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Experimental Business

2 - Arm Candy (Teaser 2)

“Forgive me, forgive me, ladies and gentlemen,” Lucy said in a voice both apologetic *and* confident. “I wanted to get the latest numbers.” She walked behind the board members opposite the grays and felt all their eyes on her body. Walking in her wake, I just tried to keep up and appear as professional as possible. The boardroom, not too unlike her office, was filled with glass and iron fixtures. The tabletop was totally clear except for the documents and tablets and laptops which appeared to be floating in mid-air over the legs of her board members.

Lucy and her partner, the head of scientific research and development, held a great many shares between the pair of them. Whereas ‘the seven grays’, as she called them, held around five to ten percent of shares each. When they aligned in matters unanimously, their influence was enough to essentially function as a majority vote. But they weren’t immune to making deals, and only pushed their weight around in certain circumstances. But judging by the silence in the room, you could tell Lucy knew how to push her weight around too. Only the swishing of fabric and creaking of her bra straps could be heard as she took her place at the head of the table opposite the main doors.

A wall of floor-to-ceiling windows flanked her outlining her silhouette in a glow of natural light as she surveyed the members of her board. Besides the grays lined up starting from her right to the far end of the room. To her left was an empty seat reserved for her main partner, who was unable to join meetings in person, but legally deferred to Lucy’s judgment in most matters. Beyond the empty seat were two members of a research and consulting firm, a man and a woman, who were interested in the products and research being done here. On the far left end of the table were a pair of venture capitalists who gained wealth through being influencers. They were also a great source of nearly limitless expansion and reach so despite their age and less-than-professional attitudes, they were welcomed with open arms.

“You have been stringing us along for weeks and weeks. When are we going to actually see something?” One of the other grays spoke up. Lucy was made of platinum and stood there with one fist on a hip and an arm on the back of her chair. The words slid off of her and she closed her eyes nodding in his direction. The non-vocal grays mostly focused their attention on the cleavage bulging out of Lucy’s shirt and how close the buttons were to bursting. Standing right beside her, I couldn’t take my eyes off of her breasts either. They seemed to be getting *bigger*.

“I understand that the timetable has been modified more than once, but the amount of delays with little more than generic excuses has some of us wondering what is *really* happening with the research.” The male researcher said. He was in his early forties and came off as astute, but understanding. His colleague, a brunette a few years younger than him, was nodding in agreement. They had worked together on more than one project involving a number of knock-off erectile dysfunction medicines, breast enlargement pills, and libido enhancers for men and women alike. Despite being looked down upon by some of the scientific community, they only released such products to keep their research going. When they heard rumors that the work of Dr. Cuunis was about to be traded, they pulled out huge chunks of their savings to have a seat on the board.

“And these NDAs you have us buried under are killer.” Dong Wong, the enigmatic personality at the head of dongwong.com and all associated social media accounts, said, crossing his arms and leaning back in the chair. He was known for raunchy content and got famous for a viral video involving cumming off of the top of a building into a girl's mouth at the bottom. People have since remixed the sound of a load dropped over 100m into the girl's mouth into everything from memes to mainstream music. The girl on the receiving end was knocked unconscious, but otherwise unharmed and came to less than half an hour after. She is famous in her own right now but has nothing to do with Friend Pharma.

“I hope this isn't another waste of time. The last three meetings might as well have been sent as emails.” Said the other influencer, a posh and elegant girl in her early 20's wearing something covered in neon light, spikes, and belts galore. She did a lot of research on the cutting edge of technology including medicines and tools and toys. She was also no stranger to showing off her body as well and this whole company sounded like it had things worth looking into. The visor she wore flashed with LEDs of sleeping emoji and an envelope flying from the sky landing under it like a pillow. Her handle online was Future Pussy.

At my seat beside Lucy's chair, I was typing up everyone's comments and complaints. Until now I had only heard recordings of the meetings and been able to pause and rewind, but this was the real deal. I took the minutes of the meeting, analyzed them, summarized them, and suggested plans of action. Now I might need to do that on the fly if Lucy needed a moment to think or a spark to get her going.

“Fair. Fair. And Fair.” Lucy said and began to walk slowly back and forth behind her chair. “Today is going to be a bit different. So I am thankful you could all attend today.” She began nice and easy.

“What about your partner?” A gray piped up. “Quite suspicious that she hasn't shown her face at all and only joins via voice once or twice and then disappears.” Another gray joined in. “And conveniently just *gives* all control of her shares to you?” Nods and murmurs began to spread.

“The good doctor will be in attendance today as well,” Lucy tantalized. The glitter that filled the eyes of the pair of researchers was unmistakable. They looked at each other in anticipation.

“But she is running late.” Deflation of excitement was slight after that remark. “And will only be joined by voice. Feel free to ask her yourself about her condition if you don’t believe me.” The researchers lost some of that sparkle in their eyes, but were still hopeful.

“Well that is something at least,” The female researcher said.

“So can we get on with it please?” Future Pussy yawned and stretched out wide. She wore nothing but a neon yellow bikini, atop that a black mesh bodysuit over her whole body. She stole one or two sets of eyes as she did.

“Or at least do that thing where you slap the table with both hands.” Dong Wong smirked and leaned forward resting his head on his hand. He winked. Lucy winked back without skipping a beat.

“Impatient I see. And rightfully so. Well then...” She approached the desk and slapped down with both hands staring at the whole assembly. The desk didn’t even rattle despite being made of glass, but nobody was paying attention to that anyway. Lucy’s breasts were swelling and cleavage was spilling from her top more every few seconds. Leaning down, they hung down dangerously close to the surface and the meeting almost stopped as everyone stared. “Notice anything different, boys and girls?” She took a deep breath.

‘I could swear that her boobs are getting bigger. But how is that even possible?’ I thought while memories of being between them flashed into my mind. She looked over and winked at me.

“You getting this?” She whispered in my direction, and then stood up tall, hands back on her hips. “Looks like you are all speechless. Allow me to explain.” Lucy began walking around the boardroom and produced a small metallic case twisting it between her fingers. The board was whispering and pointing conspiratorially. “The health supplements that you have been investing your time and money into are hyper-focused and extremely effective. You have heard of countless products that promise an extra cup size here, another inch there, building muscles, losing weight, all of that nonsense.” She glanced in the direction of the researcher pair. “A lot of these are pale imitations compared to what we are bringing to the table.” Everyone held their breath with each step she took, expecting her shirt to blow open.

“So you are telling us that you have some boob growth pills? And that is going to change the world?” The surly female researcher quipped. Her neighbor didn’t seem as pessimistic. Lucy laughed, pausing between a pair of grays.

“*Some* boob growth pills? We have *the* best iteration of anything of its type in existence. Ahn...” Lucy closed her eyes feeling the tightness of her shirt and took a deep breath groaning against the pressure. “If you want to be... An influencer... You have to, ahn... AH.” Three buttons failed and jettisoned between the grays onto the table as her bra burst out of her shirt. Black and white lace held on for dear life as she fell forward supporting herself on the table, breasts swinging. “You have to make sure *all* eyes are on you, right?” She huffed looking up around the room,

flushed with satisfaction. The pair of grays on either side of her couldn't see past how far big her breasts were, wobbling gently between them.

"Oh fuck yeah!" Dong said, nodding his head and rubbing his hands. "I like where this is going." Future inadvertently ran her hand across her own modest chest and smiled while licking her teeth. Her lenses zoomed in and out on a pair of LED milk bottles. The male grays mostly shifted uncomfortably in their seats and tried to cover as much of the glass table above their crotches as possible.

"This is unprecedented... What form are they in? Capsules? How long have you been taking it?" The researchers began to rifle questions almost too fast for my fingers to keep up with. I was as distracted as everyone else by *how big* my boss's tits were. And the fact that they were getting *even bigger* in front of everyone. '*I wouldn't mind that.*'

My boss regained her composure, tapped the silver case a few times with a finger, and tucked it into her cleavage as she walked in my direction. The murmuring reached a boil as chatter became a chorus of incredulous comments and shouting about how outrageous she was, how this was all impossible. She held up a hand for them to calm their rabble and sat down, propping her breasts on the table before her one at a time.

"Sorry, these things are heavy. And I don't mean to be lewd, well, *too lewd*. But seeing is believing right? If this bra can last the rest of the meeting I would be surprised." There was snickering at her comments and the mood in the room brightened. *This* was the proof that they wanted. "For your information, I ingested some of the liquid form of *one* of our supplements moments before entering this meeting. Less than *fifteen* minutes ago." She had to sit up as straight as possible for the rest of the crowd to look past her huge tits to see her smug smile.

"Fifteen minutes!" The male researcher said as if he had been slapped in the face.

"You have grown *multiple* centimeters since you have been in the room. Is this permanent?" The female researcher added. Her perception was sharp.

"Well, this explains how she manages to maintain that ridiculous figure with breasts that big." The leader of the grays griped as if it was a problem or he was exposing her. Lucy laughed and shook her head.

"Guilty as charged. While I was always fairly blessed, Friend Pharma's new line of supplements intrigued me beyond the point of curiosity and I am now a regular user. The effects depend upon the patient. Some effects are permanent, others longer term-" She began to explain and her phone buzzed drawing her attention. She smirked and pressed a few buttons on her phone and the windows dimmed and a screen slowly lowered from the ceiling behind her. "But we are in luck. Someone *special* is finally able to join us and explain things. Perfect timing, really." She continued to work her phone and small windows popped up on the screen in an array surrounding the central screen.

'She wasn't just joking? She's going to join on video? I've only heard her voice...' I had only heard about the doctor, but they talk about her all the time. Murmurs of excitement and anticipation spread around the room, especially between the two scientists. I was surprised to see my own image in a window as Lucy set up the call. In the center of the table was a conference call mic and speaker suite, but apparently it had cameras in it as well. *Good ones.* I moved back and forth and they followed me with near flawlessness keeping me centered in the frame while a large blinking green phone symbol pulsed against the blackness of the idle screen. A hush fell over the room and only the droning digital ring could be heard. She picked up and the video came into focus.

"Doctor Cuunis?" Lucy said, looking towards another monitor on the side of the meeting room.

"I'm here." The doctor's voice was dainty and gentle but had a huskiness to it. The video came into focus from darkness and was *very* close to her face. "Sorry to have been so elusive the last few months, everyone." She was Japanese, wore red-framed glasses, and her black hair was long and normally straight, but seemed a bit mussed. "I've been quite busy and am currently going through physical rehabilitation as well, so it hasn't been easy."

"The doctor had an accident and had been bedridden for quite some time. Since only a few months ago has she been able to resume working and even then, on a limited basis." Lucy jumped in preemptively swatting down questions. "It was a private matter, and we didn't want to endanger your trust."

"It is as Lucy says." Michelle agreed with a pleasant nod. She wore *some* makeup, but it was sparse at best. She looked tired, and her face was bloated with puffy cheeks and big full lips. "I am still not 100%, but research is progressing." She sighed from exertion and struggled. Although her face filled up most of the screen, when she shifted there were glimpses of computer monitors behind her. It was a well-lit room.

"Are you in pain, Doctor?" One of the researchers spoke up, their window growing in size as he spoke. She squinted at whatever she was looking at and her eyebrows raised.

"Doctor Maximillian? Kind of you to ask. I am more frustrated than pained. My mobility is quite limited, but I am managing." Her smile was weak. "So how can I help you all today? I believe Lucy is more than capable of handling business matters. Is that why your top is currently off?" Chubby cheeks scrunched up as she smirked for Lucy.

'The doctor seems annoyed.' I thought rapidly typing on my keyboard keeping up with everyone's interactions. *'Lucy is showing quite a bit of respect to this woman. I have never seen her so patient.'*

"We are about to introduce the basic lineup to our board members. My state of undress is due to the efficacy of the supplements. Had to show them that it worked in spectacular fashion. You

know how I am.” Lucy said, smiling at the members. Her breasts were still swelling and her areola were peeking out quite a bit, but she didn’t notice.

“If we didn’t know by now we are learning very quickly.” Michelle cleared her throat. “Do you have the case?” Lucy looked down in front of her and moved her breasts one way and the other unable to find them. The single female member of the grays got Lucy’s attention and drew a line with her hands over the front of her business jacket. Lucy reached into her own cleavage and found the case *deep* between her breasts. She mouthed ‘thank you’.

“Got it right here, Doctor.” Lucy opened the silver case and it was filled with colorful capsules in two rows like bandoleers of bullets. She displayed it for all to see. On her camera, it looked like there was a huge set of tits spilling from a bra with a pill case for a head.

“Good. So what my partner holds before you is one of the first official iterations of what we are planning to release to market after research and testing enters the final phase.” Michelle was astute, clear, and mesmerizing despite the awkward video angle.

The board listened, commented, and asked questions while Michelle went over the general timetable and progress until now. She clarified that the medicines Lucy held have been cleared for human testing, and have been in testing for quite a bit. More than a few jokes aimed at Lucy’s addiction to the light blue pills were met with laughter. Lucy maintained her composure and it was light-hearted. The board was won over with the facts as they were now, the timetable of what was to come, and the potential over the next few months.

She promised she would be a bit more present, but rehabilitation was taking its toll and she could only be awake for so much of the day. Time dedicated to pushing forward with the projects. *‘She’s a genius. If what she is saying is possible, let alone true... I have to meet her.’* I was smitten.

“Now you will have to forgive me, but I must take a rest before I return to my work. Thanks for your continued support and trust in our project. I am certain that you will be in capable hands with my dear partner Lucy here. Ta ta.” A smile beamed from the doctor.

“Thank you very much for your time, Michelle. Rest well.” Lucy said with the board joining in various greetings and words of thanks, and hung up. The screen slid up behind her and the room grew gradually brighter. The board was floored more than anything else and any and all negative feelings seemed to be swept away in the wake of the doctor’s explanations. Lucy pushed herself to her feet with some effort, one more button snapping the shirt free, breasts swaying just above her belly button.

‘Will they ever stop? What is she going to do?’ I thought while noting down the fact that she lost another button on the meeting notes. I didn’t know how to describe what I was seeing and decided that everyone who was at the meeting would be able to remember.

“So now it's time for the *real* vote of confidence,” Lucy said, setting the silvery pill case on the desk before her and bringing out some documents, passing them to her right. “This is a liability form that *anyone* who intends on taking this medicine *legally* will have to sign. Not just the testing phase. Although we are planning on selling this as an over the counter supplement, we can't be legally attached to its abuse.” She said plainly while half of the assembled signed without a second thought.