good. Her eyes locked with him and stayed there; she knew he was watching and getting off on this. He wished she could hear him, he’d sing her praises so much she came from his words, not just this guy’s cock.

“Ah, oh yes, harder! Harder!” She begged, “Make me cum again!”

He was grunting now, thrusting into her so hard she barely had time to slide back down the wall before he was pushing her back up. Caleb watched as the pussy juices soaking him turned cold; they seemed to fuck forever until finally, the man finished and they both shuddered. Caleb could see the juices running down Jane’s legs, along with the man’s own seed. He was so jealous of the patches of carpet where drops landed. He wanted to be soaking them all up!

Jane gave him one final quick smile before suggesting they both head to bed. Of course, the man didn’t pay him any mind, he was too focused on the horny woman in his

arms. So alone Caleb sat, on the floor of the entryway forgotten. Fuck he wished this sort of treatment didn't make him so horny.

He listened as they fucked again and again as the night went on before finally falling asleep. He waited, feeling the juices inside him turn slightly crusty and hard until finally, morning light filtered through the windows.

Once again, Jane's footsteps as she crept out to see him, laying her fingers against his fabric and smiling.

"Have fun?" She whispered.

'You know I did.'

"I will have to think of more games like this to play."

'What would you have done if another woman bought me?'

She shrugged.

"I don't know, the risk was part of the fun."

'Will the next game be as risky?'

"Oh yes."

"I am down for it."

Jane giggled a little before picking him up and stretching him out a few more times.

"Oh Caleb," She sighed, "Would it have mattered if you weren't?"

She had a good point.

"You're totally mine now. I know because you won't turn back even if I try." She whispered, running her hands over the rose and flicking it one last time.

"I make the rules."

'Yes, Jane.'

"Yes miss." She corrected.

'Yes miss.'

"That's a good boy."