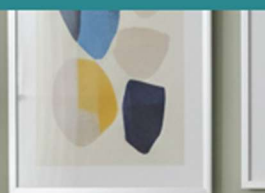


THE

OLD MAN



AND



THE CCs



BY

TOOBIGisTOOSMALL

CHAPTER 1

Dr. David Cooper was living the American Dream. He had a thriving practice in Los Angeles. 'Surgeon to the Stars' is what they would call him, if it weren't for the fact that his services were the best kept secret in town. Need a face lift? He can take off 10 years in two hours. Receding hairline? He'll plug away at the problem. While his skills were numerous, his specialty was the undetectable boob job. Ever see an actress in her 50's in a bikini look extra perky? Or a former child TV star transitioning to films now looking like an 'adult'? Most likely, it's his handy work. In fact, the latter example is how he met his wife.

Denise Failte was still playing teens in junior high well into her mid 20's, and was sick of being type cast, but her body never naturally developed into something resembling that of a mature woman, so she had decided to take matters into her own hands, against the wishes of her agent and management. She knew she didn't want to half-ass something like this, as a friend of hers she made playing her younger sister on a sitcom years ago went through the same experience last April, and the doctor did such a bad job you could see the ripples of the implants whenever they weren't squeezed together by an industrial strength push-up bra. Denise wanted the best, and that's how she found David. He was relatively young at the time for his accomplishments, but his work spoke for itself. He never name dropped, but alluded to some women he had worked on that Denise had worked with, and she was astonished, knowing she couldn't tell their chests weren't natural from meeting them in person. That sealed it, and she had him put in 400cc implants. She wanted to go bigger, but he advised on being more conservative, and he was right. They looked amazing, and she fell in love with David right then and there in post-op. The two were wed in less than a year, and have been together for 15 years. All thanks to David being a master of his subtle craft. This all led to the question being begged today, as David sat in his office, listening to a billionaire's proposal.

Arthur Shaw IV was old money. Very old money. The kind that went so far back, no one was able to trace what horrible atrocity it originated from. It was also the kind of old money that kept a person feeling young. Arthur Shaw IV was 80, but had the energy and candor of a man half his age. He even joked they should call him 'Arthur Shaw The Last', as he had no heirs or relatives. His only family was his wife Tanya, whom he met on a business trip in Germany a little over a year ago. She was working at the bar at the hotel he was staying at, and he kept ordering drinks just to keep talking to her. He eventually passed out, and she helped him to his room. The morning after, she went to check on him, but he wasn't there. She went to the bar to start her shift, only to find the bar itself covered in bouquets of flowers, and Arthur standing next to them holding one himself. He was thoroughly embarrassed, and wanted to apologize for being an annoying drunk, while also thanking her kindly listening to him blabber on for

hours, and ensuring he made it safely to his room. She didn't know if it was his sweetness, or that she didn't want to deal with cleaning up the flowers off the bar, but she called in sick, and the two spent the day together. By the end of the week, they had taken his private jet back to America and eloped. She was now celebrating their one-year anniversary, her at barely 22 years of age, sitting next to her husband in Dr. Cooper's office, as Arthur laid out his anniversary gift plans to the doctor.

Arthur Shaw IV was a breast man. He appreciated a large set on a woman, even more so if they were man made, as it meant she liked being big as well. Tanya was slim, but a natural D-cup, but being a man from Texas, Arthur adhered to the saying 'bigger is better', and proposed he buy her an upgraded pair for their anniversary. While she had never seriously considered the idea, she also loved Arthur enough to give it a shot, knowing they could easily afford to have them removed if she changed her mind. What she hadn't anticipated was the size of the implant he wanted to go with: 1000 CCs. A size of implant not approved by the FDA. A size only achieved by overfilling a lesser sized model. But Arthur didn't want a makeshift solution. A square implant in a round breast, so to speak. He wanted 1000 CC implants that were built to be 1000 CC implants. So, he did the only thing a reasonable billionaire would do, he bought a breast implant company, in Germany, and had them start manufacturing larger sizes. Legally, they couldn't be implanted in the US, but Arthur pulled some string to get an approval on an FDA trial, and now here he was talking to one of the best surgeons in the world.

David was a little confused why Arthur Shaw IV had to come to him specifically. After all, he was known for making fake breasts look real, but now he was being asked to make real breasts overly fake. Why come to him? Arthur said he chose David, not for his subtlety, but for his craft. The breast Dr. Cooper worked on always looked great and healed fast. There was never need for revisions to fix breasts that sat too high or too low, or poor nipple placement, or asymmetrical, or any other complication. He was perfect every time, and that's what Arthur Shaw IV wanted for his wife; perfection. David was still unsure, but then he looked over to Tanya, sitting quietly next to her husband.

"Is this what you want?" he asked her directly.

Without hesitation she answered, "I love my husband."

David knew if he didn't perform the operation, Arthur would find somebody who would, and who knows what half-assed job they would do? In a twisted sense of do no harm, David relented, "Alright then, I'll do it."

Tanya stood in the middle of the examination room, with her freshly implanted 1000 CC breasts exposed on their spherical glory. Dr. Cooper sat in a chair in front of her, leaning in to peel off the surgical tape covering the stitches, so he could remove them. Arthur stood behind him, beaming with delight at the results. The implants were way too big for her frame, but to him that was the point; to make a statement. Big was good, bigger was better, biggest was best. He lived his life by that, and everyone knew it.

"Doc, you are a miracle worker!" he slapped his hand on Dr. Cooper's shoulder.

"I aim to please," he replied.

"What did you do to have it heal so quickly?"

"Trade secret. I developed the method as some actors only have a brief window in between projects, and they'd need to be camera ready."

"Well let me take a picture of this, so you can put it on your fridge with a gold star, because this is fantastic."

"Thanks, but I don't think my wife would care for it. She likes to be the example of my work at home."

"You never know. It might give her ideas for an upgrade."

"I think her acting work would take a hit, but thanks for trying."

"Always like to help, my boy! In fact, I'd like to help you out more. How would you like a steady influx of cash coming through here?"

David stopped focusing on removing the stitches and twisted his torso around to look up at Arthur, "What are you getting at, exactly?"

"The FDA trial wasn't a ruse to get my beautiful wife a new set. I want it to succeed. I want to be able to bring larger implants to the market, and have it cornered in the process. I'll be ready to ship the second the trial is finished, and with your handywork implanting them, there will be no way the FDA will be able to declare the larger sizes unsafe."

"You mean, *if* I agree to do the work?"

Arthur chuckled, "Uh oh, why do I feel like my wallet is about to be pried open?"

"No, it's not that," David countered, "My focus is on subtlety. If my work starts becoming maximalist, it might give my regular clientele the idea that I've lost my touch, and scare them off."

“Don’t worry. We’ll keep it our little secret.”

David pushed back again, “I’ll have to talk it over with my wife.”

“Ha, you do that! I’ll call my people and have them write up the contract!” Arthur pulled out his phone and left the room. David turned his attention back to Tanya. “Sorry about the delay. I’ll have you out of here shortly.” David continued to remove the stitches.

“It’s okay,” Tanya assured him. “Are you really going to ask your wife for her opinion?”

“Of course. My life affects hers, and I value her perspective. It keeps me grounded.”

“That’s sweet.”

“Does Arthur ever ask you for your opinion?”

“Not really, but then again, why would he ask me for advice on multi-million-dollar business deals?”

“Ture. But you might end up surprising him with your point of view.” David finished removing the last stich. “There we go. You can button your shirt back up.” As Tanya began to button her shirt back up, David noticed how the shirt strained to contain her enhanced bust. “I guess you haven’t had a chance to go clothes shopping yet?”

Tanya smiles, “Arthur likes seeing me walk around the house like this, and we’ll have fun pretending they had grown bigger all of the sudden.”

“How would you do that?”

Tanya arched her shoulders back, causing the shirt to slip its buttons, and her tits to bust out. “We never grow tired of this.”

“I can see why. Wish I could teach my wife that trick.”

Tanya began buttoning her shirt back up again, “Do you think she will want you to help Arthur?”

“I highly doubt it.”

“Shame. I appreciate what you have done for us,” she said with surprising sincerity.

David returned the sentiment, “I’m glad you are happy with the results.”

"I think you should do it." Denise said bluntly. She and David stood on either side of their kitchen island. A pair of sample 1000 CC implants, with the model name SHAW1000 printed on them, rested exposed on the island between them. David was stunned by her reaction. He thought she would easily give a definitive no.

"Really? It's that simple? Risk my practice and reputation for a short term gain?"

"I think you are only thinking short term. I'm not getting any younger, and my acting roles have pretty much been regulated to the concerned housewife of the lead's best friend. Soon you'll be the primary source of income for our household, and the occasional under the radar pull and tuck won't cut it anymore. This Shaw character is wanting to create a new market, and he wants you to be at the front of it. If this explodes like he wants it to, you and I will be able to retire early." She picked up and held the implants, one in each hand, "They're not really that much bigger. Didn't you say the girl had a nice pair to begin with?" Denise held the implants against her chest, "See? They look pretty good on me, don't they?"

David looked at her simulated enhancements. It was true, they didn't look as big on her as they did in Tanya. "I guess you make a good point." Denise stopped holding the implants against her chest, but still held them in her hands. David chimed in, "Then again, maybe you don't." Denise narrowed her eyes with an inquisitive half smirk. She held the implants back up to her chest. "Then again, maybe you do." She lowered them again. "Nope. Never mind. Your opinion has no value."

Denise chuckled and walked around the island to David, holding the implants back up to her chest, while pressing her body against his, pinning the spheres between them, "Maybe this will change your mind," she said before planting a deep kiss upon his lips. She didn't need to hear him say yes. She could feel the bulge in his pants agreeing with her.

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