**Corrupts Absolutely 2**

The screeching sound of her alarm was the first thing Ashley was aware of this morning. Whoever invented that noise must have been pure evil. Although she had been living in the new house for months; or rather she supposed she only remembered living there for months, she still wasn't used to getting out of such a large bed.

Her long, golden blonde hair fell into her face as she struggled to find the alarm and turn it off. She had no idea why she kept her hair so long in the first place; it was always getting in the way. Taking a few blind swings with one hand, she tried to pull her hair out of her face with the other. On her third swipe towards the desk her hand finally hit the snooze button and peace finally returned to the room.

With the noise finally gone, she sat up on the side of her bed. She could not deal with this kind of drama at the start of every morning. She wondered briefly if she should just get her hair cut short while she was in town today… then wondered why she hadn't cut it already.

She new that Grant had a thing for long hair; practically every girl he developed a crush on had long hair. He made her breasts grow yesterday, and now she wasn't even sure if she was naturally blonde. Was he trying to turn her into a bimbo? No. She couldn't just jump to conclusions. Just because she happened to look like his personal fantasies doesn't mean he made her that way…

Except… If she did always look this way, why would he ever crush on anyone else? He had everything he wanted in her! She was faintly surprised that her thoughts seemed to have an almost jealous tone to them. Why would she feel jealous of anyone else? She never considered him anything more than a friend… but what if he wanted more than that?

In frustration, she threw herself back onto the bed, face first into a pillow. Grant was right, anyone else would have assumed the worst of him right now. She was on the verge of storming into his room and demanding answers herself. Just as she seriously considered doing just that, another thought occurred to her; would he even be obligated to tell her the truth?

If she told him how she was feeling, he could simply tell her that she had always been this way, and change her retroactively so she wouldn't question anything else. He was concerned about becoming corrupt with power already; so she had to consider how he might act if he did become corrupt.

As she continued to think over her situation, her train of thought was broken by the sound of the alarm. Frustrated from her first struggle with the thing, she grabbed a pillow and threw it across the desk as hard as she could. With the sound of her lamp and a few other objects crashing to the ground, the alarm fell silent.

Ashley leaned over the edge of the bed to see what the damage was. Based on the shards of broken glass scattered across the floor, the lamp was definitely broken. She couldn't trust her slippers to be safe to put on, nor could she cross the floor safely with bare feet. She didn't want to, but she would have to call the maid to clean it up before she could leave the bed.

Reaching out from the edge of the bed, she pulled the top drawer of the shelf open, taking her cell phone out from it and looking up Jasmine's number. No, Jasmine was Grant's girlfriend wasn't she? He said he had made her his girlfriend with his powers yesterday, but as far as she could remember, she had been his maid ever since he'd bought this house.

Ashley's head began to throb; it was far too early in the morning and she had far too little coffee in her to be trying to figure this out. She pressed the call button, and waited for Jasmine to pick up.

“What do you want in the ass-crack of the morning?” Jasmine's annoyed voice answered. She didn't know how Grant put up with Jasmine's attitude; she was never cut out to be a maid.

“I need you to come clean up a mess in my room.”

“How in the fuck did you manage to mess your room up this early?”

“I knocked over my lamp trying to turn my alarm off.” she answered. She didn't want to admit it, but there wasn't any excuse she could think of for how most of the stuff on her desk had managed to find their way to the floor.

“Well, I guess that's your problem then. Clean it up yourself.” Jasmine replied, hanging up the phone before she could get another word in.

Ashley rolled over onto her back and looked up at the ceiling. She was stranded there unless she called Grant, but she wasn't ready to talk to him yet. Unfortunately, she didn't seem to have much of a choice. With a groan, she looked up his name in her contacts and hit the call button.

“Hey, what's up?” Grant's voice answered

“I'm stuck in the room, there's broken glass that your maid won't clean up.”

“Yeah, she makes an even worse maid than girlfriend.” he replied, confirming that he had made her into his girlfriend. He must have made her into his maid at some point after she went to bed.

“If you've lost interest in her already, why not just let her go back to her old life?”

“She's always been a bitch to us” he began, “I thought it might be humbling for her to be a maid.”

“Well, it's not very humbling when she doesn't even do her job. She probably thinks she's getting one over on you getting to live in a mansion for free.” She retorted. She wasn't even sure why she was arguing him on this angle. She should have just pointed out that using his power for revenge was amazingly petty in the grand scheme of things.

“Look,” Grant began, interrupting her train of thought, “I'll give her a call and get her to help you out. We can go over this after breakfast if you want.”

“Alright.” she replied, hitting the end call button. All she could do now was wait.

Several minutes passed before she heard the sound of the door being opened. She looked up from her bed, and saw Jasmine in the doorway, wearing a maid uniform that could only be described as fetishistic. She lived up to her name in appearance; looking almost like a carbon copy of Princess Jasmine. What were the odds of that exactly? Could Grant have had something to do with it?

Her Maid uniform, meanwhile, was like a parody of Princess Jasmine's dress. The transparent sky blue fabric left very little to the imagination, and if it wasn't for the extra frills and headpiece it would be difficult to tell that it was supposed to be a maid's outfit at all.

“I'm here.” Jasmine said tersely as she stared daggers across the room. Taking the broom she was holding, she quickly, and ineffectively brushed a path to the bed. Shards of glass scattered in every direction as she moved carelessly along, and by the time she reached the bed there was an even larger mess than when she began.

Looking over the edge of the bed, Ashley sighed in frustration. “I can't walk on this floor, there's glass everywhere!”

“Well maybe you shouldn't break shit so… so...” Jasmine's voice trailed off hesitatingly. Over her shoulder, Ashley could see Grant standing in the doorway briefly before he continued down the hall. Whatever he did wasn't retro-active this time, and she could see that Jasmine was struggling to make her behavior up to this moment conform to whatever change he had just made in her.

Jasmine was probably not helped much by the fact that she was unaware of Grant's power. After a few moments of her lips moving silently, a light seemed to go off in her head as she spoke again “I never noticed...” she began slowly “how… attractive you are...”

Great. This was Grant's idea of helping; making Jasmine develop a sudden crush on her. As Jasmine leaned closer, Ashley could feel her heart begin to pound. She'd always found Jasmine attractive… but given what Grant just did, she couldn't trust that to be the truth.

“What would you like me to do for you?” Jasmine said with a sultry tone to her voice, the look on her face showing that she would do anything Ashley asked right now.

It would be so easy to just give in and enjoy this new Jasmine. Even if she'd never liked girls before now, she was sure she would enjoy it. But…

Shaking her head, she pulled away from Jasmine's lips that had managed to get within inches of hers while she was lost in thought. She wondered if she would have had the willpower to resist if their lips had met, her mind also straying to the thought of if this was the kind of temptation Grant was experiencing all the time now.

“What's the matter?” Jasmine asked, having crawled onto the large bed. “I know you like me, why else would you always find a way to bump into me naked in the hall?”

“I… I...” Ashley stammered, as she began to recall dozens of instances of running into Jasmine while naked over the last month. No, most of this month never happened. Grant made himself a lottery winner retro-actively only yesterday. He made her move in with him!

“I thought you were trying to seduce Grant at first” Jasmine continued “Why wouldn't you be trying to seduce the hot, super rich guy who lets you live with him? Unless you were interested in someone else...”

Ashley didn't know what to say. It must make sense in Jasmine's mind. She had no idea why Ashley was really living here, and it wasn't something she could really explain. She could hardly pull her eyes away from Jasmine's body now as she crawled dangerously close. She wasn't sure if she could put a stop to this, or if she even really wanted to.

“P-Please” she struggled to get out “Just clean the room for me… and I'll think about it.”

Jasmine grinned widely, and gave her a wink “Still shy? Don't worry, I'll give you some time. Don't make me wait too long though.” She said before sliding back off the bed and picking up the broom she had dropped. Her second round of cleaning was much more thorough than the first; carefully sweeping the floor, and bending over to pick up the fallen items one at a time as though she knew she was putting on a show.

Ashley managed to pull her eyes away from Jasmine's flaunting and rolled back onto the bed, listening to the sound of Jasmine's cleaning until finally she heard the door close. Just to be sure, she looked up from the bed to see that she was alone before picking up the phone and pulling Grant's number back up.

“What the hell did you DO?!”