The sound of the alarm was the first, and only, thing on Ashley's mind when she woke up the next morning. She wasn't entirely sure why she still set an alarm; it wasn't like she had to work anymore. Though, that wasn't entirely true if she really thought about it.

She wasn't the one who was independently wealthy; Grant was. If he did go power mad, she imagined he wouldn't be too happy about her turning his powers off. He would still be rich, and live in a mansion, but she would probably have to move back out into an apartment and find a new job. She was the one with the most to lose if it ever came to that…

It seemed like every time she thought about it, the worse his plan ended up being. Was that by design, or was he just really bad at making plans? It wasn't like he was a manager or anything before this happened, so she never really got to see what kind of planner he was. Based on how much trouble he has controlling his power though, she was starting to get the feeling this was a case of unlimited power being wielded with very limited wisdom.

Maybe he should make himself more intelligent. He had to be able to affect himself, otherwise he couldn't have given her the power to turn his power off. She probably shouldn't suggest that to him though; if a super intelligent version of him went power mad, he would have no trouble at all making sure she either didn't notice or couldn't do anything about it.

Her train of thought was broken by the sudden absence of the alarm sound. Looking to her right, she saw whats-her-face standing next to the alarm. She was wearing an almost fetishized version of a maid outfit, and was now bowing towards her.

“Good morning, Mistress. Do you need anything?” She asked, keeping her eyes down meekly.

“So, when are you going to make me call you Mistress?” A voice from the other side of her teased. Amanda had never actually made it back to her own room after last night. Well… After most of yesterday afternoon and night.

“No, you can do… whatever you do.” Ashley said to the woman who's name still escaped her. She was sure she heard the name several times by now, but for some reason she could never seen to remember it. Maybe she didn't want to remember it? “And Amanda, I'm sure you called me Mistress a few times last night.”

“Yeah, but you didn't make me do it.” The cheerful red-head replied.

“Grant is the one who can make you do things, not me.” Ashley replied, pausing for a moment “Well, at least he had the sense not to turn you back into his girlfriend… Yet.”

When she looked back at Amanda, she was biting her lower lip and blushing hard. Once she made eye contact, she looked away shyly.

“What's wrong?” Ashley asked, her heart dropping sharply “He… Didn't, did he?”

“No! No, he didn't. It's just… It's hot that he could and you wouldn't actually remember me being your girlfriend if he made me his.”

This was going to bother her for a while. Did Amanda actually like her now, or did she just like that she may or may not have been made to like her? Was their new relationship simply a way to make her enjoy being made into Grant's girlfriend randomly hotter for her? This train of thought was interrupted though by Ashley clinging to her arm.

“You don't have to worry! Just 'cause it's hot doesn't mean I want it to happen!”

Ashley let out a sigh. It was unfair to hold Amanda's fetish against her like that. Technically, Grant could do that to anyone he wanted, and make them enjoy it. It was a wonder that she wasn't one of the girls he decided to randomly make into temporary girlfriends now and again. Enough of a wonder that it, again, crossed her mind that if he did, she wouldn't remember it.

All of that was needless worrying though. It wasn't like she could really do anything about it now, and as far as she and the universe were concerned it never happened. If she let herself get worked up over the idea of what things could have happened that were already undone her imagination would never let her rest.

“It's okay, it's just early. I should probably get some breakfast.”

“Do you want me to make anything for you?” Amanda asked, obviously eager to get to do something for her.

“Maybe tonight you can make me a nice dinner,” She replied “I'd like to go out and get something to eat. Actually spend some time in town that isn't at that mall.”

That wasn't the only reason she wanted out of the house quickly though. The less time the two of them spent around Grant the less chance he might get tempted to mess with them. She would probably have to talk to him directly about this; make it clear that she didn't want him undoing their relationship, but right now she needed food.

Finally climbing out of bed, she walked over to the closet to pick out some clothes to wear. “Do you need to go to your room to get your clothes?” She asked over her shoulder as she began to get dressed.

“No, I'll go like this.”

“Are you sure” Ashley said, looking back at Amanda who was wearing a pair of purple silk pajama pants and some slippers.

“Well I mean it's only breakfast. It's not illegal to be comfortable.” She replied in an almost teasing voice.

“It's not…” Ashley began slowly “but people will probably stare at you wearing pajama pants in public like that.”

“Let them stare!” Amanda declared, stretching he arms above her head, “It's a lazy morning, so I'm going to be lazy.”

“You wanted to cook me breakfast a minute ago.”

“That was a minute ago. If I'm not cooking, it's a lazy morning for me.”

It wasn't that important an issue, so Ashley decided to just let it slide. She still didn't have any bras, but she was not going back to that damned mall again. She almost envied Amanda's smaller breasts; Amanda could go out completely topless without much problem, but if she tried going without some kind of support she would pay for it later. Just one more thing to blame Grant for.

Squeezing into a third shirt, she looked over her shoulder at Amanda “You're lucky you believed him. Doubting him got me these giant things, and I can't even get a bra to support them.”

“Why not have him change them back?”

“He can't. He said if he does I would forget about them, which would make me go back to disbelief.”

“Not even if he changed them back non-retroactively?”

“I… He… Well… Fuck it we're getting out of here. He can get an earful when we get back.” Amanda was entirely right. Why didn't she consider that before? He was able to non-retroactively do anything without any problems. The problems only showed up when he did use retroactive changes.

He lied to her. Was he just waiting to see how long it would take her to catch on? Did he want her to have huge breasts for his own entertainment?? She had to get out of the house before her outrage made her say or do something she might regret later…

Ashley didn't say another word until she was outside the mansion, looking at her old car; just as beaten up as always. “All this stress and he can't even fix up my car. It's like he's making sure I'm the one with everything to lose if I actually do my job.”

“Maybe he doesn't want to mess with your car in case you might be sentimental?”

“He messed with these!” Ashley snapped, gesturing at her breasts “I think I'm a bit more sentimental about my body than anything I own.”

“Do… You want to talk to him before we go?”

“No…” She huffed, opening the door of her car and climbing in as she responded “I just want to get out of here”

Amanda walked quickly around to the other side of the car to get in. She stayed quiet for most of the drive into town. At first, it frustrated her; especially the sound of Amanda typing on her phone's keyboard, but after a few minutes she finally started to calm down.

For one thing, she really shouldn't have complained about her increased cup size and lack of bras to Amanda like she did. Hers were barely Cs, if that, while Amanda was perfectly comfortable with her D cups jiggling freely right next to her.

Besides which, Grant had provided her with all sorts of clothes that she could use if she wanted to. It was her own stubbornness that lead to her wanting to get her own bras. Even the car wasn't really his fault. She had the keys to use any of the other cars if she wanted. She was the one who insisted on keeping her car when he first won the lo-

Hold on.

Nothing that happened during the first month of his lottery winning actually happened. She pulled into the nearest parking lot, slamming on the brakes as she got into a parking spot to catch Amanda off guard and snatching her phone away to look at it.

“So you continue to know, I swapped your breast sizes. You are a D now, right?”

“Yeah.”

“Is that everything? She isn't upset about anything else?”

Her anger began to overflow as she read those texts. She was almost afraid to scroll up and see what else they were doing to her while she was busy driving.

“What. Is. This??” she yelled, waving the phone in Amanda's face.

“I'm sorry! I-I just… I thought...”

“What did you two do to me??”

“P-Please! Don't be mad! I just thought I could smooth things out between you two...”

“Is that all you are? Just here to keep me from getting angry and turning his powers off??”

“No! I just… I thought if he knew what was upsetting you… he would fix it...”

“By fucking with my body even more? Screwing with my head??”

She turned away from Amanda, looking down at the phone and scrolling up to the start of the conversation so she could see what the two of them did to her.

“Ashley is pretty pissed off.”

“What's wrong? Can she talk to me?”

“She's driving”

“Driving angry?”

“Yeah.”

“Okay, just tell me what she's told you. I'll get her calmed down for now and then we can talk about this when you two get home.”

She could feel her anger changing to guilt as she read the texts. He wasn't changing her to keep her under control. He was trying to keep her safe… Again. Why didn't she ever trust him? Why did she let her paranoia build up like this?

After several moments looking over the texts, she let out a long sigh. Amanda didn't deserve this. She wasn't even sure what to say to her before she felt Amanda's arms around her, pulling her into an awkward hug.

“I'm sorry.” Amanda said softly, holding her as much as she could from the other seat of the car.

Ashley held the phone out to offer it back “You… You did what you thought was best… Just… Just tell him I'll be ready to talk to him when we get back.”