

Just a Few Tweaks

By Farleven

"Oh, my do you think they're gonna go for it?" Clara paced back and forth on the far wall of the room. She hated waiting like this. It was so much easier in the lab, just doing her research. She hated the whole process of getting investors.<p>

"Well, they seemed pretty skeptical. I was thinking they could use a demonstration." Robert replied as he watched his companies co-founder go through her panic attack. He'd known she was brilliant since the day she saved him in a dynamic genetics lab back at Georgia Tech. She was great at the whole science thing, but it was also just as clear that she wasn't so good with people. <p>

"Oh my, oh myâ€¦ I mean the system is ready butâ€¦" Clara bit her lip. The worst part was knowing that they really did need the money. The whole project was so close to completion, they'd even tested it out on animals, but the next stage was going to take a lot of capital to get it approved for general use and then handling production. Without some big investors the company that she and Robert had founded would fall apart. They just couldn't keep on going without a product to sell.<p>

"Well, we can just keep it simple, you know change your hair color or something." Robert nudged. The machine was capable of so much more than that, but he'd never get her in the booth if he didn't keep the ask small. <p>

"Me? You want little ol' me in the booth?" Clara stopped her pacing and looked at him. The very idea sent quivers of anxiety through her stomach. She didn't very much like being the center of attention. It was one reason she was actually happy to be rather average looking. Even so she got more attention than she liked from men. Not that she didn't like men, it was more that she didn't know what to do about them and got all flustered around them when they tried to flirt with her. At least Robert hadn't been like that, he had nurtured her brilliance but never tried anything romantic. <p>

"Well, I think it'll show a lot of confidence in the system if the inventor is willing to demonstrate it. You know we can't screw this up." Robert nudged again. He knew she'd respond to the logic of it. <p>

"Well, biscuits. I guess I don't mind a little color change." Clara grabbed a lock of her dark brown hair and twisted it in her finger. She kept it just about shoulder length and straight just so it was easy to manage. At least changing hair color was on the safer end of what the machine could do. <p>

"Great, then why don't I call them into the lab and let them get a taste before we break for lunch." Robert suggested and Clara nodded reluctantly. The Russian investors were only planning to be in Bangkok for another day. Robert knew they couldn't play around, they had to get the investors to bite. He knew it might come to this too, which was why he chose Bangkok instead of their US lab for the meeting. The laws here were a lot more forgiving if something went wrong, or if they needed to be a bit more extreme in the demonstration.<p>

Robert made the call and in ten minutes everyone was ready to proceed with the demonstration. <p>

The machine wasn't even that large, though it ringed the booth with large emitter coils. The booth was shielded to make sure that the effects were contained within the chamber. In the center was an angled bed for the subject to rest on. Clara had changed into a robe and was leaning back onto the bed now. The machine didn't always react well to dense objects or metals, so it was just safer to wear a simple cloth robe. It was kind of embarrassing for Clara just the same. The robe didn't expose anything her normal clothes wouldn't, but it did outline her curves more explicitly than she preferred. Not that she had many curves in the first place. Her breasts were modest bumps under the robe and her skinny frame barely flared at her hips. <p>

"Are you ready in there?" Robert asked as he reviewed the program. He'd made a few modifications to the otherwise simple setup that Clara had prepared. <p>

"Sure am, folks." Clara gave everyone a wave. Her stomach was still churning, but if this got her the funds to continue her work, then she'd get through it. Still, it was hard having all those eyes on her. All those serious Russian businessmen in their fancy suits. Even the women were giving her cold looks. <p>

"Ok, then, I'll get started." Robert hit the button to start the sequence. There was a slight hum, barely enough to be heard if the room wasn't deadly quiet. <p>

Clara felt a tingling in her scalp for a moment and then it went away. She knew it was just the changes being made to her roots. The interesting thing was that the machine wasn't limited to making changes in live cells. She really couldn't see or feel what was happening to the rest of her hair as it grew several shades lighter and gained a rainbow of highlights. <p>

There were a few murmurs from the audience but none of it sounded very good to Robert, though he didn't speak Russian. <p>

"So, you have expensive way to change hair style. My stylist could do that in afternoon." One of the women scoffed. <p>

"Well, if you don't find that impressive, maybe this would be more interesting." Robert hit another sequence of button. Clara felt another tingling a moment later. <p>

"Robert! What is this?" She asked as she felt her body going limp. <p>

"Just a little addition to our demonstration, just relax." Robert replied as the paralytic effect took hold. Clara found that she couldn't move. Her mind started racing as her whole body started to tingle. <p>

"Now, everyone, I know we've made some big promises without little device here. The technology behind even just changing hair color in this fashion is simply amazing, but if you want to really see just how advanced our techniques are, take a good look at Dr. Hitchen's body." Robert motioned towards Clara as her robe started to bulge over her chest. The former bumps grew sumptuously larger and as her breasts grew, they slowly pushed the top of her robe open to show off her new cleavage. Her hips started to expand as well until Clara had a sultry hourglass figure. <p>

The Russians were a bit more impressed now, but their tone was still rather dismissive. <p>

"My surgeons can do much the same for less than you are asking us to invest." One of the men shook his head. Robert could see he was impressed though. <p>

"I understand, but this comes with no risk of surgery and can be updated at any time to match whatever ascetic you desire." Robert hit the buttons again. <p>

Now Clara shifted even more. First was skin color. She went from a rather pale white to a perfect beach tan, and then even darker, until she was a dark chocolate brown. Robert let her linger like that for a moment before shifting her again, this time to a lighter yellow brown. He made more changes as well, this time adjusting her head, giving her almond eyes, rounding out her face and flattening it to a more east Asian appearance. Then he shifted her back closer to her normal face and complexion. <p>

That brought more nods of approval. No one could easily do all that. Robert smiled as he started to see the looks of genuine surprise flicker across their faces. It was just a flicker though, these were shrewd negotiators, they weren't going to drop their guard easily. <p>

"Our suppliers can bring us women from all over the world, there is little need for such direct extravagance." Another man spoke up. <p>

"I understand the resources you all have at your disposal. Now, for the final piece, as you have said, you can get women from all over, you can modify their flesh to meet your markets, but there is one last piece that takes even more time and effort. Training them." Robert pushed another sequence.<\p>

Clara had barely been aware of what had happened so far. Her body had gone limp, and though she'd felt the tingles going over her and could feel that her chest was much heavier now, she didn't know what Robert had done to her. As he activated the next sequence, her whole head started to tingle. Her thoughts became suddenly muddled. It was hard to think straight or even to worry. Everything just went fuzzy for a few moments.<\p>

Then the blur receded. Clara blinked for a moment. Everything seemed strange to her, but she couldn't put her finger on it. <\p>

"Clara can you hear me?" Robert asked.<\p>

"Oh, yes, darlin'." Clara nodded. She leaned in on her southern drawl. Guys always liked it when she did that.<\p>

"You remember that we're giving our new investors a little demonstration, don't you? A little sample to open up their wallets for us?" Robert nudged. <\p>

"Oh, yes, sir! You're ready for my big show?" Clara sat up a little and smiled over at him. <\p>

"That's right." Robert smiled. "Stand up and let's show them what you can do."<\p>

Clara smiled and then shot off of the bed and took a moment to slide her hands over her robe before grabbing at it and pulling it open. The she did a quick spin and let the robe slide off of her until she was standing before everyone perfectly naked, with her plump breasts jutting out proudly from her chest.<\p>

"With just a few adjustments, our machine can implant a whole new personality on top of a subjects original self. Right now, Clara thinks she's a stripper who's eager to do anything she can to help her boss get some new investors. Isn't that right, Clara?" Robert explained.<\p>

"Oh, stop being silly, Darlin' and let me show these boys a good time." Clara laughed back at him as she opened up the booth and strutted over to the man sitting in the middle of the audience. She stopped in front of him and leaned in a bit, letting her breasts jiggle. <\p>

"And this can be done to anyone?" The man asked as he reached up and grabbed Clara's breasts and made her gasp as he gave them a good squeeze.<\p>

"That's right, the machine has an artificial intelligence core to compute the required changes after a simple scan." Robert nodded as he watched Clara climbing onto the Russian's lap and start to undo his pants.<\p>

"Interesting. I am impressed, but I must be sure this is no act. Natasha, I think I would like to see you as eager stripper." He smiled over at the woman sitting next to him.<\p>

"Ivan! No!" She bolted up out of her chair, but the men next to her grabbed her before she could get more than a few steps away. She struggled as they dragged her into the booth. Clara didn't even so much as turn her head as Natasha was strapped in. <\p>

"You can make same changes to, Natasha, yes?" Ivan asked as Clara rubbed herself against his hard shaft. <\p>

"Of course." Robert nodded. He'd expected something like this.<\p>

"And you can change her back later?" He smiled as he slid his hands over Clara's hips as he sat back and let her mount him.<\p>

"If you want." Richard replied.<\p>

"And if I don't?" Ivan gave Natasha a wicked grin and she shouted some more in response.<\p>

"Well, this is a simple program, she'd probably have some personality fractures later if you left her like this, but of course, if you invest in our program, you could bring her back for adjustments." Richard explained. Ivan's grin grew even more predatory at that idea.<\p>

"Ahâ€¦ yesâ€¦!" Ivan grunted as Clara ground her hips onto him. "If my new Natasha is half the whore of your Clara, then you will have all the money you need."<\p>

"Wonderful! Though, I will need my Clara back, I hope you understand." Roberts replied as he hit the buttons to begin Natasha's transformation. The shouts from the booth quickly quieted as the machine did its work.<\p>

"Of course." Ivan grunted as Clara rode him. His eyes were more focused on Natasha as her body underwent the same expansion that Clara had. Enjoying the American scientist wasn't half as exciting as the thought of putting his former associate in her proper place. Just seeing Natasha's breasts push open her top while her vacant eyes stared at the ceiling was enough to send him over the edge.<\p>

"Ohâ€¦ oh yesâ€¦ honey! Give me all your sugar!" Clara moaned as she came with him. Her whole body quivering with pleasure. Her only thoughts were on pleasing the possible investors. Nothing else mattered.<\p>

Robert just watched with satisfaction. He couldn't have hoped for better from this meeting. He'd have all the money he needed, and Clara could be everything he wanted in a partner. He let the party go on for a while longer before the Russian's left and took their new Natasha back to their hotel for more fun.<\p>

***<\p>

"I'm sorry about yesterday," Clara blushed a bit just remembering what had happened. "I didn't mean to faint just from having my hair color changed!"<\p>

"No problem." Robert replied as he slipped up behind her and slid his hands up to her ripe melons. He gave her a playful squeeze and she giggled. "The Russians were very impressed; said they'd give us all the money we needed to start producing more units once we were ready."<\p>

"Oh, that's wonderful. I was worried they'd think something went wrong after I passed out." Clara squirmed as he toyed with her nipples just the way she liked it. "And thanks for bringing me back to my room without any funny business."<\p>

"Well, I couldn't just take advantage of my partner." Robert smiled as she turned around and gave him a peck on the cheek.<\p>

"Oh, gosh, that is so sweet." She smiled up at him and then pushed him back towards the bed. "I guess that means I should reward you just the way you like it."<\p>

Robert smiled as she made short work of pulling down his pants and pulling off her top. It hadn't been very hard to make a few tweaks when he reversed her programming. A few extra implanted notions were all it took for her to think she'd always been busty and enjoyed fooling around with her business partner.<\p>

He did still need her after all, she was the genius behind the whole thing, but that didn't mean they couldn't have a lot more fun with just a few little tweaks. He let out a satisfied groan as she slid her lips over him and started sucking. Things were going to be a lot more fun from now on.

The End.

This story was brought to you by my fine supporters on [SubscribeStar](#). I want to thank them for their support!