

 *THE*

 *AND*



THE CCs

 *BY*

TOOBIGisTOOSMALL

CHAPTER 4

David sat in the dark in his office, with the tips of thumb and middle fingers of his left hand massaging his temples. His right hand fidgeted with a promotional keychain flashlight. There was a small bowl of them on his desk for clients to take. They were flat and rectangular; one side there was a rectangular LED, and on the other a round, textured, rubber button to turn it on with. He thumbed the button, almost as if he was revving up to push the button on a dare, and temporarily blind himself with the piercing light. Instead, his left hand clamped down harder on his face, covering and protecting his eyes from any potential light intrusion.

It had been over two weeks since their fight, and Denise was still giving him the silent treatment. At first, he was regulated to sleeping on the couch in the den, only to recently be able to move back to the master bed, but not for a good reason. Denise had booked a recurring guest spot on a CW show, and she'd be filming in Vancouver for at least 4-6 weeks. She didn't tell David this. It was all in a note left on the kitchen counter, held in place by a SHAW3000. So, while he was back in his own bed, David still wasn't getting any sleep, and his patient load was booked six months solid.

One person who was pleased with this was Arthur Shaw. He'd call up David absolutely ecstatic with the work he had been doing. That every woman that showed up at his doorstep from L.A. looked better than the last. The FDA trial was on the fast track, and this time next year, Shaw would be the exclusive supplier of oversized implants. The thought of a year of implanting women at this rate gave David a headache, compounded by the stress of his and Denise's estrangement, there seemed to be no relief in sight.

David was shocked out of his stupor by the buzzing of his intercom. With his face still covered, he put down the keychain and blindly reached out and pushed the button to answer, but didn't say anything. Krissy's voice came out of the speaker, "Mrs. Shaw is here to see you."

David didn't remember having a consultation on the books today. Why would she be here, he thought. "Send her in."

Tanya opened the door, surprised by the darkness of the room, and to find David sitting quietly at his desk with his eyes covered. "Should I leave the lights off?" she asked.

"If you don't mind. I have a bit of a headache."

"Sorry to hear about that," Tanya replied, as she closed the door behind her, and felt her way through the dark to a chair and sat down.

When he knew it was safe, David removed his hand from his face, and did his best to make eye contact with a face he couldn't see, "So, what can I do for you? Is there another one of Arthur's girls coming in that I forgot about?"

"No, this is more of a personal visit."

"Oh. What can I do for *you*, Tanya?"

"I haven't seen Arthur in over four months. I'm starting to fear he's forgotten about me, thanks to his implant crusade."

"I wouldn't say forgotten. I would say he's distracted, maybe..."

"Regardless, I want to fly back home to surprise him, but I want the surprise to be legitimate."

"How so?"

"I want to be bigger."

David's eye twitched, "How much... bigger?"

"I want to go to 2500 CCs."

"Are you sure? That's more than double your current size."

"I'm sure. Will you do it?"

David's headache was making it hard for him to think straight, "I can. I mean, I could. Eventually. We're booked out for months."

"Is there any way you could slip me in sooner?"

"Unfortunately, no."

David heard the muffling sound of clothes being moved around, but it was too dark to see anything, even with Tanya sitting on the other side of the desk from him. He then heard Tanya reach for something on his desk. He wasn't sure what it could be, until a literal lightbulb illuminated the answer. Tanya had taken off her shirt, and was left wearing her bra, inside of which she had tucked two of the promotional flashlight keychains, and turned them on, turning her implants into glowing lanterns.

"Are you sure there is not some way I could persuade you?"

"Oh god," is all David could muster.

He watched as the glowing breasts rose up and moved around the side of the desk towards him. As they got closer, he could make out Tanya's face. She then kneeled before him, "Please?"

"I, I... c-can't," he whimpered.

Tanya unzipped his pants, exposing his dick, eager to come out to play. She then inserted it between the underside of her breasts, until the tip could be seen poking out of her cleavage. She then started stroking his cock with her lit up tits, "Can you imagine...?"

"...oh fuck."

"...what this would feel like..."

"Oh *fuck*."

"...if they were BIGGER?"

The seal had been broken. After Tanya had used her seductive persuasion on David, he fit her on the schedule to have surgery that day. The women in the office caught wind of Tanya's methods, and for each of their own reasons, they all followed suit.

The first was Krissy, who came into David's office under the ruse of needing some documents signed, only to show off her new micro miniskirt. David hadn't noticed her wearing it earlier, where she sat tucked behind the welcome desk. David tried to resist, but his defenses were down, and by the week's end, Krissy had a shiny pair of SHAW2000s to greet people as they entered.

Brooke was next, who was as forceful with her request as she was with her sex. Her muscular body had David pinned to the floor, and she wouldn't let him cum for almost an hour, until she got all that she wanted from him, which included a set of SHAW2100s.

Sydney was next, with her seduction direct and to the point, taking her clothes in his office, before sitting spread eagle on his desk in front of him. She was much skinnier than David had realized, almost to a point of concern, but she hid it well under her scrubs. What she couldn't hide were the SHAW2500s he gave her that dwarfed the rest of her body.

Jess and Nadia put aside pretense, and approached David at the same time. And then fucked him at the same time. And so he implanted them at the same time, each with

SHAW2250s. It had become so routine, he technically didn't need their assistance in the operating room. He could run solo if he needed to.

Within a month of Tanya's visit, the office had turned into a surgical orgy, with every woman there sporting tits that would put the average porn star to shame. The escapades didn't stop there either. David felt guilty about cheating on Denise, which made him spiral into depression, which led to pushing his feelings down with more sex, which led to more guilt. While the sex was unspokenly limited to the premises of the practice, by no means was it tame. He would show up early to fuck Sydney on the copier. Then he would 'work late' showing Krissy how to properly file his dick between 'T' and 'A'. Work hours weren't off limits either. Sometimes he'd have Nadia assist him during surgery by sucking him off under the operating table. Time had no meaning anymore.

Until it did.

David arrived home one night to find his wife had returned home from shooting in Vancouver.

"Hi," is all he could squeak out with his genuine surprise. As he entered the home, Denise sat on the couch. "How long have you been home?"

"About half an hour. Haven't even unpacked my bags yet," she said. "You miss me?"

"Yeah," he said, fact checking the words after they left his lips.

"You never called."

"I know. I think I was scared. Either of that I would be a bother and interfere with your work..."

"Or...?"

"Or I'd say something stupid and make it worse." David sat down on the far end of the couch,

"How was work?"

"Great. Vancouver is a nice place. Not sure I would live there, but it's always nice to visit." She pulled out a manilla envelope from her bag and placed it on the coffee table, "I have something to show you."

David's face went white, "Are those..." he could barely say the words audibly, "divorce papers?"

Denise was comically shocked by his reaction, "What? NO! God no. Are you, are you serious?" David Shrugged. "Jesus, no! We had a fight, and I took an ill-timed gig. Nothing grounds for divorce." David bit his tongue. "Open it up," she urged him. David opened the envelope, and slid out the stack of papers bound together. He flipped through it curiously.

"Is this a script?"

"One of the episodes I was on was directed by a woman who has been in director jail for forever. We got to talking, and she showed me this script she's been working on, about a woman trying to start over after working in porn. And no one takes the character seriously, because of her big fake tits that she can't afford to have removed. The movie would be on an indie budget, so they can't afford the money on prosthetics. I told her I would be willing to go method, and her eyes lit up."

Right then, so did David's, "Are you saying you want to...?"

"Go bigger for the role? Yes." Denise held up her finger, "Not bigger like the work you have been doing. Big for Hollywood and middle America, so like 1000 CCs."

"How soon is this supposed to happen?"

"If she can get all the investors lined up, three months. So I would need to be healed and camera ready by then."

"When do you want to go under the knife?"

"How soon can you fit me in?"

Denise lay on the operating table with '1000 CC' written in magic marker on each breast. The attitude in the air was less jovial than usual, as the stench of guilt permeated from all conscious members present. David had nerves for the first time in a long time, but his hands were steady, ready to make the first incision. David took the scalpel and made a small incision under her left breast, and then her right, and carefully removed each implant, placing them in the disposal tray held by Nadia. Nadia placed the tray on the side table, next to where the SHAW1000s were prepped and ready to go. In direct comparison to Denise's prior implants, they were quite impressive. Nadia picked up the tray of SHAW1000s and placed it on the rolling cart next to David. He then proceeded to stuff each implant into the incisions. For more than twice the prior size, the implants fit easily. David stood frozen, staring at Denise's chest, ready

to sew her up, but unable to do so. They were bigger, but ‘were they really big enough?’, he thought. For her role, he meant. Would it come through the camera that they were big. Denise though 1000 CCs was big during their roleplay, but even those were stacked on top of her existing 400 CC implants. She’ll be underwhelmed when she sees these, and she’ll blame him for not doing anything when he had the chance. He needed to act now if he was to save her role.

“Doctor,” Nadia chimed in, “Would you like me to sew her up for you?”

“Noooo,” David’s answer dragged its heels, as the complete thought was still formulating. “Please ask for Nurse Brooke to come in.”

Nadia tilted her head slightly at the request, but complied. She went to the intercom and asked for Brooke. Brooke arrived shortly thereafter.

“Yes doctor?” Brooke said attentively.

David examined her and the other two women. All three had implants over 2000 CCs, and they were noticeable, but barely. Anything less for Denise wouldn’t do. “Nurse, could you please fetch a pair of SHAW2000s from storage?”

“Doctor, what are you doing?” Jess protested.

David put up his hand to Jess, still looking at Brooke, “Please nurse. The SHAW2000s”

Brooke glanced at the eyelines of the other two women, then back to David, “Yes doctor,” and left the room.

Nadia tried to protest, “Doctor, you ca-“

“I know what I’m doing,” he said. “I know what I’m doing.”

‘Did he?’ he thought. Was this the right thing to do, or the thing he wanted to do? To make his wife into what he most desired? No, he was doing this for her. This role would catapult her back into the spotlight. She would want this. To be the center of attention again. Not just another faded one time child actor. This would be best. David knew what to do.

Brooke returned with the SHAW2000s, “Are these what you wanted, doctor?”

“No, sorry,” he said. “I changed my mind.” The three women sighed with relief. Then David spoke with absolute certainty, “Bring me the SHAW3000s.”

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