

A Corrupting Influence - Part 6

For Deadtom

By TheSpiralledEye

As Jane walked through the town Caleb took the time to appreciate the new view being pantyhose gave him. Unlike before where he was hidden beneath all her other clothing in some way, he was now on full display. He could swivel his vision anywhere, all the way down into her shoes or up to her pussy and anywhere in between. If he focused on her legs he could even see the people on the street they were passing and the surrounding area. It was delightfully refreshing and meant he got a bit of clean air as well, not that he could ever get sick of her scent of course.

He felt a thrill pass through him as they passed each new person. It felt different, being on display like this. He could not believe how brazen Jane was getting after only a few days. It felt so naughty being shown off like this with nobody the wiser as to his true nature. What would they think, he wondered, if they knew what the soft material wrapped around Jane's legs really was. Or if they knew she was currently not wearing any underwear?

'You're getting pretty brazen.'

She didn't reply of course, she couldn't when she was out in public like this but she didn't even shiver. There was no sign at all that she had heard him, not even her pussy moistening like normal. A bolt of pleasure passed through him; the idea of being treated like a proper object, being totally at her mercy; fuck it turned him on. How had she so thoroughly reprogramed him so quickly?

He focused on the feeling of her beneath him; the soft feeling of her skin brushing against his inner lining was pleasurable in a way he had never experienced. He could feel the soft skin rubbing against his fabric and every tiny movement her body made, no matter how subtle.

Speaking of subtle, her ass was anything but now. Without any panties to keep those curves contained her butt was jiggling with each step. Her flowing skirt helped hide the movement from the outside world but not from him. He could feel each tiny wiggle of her cheeks, when she stepped down off the footpath to cross the road he felt the lift and fall of her whole ass pulling at him and rubbing his insides. It was magical.

Where there was pleasure though, there was also pain. While her ass felt incredible her pussy was frustratingly just out of reach. The pantyhose kept his lining suspended half

an inch away from her folds, he could only watch from the inside lining, wishing he had the stretch to reach up and brush against it.

'I can see how wet you are.' He teased, *'It smells so strong, I bet the people walking by can tell you're turned on.'*

Still no response, Caleb felt himself get more daring. Being ignored was turning him on but also got him a little frustrated. He wasn't ready to give up and become a pliable play thing, well not all the time anyway.

'I bet they know you're naughty deep down. You can always tell, dress as conservatively as you want but I know the truth and soon so will everybody else. You're a bad girl, Jane. Face the facts, you're a bad girl and you love it.'

She didn't even break her stride. Was she listening to him at all? Suddenly he felt himself stretch as her body bent and he found himself squashed beneath that wonderful ass, his inner lining pressing into her cleft and just a little closer to her pussy, she kept her legs far enough apart though to ensure he would never touch it.

The seat she was resting on was plush, her butt sank into it ever so slightly and forced him against her skin even more. She crossed and uncrossed her ankles a few times each, giving him the briefest moments of ecstasy as he found himself squeezed between his thighs. He was so close to brushing her pussy it was maddening.

She seemed to sense his distress because Jane seemed to be doing everything in her power to torture him with her body. Shifting subtly in her chair to grinding him against the plush chair and leaning backwards then forwards. Did she look odd from the outside? It was hard to tell, her movements must have been small but to him it felt like his entire world was moving.

"Jane! Hi!"

Caleb swivelled his vision to the small gap between Jane's shoes and her skirt to figure out where the voice was coming from. They were inside now, at a restaurant or cafe if the table he found himself under was any indication. Another pair of feet and legs were viable, wearing similar stockings and Mary Jane shoes as Jane.

"Daisy! It's been so long, how are you going at the missionary?"

“Oh it’s wonderful, I get to wake up every day and know I am doing God’s work. Not only that but there is a young priest in training who’s been coming to my services and I think he might be interested in me!”

“Oh!”

‘Wow, sounds like this girl is living the life you thought you wanted before you met me.’

“How is college in the big city? You haven’t gone to any of those awful parties like in the movies, right?”

“No, of course not.”

‘No she’s just been letting strangers feel her up and getting off on turning her boyfriend into a dildo to fuck herself raw.’

Jane’s hand came to rest on her leg and gave him a sharp pinch; turns out this form was capable of feeling pain as well as pleasure. Fortunately, no matter how sharp and shocking it was, he couldn’t yelp and give himself away.

“Do you know what you are going to do once you finish your degree, are you still going to be a bookkeeper?” Daisy asked.

‘A book keeper?’ Caleb laughed, *‘No way, I think you’re on the fast track to being a whore-ow’*

“I think so.” Jane lied smoothly, at least he assumed it was a lie. There was no way this new version of Jane could ever be satisfied being a bookkeeper.

The women continued to talk and Caleb found himself bored. Of course he had the wonderful feeling of Jane’s ass crushing down on him, the smell of her pussy and the lovely feeling of her toes wiggling to entertain him but that could only last so long. The endless teasing was only fun if there was some satisfaction in sight. Of course he knew by now that cumming was impossible for him. He was never going to cum again if Jane had her way; fuck, that thought made him horny.

The closest he could get to gratification was to make her cum. Something he couldn't do physically but he still had one thing; his voice, Jane couldn't take that away from him. She may have been in control now, but he knew just what buttons to press to make her hot and heavy.

'You know, now that I think about it, being a bookkeeper could be the perfect profession for you...all alone in a dusty dark room all day, it would be the perfect place to sneak men in.'

Jane's legs quivered ever so subtly.

'You could grab men off the street and have them fuck you over your desk, all the while pretending to be the meek little accountant girl out back.'

Moisture began to form in Jane's folds and drip down her skin.

'You're imagining it right now aren't you, you naughty girl. I bet you'd fuck every man in the office and pretend it was a secret just between the two of you. Every guy would think they were your special fella when really you were having them all.'

The juices dripped from her hole, finally leaking onto his inner lining and soaked into the thin fabric. The taste was divine, he felt his mental voice voice getting shaky with lust as he savoured every drop.

'How long until one guy at a time isn't enough, I bet you're having threesomes before you know it. Maybe even inviting another girl into the room. Imagine how hot it would be to lick Daisy's nipples, to corrupt her into being a naughty girl just like you.'

Another hard pinch, then another. The third time Jane kept her fingers knotted into the thin fabric and twisted too hard Caleb was sure he was only a few moments away from ripping when she finally let go. The pain mixed with his lust and made him want to moan but it was also hard enough that it was punishment. Her order was clear; be quiet. Obediently he shut up, letting the submission warm him from the inside.

Daisy and Jane continued to talk and Caleb felt himself once again growing bored. Somehow though, Jane seemed to be able to sense whenever he was drifting off or getting tempted to taunt her again because she would dig her nails into her thigh or subtly scrap them along her leg in warming.

The nails left tingling pleasure and pain ripping through him and Caleb stayed quiet and obedient just as she wished. If he couldn't taunt her into cumming he was going to have to be patient and hope she rewarded them both with a good finger fuck soon.

At least he had made her properly wet. Her delicious pussy may have still been eternally out of reach but at least her juices were flowing down to treat him. It wouldn't be long until his fabric had soaked up all it could and the fluid started to seep through onto her skirt.

Caleb considered warning her but decided against it, he didn't want another punishment for talking and besides. If her skirt did stain, everybody would know what she really was. Her humiliation would be all the sweeter after the sexual torture she had put him through. He watched, eagerly awaiting the stain only for Jane to stand up all of a sudden and begin walking.

Her thighs rubbed together, warming the pussy juices that were starting to cool in his fabric. Caleb felt almost dizzy from the stimulation. Still, he didn't dare utter a single mental sound. Even as she lowered him around her ankles in the bathroom. The tile floor was cold but he realised, from his odd angle on the ground, that the lid of the toilet was closed.

He could just see her over the rim, sitting back, breathing heavily; face instantly turning pink after holding back her own arousal for so long. She was biting her lip and her eyes were wide with lust and temptation. It was now or never.

'You could touch yourself.' He suggested, thankful no pinch came his way, *'You must be so horny right now, it would be torture to go back to that table and talk with sweet little Daisy while trying hard not to think about your burning hole.'*

Jane swallowed.

'Please,' Caleb begged, feeling desperate, *'Please touch yourself, I just want to watch. I'll be good and quiet. I promise just please, I need something, anything.'*

"Since you asked so nicely." Jane whispered, slowly lowering her finger down between her legs.

Caleb wanted to cry out in joy but he knew better, instead focusing on trying to get the best view possible from his position on the floor. Jane dragged her fingers up and down her dark pink lips, instantly coating the digit in juices so that it glided along the soft skin without any issue. She gave a shaky breath out and let her eyes flutter closed, tilting her head back. It

was yet another tease for him; from this angle he could no longer see her face and that was unacceptable. He so rarely got to see her face when she came, it wasn't fair! And now he was finally on the outside and she was still taunting him!

He was tempted to ask her to move but he knew she wouldn't, if anything knowing hiding her face from him bothered him would just make her do it more often. Instead Caleb decided to focus on her legs, the way they were subtly opening more, stretching him as her ankles got further and further apart as she spread herself open.

His fabric was starting to strain in the middle where the tension was highest. Thankfully, he was still wet from her juices and that added a little more flexibility. The stretch where his skin met her ankles was like having a sore muscle massaged and feeling the tiny shakes of her legs as she got closer only added to his ecstasy. He was in total bliss and then she decided to make things even better.

“Ahhhh...ahhhh...oooh yes...”

Her moans were like a symphony to his ears; it was the most beautiful and sexy sound in the world. He wished desperately that he could speak and taunt her some more but he didn't want to risk her stopping. Was she imagining the scenarios he'd put in her head right now? Or maybe she was wondering what it would feel like to corrupt Daisy like he had mentioned. God, what he wouldn't give to be able to see her thoughts and fantasies for himself. He'd make them all come true if he could; only if he could be there to watch of course.

“Yeah! Oh! Ooooh! A-almost-”

“Uh, miss?”

Jane's body froze, her finger a single knuckle deep inside her hole. Jane's face was a mask of terror and she sat up straight on the toilet for the first time and hastily began to wipe her fingers clean with toilet paper. It had finally happened, she'd been busted.

Suddenly fingers were digging into his fabric in a panic as she struggled to get her clothing back on in time before stumbling out the stall door. Caleb would have laughed if he could; his poor plain Jane. She didn't know anything about deception, all she'd done now is make herself look all the more guilty.

“I was just uh...well I was ummm.” She almost sounded like her old timid self again, only with a healthy helping of embarrassment.

The person who had disturbed her was a man, one of the cafe staff judging by his black slacks and apron. A little silver name badge that read Greg shone on his chest. He didn't look impressed, quite annoyed actually.

"Were you just getting off in a public bathroom?" He asked with a single eyebrow raised.

"Well...yes." Jane admitted, clearly defeated.

Caleb could feel the warmth pulsing from her pussy, she'd stopped right on the edge, no doubt her own desire was still thrumming, making it hard for her to think straight.

"Well, what do you have to say for yourself?" Greg asked, "Is that it? Just admitting to being some sort of perv?"

Jane seemed to stiffen for a moment, torn between trying to save her reputation though begging and kind words no doubt. Caleb was curious as to what she was going to say to try, maybe this man knew her from church and she planned on using her fathers name to get out of this? Or perhaps she would double back and try lying again. To his shock, she did neither, instead her body seemed to relax and she stepped forward, once, twice and then again until she was pressing her body against the young man.

"I'm naughty." She breathed, her voice quivering with excitement. "I didn't mean to get caught but I was just so horny I had to try and get myself off. But now that you're here, perhaps you could help me out?"

Caleb had never been more proud or turned on, in his entire life. Who would have thought she could learn to play the seductress so well so quickly? Caleb felt his whole body stretch as she wrapped a leg around Greg's waist to pull them even closer together. Caleb felt the stiff work pants rub against him and he felt like recoiling; that fabric didn't feel anywhere close to Jane's soft, supple skin.

"W-well..." Greg's bravado and confidence seemed to have evaporated into thin air, not that Caleb could blame him.

This was the sort of situation most men only dreamed of happening; and he knew first hand how incredible it would feel to have Jane's body pressing against him. He had never been so

jealous of another man in all his life. Within seconds he felt something begin to grow, pressing against the front of Jane's skirt and subsequently him. The bulge pressed him into the front of her pussy so that the hair there tickled his inner lining.

"Pretty please, I can be quiet if I really have to." Jane pressed herself closer, "I'll bet you even have a key to the bathroom if you are worried about us getting disturbed."

"Holy shit you're serious."

"As a heart attack." Jane purred, "Please hurry though, I have already been waiting so long and you caught me on the edge. I'm *desperate*."

Fuck. Caleb had never heard her speak like this before he never realised what a turn on it could be. He had dreamed for months of hearing Jane beg for cock but he never dreamed it would be anything but his, nor that she would do it so brazenly. He expected embarrassment, timid words and hesitant, desperate sounds. She may have been the one begging here but she sounded so in control.

Caleb could hardly blame Greg from jumping back. For a moment he was worried the man would leave but then he heard the distinct sound of metal clicking together as a key slid into a turning lock. Anticipation built up inside him; he hoped Jane would throw him somewhere he could see the action when she finally removed him. If he was lucky she would keep him on right up until the very end.

For a moment he reflected on just how strange his life had become, he was actually excited to watch his girlfriend get fucked by some stranger in a bathroom. How messed up was that? Then again, he was currently a pair of panties so nothing was exactly normal anymore. He changed his vision back to the gap between her skirt and the floor just in time to see Greg approaching again and embrace her roughly.

Jane moaned, melting against him and grinding her hips against the increasing hardness of his crotch. Caleb could hear the sound of buttons popping as the two of them began to undress each other, with Jane's whole body shivering in anticipation.

"Careful," She cautions, "No ripping my buttons now, I can't have my friend thinking I have been doing this. I have a reputation to uphold."

There was the sound of lips meeting a few times before Greg responded.

"Oh what sort of reputation is that?"

“My father is a priest.”

“Holy shit.”

“I know right, he has no idea how sinful his daughter is, that’s just the way I like it.”

Greg just moaned and Caleb wished he could as well, this was hotter than any porn he’d ever watched. A hand slipped between Jane’s skirt and him, fingers curling so that he was finally pushed up into her pussy proper. Instantly he was soaked through again but this time with warm, wet juices. Not only that but he could feel the gentle curve of her folds and their silky smooth texture. The waiting had been worth it, this was Heaven.

Jane moaned so loudly he could feel the vibration moving through her body all the way down between her legs. Or perhaps that was simply her body quivering, either way it was delicious and Caleb couldn’t get enough. Jane began to gasp and groan; perhaps he was playing with her nipples now, he couldn’t be sure.

A second later the hand pulled away but luckily for him, the moisture kept him glued to her folds. Then suddenly there was light as Greg yanked down Jane’s skirt and let it pool around her ankles. Caleb felt the soft material flutter against him as it settled only to be kicked away a moment later. He now had an unimpeded view of what was going on. Or at least he did for a half a second before Jane pressed herself fully against Greg’s body and allowed him to push her into a wall, effectively sandwiching her between him and it, with Caleb along for the ride.

Jane reached down and unzipped Greg’s flip, bringing out his length and stroking it against herself. The heady, masculine scent invaded Caleb’s senses and he felt a small amount of panic. Things were getting close now, when was she going to take him off. He didn’t dare speak, not when she was so close to finally getting the gratification she wanted. Who knows how she would react to disobedience?

The pair of them were clearly getting caught up now as fingers fumbled with his hem, tugging and stretching him almost painfully in an effort to remove him. With Jane squashed against the back wall though, her ass was holding him in place.

“Just rip them.” Jane whispered hastily, “They’re not too strong.”

If he had a spine a shiver would have gone down it. He didn’t know how to feel; delighted by the pleasure of being truly treated like nothing more than an object or terrified at the idea of

being torn. He didn't have long to think about it though as unlike him, Greg had no reservations.

His nails dug into Caleb's soft fabric and a second later a clean hole was ripped right down his centre, leaving a perfect entrance for the man's cock. To Caleb's surprise there was barely any pain beyond the initial rip and it was more shock than anything, soon he was back to being distracted by the crushing pressure of bodies sandwiching him.

Greg wrapped his hands around Jane's body to cup her ass, lifting her up the wall so that she could wrap her legs around his waist and finally pull the man inside her. She gasped and Caleb felt her whole body shudder, his own pleasure skyrocketing. Greg was not a gentle lover either, he thrust up into Jane hard, crushing her into the wall with each buck of his hips. If the sounds she was making meant anything though, she was loving it.

Greg's hair crushed against him each time and soon began to rub at him as his thrusts became short and sharp. Jane's legs squeezed tighter and tighter around him until finally she gave a shudder and a moan moan of his name. Hearing another man's name on his girlfriend's lips as she came was its own kind of torturous bliss. Especially when her orgasm was as close as he could get.

A few seconds later Greg followed suit and the two of them slid down the wall in exhausted bliss. They stayed that way for a moment before Greg finally pulled out, soaking Caleb further with juices and more as they dripped out of Jane and into what remained of his inner lining. Luckily, his back half was still in one piece so he wasn't in danger of falling apart entirely.

"That was...brilliant."

"Don't tell anybody!" Jane giggled, picking up her skirt, "Wait a few minutes before you come out okay?"

"B-but this is the ladies room!"

"Not my problem." Jane smirked, pulling her skirt up so that Caleb's ruined form couldn't be seen by anybody.

He felt like he was in a daze. Time seemed to pass strangely as Jane went back and finished her lunch date. The rest of the day moving in a blur or wondrous post coital bliss. Caleb let his mind go blank and just enjoyed being a pair of torn panties. He couldn't help

but wonder what was next. With Jane's new wild and unpredictable nature, anything was possible.