

GROWTH INDUSTRY

PART I

by Darien Shields
Illustrations by Mariano Navarro



Growth Industry – Part 1
All Rights Reserved © 2008 by Darien Shields
Artist–Inker–Colors–Letters by Mariano Navarro / Hernán Cabrera
Designed by NBK Estudio
Edited by Prophet Tenebrae

No part of this book may be reproduced or transmitted in any form or by any means, graphic, electronic, or mechanical, including photocopying, recording, taping, or by any information storage retrieval system, without express written permission from the publisher.

The Breast Expansion Story Club

For information address:
BE Story Club
P.O. Box 7361–101319
San Francisco, CA 94120–7361
www.bestoryclub.com

Any resemblance to actual people and events is purely coincidental.
This is a work of fiction.

Published in the United States of America

YOU NEVER WAKE UP
EXPECTING A DAY LIKE TODAY...

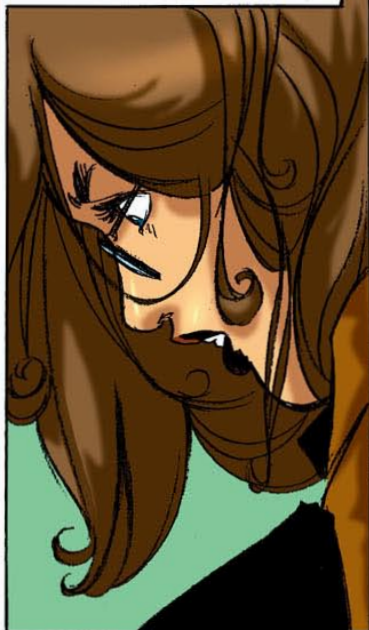


... TRYING TO HOLD
A SECURITY GUARD BACK
WITH TWO INCHES OF WOOD



UGH!

IF ONLY THAT WERE
THE LEAST OF MY PROBLEMS.



HOW DID I GET
MYSELF INTO THIS MESS?

10:43AM EPTech MAIN OFFICE

... THANK YOU FOR YOUR
REPORT, MISS PNEUMAN.

NICE DOING BUSINESS
WITH YOU.

MY NAME IS IRIS PNEUMAN.

I AM- THIS MORNING- I WAS
THE PRESIDENT OF EPTech, AN
ASPIRING TECHNOLOGY COMPANY
THAT I HAD NURTURED CAREFULLY.



WITH THAT OUT OF THE WAY, HEAD OFFICE WOULD LIKE TO SEE YOU TONIGHT TO DISCUSS YOUR FUTURE WITH THE COMPANY, IF IT'S POSSIBLE...

OF COURSE.

WE WERE THE NEXT-BIG-THING ALREADY MAKING AN IMPACT ON THE WORLD UNTIL WE WERE BOUGHT OUT A MONTH AGO. SOMEWHERE BETWEEN PRODUCT RELEASES AND CUSTOMER FEEDBACK I FORGOT THAT IT WAS THE STOCKHOLDERS, NOT ME, WHO REALLY CONTROLLED EPTECH.

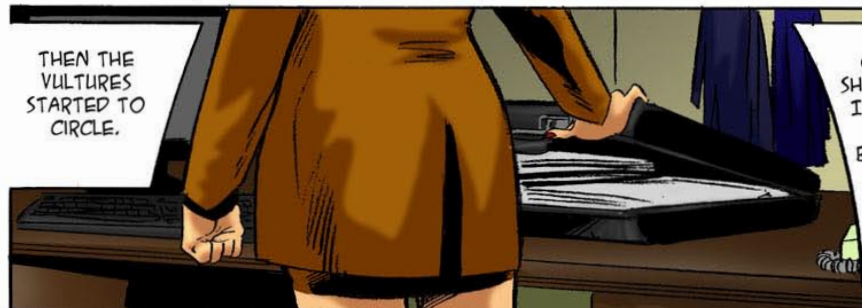
NOW EPTECH IS ONE OF A HUNDRED SUBSIDIARIES OF THE SPANSON CORPORATION. FORMERLY E. K. SPANSON + SONS, THE ONLY THING EXCEEDING ITS AGE IS ITS POWER. EVEN NOW, WELL OVER A CENTURY AFTER IS FOUNDATION, THE SPANSON FAMILY STILL CONTROLS IT.

COME TO OUR RECEPTION AT SEVEN- THEY'LL TAKE CARE OF YOU FROM THERE.

AND THEY LIKE TO KEEP IT THAT WAY. SINCE I HEARD ABOUT THE TAKEOVER, I BEGAN TO WONDER WHETHER I WAS NOW WARMING THE SEAT FOR THE NEXT YOUNG SPANSON TO TAKE MY PLACE.

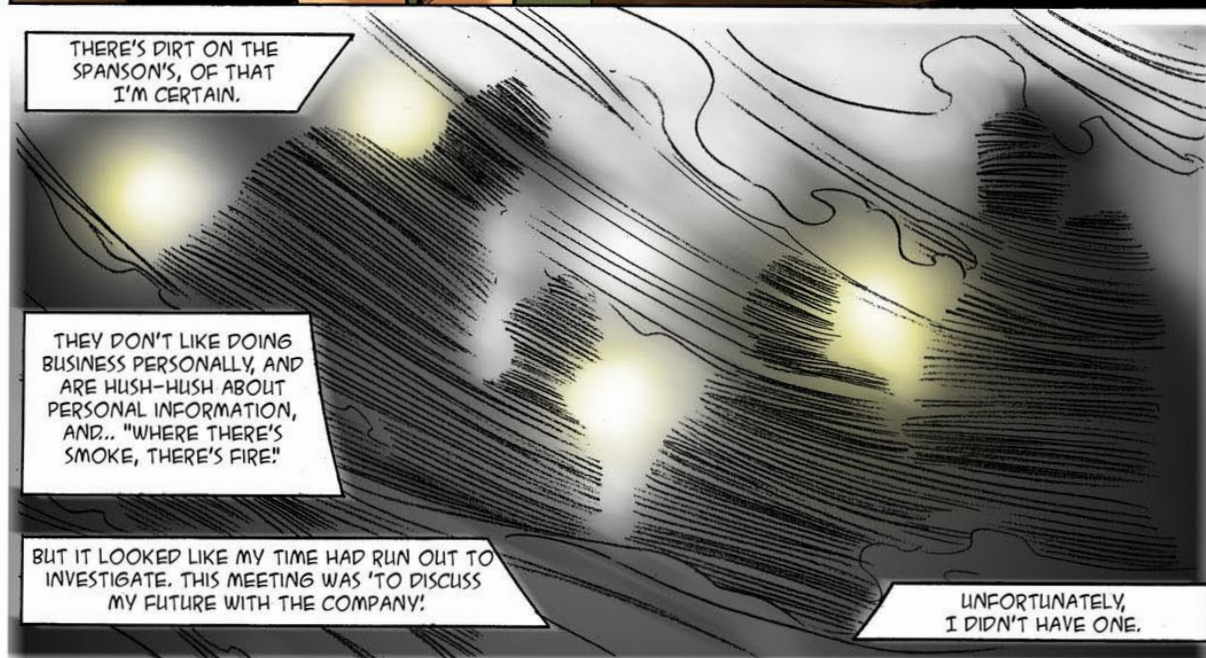


"SIGH"



THEN THE VULTURES STARTED TO CIRCLE.

THEY ALWAYS HAD ONE VISITOR OR ANOTHER TO LOOK OVER MY SHOULDER, DOUBLE CHECK MY WORK. I HAVEN'T GIVEN THEM SO MUCH AS A TYPO TO WRITE HOME ABOUT. BUT I DIDN'T GET TO WHERE I AM TODAY BY WAITING FOR THE ENEMY TO STRIKE. I SPENT EVERY FREE MOMENT RESEARCHING ON MY NEW "BOSSSES".



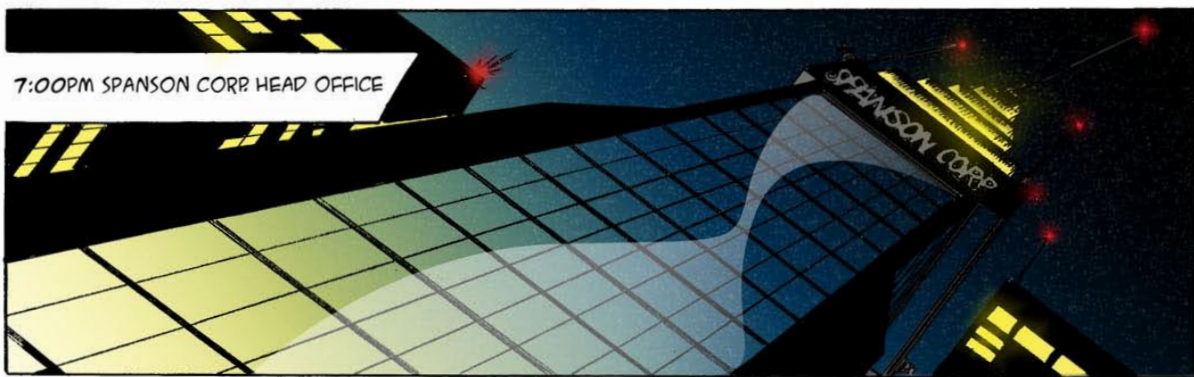
THERE'S DIRT ON THE SPANSON'S, OF THAT I'M CERTAIN.

THEY DON'T LIKE DOING BUSINESS PERSONALLY, AND ARE HUSH-HUSH ABOUT PERSONAL INFORMATION, AND... "WHERE THERE'S SMOKE, THERE'S FIRE"

BUT IT LOOKED LIKE MY TIME HAD RUN OUT TO INVESTIGATE. THIS MEETING WAS 'TO DISCUSS MY FUTURE WITH THE COMPANY'!

UNFORTUNATELY, I DIDN'T HAVE ONE.

7:00PM SPANSON CORP HEAD OFFICE



THE CORPORATION'S HQ IS THE GREATEST JEWEL IN THEIR IMPRESSIVE CROWN. 110 STORIES TALL, BEAUTIFULLY BUILT FOR THE COMPANY 50 YEARS AGO.

YOU'RE EXPECTED.. FLOOR 101.

AND WE WERE ALSO TOLD TO GIVE YOU THIS.

?



CLOTHES...? BUT...

I BELIEVE THERE WILL BE SOMEWHERE TO CHANGE ON FLOOR 101.



DIDN'T KNOW WHAT TO THINK THEN, ONLY THAT I FELT INSULTED THEY HADN'T EVEN BOTHERED TO SAY 'FORMAL DRESS', JUST ASSUMED THAT I DIDN'T OWN ANYTHING NICE ENOUGH.



THERE WAS EVEN UNDERWEAR, FITTED TO MY SIZE.

HOW HAD THEY GATHERED ALL THESE DETAILS?



THE TOP 10 FLOORS OF THE BUILDING WERE THE SPANSON FAMILY'S PRIVATE QUARTERS- PENTHOUSES AND DINING ROOMS, ETC.

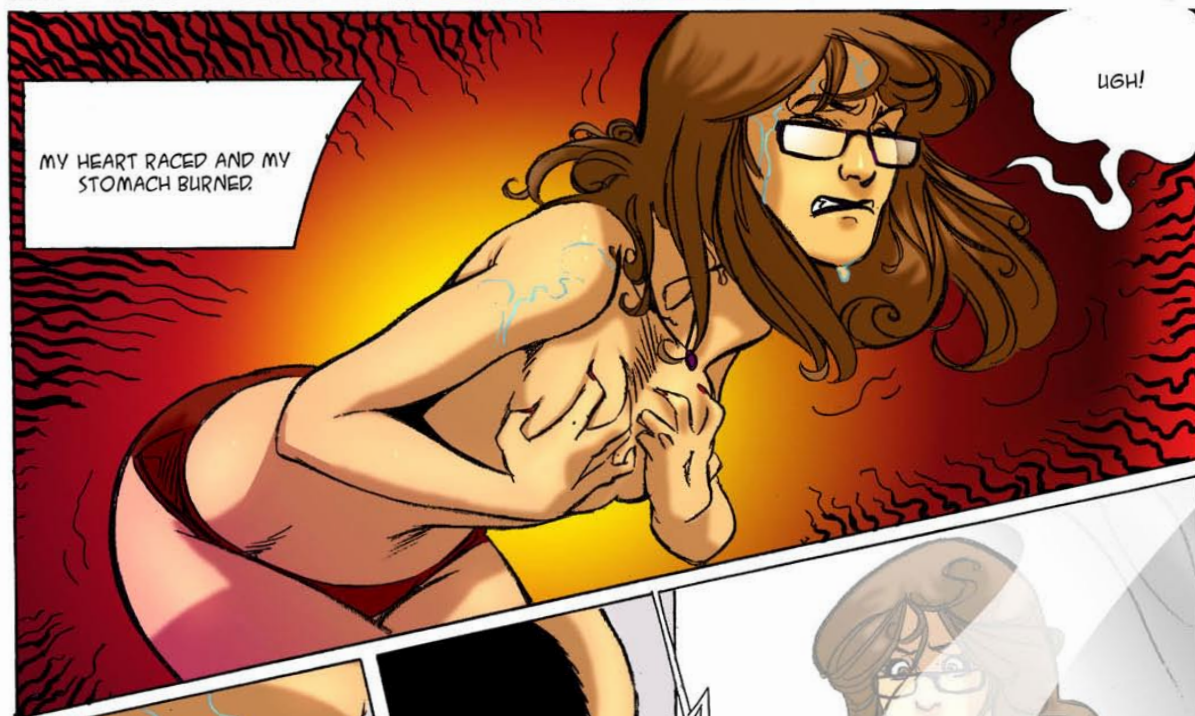
APPARENTLY THEY HAD CHANGING ROOMS FOR GUESTS TOO.





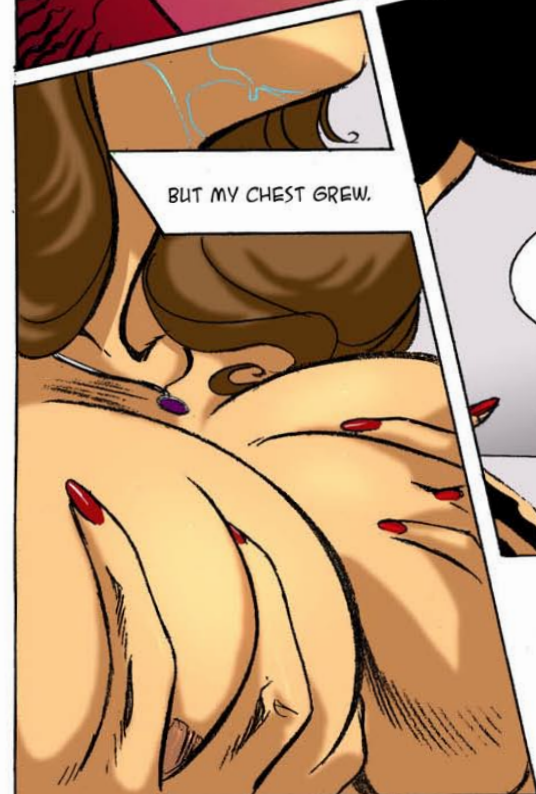
CLOTHES HADN'T BEEN
AN INSULT AFTER ALL.

THEY WERE
A TRAP



MY HEART RACED AND MY
STOMACH BURNED

UGH!



BUT MY CHEST GREW.



WHAT'S...
HAPPENING...
TO ME!?

POISON.

IT WAS EITHER LETHAL
WITH SOME BIZARRE SIDE
EFFECTS, OR DESIGNED
TO DESTROY MY
CREDIBILITY.

I HAD NO INTENTION OF
STICKING AROUND TO FIND
OUT WHICH.



7:16PM, SPANSON CORPORATION
HEAD OFFICE, FLOOR 100



I DOUBT I'D MAKE
IT TO THE LIFT
WITHOUT BEING
STOPPED AND I
DIDN'T HAVE
ENOUGH TIME TO
TAKE THE STAIRS.



I HAD TO FIND
SOMEONE CLOSE
WHO COULD
HELP ME, HERE...

PLEASE...
HELP ME...

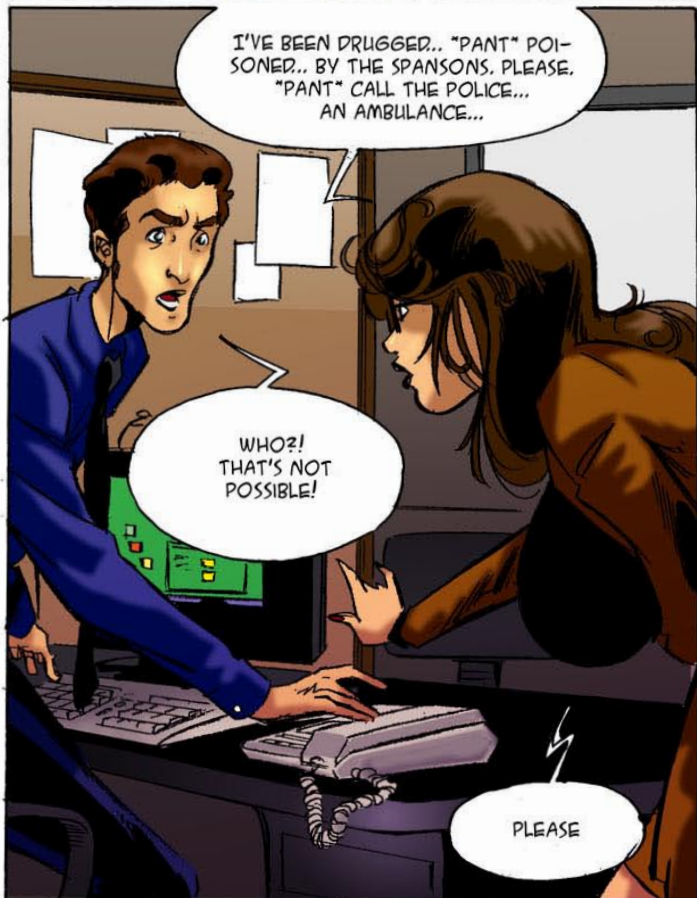
WHAT ON
EARTH?!



I'VE BEEN DRUGGED... "PANT" POI-
SONED... BY THE SPANSONS. PLEASE,
"PANT" CALL THE POLICE...
AN AMBULANCE...

WHO?!
THAT'S NOT
POSSIBLE!

PLEASE



...

THERE HAS TO BE SOME
MISTAKE. I'LL CALL
UPSTAIRS-



NO!

THAT'S IT! I'M CALLING
SECURITY!

THERE WAS NO MORE REASONING WITH HIM; A
CRAZY WOMAN HAD RUN INTO HIS OFFICE
LOOKING LIKE SHE'D JUST COMMITTED
MURDER AND STOPPED HIM FROM CALLING HIS
SUPERIOR. HE WAS TOO SCARED TO NEGOTI-
ATE WITH, AND I REALLY WASN'T IN THE
MOOD FOR IT NOW.

SHIT!

I COULD EITHER HAVE
ATTACKED HIM OR RAN.

I WISH I'D DONE THE FIRST.

BREAK ROOM

POP!

BREAK ROOM

SLAM!

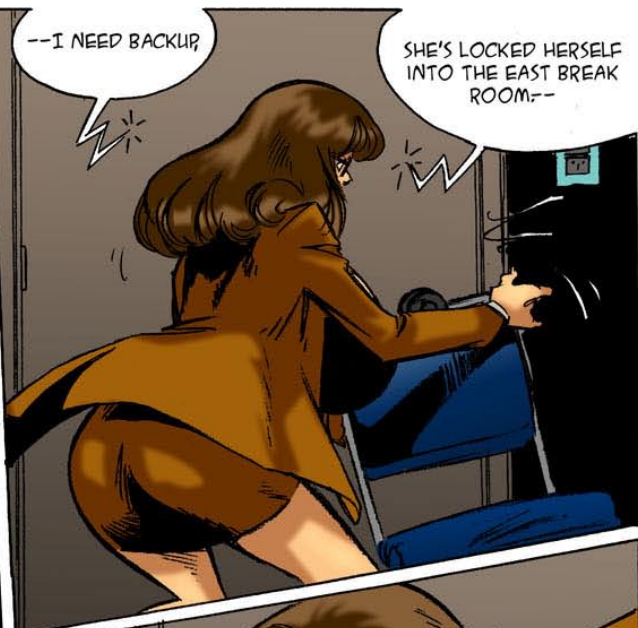
I WISH I EXPECTED DAYS
LIKE TO DAY...



IF I'D EXPECTED IT, I'D
HAVE BOUGHT A
BIGGER BRA.

--I NEED BACKUP,

SHE'S LOCKED HERSELF
INTO THE EAST BREAK
ROOM--



I'VE DEALT
WITH DIRE
SITUATIONS
BEFORE?



THEY CROP UP FOR EVEN THE BEST
BUSINESSWOMAN.

THE MORE YOU FLOUNDER, THE
WORSE IT GETS, LIKE QUICKSAND



BUT I DIDN'T GET THROUGH
THEM BY PANICKING.

I HAVE ALWAYS RISEN CALMLY TO
THE CHALLENGE, KEEPING COOL,
AND SEEING THE SOLUTION.

To Be Continued...

Additional issues are available at The Breast Expansion Story Club.

<http://www.bestoryclub.com>