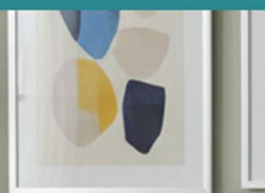


*THE*

OLD MAN



*AND*



THE CCs



*BY*

TOOBIGisTOOSMALL

## CHAPTER 6

David stepped out onto his balcony in his robe and slippers, overlooking the Vancouver skyline. A morning fog blanketed the city. It was 5°C, whatever the hell that was in *real* temperature. Two years living in Canada, and he was still getting used to its eccentricities, but the frigid air was always a welcome shock to his system in the morning; more effective than a cup of coffee.

When Denise's movie released, she used the promotional tour to tell the world what David did to her. By the time she was giving her acceptance speech at the Oscars, her divorce was old news, and David had been cast out of Hollywood. Fortunately, Tanya's plan had worked.

With the SHAW5000's in her, no one questioned her commitment to her late husband, nor his to her. She inherited Arthur's wealth and fortune. She completed the FDA trial with the help of Nadia and the rest of the girls at the practice. After the approval of the use of SHAW implants in the US, other countries followed suit, including Canada. She kept her word, and set up David with a new clinic in Vancouver. Krissy and Sydney moved up north to join David at the new clinic, thanks to Tanya's generous relocation incentive package that, among many things, included tuition reimbursement for Krissy, funding for the animal shelter Sydney left and for the new one she would volunteer at in Vancouver, and free upgrades for the two whenever they wanted. When the clinic opened, Krissy was greeting clients at the front desk with a pair of SHAW3000's pushing up under her chin. And thanks to Denise, XL implants had gone mainstream, and the clients were rolling in, especially from Hollywood hopefuls. Women all over the world wanted to follow in the footsteps of Denise Failte, and if they asked the right people, they would be told in hushed tones to get on a plane to Canada.

David came back inside, and started to get ready for his day. The move was a good change of pace for him. The first six months there, the new clinic wasn't set up yet, and Tanya was too busy with handling the inheritance to visit, so David was left by himself to detox from all the implant insanity. He had time to reflect.

When the clinic opened up, Tanya came up for a visit, (and a 200CC fill). She and David fooled around, but it was nothing romantic. David would occasionally work after hours with Krissy or Sydney as well, but they kept it on the down low, as the new staff wasn't too keen on the in office interpersonal shenanigans. Which was good, as it kept David in check. His workload was lightened too, with only a few surgeries a week, thanks to his restored anonymity, and Tanya's permanent financial backing. Today he had two appointments on the docket; a rarity these days. One for a 35-year-old housewife from Ohio, and the other was an 18-year-old actress coming off a 4-year run on a popular teen show. Not unlike Denise back in the

day. Except, instead of a gradual transition to adulthood, this would be a 1500CC declarative statement, thanks to Denise's trailblazing.

He thought about calling Denise, but that time had passed. And any apology at the time would come off as self-serving, like he was trying to lessen the severity of the divorce. Denise deserved her space, and he was happy to give it to her. Even if it meant the only way he could ever see her was up on the big screen.

There was a knock at the door. David opened it to find an unlikely sight standing at his doorstep: it was Denise.

"Mind if I come in?" she said.

David didn't know what to say. He stood there dumbfounded looking at her. Denise looked great. The best she'd looked in years. She never looked badly, but there is a big difference from looking good, and having the Hollywood machinery make you look impossibly good. Her hair was styled, her makeup was flawless, she'd obviously had been working out regularly since she left him. David had seen press photos of her on the internet, but none of them did her in person visage justice.

"How did you find me?" he finally uttered.

She chuckled and walked past him into his home, gently pushing him aside with her hand on his shoulder. "You don't need to be Columbo to solve the mystery of why every girl that comes up here to do a spot on a CW show returns to Hollywood making Dolly Parton blush." She opened the fridge like it was her own, removed a soda, pulled the tab with one hand, and took a sip. "I got in contact with Tanya. Told her I knew you were hiding up here, and she gave me your address with no trouble."

David was at the door holding it open, as if there were others about to waltz in to join them.

"And you flew up here to see me?"

"No, I was in the neighborhood. I'm filming a movie up here."

"Right." David felt foolish at his assumption, and closed the door. "I think I knew that already. That you were making a teen sex comedy, or something. I just didn't realize it was filming up here. Didn't I see a paparazzi photo of you canoodling with some kid half your age?"

"Austin is his name, and yes, we have been fucking, and no, it's not a teen sex comedy; it's a cougar sex comedy."

"*Cougar* sex comedy?"

“Yeah, it’s about a newly divorced woman who breaks out of her shell and reinvents herself. She gets a big pair of tits and starts enticing the local young men of the area. It’s called ‘On the Prowl’.”

David asked her quizzically, “How are you shooting the before boobs scenes?”

“Mind is always in the gutter,” she verbally jousting with a grin. “They are de-boobing me using green screen. It’s the same technology they used to hide what’s-her-face’s pregnancy during the reshoots on that comic book thing a few years back. I wear bright green fabric over my chest, and they remove them in post.”

“Interesting. Is it any good?”

“It’s nothing classy, but it’s dumb fun. The most acting I have to do is pretending I can see my feet in the early parts. Studio greenlit the turnaround quickly to capitalize on my pity Oscar, so I know—”

“Don’t say that,” David sternly cut her off.

“Say what?”

“Pity Oscar.”

“It’s true though. I only won because I gained sympathy from... what happened.”

“No, you were great. You deserved it. Don’t sell yourself short.”

“You saw my movie?”

“Yeah,” David said, “It was getting great reviews. The first five minutes were rough, seeing you up there. It brought up a lot of unprocessed emotions. But, you were so good, eventually it clicked, and I wasn’t seeing my wife, ex-wife up there. I was seeing a fully realized character. You were that good.”

“Wow. Thank you.”

David broke the somber note hanging in the air, “You can put that quote on the poster if you want. ‘So good, I forgot she divorced me!’” The two shared a desperate chuckle. David straightened his posture and planted his feet, “Listen, I owe you an apology.”

“You don’t.”

“Yes. I do. I absolutely do. Not just for what I did to you on that operating table. That was me bottoming out. I was spiraling before that. I cheated on you, many times, in quick succession. I have no excuse. But you deserve to know, so there is no confusion that it was all

my fault. I tried to apologize at the last minute, but then my dick got in the way. After that, I figured you getting rid of me was for the best.”

Denise took a moment to take in David’s confessional. She took another sip of the soda. “I didn’t know all of it, but I assumed there was something going on. When I spoke to Tanya, she confessed her initial and final temptations.”

“She did?”

“She felt bad in retrospect, not letting you come to me that night, but she said she was desperate and afraid. I didn’t blame her. I don’t blame you. Or me. Sometimes we lose our way when we are learning things about ourselves. I wish I had known how into big, fake tits you were. I might not have encouraged you to take up Arthur’s offer.”

“I honestly didn’t know myself, so you aren’t even close to on the hook for that. It’s a strange feeling being into breast that are so big and fake.”

“Yeah, it is.”

The two held there for a moment in silent agreement, when the notion finally dawned on David, “I can’t believe I haven’t asked you the yet, and it might be too late to do so without sounding like a dick, but... why *are* you here?” Denise dropped her head, tucking her face into her breasts, trying to hide a grin. She then lifted it, forcing a straight face. “The director on ‘On the Prowl’ had an idea for the ending that I’m pushing up against.”

“Which is?”

“He wants the young man I am having a romantic escapade with to fall for a girl his age. One who went and got herself same fake tits as well, played by some up and coming teen star, Ashley Lapp. You head of her?”

He had. She was his 10 AM. “Rings a bell.”

“Anyway, I’m supposed to realize how foolish my endeavor was, downsize, and then go back to my ex.”

“Sounds like a bad ending.”

“It is. Which is why I had a different one in mind.” She started walking closer to David.

“And that would be?”

“My character doubles down, and goes even bigger. Showing that young man what he gave up, and staking her claim on the whole neighborhood. Having anyone she wants, and

leaving the young man filled with regret. I figure if I show up to set sporting a couple brand new Goodyear blimps, they'd have no other choice."

David took in a big gulf of air, "And you want.. *ME*... to perform the operation?"

Denise was now face to face with David, pressing her tits against his chest. "YES."

"W-won't there be a public backlash, when they find out you went back to the man who violated you in the first place?"

Denise leaned her head in, putting her mouth to his ear, and whispered, "I can keep a secret if you can," and then leaned her head back, her chest still pressed against his. "Besides, who cares if they do? I'm having too much fun. And I want to have MORE fun. Much more."

"How much more?"

"How big is Tanya these days?"

"Overfilled to about 6300CCs per implant."

"More than that."

"Any specific amount?"

"Surprise me."

David was as confused as he was hard. "I don't understand. After everything, why would you trust me? What do you get from me?"

"You understand the... intoxication... of size. I trust you not to play it safe. To not talk me out of it. That is why I want you by my side."

"Y-you do?"

She grabbed his throbbing rod through his pants, "Absolutely. I have an example to set. And every day there is another girl going under the knife with the goal to knock me off the mountain. I won't have that."

David was afraid. Denise's eyes were crazed, unblinking. Is this how he had looked like to others? "I don't know. I might relapse. Stray down the wicked path again. Cheat on you again."

"It's not cheating if I tell you to. I can't have you thinking there is such a thing as too much; as too big. If a woman comes to you to make her big, you make her bigger. If she wants to fuck you, make sure she drains you dry. It matters not to me, because if you love me, and

support me as I ask, what I will do to you will make them look like a sad wank in the shower in comparison. I only have one rule.”

“Okay.”

“If Tanya ever comes around for a fill, you will come to me immediately after and fill me bigger. Got that?”

“...yes.”

“Now get on the floor and take your pants off.”

David did as she commanded, pulling his pants and underwear off, and laid bare ass on the carpet. Denise stripped off hers as well, and got on top of him. She grabbed him by the wrists and placed his hands on her chest, having him grip her tits through her shirt.

“Grab on for the ride of your life,” she said, and he did.

As she rode him, David couldn’t help but ponder his future. Was this a good idea? How hard would he spiral this time? Would he be able to keep up? Would Denise leave him again? Would Tanya resign herself to second place, or would obsession overtake her too? Would she make an implant larger than the SHAW5000? And how soon? And how soon would Denise follow? With a future that was so uncertain, one thing was for sure: Doctor David Cooper was living the Canadian Dream.

Just want to say thanks again to everyone who has been reading and following along and leaving comments. I appreciate all of it, and hope you enjoyed the ride! Again, feel free to follow me over on DeviantArt.

<https://www.deviantart.com/toobigistoosmall>