Rather than her alarm, Ashley was woken by the sound of a knock at her bedroom door. Drearily, she lifted herself from the bed, carefully untangling herself from the embrace of her… Pet? Slave? She didn't even know this woman's name, when she really thought about it.

Now was not the time to contemplate her choices last night. She looked over at the alarm clock, which read barely past four. With a sigh, she walked to the door, and opened it to see Grant standing on the other side.

“Sorry to wake you so early, but the sooner I get started the better.” he began, “I'm guessing your Jeanine is in here? She wasn't in any of the other guest bedrooms.”

“Yes… She's in here.” Ashley replied slowly; that was her name! She hadn't used it once since learning it last night. Was there really a need for him to wake her up this early just to check on the two of them though?

“Do you think I could borrow her for a bit?” he continued, “I thought of a few more things I need to ask her, and she might be useful for testing my powers on.”

“Fine, whatever.” She looked over at the woman still sleeping on the bed. She should almost feel sorry for her, except that woman did try to turn her into a prostitute. She deserved whatever Grant did to her. Plus, it might keep him distracted enough not to go messing with the rest of the world.

“Hey… You!” It would probably be more convenient to know her name, but she didn't want to admit to not knowing it in front of Grant. “Get up!”

The woman on the bed stirred, sitting up and wiping her eyes; her feline ears drooping low. She had to admit they looked cute on her; though she was glad it was only the ears and tail. She shuddered at the thought of getting mouthful of fur while playing. It was kind of weird though that such a seemingly stern woman would get modifications that cute.

She shook her head; she was getting distracted again. “Go with Grant.” She ordered “Do whatever he wants, I'm going back to bed.”

It seemed like she had no sooner thrown herself back onto the bed before the sound of the alarm woke her again. Spinning around to turn the alarm off, she was relieved to find it easy this time. Her hair was still short.

Pulling herself out of bed for the second time this morning, she went to her closet to get dressed. The bag of bras sat next to the door; she didn't have time to put them away after all that had happened last night. She picked the bag up and pulled one out, but looking at it, it seemed far too small to fit.

In disbelief, she tried to put it on anyway, and found herself unable to squeeze her breasts into the cups. She sighed loudly and rubbed her temples. She had just gotten these yesterday! Thinking back, she remembered that she was supposedly hypnotized for her petite figure… and that she got several of the smallest possible bras.

She also remembered that she used to have a fairly average cup size even before Grant gave her a “boost”. Was this an actual paradox? The universe decided to keep that she took the smallest bras even when it didn't actually make sense anymore for her to do so. It really was like reality was changing in the most inconvenient way possible!

She looked down at the bag. What was she supposed to do now? Go back to the store and explain that she grew several cup sizes overnight? What if the manager was in on the whole hypno prostitution thing?

Well, she was immune to hypnosis now, so they couldn't really do anything to her now. She could probably do some investigating of her own while Grant works out how his power actually works. He was not getting a free pass though, she decided. She was going to keep as close an eye out for anything unusual as ever. Settling on another layered outfit to hide the fact that she wasn't wearing a bra, she headed out to the car.

It was still the same piece of crap it always was, she noted as she climbed in. Would it have hurt to give her a little upgrade? Somehow, she just knew Jasmine probably got a better car out of this deal. She didn't notice anything strange on the way into town; Grant was probably too busy with Jeanine to mess with the rest of the world today.

Ashley climbed out of her car, and walked towards the mall. She hoped the store wouldn't be too busy so she could ask her questions, get her bras, and get out without running into anyone she knew. She looked around as she entered the store, a white haired bunny girl was posing in the front display stand, while at least half the models she was able to spot had some kind of animal feature; usually ears.

That body modification fad was in full swing it seemed; ever since the technology came out a few months ago she was seeing all kinds of weird looks. She wasn't sure if she liked it; some people really made it work, but others seemed to take it just… too far for her liking.

She walked towards the underwear section, keeping an eye out for Marissa. She had to know if Marissa was a willing accomplice or if she was under the organization's control as well. Maybe Grant could help free her too once he figured out how his powers worked. Not that he seemed to have any trouble before…

Walking through the aisles, she spotted Marissa's red hair towards the back wall. Ashley worked her way towards the back, going over what she should ask first. When she finally reached the back though, she was disappointed to see Marissa standing motionlessly on a podium.

She felt a little guilty, looking at the red haired woman. Was Marissa being punished for yesterday? With a sigh, she turned back the way she came; she might as well get her bras and go. Marissa wouldn't be answering any questions whether she wanted to or not until her shift was up, however long that might be.

She didn't get far before she felt a large hand on her shoulder. Instinctively, she stiffened as she heard a low male voice from behind her.

“Follow me. Don't make a scene.”

She could feel him pulling her backwards, enough to indicate that she should walk in that direction. Briefly she considered running. She couldn't possibly be too far from witnesses that could protect her. Then again, she had no idea how big this operation was. Could the entire store be a front?

Reluctantly, she slowly stepped backwards, following the lead of the man behind her. Once she had taken a few steps back, he directed her to turn and then walk forward. His hand remained on her shoulder the entire time, as though to remind her not to try anything. She soon found herself walking into the employee only section in the back, and then into a small room with a few chairs.

Standing at the front of the room was the manager from yesterday. As they walked in, she sharply gave an order to the man.

“Search her.”

Ashley shuddered as the man promptly did exactly that; running his hands along her body, apparently searching for any kind of recording device. She felt oddly lucky she hadn't thought to ask Grant to give her one. The man did, however, find her phone and handed it to the woman.

The blonde woman looked down at the phone, and inserted something into the charging port before unlocking the screen with just a swipe. Ashley couldn't tell what the woman was looked at, but had a bad feeling she would find out soon. The woman poked at the screen, probably looking through her contacts and recent messages.

“So… This Grant of yours…” The woman began “He's the reason for Jeanine's disappearance, isn't he.”

Ashley swallowed. She didn't remember the any texts explicitly saying that, but it was a reasonable conclusion to make from what she did remember of their texts. She began to open her mouth to answer when the woman continued speaking.

“I suppose Marissa didn't set us up then. We'll release her from her punishment once her shift is over. As for you...”

“Wh-what are you going to do?” Ashley stammered, as thoughts of becoming a model again entered her mind. She was immune to mind control now though, they couldn't just turn her into a mannequin now, could they?

The woman began tapping on the phone again as she replied “Nothing. Your friend will though.”

“What do you mean by-”

The faint sound of foot steps rang through her as the woman approached. With one hand, she caressed Ashley's arm. The warm feeling of her fingers felt so wonderful against her cool, plastic skin. Being touched by a human was always the most wonderful experience.

“Why did you make such a big deal over retrieving this mannequin?” the male voice of the man who brought her here asked.

“I know, it seems strange.” the woman replied “However, according to the texts on her phone, her friend can alter reality. I sent him a text as her, asking to be made into a mannequin for a few hours and now we have a mannequin standing here. If we move her to our base, she won't be able to struggle and she'll be human again when we're ready to interrogate her.”

It all seemed a bit silly to her. Becoming human? As if that would ever happen. As much as she longed to touch people back, she came to accept that wasn't how things worked a long time ago. She would dream of it, of course, when nobody was around, but no object simply became human.

“Lets get her into the truck.” the woman said, putting a hand firmly on Ashley's shoulder while she felt the man behind her grope her butt. She waited a few moments for the sensation of being lifted up, but nothing seemed to happen.

She wasn't sure what exactly happened. She could still feel a hand on her shoulder, and a hand on her butt. She wished she could see what was going on, but her eyes weren't exactly functional. Several moments of silence passed before she realized that something was wrong. They weren't moving, weren't talking. It was almost like… They had become objects themselves!

She tried to imagine what they would look like together. She couldn't see anything, but she did have an idea of what a human looked like. As she did, the face of the blonde woman appeared. It was so detailed she jumped in surprise, knocking down the man behind her.

She looked quickly between the man and woman, almost panicking before the realization set in that she was moving; she was seeing! Quickly, she picked the man back up from the ground. His skin was cool and solid like hers used to be. He was a lot lighter than she expected too.

She looked over the two mannequins in front of her. It was fascinating to be able to see them; she could see why humans liked mannequins so much. She wondered if they were pose-able like she was. Before she could test that, however, she heard a female voice in the hallway behind her.

“Yeah, she's okay. It looks like you got two of them. Give me just a minute- Ashley! Are you okay?”

“Um...” This girl was talking to her? And how did she know the name she had picked for herself? “Yeah? I'm okay.” she answered cautiously.

“Great! Yeah, she's okay Grant.” the girl continued saying to her phone before looking back up “Hey we're going to get you out of here okay?”

She paused for a moment. She didn't want to leave her new mannequins behind. She kind of liked them. “Can… Can I bring them along?”

“Who?” the girl looked confused for a moment before laughing “Oh, you want souvenirs? I guess that would work. Hey Grant Ashley wants to bring the two you got home with us. Can you make sure nobody notices us carrying them? ...Thanks!”

The girl smiled at Ashley “You're lucky Grant sent me instead of Jasmine. She would never agree to help you carry these guys back to the car. Well, let's take care of this.” She walked up to the pair of mannequins and picked up the male one, taking advantage of how he was leaning down to balance him on her shoulder.

Ironically, she seemed to be carrying him in way that allowed her to grope his butt too. Ashley picked the blonde woman up and followed the girl, hugging the woman like a doll as they walked out to the car. She wasn't sure who this girl was, but she decided she liked her.