



*THE*

OLD MAN



*AND*

THE CCs



*BY*

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## CHAPTER 5

As he stared out the window on an uncharacteristically rainy night in L.A., Dr. Cooper's life was in shambles. After Denise woke up from the operation, everything changed. She was furious, ranting about lawsuits and divorce, and wanting David out of the house before she got home. Nadia took over the rest of the day's operations, while David went home and quickly packed up the essentials into a suitcase. He also tossed the loose demo SHAW implants back into the shipping box they came in, and tossed it into the back of his car. There was no direct attachment to them, but he knew they would drive Denise over the edge if she came home to them lying around.

Denise originally planned to file charges against David, but when the trades caught wind of her transformation, her management convinced her to spin the story in her favor, framing it as how dedicated she was to the role, leading to the film's buzz growing exponentially. There was a bidding war to produce the film, and the budget ballooned, much like her tits, to triple its original target amount. Still an indie film sized budget, but now the director could make the film without compromise. In a month, the project had gone from being held together on hopes and dreams, to being on the fast track to start shooting in eight weeks. Denise was thrilled, but it didn't let David off the hook. He was still kicked out of the home, but that wasn't enough, so she made a call to Arthur Shaw.

That's when David got a call from Shaw. The deal was off, effective immediately, and the current inventory of implants at David's practice were seized, and loaded onto a truck by Shaw's people. Up until now, Shaw was happy with David's work, but Denise was planning to reveal what really happened after her film was shot, and David would be disgraced, and that would ultimately jeopardize Shaw's FDA trial. Shaw needed to distance himself from David immediately if he was going to salvage the project.

Two months later, David was on his own, in a crappy apartment that overlooked the freeway. He was off the FDA trial. New clients had dried up, as rumors had been swirling of what really happened with Denise. The women of the clinic went their separate ways. Krissy focused on her schooling. Sydney and Brooke picked up random shifts at the local hospital in the area. Jess took a break from work to spend work time with her kid. Nadia took a well-deserved vacation and left to travel Europe. David was truly on his own. Even Tanya stopped returning his calls since Denise's surgery.

David hadn't even tried to call Denise since the day she kicked him out. Not out of spite, but from pure shame. He knew what he did was wrong. He violated her body and her trust, and he wanted to make amends, but he didn't know how. He wanted her to know he was

sorry. That he knew she deserved better. That temptation had made him not the man she married.

As if she knew that he was thinking of her, David received a text from Denise. It said she was flying out in the morning to shoot the movie, and would be gone for three months, and that it would be the best time to come over to collect the rest of his things while she was gone, because she'd be tossing the rest of it when she got back.

Something clicked in David's brain. This was a point of no return. If he didn't do something now, there was no going back to the way things were. He looked at his watch. It was almost 10 PM. He had to leave now if there was going to be enough time for him to make an impassioned speech where Denise wasn't pissed about him making her miss sleep before the flight. He grabbed his keys and his coat, and made a break for the door, but when he opened it, he was stopped in his tracks; Tanya was at his door, wrapped in a soaked trench coat. And even though the rain had soaked her to the bone, he could tell she had been crying.

"I need your help," she said desperately.

"Wha... hi?" David stammered, trying to order his thoughts. "How did you find me?"

"I asked Krissy. She gave me your forwarding address." Tanya was choking back more tears,

"Can I come in?"

"Oh, sure." David stood to the side to let Tanya inside. "What's wrong?"

"Arthur died. Heart attack."

"I'm so sorry. But, why are you *here*? In L.A. I mean, and not back home in Texas."

"That's part of why I'm here. We had already been drifting apart since the FDA trial started, and I had wanted to convince him I was still committed to him by surprising him by going up a size." The two shared a knowing glance, reflecting on their pair of encounters. "Maybe I was trying to convince myself as well. Either way, when I arrived home, I had gained his attention from the dozens of women staying at the manor. But it was short lived."

"What happened?"

"Denise. He blamed me for being away, and not monitoring things, and letting it all get out of hand. And even though I knew he was wrong, in a roundabout way he was right. I knew I must have had some kind of impact on you, that led to what you did to your wife, so I didn't fight him, and I came back to L.A."

“That’s awful, but I don’t see how needing my help comes into play.”

“He died tonight at a hockey game in his private owner’s box, surrounded by two-dozen implanted models as his guests, and his wife was nowhere to be seen. I’ll be labeled by the lawyers and the board of directors as nothing but a gold digger, and will be kicked to the curb with nothing. The FDA trial will be shut down, and all the women staying at the mansion will be sent back to their home countries. Unless...”

“Unless?”

“Unless I can prove to everyone that Arthur still loved me, and valued me over everyone else.”

“How could you do that?”

“Bigger is better,” she started to quote her late husband.

“But biggest is best,” David finished the quote. “You want to go bigger?”

“Yes. If I’m bigger than any of the other girls, I can claim that he still cared for me the most, and that I was sent away at his request for the operation. A tragically timed surgery that took me away from my husband in his final hours.”

David tried to do the calculations in his head, “But how? Arthur took back the stock of all the SHAW implants from the office. I have nothing to make you bigger with.”

“Did you ever check the bottom of that box?” she pointed to the large shipping box sitting in the corner, that still contained the sample implants Shaw had sent to David.

David walked over to the box and kicked it over. Packing peanuts and large, oversized implants poured out of it. He tipped the box upright, and dove his hands into the remaining packing material, pulling out two identical, square, flat boxes that had been laying hidden at the bottom all this time. They were implants, but not like the others found in the shipping box. On the side of each the label read ‘SHAW5000XP’. “These are 5000CC implants.”

“*Expander* implants,” Tanya corrected him, “that *start* at 5000CCs.”

David turned to look at Tanya, her wet coat now on the floor, exposing her plentiful cleavage pushing up out of her top.

“Do this for me,” she said, slowly walking towards him, “and my husband’s company and fortune will be mine to control.”

David thoughts, again, turned to his wife.

“I will ensure the FDA trial continues.”

He knew he should go home right now and apologize to Denise.

"I will personally fund your practice."

He should go back begging on his knees.

"I know you can perform the whole operation by yourself."

He should tell Denise breasts don't matter to him.

"And once you finish sewing me up..."

He should be telling her, her love is all he needs to be happy.

"I want you to fuck me while I'm still unconscious on the operating table."

David knew what he had to do.

Thanks for reading, and hope to see you back here for the next chapter! Feel free to follow me over at DeviantArt. Always love to hear feedback, and I post additional stories there that might not make it here.

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