Ashley sat in the back of the car. Jasmine's body being obscured by the car seat helped her keep the temptation to look at bay, but the other woman did not have that advantage. Sitting in the passenger seat, the woman who before had been stern and unyielding was now entirely pacified. She couldn't help but imagine just how nice it must be to get to see what Jasmine looked like now.

Her mind wandered back to that moment, where she briefly caught a glimpse of Jasmine's perfect body. She hardly seemed to have a moment to think before Jasmine's voice snapped her out of it.

“Ok. We're home. You two come with me.” She snapped like an order as she climbed out of the car. It wasn't until this moment that Ashley even thought to realize that she had followed Jasmine into her car, when she probably should have driven her own car home.

It was too late for that now though. Ashley climbed out of the car and followed the other two towards the mansion; her eyes finally catching an unobstructed view of Jasmine's swaying hips as she walked. She knew she shouldn't look, but she couldn't manage to pull her eyes away. How had she even managed to reject Jasmine that morning?

It wasn't nearly long enough before she found herself in Grant's room. He let out a sigh and put his head in his hands as soon as he saw her walk in.

“You looked, didn't you.”

“I couldn't help it.” she tried to explain; she knew he warned her for a reason even if she still couldn't pull her eyes away to look at him directly. “I saw her before you warned me and… I just...”

“I guess that will make this next part a little more difficult” Grant replied; he didn't sound angry exactly. He sounded like he was… tired?

Suddenly, it occurred to her that she had been staring at Jasmine's butt for the last several minutes! Quickly, she averted her eyes as she heard the now indignant voice of the blue haired woman break the brief silence.

“So. You're the one who thinks he can take what is mine?” The woman demanded; she was clearly still unaware of what kind of power Grant held in this situation.

Come to think of it; did Jasmine know now too? She seemed pretty confident that she was in control of the situation when she came to collect them. Was she confident that Grant would make her win any argument; or did he simply make her that confident directly?

She had no idea what the two may have said to each-other during the drive back home, but she did find herself almost thankful that she had her own car to drive and didn't have to listen to those two clashing up to this point.

Grant looked flatly at the woman now; his voice showing no amount of amusement with her. “That is my friend,” he began “she does not belong to you.”

The woman's reaction showed no sign of intimidation. “You are not the first wealthy individual to have an… acquaintance taken by my organization.” She said, as though she was quoting a script. “If you wish to purchase her back from us, terms can be arranged, however-”

Grant cleared his throat loudly, causing the woman to stop her speech. Ashley wasn't sure if she stopped due to respect, fear, or the hope that he was about to make an offer.

“The terms.” he began “Are very simple. My friend is off limits to you.”

The woman rolled her eyes as she replied “I don't think you understand what you are dealing with here. Money does not give you the kind of power my organization possesses. Ashley. Kneel at my feet.”

Ashley looked at the woman, raising an eyebrow. Did she really not realize yet that she was never actually hypnotized? Maybe she did too good a job at pretending to be. The woman shifted her weight, trying to suppress her discomfort.

“Ashley.” She said, more forcefully this time “Remember the crystal. Remember your place.”

She thought back to the crystal. She still had it from when she took it from the table at the other house. She remembered the other crystal owned by the store clerk earlier that day. How many of these crystals were there? How big was this organization?

“Ashley does not follow your orders.” Grant said down to the woman; irritation now ringing in his voice.

“This… This was a set up.” The woman stammered “How much did you pay Marissa? That slut gave you her knock to use against me didn't she?” As she spoke, the woman began to pat her pockets. She must have been searching for the crystal.

“Ashley.” Grant said to her, looking her directly in the eyes “I believe she is looking for the Crystal. Do you have it?”

“Yes...”

“Good. Why don't you go ahead and show it to her.”

Finally, the woman lost her composure. She looked back and forth between Grant and Ashley, backing herself towards the door to the room “N-No… You aren't going to take me like this.”

As Ashley fished out the crystal, the woman turned to run out of the room. She pulled uselessly at the doorknobs as Ashley stepped slowly and uncertainly closer, holding the crystal up in front of her.

The woman turned around, her eyes closed tightly now “Y-You can't make me look into it! Let me go now!”

As she stood there, her back against the door, her body began to change. The wrinkles in her face faded away as her blue hair gained a strong shine. Her lips thickened as her body grew more shapely. It was like Grant was molding her body in real time. The woman's eyes remained closed though her shock at feeling her body changing was clear.

“Wh-What are you doing? How are you making me feel this? I-I didn't even look at the crystal!”

“It's not an illusion.” Grant said flatly “Look down at yourself.”

Suspiciously, one eye peaked open, looking straight down before her eyes shot wide open. Her shirt had burst open now under the strain of her now enormous breasts. She stammered “Wh-What are you doing to me?”

“I'm just making you more attractive.” Grant replied, pausing a moment before adding “I can make it retroactive too. Just imagine how your career path in your organization might have gone if you looked like this instead.”

“That… That's impossible!” The woman stammered, still staring down at her new body. “This is a trick. Y-You planted a suggestion in me! This isn't real!”

“Would I need you to look into the crystal if I already had that much control over your mind?”

Grant did have that much control over her mind. Ashley knew he had made Jasmine into his girlfriend, then maid. So, his power over reality certainly included the mind. Why was he being so indirect now?

“I don't know what you… Y-You...” Instinctively, the woman tried to look at Grant as she spoke; catching a glimpse of the crystal hanging from Ashley's hand. She watched as the woman's eyes glaze over and her mouth begin to hang open.

“I… Think she's under.” Ashley said uncertainly, looking the woman over. She could hardly believe how quickly the crystal was able to work.

“Finally” Grant sighed.

“Why didn't you just change her mind?”

“After today? I don't even know anymore” He replied, his voice sounding tired “I kept trying to make changes to get you out of whatever situation you were in but nothing worked. I made you immune to hypnosis and the universe decides you played along and still ended up exactly where you were.”

Ashley paused, trying to put together what he meant. “So… You can't really change anything?”

“I can. I have! It feels like some things are just harder? Like the universe does what I want in the most passive aggressive way possible!” Frustration began to seep into his voice, replacing the tiredness. “I need to do more experimenting to figure out how this all works.”

That last part, she understood well enough. “You want to make more changes.” she said flatly. This entire situation was his fault to begin with.

“I have to find out what my limits are!” he exclaimed; his tone quickly becoming defensive. “What if I didn't figure out how to get you back? Would you want to be at her mercy?”

Ashley looked back at the woman. She didn't even know this woman's name, yet earlier that day she had called her Mistress. She shuddered at the thought of going along with something like that. She couldn't imagine why she played along as long as she did.

She didn't pretend Marissa's induction worked; but she willingly stood as a model in her underwear for hours! She would never have done that, she was sure of it. It was almost like the universe wanted to resist being changed. Why now though? It didn't have a problem rewriting a month of her life when Grant retroactively made her his room mate.

Grant had paused to allow her to think for a few moments, but continued when he noticed she had no reply for him. “Something doesn't add up.” he said, “I don't know if it's something to do with this organization that woman was talking about, or the nature of the universe it's self, but I need to figure out how exactly my powers work.”

Switching again to a defensive tone, he continued “I can change anything I do back! I just need you to trust me. Whatever I change in the next few days, just go with it. It's just to make sure I can keep you safe.”

It was a lot to take in. Slowly, she nodded, not looking at either Grant or the woman directly. She felt Grant's hand touch hers; the hand with the crystal. “Give me a minute. I'll find out all I need to know about the organization from her.”

Ashley nodded again quickly, stepping around the woman and opening the door that no longer had a lock. As she closed the door behind her, she pondered how she even knew the door would open for her. Maybe Grant inserted that knowledge into her head?

She leaned her back against the wall, looking up at the ceiling. Maybe he didn't have anything to do with this whole mind control thing. Or, maybe he did and now there was some mind control slave syndicate running around that she could get caught by again with no hope of escape if she robbed Grant of his powers now.

Could she trust him? He did just save her from enslavement, and he had been her friend for years now. She supposed she could give him a few days of… unrestricted fun. No! Experimenting! She would make sure he agreed that it would all be educational. No screwing the universe for his own pleasure if she agreed to this.

She looked back down as she heard the door begin to open. Grant and the woman stepped out together. Grant at least had great taste, she mused as she looked the woman over. She knew the woman had a new appearance so Grant apparently decided against making the change retroactive.

She did note that Grant had apparently reduced the woman's breast size, though her shirt was still torn and hanging open. Now, her breasts were almost the same size as Ashley's own C cups. Beyond that, most of the changes she witnessed in the room were intact.

Grant spoke first, between the three of them. “I have all the information I need.” he began, “Since Jeanine here tried to make you her slave though, I think it would only be fair if I give her to you.”

Ashley's heart skipped a beat. “Wh-What do you mean?”

“Whatever you want to do with her, or to her? She's all yours.”

She had to admit, the idea of having her own slave seemed appealing. Suspiciously appealing… It had to immoral right? Then again, this was the woman who tried to turn her into a prostitute! It wasn't the same thing as Jasmine, who was simply an ass. This woman was evil. It was Karma, really.

Or… was that an excuse? She hardly noticed Grant walking back into his room, leaving the two of them alone together in the hallway. At the sound of the door's latch clicking she shook her head. She was alone now. Just her and… her slave.

The feeling of being alone, unwatched, seemed to tip the scales in her mind. She could always ask Grant to let Jeanine go later. For now… After the day she had, maybe she deserved a little abuse of power...