**Corrupts Absolutely 7**

Getting to ride in the front of a car was a new experience for Ashley; one that she enjoyed just as much as she imagined she might. She could hardly pull her eyes away from the window, soaking in all the new things she could see. She felt sorry for the two new mannequins sitting in the back seat missing out on the view.

Her eyes widened as they approached the mansion; the house was larger than any other building in town aside from the mall! As soon as the car pulled to a stop, Ashley jumped out of the car, quickly pulling the female mannequin out of the back seat to carry inside with her.

By the time she had reached the doorstep and turned around, the other girl had only just pulled the other mannequin from the car. The girl raised an eyebrow as she got closer to the door, opening her mouth to speak as she shifted the mannequin so she could sort through her key ring.

“Are you feeling alright?” The girl asked, “You're acting just like a child.”

“How am I supposed to act?” she replied, tilting her head curiously.

“I… Don't really know. Grant said to pay attention for any odd behavior. But… I think this is how you are?”

She paused for a moment. How would this girl know how she acts anyway? They only met a few minutes ago! She wasn't even able to act on her own until a few minutes ago, come to think of it. Did the girl think she was someone else? She hoped not; she didn't want to go back to the mall now.

Ashley stepped aside as the girl opened the door, then followed her inside, hugging the mannequin tightly as she looked at the decorations along the halls. Before long, they came to a large double-door in the center of a large hallway. Whoever was inside must have been very important. Maybe it was the owner of the mansion?

She wasn't sure if she was feeling anticipation, or nervousness as the girl opened the doors. Slowly, they walked in together to see a man sitting in a large chair on the other side of a large room.

“Put the mannequins in those shackles.” the man, who Ashley assumed must be Grant, instructed as soon as he saw them.

Ashley wasn't sure why they would need to shackle the mannequins. It wasn't like they could move on their own. Then again, she couldn't move on her own until today. Maybe he knew about that? Was he going to put her in shackles too? Not wanting to risk upsetting him, she did as he told her, fastening a choker onto the mannequin's neck, and a couple shackles to her wrists as well.

When she was done, it looked almost like some kind of Halloween display. Passively, she wondered if she had ever been in such a display before; it was hard to tell when you couldn't see what people were doing with you.

“Now, I need you to understand something before I begin” Grant said, breaking her focus on the display, “I can not protect you, if I don't know what is happening to you.”

Uncertainly, Ashley tilted her head “Protect me from what?”

“From anything” he replied, placing his palm against his forehead. “If I don't know where you are, or what you are doing, I can't make any effective changes to you or your surroundings. You are lucky I noticed something was wrong and retroactively had Amanda follow you.”

Ashley pondered for a moment, the girl she was with must have been Amanda. This guy must have her confused for someone else though. But… better to play along than go back to being a mannequin at the mall. “I'm sorry. If something did happen to me though… Couldn't you fix it retroactively?”

“I don't know!” He exclaimed “My power is finicky, do you want me to figure out the hard way what it's limits are, or do you want to be safe?”

“I suppose I want to be safe...”

“Good. By the same token, I can't do anything to this organization if I don't know enough about them. I spent the morning trying to interrogate Jeanine, but something about making her complaint with the amulet also made her less… knowledgeable. It must be a fail safe of some kind. So, I'm going to have to interrogate your toys for a bit.”

“But they can't talk...”

Grant sighed “It must have been a rough couple of days, you aren't as sharp today as you usually are. Just watch.”

He turned to the two people from the mall, both of whom were staring back up at him indignantly. He addressed the female manager first, looking her up and down carefully.

“I'm going to need you to tell me the names of every person you know in your organization.” he began, before the woman interrupted him.

“I'm not going to tell you anything! We are not as helpless as we look, we let ourselves-”

“be captured. Yes, I know. That's how it works.” Grant interrupted her back. “Unfortunately for you, I've already ensured that we won't have any unwanted guests. The army wouldn't even be able to get into my mansion as it is now.”

The woman rolled her eyes in disbelief “I saw the mansion on my way in.”

“You saw how it looked when you were brought in.” He corrected her “Not how it is now.”

“Bullshit. You think I'd believe you could remodel your house in five minutes?”

“I realize it is remarkable.” he conceded, “That is why I am going to prove it to you. I know that you have a secret fetish.”

The woman paused, a look of confusion and shock crossed her face for a moment before she responded “What are you talking about?”

A grin spread across his face as he continued “You secretly enjoy the idea of being treated like a cow.”

“I-I don't know what you are talking about” The manager replied, looking away from everyone as her face flushed red.

“It's an embarrassing fetish for you, isn't it. One you never told a single person about.”

“I… It doesn't matter what you think you know.” she responded, sounding frustrated now.

“Nobody else knows about it, because I just gave it to you.”

“What?” The woman's jaw dropped as she looked back to the man. Her eyes were wide with disbelief “No, I've… I've always...”

“You've always had that fetish, ever since I gave it to you.”

She opened her mouth to say something, but before she could, her eyes drifted downwards. Fear and amazement alternated on her face as she watched her breasts ballooning outwards. Ashley swore she could hear the pop of her bra snapping as she watched the woman's shirt fill out.

“Wh-What is happening to me??” the woman shrieked as a tear wormed it's way across her shirt, allowing her breasts to spill out into the open.

“Isn't it obvious? Your secret dreams are coming true.”

The woman's eyes widened in shock as she looked him in the eyes “No I.. I'll tell you whatever you want to know!”

“Too late.” he replied quickly, holding out what appeared to be a feeding bag. “You should have spoken up right away.”

“But-”

“Let's see how this fits.” He said, ignoring her protests as he fastened the bag onto her face. She stared at him for a moment angrily before looking down. The sound of soft chewing coming from the bag. Apparently finished with her, he turned to the man shackled next to her.

“Now, you got to see what I can do. Are you going to tell me what I need to know or do you want to get the same treatment?”

The man in shackles looked back and forth between Grant and the woman now kneeling contently with the feed bag over her face a few times before answering in a panicked voice “I'll tell you anything you want to know!”

“Good to hear. Now, just to be clear, I know who you are now. If you lie to me, it doesn't matter where you are in the world, I can use my powers just as easily as I did to your… friend.” He then pulled out a pen and paper, offering them to the shackled man “Write every name down you can remember. I'll get back to you later.”

Finally, he turned back to Ashley and Amanda. She was having trouble forming any words for what she had just witnessed. Before she could form a single word though, she heard Amanda's voice from beside her.

“That was incredible! Why didn't you tell me you could do something like that??”

“T-Terrifying, more like it...” Ashley managed to squeak out.

Grant looked back and forth between them before replying “Her reaction is the reason I didn't tell you about it earlier than I needed to.”

“I'm sorry, it's just kind of...”

“Don't worry about it.” he said, putting a hand on her shoulder “I know that looked pretty bad, but after what they did to you… It seemed appropriately harsh.”

She swallowed, what did these people do to whoever it was he was mistaking her for? What would he do to her if he finds out she isn't who he thought she was? “I… I guess they deserved it?”

He didn't look convinced. “Do you remember what they did to you?”

“They… were mean to me?”

“They turned you into a brainwashed prostitute.” he said, raising an eyebrow skeptically. Her eyes widened in alarm as her mind raced. She was found out now; what was he going to do to her? Her worries were cut off though by the sound of Amanda's voice.

“How do you brainwash a mannequin?” she asked skeptically.

“What?”

“She was just a mall mannequin before you made her into a person to catch those other two. How could they possibly have done that to her?”

Grant put his head into his hands with a long sigh. “Are you kidding me? Changing her back didn't change her all the way back?”

“Back to what?” Ashley asked, nervously. “Back to… Being a prostitute?”

“No. Back to being a person.” He said, shaking his head in frustration. “It's like the universe hates me or something. This would be so much easier if it didn't try to screw me over every time I did something.”

“Maybe it doesn't like to be bossed around?” Amanda suggested.

“I don't know… I'll figure this out later.” He said as he walked back over to the man who had just finished writing his list. “I'm going to go make everyone on this list develop a conscience and see if I can't make this organization crumble from the inside.”

He looked over the list as he walked back towards his chair “You two can go. Keep an eye on Ashley for now and I'll try to figure out a way to fix her once I'm sure we're safe.”