**Corrupts Absolutely 4**

Ashley climbed onto the driver's seat of her car, throwing the bag of bras into the seat next to her. Had it really only been one hour? She found herself unable to remember when she had left for the store; but it seemed to be late afternoon already. She needed to hurry and get back to the mansion before it got too dark, her headlights didn't work all the time, and she did not want to take the risk of driving through the dark without them.

Pulling out her phone, she sent Grant a quick text before she got on her way. “Hey asshole your stupid hypnosis thing wasted my whole day.”

With that done, she put her phone away and began her trip home. The trip took longer than she expected; she seemed to take more than her fair share of wrong turns, almost as though she had two conflicting paths laid out in her mind. Was it because she hadn't truly lived at the mansion for the month she remembered?

It was almost dark by the time she pulled into the driveway of a blue, one story house. Something felt wrong about it somehow; she was sure she lived in a mansion but she was also sure this was her home. Was Grant messing with reality again?

Reluctantly, she grabbed her bag, and the bag of bras and stepped out of her car. She wasn't sure what to expect as she walked closer to the building, but some kind of instinct seemed to take over for her. She walked up to the front door, giving it several quick knocks in a pattern she was sure she never learned before kneeling down to wait for the door to open.

Her phone buzzed again as she knelt on the floor. She ignored it though; she didn't have time to look at it while she was driving, and she certainly didn't have time now. She could only imagine how rude it would be if she was on her phone when Mistress opened the door.

Several moments passed before she heard the sound of the door being unlocked and opened. She kept her eyes on the ground as words bubbled up from somewhere inside of her “My name is Ashley, Mistress. I am ready to be examined.”

She wasn't entirely sure of what to think about what she found herself saying. It felt natural and right… but her near constant state of paranoia seemed to have her questioning everything. She kept her eyes to the ground, and waited for her Mistress to answer.

“Who sent you here?” she asked firmly

“Marissa.”

“Come inside.”

Ashley slowly stood up, seeing her Mistress for the… first time? She had a very stern look on her face that looked like it may well be her permanent expression. Her eyes were brown, with a sort of cold sharpness to them, while her face was framed by blue hair that cut off a couple inches from reaching her shoulders.

Nervously, Ashley stepped forward as her Mistress turned away from her and walked further into the house. She wasn't sure exactly where she was being lead; more proof that this wasn't her home? One thing she was sure of, however, was that she absolutely could not disappoint her Mistress.

Her train of thought was broken by the sound of her ring tone. Grant must have decided to call her since she wasn't answering his texts. As her Mistress turned towards her, she froze. She had no idea what to expect; was she going to be punished? Should she have muted her phone completely before entering the house?

Her Mistress took a couple firm, swift steps towards her, taking her bag from her and fishing out the phone. She gave the screen a look before looking Ashley directly in the eye.

“A boy is calling you. You are not dating him, are you?” She asked, her voice thick with disapproval.

“N-No we're just friends.” She stammered in response.

“You were friends.” She said with a sort of finality in her voice before she turned the phone over in her hand and pulled the back cover off in one motion. The phone fell silent as she pulled the battery out and tossed both into a nearby waste basket.

Ashley's heart sunk as she watched her phone fall into the basket. She wanted to object; but somehow she found herself unable to form the words she needed. Her Mistress turned back away from her, continuing her path down the hall.

She swallowed and began to follow the woman again. The same morbid curiosity that brought her this far pushed her forward, even when she knew she aught to be running for the door. The woman stopped short of the last door in the hallway, and pulled out a blue crystal on the end of a chain. It reminded her of the one Marissa tried to use on her earlier that day.

“Now, I believe you have seen one of these before, haven't you?” The woman asked, dangling the gem at eye level. Ashley remembered Marissa's attempt to hypnotize her earlier that day, and playing along with it for what seemed like forever.

Realizing that this woman seemed to think the crystal would do something, she began to pretend that she was in a trance like before. That seemed to be what the woman was hoping for, as she quickly began to explain the rules for living here.

For the most part, Ashley tuned them out since she had no intention of staying here any longer than she had to. She couldn't help but notice, however, that as the list went on, it began to sound more and more like she was expected to essentially be a prostitute! It took all of her willpower, and a reminder to herself that she could be in danger if the woman found out she wasn't actually in a trance at all to keep herself from objecting right then and there.

After what seemed like an eternity, the woman set the gem down on the side table and nodded to herself as though she had made some kind of major accomplishment.

“I'm going to see about some clients to get you started.” She said as she walked back towards the door, leaving the gem where it was. One of the rules was that she was to look into the gem and remind herself that she loves to be here if the thought of leaving the house or contacting anyone so much as crossed her mind.

As she looked at the gem sitting harmlessly on the table, she heard the front door open and close, then a few moments later the sound of the woman's car starting up and leaving the driveway. As soon as the car was gone, she ran to the wastebasket and put her phone back together.

Her heart pounded as she waited for the phone to boot up. Every second seemed to take ten minutes with her uncertain if the woman, or worse, a client might show up. When the phone finally finished booting, she quickly opened the text messenger app.

“Some girl tried to hypnotize me with a dumb prop at the mall.” her original text read. Grant's replies, however did not make any sense at all.

“I didn't do anything like that.” His first reply read, followed by “Why would I make a change like that?”

Did he think she was accusing him of changing reality? How would he have gotten that idea from her original text?

“Are you still driving? The mall isn't that far away.” This one must have been the one that she received at the door, because one missed call from him was timestamped between that one and the next.

“I am making you immune to hypnosis. Don't freak out.”

Finally, the pieces fell into place. She wasn't here because she was just curious why Marissa wanted her to come here. She really was hypnotized! Outside, she heard the sound of a car pulling into the driveway. In a panic, she sprinted into the room she was meant to sleep in, grabbing the gem off the table as she went and hitting the call button on her phone.

She closed the door behind her and sat on the floor with her back against it. As she listened to the phone ring, she struggled to listen for the inevitable sound of the front door being unlocked. Surely, the woman must have had some kind of plan for dealing with someone who wasn't responding to the hypnotic suggestions.

The phone continued to ring as she heard the door open and close, followed by foot steps that started off slow, before quickly approaching her door.

“Slave. Present yourself.” The woman's stern voice called out from behind the door. She froze as she realized she only had the briefest moment before the woman would realize that something was wrong.

“Y-Yes Mistress” She called out to buy herself some time. She had no idea how long the woman would have the patience to wait for her. She looked down at the gem in her hand. Could the woman outside the door be vulnerable to it's power? It didn't seem likely; she worked with the gem on a regular basis. She would know better than to look directly into it.

Finally, the ringing stopped as she heard Grant's voice.

“Hey, where are you? I thought you'd pop back to the house as soon as I made you immune to hypnosis.”

“Help me.” She squeaked out, trying to keep her voice low enough to avoid being heard through the door. Not that it mattered, as the woman apparently had looked in the waste basket and noticed the phone was no longer there.

“Alright you bitch.” The woman's voice called out from behind the door just a moment before she felt herself being flung from her sitting position by the force of the door being opened behind her. Whoever this woman is, she was apparently very strong.

As Ashley fell onto her face, the phone flew from her hand, sliding across the room and out of reach. Before she had a chance to reach for it, the woman grabbed her by the arm, and pulled her to her feet.

“Think you're being clever?” The woman said, with a threatening tone in her voice “You think you're the first slut who thought she saw a loop hole in her instructions?”

Before she could answer, the woman threw her roughly onto the bed. Ashley looked desperately between the phone across the room and the woman standing over her. There was no way she could reach the phone now. This woman was just too strong.

“So, who did you call? Your boyfriend? The police?”

“No I… I didn't...” As she stammered out the words, she saw the woman reach back as though she was about to slap her.

“Don't you dare lie-”

“AHEM.”

Ashley's heart skipped a beat as she looked past the woman to see Jasmine standing behind her. Although they never got along, now she was a sight for sore eyes. Somehow, the situation she was in made Jasmine look even more beautiful than she usually did. She almost looked… perfect. She found her eyes following the shape of her flawless form up and down time and again.

She was almost completely unaware of the woman who was threatening her just moments ago. She only became aware of her presence again when her body blocked her view of Jasmine's.

“And who are… are...” The woman began before she seemed to find herself at a loss for words as she stared hungrily at Jasmine's body.

“Ashley, go check your phone.” Jasmine called out, sounding just as annoyed as she usually did.

With what seemed to be a herculean effort, Ashley managed to pry her eyes away from Jasmine's mostl obscured body and fixated them back on the phone. She crawled over to it and picked it up. The call had dropped but there was a new text.

“Don't look directly at Jasmine.”

That advice came a little late. Even as she read those words, she could feel the desire to look back at Jasmine growing in her. Her body wouldn't be obscured from this angle. If Grant was telling her not to look though, it must mean he was doing something.

“What… What are you doing here, Jasmine?” She managed to say as she kept her eyes glued to the phone's screen.

“I was doing some errands for Grant in town and he told me to pick you up.”

At that suggestion, the woman finally seemed to gather up enough of her wits to respond. “Y-You can't. She belongs… Belongs to me.”

“Bullshit.” Jasmine snapped almost before the woman finished speaking. “If I want to take her, I will.”

Ashley began to blush at the thought of being taken by Jasmine. She shook her head and tried to push the thought out of her mind. This was Grant's doing. She couldn't just let herself get swept up in it.

The woman must have had the same images in her mind, as she began to speak again. “I… Of course I offer any of my girls… for a… a reasonable...”

Ashley couldn't help but imagine what Jasmine must be doing to cause the woman to trail off like that. It was taking nearly all of her willpower not to turn around and indulge her curiosity.

“No.” Jasmine replied, her voice now dripping with seductive tones. “I am taking her… and I'm taking you too.”

“I… I'm not for...”

“Don't give me that. You want to come with me, don't you?”

“I… Y-Yes...”

“Good. Come along now, girls. Grant is waiting.”