**Corrupts Absolutely**

Ashley's head was still spinning as she pulled into the parking lot of her apartment complex. One of her closest friends had confided something in her that afternoon that she still could not wrap her head around. She took a deep breath as she stopped in her parking space, the tightness of her bra reminding her as it did with nearly every movement she made for the last few hours that he was telling the truth.

The conversation had been during their lunch together. Grant had been acting nervous; or perhaps under the circumstances as she now knew them, anxious. She could not believe what he was telling her at first; that somehow earlier that day he had gained the power to alter reality on a whim.

“You haven't used that power on me, have you?” she asked him teasingly. In spite of his serious tone, she couldn't accept that he wasn't somehow joking.

“No.” He replied with what had to be the best deadpan delivery she had witnessed “If I was going to do it to you, I wouldn't be telling you about it.”

“I suppose that makes sense. So who have you used it on?” She replied, curious where he was going with this.

He looked rather uncomfortable for a few moments, clearly unprepared for her question and trying to come up with a believable story. “I used it on Jasmine earlier today.”

“You used your power to change reality on your girlfriend?” she replied back with a skeptical tone “So, what did you do to her?”

“I... made her my girlfriend.”

“Right. So, you made the girl you've been dating for months into your girlfriend.” she said dismissively “So, next you'll tell me you made the sky blue because green didn't really suit you?”

“I was worried you might not believe me...” he began “I've been trying to think of a way to prove it to you.”

“Well, why don't you make a change to me?” she challenged “Just tell me what you're changing and then when it happens it'll prove your story.”

He paused for a moment, looking her over. “Alright,” he said after a moment “But only if you agree to help me out afterward.”

“If it works, sure”

“Alright. I'm going to make it so you will have a growth spurt in a few seconds. That way you won't have retro-active memories.” he said, keeping an impressively straight face for such an obvious joke that would be dis-proven so quickly.

“Yeah, that makes sense” she said, playing along “If you changed what size I--” her eyes widened as she began to feel a tightness around her chest. Like her bra was shrinking on her. As she looked down in shock, she saw that her breasts must have grown by at least a full cup size.

She looked back up at Grant who was watching her growth and blushed furiously “Don't you already have a girlfriend?” she said, uncertain of what else to even say about this situation.

“Yes,” Grant replied “and if I wanted, I could have more. You know what they say though, absolute power corrupts absolutely. So, I want someone who can tell me when I've gone too far, and I want it to be you.”

“Why me?”

“We've been friends for a long time,” he began “I can trust you not to panic and assume the worst of me prematurely.”

“I don't know what to say...”

“I'm going to make it so you can take my power away, if you need to. So you can be my moral compass in case I get carried away.” he explained “That way, I will always have to consider how you might feel about the changes I make, instead of only how I would like those changes.”

“Couldn't you just take that power away from me though?” she asked “I don't see how this can really work.”

“I can make it so I can't remove it. Will you help me?”

“I… Guess so.” She said uncertainly. At least if she had the ability to remove his power, she could put a stop to things if they got too out of hand.

She had to go the rest of the day with a bra that was one size too small. He had explained that if he made it so she had a larger bra, she would get retro-active memories of anticipating her growth spurt from before being told about his power.

She had no idea what to do with this information. The world could just… change at any time, and she wouldn't even be aware of it? How was she supposed to even know when he was using his power in that case?

As she approached the door to her apartment, she reached into her purse, digging out the keys and opening the door. No sooner had she closed the door behind her than she pulled her shirt and bra off. She took a deep breath, finally able to breath freely again. She would have to remember to go to the store tomorrow and buy new bras. He would owe her for making her go through this unexpected expense.

Having been uncomfortable for most of the day, the only thing she wanted to do now was get a shower. She set her purse down on the table and walked to the bathroom, carrying her shirt and bra with her to throw into the laundry basket. As she rounded the corner into the bathroom, she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror.

She supposed he hadn't done anything to her. She looked fairly normal aside from her breasts. Her hair was still short and brown. She still seemed to stand at about five and a half feet tall, and she wasn't particularly shapely. Her new breasts were the only real source of curves on her body. If he had been messing with her, she figured the pervert would have given her a super model's body by now.

After examining herself for a short while to make sure everything seemed to be the same, she finished undressing and stepped into the shower. Her new breast size would certainly be something to get used to. She should have thought to ask him if he could just make them shrink back down the same way he made them grow. Just one more thing that slipped her mind while trying to comprehend just how fragile the world was now.

Maybe she should just end it before he had a chance to make any major changes. There was no telling if she would even be able to tell that he was changing anything if he didn't tell her. She concentrated for a moment, and could tell that she really could just will his power away. Still though… he was her friend, and he hadn't done anything too bad yet. He and his girlfriends got along quite well. Even if he had made Jasmine into his girlfriend, if they were happy, it wasn't too bad.

With a sigh she let go of her concentration. She would give him a chance to behave himself. She could always decide to put a stop to things tomorrow if he goes too far. Turning off the water, and stepping out of the shower, she gave herself one more look in the mirror. Still five foot two by the looks of it, and her short brown hair framed her face just like it normally did.

She had to admit, the breast increase did help balance out her curves. While she used to have more of a pear shape'd body, she was now more like an hour glass. Maybe she could forgive him for that little change even if it did mean shopping for new bras. She toweled herself off and gave her hair a quick brushing before stepping back out into the hallway.

“Walking the halls in the nude again?” Jasmine's disapproving voice called out from behind her.

Blushing and quickly trying to cover herself up, she turned to face her room mate. She had no idea why she didn't think to put on a towel. As she tried to stammer out an excuse, Jasmine continued.

“Look, I don't know why Grant lets you live with us, but you are not going to seduce him away from me and Amanda by flaunting your body around our hallways.” she said sternly, unaware that she had not even been his girlfriend before today.

Annoyed at being lectured, she briefly considered telling Jasmine the truth of her relationship… but she most likely wouldn't believe it any more than she herself believed it during lunch. Instead, she had to accept that she was in the wrong here. As comfortable as she was with being naked around others, she had to accept that some people just weren't comfortable with it.

“I'm sorry, I wasn't thinking” she admitted “I'll get a towel.”

“You'd better.” Jasmine replied sternly before brushing past her and walking down the hall in a huff.

Ashley stepped back into the bathroom, grabbing a towel and wrapping it around her body before stepping back out into the hallway. She must have been more distracted than she thought for her to have forgotten that she had moved in with Grant and his girlfriend weeks ago. He had won the lottery, and bought a large house to live in and invited her to join him. Staying here just made more financial sense than continuing to pay rent for her apartment, even if it did mean living with him and Jasmine.

Although… What were the odds of him winning the lottery, and then also getting the ability to alter reality on a whim? Did he do this with his power? She would have to ask him about that when she ran into him next.

On her way down the hall, she almost bumped right into Amanda, who had bolted out of Grant's bedroom in a hurry. She looked to be blushing brightly, and quickly scurried down the hall without a word. For a maid, she seemed to spend a lot of time in Grant's bedroom. She couldn't help but wonder what Jasmine thought of that.

Curiously, she peeked into the bedroom to see Grant sitting on the end of the bed with his pants around his ankles, looking like he'd just had the time of his life. It didn't take much effort to put together that Amanda must have just finished sucking him off.

Averting her eyes she introduced herself with a loud sigh “What is Jasmine going to think of you playing with the maid behind her back like that?”

“You aren't going to tell her, are you?” he asked back

“Maybe” she began “it might get her to stop being so suspicious that I'm trying to fuck you behind her back.”

“She is the jealous type” he replied with a nod.

“Before I forget” Ashley continued “Did you have anything to do with me living here? With your powers, I mean?”

“Of course” he replied immediately. “I'm glad you are aware enough to notice. I thought it might help you keep an eye on me if you were living here.”

“Nothing gets by me, I guess.” She said back, “I may be a blonde, but I'm not dumb.”

“Right. So, did you need anything else?”

“No, I was just heading to bed. It's been a long day, and I have a lot of shopping tomorrow thanks to you.”

He looked her over as though considering something for a few moments before finally replying “Good night then.”

Stepping back away from the door, Ashley walked the rest of the way down the hall, and up the stairs to the guest bedroom. She supposed he wasn't too bad yet. She would have to keep a careful eye on him though. There was no telling what he might decide to try next.