**Corrupts Absolutely Part 3**

Looking through her closet, Ashley picked out the tightest, and loosest fitting shirts she could find. She had no intention of going out in public looking like she wasn't wearing a bra, and hoped that perhaps a tight undershirt might at least give the illusion that she was.

As she brushed her long golden hair, her mind wandered to the talk she had with Grant. She wanted to believe him when he said that he made no changes to her. But still… she could not shake the nagging feeling that something was off. That things were just a little too convenient.

“I understand your paranoia” Grant had said, with a reassuring tone. “That is why most of the changes I make are retroactive. If I started altering reality in ways that could be noticed, it might cause any number of people to panic.”

“You could always just not do things that would cause people to be upset” She replied back. What exactly was he changing that he believed would cause mass panic anyway? Could she even begin to guess at how much he was abusing his power already?

“If we were eating ice cream,” Grant began to explain “And suddenly your ice cream changed from chocolate to strawberry for no apparent reason, would you be okay with that? Even if you like strawberry ice cream?”

She couldn't argue with that logic. Ever since she learned about Grants power to alter reality, she had been in a near constant state of paranoia. She could only imagine how rapidly that paranoia would spread if he made changes that left evidence.

“What can I do to make you feel better?” He had asked her “I can't really prove that you always looked this way, but I could make you look different if you'd like.”

“It's not about how I look,” she said after a brief pause to consider what he was suggesting “It's just too much of a coincidence that you could make me look any way you want, and I just happen to look exactly the way you'd want!”

Ultimately, she decided to keep her body the way it always was… well, most of her body. He couldn't undo her breast growth without the risk that she'll forget that it ever happened in the first place. She could at least be thankful though that moving up to a D cup would make shopping for a bra much easier. It was always a pain to find a C cup with an adult strap size.

After she finished brushing her hair, Ashley was finally ready to head into town. As she entered the hall, she thought she caught a glimpse of Jasmine before she shyly ducked into another room. She had no idea what Jasmine thought of this morning's events. Grant agreed to return Jasmine's feelings about her back to normal, but since it wasn't a retroactive change in that case she would still remember everything.

As for her own interest in Jasmine… that was even more complicated. Grant insisted that he hadn't changed her in that respect either. In fact, he argued that her interest in girls is why he never tried to flirt with her before. He had assumed she was a lesbian, rather than bisexual.

At least, that was his story. She could buy his reasons for why he wasn't responsible for any specific thing that she was suspicious of, but she somehow could not bring herself to believe that he hadn't made any changes to her at all by now. Even her brief flirtation with power over a single person this morning left an impression on her.

The only reason she had managed to resist her own temptation was the fear that she was being manipulated herself. On the other hand, perhaps Grant's girlfriend and Jasmine were keeping him satisfied enough that he didn't need to make any changes to her.

That was an entirely new can of worms though. Was she really okay with him using his power like this? She had to admit it was hot, in a way, but also wrong. It was a kind of localized, small time kind of wrong though. It wasn't like he was using his powers to turn the entire world into his personal playground.

At least, as far as she was able to tell he wasn't. That was the worst part. He could decide to turn every girl in the world blonde and she would probably fully believe that it was natural for women to only have blonde hair. Was it really safe for her to allow him to keep his power when it could be abused so easily? She shuddered at the thought as she sat down in the driver's seat of her car.

Her car at least had not been changed. It was still the same worn out, barely functional pile of spare parts held together with duct tape and broken dreams that it always was. Did he leave it that way on purpose, assuming she had some sentimental attachment to the car, or was it still the same because he never specifically changed it?

Perhaps that was the key to figuring out what changes Grant was making. If his changes didn't automatically ensure internal consistency, perhaps she could use those inconsistencies to tell when something was changed.

As Ashley pulled into the mall parking lot, she decided she would put her new theory to the test. Her shopping trip wasn't going to just be for fun, she had work to do. If her theory was right, a place where Grant hasn't been to yet would be the perfect place for inconsistencies to show up.

Ashley climbed out of her car and looked around the parking lot as she headed towards the mall. She wasn't entirely sure what to look for, or if she would know if she saw it. Everything seemed normal so far based on the few people she could see; not that she was entirely confident she knew what normal was anymore.

She slowly made her way towards the mall, finding herself increasingly uncertain about what she might find inside. Thoughts of what kinds of twisted, kinky, amazing place Grant might have turned the mall into drifted through her mind as she approached the door. She took a deep breath as she pulled it open and let out a sigh bordering somewhere between relief and disappointment.

The store she had entered was completely ordinary. As far as her eyes could see, the store was filled with racks of clothing. A few models posed motionlessly near the entrances and exits of the store while a number of mannequins were set up across the entirety of the store to show off particular outfits. Nothing she could see was particularly provocative; it was just a store.

Silently, she scolded herself for losing her head. She wasn't sure if she was more upset with herself for expecting the worst so soon, or for getting excited for it. She had to be the level headed one here. Grant was trusting her to keep him from getting carried away and there was no way she could do that if she let herself get carried away as well.

As she passed by some of the mannequins, she was reminded again why she disliked shopping for clothes so much; she could never really tell which of them were plastic, and which were models. The ones at the store front were always models of course, and always wearing the most expensive outfits. The ones lining the aisles, however, could be either. Not knowing which the seemingly lifeless statues might suddenly decide to change pose or go on break made her more nervous than she was willing to admit to most of her friends.

Finally, she reached the lingerie department. Instinctively, she averted her gaze from the local mannequins. The last she wanted to do was catch herself staring at a model without realizing it. Not only would it be rude but she wasn't exactly out of the closet; in spite of Grant's apparent knowledge of her preferences. Just one more mark towards her theory that he was responsible for that.

Cautiously, she began to check the sizes on each rack, making her way slowly down in size before an attendant happened to notice her.

“Do you need help finding anything?” The cheerful redhead asked.

“I… had a bit of a growth spurt.” Ashley replied, somewhat off guard.

The girl looked her up and down for a few moments, nodding to herself “It's about time you had one.” she finally said “What were you before? Kid size?”

Ashley let out a reluctant sigh, one more reason she didn't like to do this kind of shopping. “Almost, yeah.”

“Well, what size are you now?”

“I'm not entirely sure. Maybe a D cup?”

“Hm, wow, you are petite” the girl replied. “Say, have you ever thought about modeling? We could use someone to show off our smaller sizes.”

Ashley could feel her face flushing at the idea of posing in lingerie in her own town. She had enough problems with mannequins as it was without actually trying to be one, and the thought of people she knew looking at her made it even worse. “I… I don't think I'd be very good at it” she stammered, trying to turn her down politely. “I can't hold a pose for more than a minute or two really.”

“That's not a problem!” the girl said cheerfully. “We usually use this to help new models get started”

“Use wh.. what…?” Ashley began to as the girl pulled out a crystal on a string. Her eyes locked onto it the moment she saw it, as her objections seemed to fall apart on her lips.

“Just listen to my voice and let go of everything else...” a voice seemed to echo in her head as she stared into the crystal. “You can feel your body growing stiff, and your mind going silent as you become a mannequin for me...”

“...and you are awake.” Another voice echoed in Ashley's mind. She blinked a few times to reorient herself before realizing that the object the girl she was speaking with was no longer in front of her eyes. The second thing she noticed was that her clothes had been replaced by a lacy red bra and panties. Instinctively, she covered herself and frantically looked around before spotting a tall blonde lady and the redheaded girl she was speaking to a moment ago looking sheepishly at the ground.

“I apologize for the inconvenience.” the blonde lady said first. “Marissa is a new assistant manager and got carried away with the responsibilities I gave her.”

“Wh-what are you talking about?” Ashley stammered “What happened to my clothes??”

“As I was saying, one of the responsibilities of the assistant manager is assisting models in preparing for their shifts. NOT to make models out of our customers.” with the last part, she turned to glare at Marissa before turning back towards Ashley. “I am terribly sorry if she has made you late for anything, you were posing for about an hour before I found you.”

Somehow, this had to be Grants fault, Ashley thought. She could not imagine something like this happening to her before this all started. She could only hope nobody she knew saw her. “I… Shopping was the only thing on my to do list today.” she replied nervously “I was just trying to find some bras.”

The blonde woman gestured towards a rack she was standing next to. “These should all be about your size, based on the ones you are wearing now. Take any that you like. They'll come out of Marissa's paycheck.”

“I don't really want to cause trouble...” Ashley replied. She looked over at Marissa, who had her eyes to the ground. She certainly looked sorry about the situation.

“It's no trouble.” The manager replied quickly “She still has her job. Paying for a few bras is the least she can do for the trouble she's caused. Isn't that right?”

“Y-Yes...” Marissa squeaked, her eyes still not leaving the floor.

Cautiously, Ashley slowly approached the rack, selecting a small handful of bras before looking up at the manager “I… guess these ones?”

The blonde woman nodded and pulled out a notepad, quickly scribbling before tearing off a sheet. “Show this to the cashier, and she'll write them off for you.”

Timidly, she reached out and took the paper. “Th-Thank you… Um… but where are my clothes?”

“They are in locker 26, to your left.” The manager replied, “I will give you some privacy while you get changed. I have an assistant manager to discipline now.”

“Okay...” Ashley replied cautiously as the manager and Marissa left the room. She finally realized that she was no longer in the middle of the store, but rather in a changing room. Probably where the models get dressed before their shifts. With a sigh, she opened the locker, and quickly put her clothes back on.