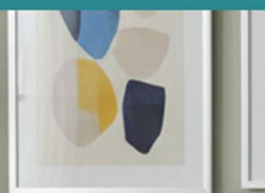


THE

OLD MAN



AND



THE CCs



BY

TOOBIGisTOOSMALL

CHAPTER 2

Natasha, a fresh off the boat immigrant from Romania, stood before Dr. Cooper in her bra in his examination room. Tonya sat silently in the corner, her legs crossed in a skirt that reached her knees, and an extremely short sleeve t-shirt that hugged her waist tight, and her mounted globes tighter. Arthur Shaw IV had flown back to Texas to handle business, while Tanya had taken up residence in Los Angeles to act as liaison for the clients Shaw was sending David's way. On Natasha's medical records, that Tanya filled out on her behalf, her occupation was listed as 'Model'. Shaw was signing these women to modeling contracts under a dummy corporation, to get them work Visas in America, and in return for their citizenship, they would go under the knife for the trial, but not unwillingly. Part of the screening process was if they really wanted to enhance her bust. This didn't stop Natasha from appearing nervous.

"Are you okay, Natasha?" David asked.

"A little," she said with a heavy accent. "Not fan of hospital. Had family member die on operating table."

"I'm sorry to hear that. We have a perfect safety record, and an excellent staff here. When we are done here, would you like to take the tour, and I can introduce you to everyone?"

"Please. That would be nice."

"Great! Looking at you, I don't see any issues why we can't operate. 1000 CCs will probably be a tight fit on you, but we can make it work."

"I would like bigger."

David was surprised by the request, "How much bigger?"

"Bigger than her," she pointed to Tanya.

"Well, she has 1000 CC, so--"

"But she started big, yes?"

"She did have more natural breast tissue to start with than you, correct."

"So how much to be bigger?"

"A conservative guess, 1200 to 1300 CCs?"

"Not conservative?"

“1500 CCs.”

“That is what I want.”

“I’m not sure if I will be able to fulfill that request. The FDA trial is for-“

“Mr. Shaw will be able to accommodate her desire for a larger size,” Tanya cut in. “His factory is producing multiple larger sizes. 1500 should be no problem.”

“Then it’s settled, I guess,” said David, “1500 CCs. Should be a really tight fit, but I’m confident we can pull it off without issue. Would you like to meet our team?”

David walked Natasha and Tanya throughout the office, introducing them to members of his staff that they ran into along the way. First was Dr. Nadia Nelson, the surgical assistant. Talented enough to have her own practice one day. Next was Jess, the anesthesiologist. She moved to L.A. a year ago to give her more time to visit her kid, after the kid’s father upped and moved out here without warning a year and a half ago. Then there were the nurses, Brooke and Sydney. Brooke did CrossFit in her free time, and Sydney volunteered at an animal shelter. Finally, working the front desk there was Krissy, a sophomore in college studying computer science.

“My goodness,” Natasha marveled. “I did not realize this place was modeling agency too. Everyone here so beautiful! I can see why you don’t hire men.”

David caught Krissy blushing and stifling a chuckle, “I’ll be sure to let them all know of your complementary words. I assure you; I hired them purely on their talent and ability.”

“You keep tell yourself that,” Natasha gave David a soft pat on the cheek. “Anyway, I at ease now, thank you. I look forward to you making my girls huge. Now where is bathroom?”

David pointed back down the hall, and Natasha left David and Tanya there in the reception area.

“You are very kind,” Tanya remarked. “You didn’t have to do all that.”

“If I didn’t, I wouldn’t be me,” David replied. “I’m only sorry I forgot to offer you the tour when you were here initially.”

"That's okay. Arthur can be a tornado sometimes with his commanding presence, leaving people shell shocked in his wake. And I assure you again, I am very happy with your results," she nodded towards her chest.

"I'm glad to hear it." David then asked, "So will Natasha be staying with you after the operation?"

"No, she'll fly back to Texas to stay in Arthur's mansion. There are enough rooms for all of the women."

"All of the women? You mean every girl that I work on will fly back to stay with him?"

"Correct."

"And are you okay with this?"

"Why wouldn't I be? He's my husband, and I love him."

"I don't know... him being surrounded by so many women. Temptation and all I guess."

Tanya's eye caught Krissy staring at David, "Natasha is right, you know. The girls here are very pretty."

"Oh, not you too," David said bashfully.

"Your wife is very lucky to have you."

"I'm more lucky to have her. Excuse me, I should make sure Natasha found the bathroom okay."

As he walked away, Tanya did a little point with her hand towards him and mouthed to Krissy 'You would, right?' to which Krissy replied with an eye roll and a mischievous grin. Tanya whispered to herself, "That's what I thought."

Dr. Cooper sat on his couch in a vegetative state, watching the images on his flat screen TV dance around, but not retaining any information conveyed by them. The last three months had been a blur. Every day there was a new girl who was transported from thousands of miles away on a billionaire's dime to have her chest inflated. Olga from Russia, Fiona from Sweden, Anja from Scandinavia, Isabelle from Brazil. Eventually David couldn't put names to faces, only numbers. 1100, 1250, 1200, 1400, 1550. All of these women were going big without a second

thought, and bigger than Shaw's initially pitched 1000cc. Every woman would take one look at Tanya, point and say, "Like that, but bigger." And David would give it to them. He hadn't performed one subtle boob job since he started this endeavor, and he was beginning to worry if he was losing his touch. But every time a newly implanted girl stepped off the plane in Texas, Shaw would immediately call him and sing his praises.

David got knocked out of his stupor when he heard Denise come through the front door. She had just done a walk on earlier that day on a police procedural as a day drinking homemaker who thought she saw something in the bushes, but didn't think much of it until the cops asked. Needless to say, she would not be hanging by the phone waiting for the news of her Emmy nom.

"Hi honey. Did they catch they guy who did it?" David asked playfully.

Denise threw her keys on the table, and sat on the couch next to him, "Yep. It was the next door 12-year-old girl that beheaded the puppies."

"Jesus, really?"

"No. It was the creepy looking white guy. It's always the creepy looking white guy."

"Aw, that's too bad."

"How was the tit factory today?"

"Business is booming."

"Don't you mean 'Business is boobin'?"

David chuckled, "No, I most definitely do not." David's phone rang. It was Arthur. "Speak of the devil," he said then answered, "Hello?"

"Is it there?" Arthur started the conversation half way in.

"Is what here?"

"Shoot, they were supposed to deliver it the same time I called." David's doorbell rang. "There it is!"

Denise got up and went to the front door. There was a delivery guy who handed her a cubed cardboard box, 2 ½ feet long on each side. She awkwardly carried it back to the living room, and dropped it down next to the coffee table.

"I hope there is nothing fragile in there," David said.

“The future, my boy! The future is in there,” Arthur said ominously. “I’m ready to move to the next phase.”

“What next phase?”

“Bigger is better, but biggest is best. What you have done for me so far is great, but it’s not enough. I want to start on larger sizes. And to jumpstart the process, I’m putting the word out: any woman that wants implants 2000cc or larger, I will personally pay for their surgery.”

Denise opened the box, filled to the brim with packing peanuts. Digging in she found smaller white boxes. She pulled out a pair taped together. Written on the side said ‘SHAW2000’. She pulled out another pair labeled ‘SHAW2500’. She started opening the boxes and placed the implants on the coffee table, next to the SHAW1000 models that had been resting there since David brought them home a month ago, creating an evolutionary implant diorama. Denise then plopped down a SHAW3000.

“That... seems like a lot,” David said stunned.

“Exactly! Glad to hear we are on the same page! Tanya will be over to your office first thing tomorrow supervising the unloading of the truck.”

“Unloading...?”

“The wide range of SHAW implants, dummy! I want each client to know what they are getting and not be turned away due to lack of inventory! I gotta go. It’s my turn to walk around in the pool blindfolded yelling ‘MARCO’, while all the girls shout ‘POLO’!”

Arthur hung up, leaving David holding the dead line to his ear.

“What did he say?” Denise asked.

“The ladies are going to be bigger... somehow. I don’t even know how I’ll get some of these to fit in someone.”

“Then I guess I’ll wait to ask you about this one,” Denise plopped down a SHAW3500 with a great thud.

The two sat back down on the couch, stunned by the saline mountain range that lay before them, completely unaware of the two, inch-thick, vinyl album cover sized boxes, that Denise didn’t find, sitting at the bottom of the shipment...

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