

The Breast Size Watch

by JohnManTD

This story takes place in "The Swapping Device" universe and follows another group of characters who have found a different artifact. To read all future chapters head over to my Patreon at patreon.com/JohnManTD



Chapter 1

I slumped in the back row of the lecture hall, my notebook open but untouched, my pen dangling loosely between my fingers. Professor Daniels was rattling on about supply and demand curves, his voice a monotonous drone that seemed to lull half the class into a stupor. I glanced around, taking in the sea of students: some scribbled furiously, others stared at their laptops with glazed eyes, and a few had given up entirely, their heads resting on folded arms. The clock above the whiteboard read 2:50 PM. Ten minutes until freedom. My first month at UCLA had been a chaotic blur, and I still wasn't sure I belonged here.

At 19, I'd expected college to feel like a fresh start, a chance to reinvent myself after the awkward years of high school. But UCLA was overwhelming in a way I hadn't anticipated. The campus sprawled across acres of sun-soaked land, all palm trees and red-brick buildings, buzzing with students who seemed to have it all figured out. I'd watch them on the quad, lounging on the grass or striding purposefully toward their next class, their laughter echoing like they owned the place. Meanwhile, I felt like a ghost drifting through it all, unnoticed and out of place.

I wasn't unattractive, not really. People always called me cute, which I guess was better than nothing. My face was round, with big brown eyes and a small nose that turned up just enough to look endearing. My hair, a mousy brown, fell to my shoulders, usually pulled back in a lazy ponytail. At 5 foot 4, I had a petite build, narrow shoulders, and a slim frame that curved gently at the hips. My body wasn't bad, if you caught me in the right light or the right pair of jeans, but it wasn't the kind of figure that stopped traffic. I was just... Annie. Shy, quiet Annie, who'd rather fade into the background than step into the spotlight.

The professor finally dismissed us, and the room erupted into motion. Laptops clicked shut, backpacks zipped, and voices rose in a chorus of relief. I shoved my notebook into my bag, slung it over my shoulder, and shuffled out with the crowd. The September sun blasted me as I stepped outside, the heat thick and heavy against my skin. I squinted, tugging my ponytail tighter as I made my way across the quad. Students dotted the lawn, some sprawled out with textbooks, others tossing a frisbee or chatting under the shade of towering palms. I kept my head down, weaving through the clusters, my sneakers scuffing against the pavement.

I was halfway to the dorm when something glinted in the corner of my eye. I paused, glancing down at the ground near a wooden bench. There, half-hidden in the dirt, was a watch. Frowning, I crouched and brushed the dust off, lifting it into my hands. It was heavier than I'd expected, with a thick leather strap and a broad, masculine face. The design was rugged, all sharp edges and dark metal, like something a guy might wear to look tough. I turned it over, searching for a name or a clue about its owner, but there was nothing. Just intricate engravings curling around the edges, faint and worn.

I stood, glancing around. The quad was busy, but no one seemed to be searching for a lost watch. Maybe it had been there for hours, abandoned. Finder's keepers, right? On a whim, I slipped it onto my wrist, expecting it to hang loose and awkward. But the moment it touched my skin, a shiver ran through me. The watch shimmered, the leather softening, the metal reshaping itself. In seconds, it transformed into something delicate and feminine, a slim

rose-gold band with a small, elegant face studded with tiny crystals. It matched my outfit perfectly, the pastel blue of my top and the faded denim of my jeans. My jaw dropped, my heart thudding in my chest.

“What the...” I whispered, staring at it. Had I just seen that? I yanked it off my wrist, half-expecting it to revert to its original form, but it stayed the same, pretty and petite. I slipped it back on, and nothing happened. No shimmer, no change. Maybe I’d imagined it. The heat was getting to me, or maybe I was just tired from class. Shaking my head, I let out a nervous laugh and kept walking, the watch cool against my skin.

Back at the dorm, I pushed open the door to our cramped little room and found Mandy sprawled across her bed, thumbs flying over her phone. Mandy was my roommate and my opposite in every way. Where I was shy and reserved, she was bold and loud, always ready with a grin or a quip. She was thicker than me, with a soft belly and rounded thighs, but it worked for her. She had a pretty face, full lips, and striking green eyes that sparkled when she laughed. Her extra weight gave her curves I’d always secretly envied, especially up top. She rocked low-cut tops like it was nothing, her chest drawing eyes wherever she went. I’d catch myself staring sometimes, wishing I could trade places, just for a day.

“Hey, you!” Mandy chirped, sitting up as I dropped my bag by the door. “How was class? Did Daniels bore you to death again?”

“Pretty much,” I said, flopping onto my bed. “I think I zoned out for the last half hour.”

She snorted, tossing her phone aside. “You’re hopeless. Anyway, you’re coming to the party tonight, right? It’s at Jake’s place, and it’s gonna be huge.”

I groaned, burying my face in my pillow. “Mandy, I don’t know. Parties aren’t really my thing.”

“Oh, come on,” she said, hopping off her bed and digging through her closet. “You’ve been here a month and you’ve barely left this room. Live a little!” She pulled out a blouse, off-the-shoulder and blush-pink, and tossed it at me. “Wear this. It’ll look killer on you.”

I caught it, holding it up with a skeptical frown. It was cute, no question, with a flowy cut and soft fabric, but I could already picture how it’d hang on me. “I don’t think it’s my style,” I mumbled, but Mandy waved me off.

“It’s totally your style,” she insisted. “Try it on. And don’t even think about bailing, because I’ll drag you there myself.” She grabbed her purse, already halfway to the door. “I’m heading out to pregame, but you better show up. Shower, get cute, and meet me there, okay?”

“Fine,” I sighed, knowing resistance was futile. “I’ll be there.”

“Good girl,” she said with a wink, then slipped out, leaving me alone with the blouse and my doubts.

I stood, crossing to the mirror propped against the wall. Our dorm was small but cozy, with mismatched posters tacked up and books scattered across the desk. I held the top against my chest, imagining how it’d look. It was adorable, but I knew the truth. Clothes like this weren’t made for me. I stripped off my t-shirt and slid the blouse on, adjusting the straps. Just as I’d feared, the neckline gaped, the fabric sagging where it was meant to hug. I tugged at it, trying to make it sit right, but it was no use. My chest was too small, barely filling an A cup, and it left the top looking deflated and sad.

I glared at my reflection, frustration bubbling up. I’d always been insecure about my breasts, or lack thereof. They’d never grown in like I’d hoped, not even a little. In high school, I’d waited for that magical puberty boost, but it never came. My mom had a solid C cup, probably thanks to having me and my sister, Jess. Jess, two years older, had perky B cups that she showed off without a second thought. And me? I was stuck with these pitiful little bumps, barely enough to need a bra. My nipples were nice, I guess, small and pink, but that was small comfort when everything else was so... flat. Finding clothes that fit was a nightmare. Half the time, I felt like I belonged in the kids’ section, not the women’s.

That’s when I caught it in the mirror: the watch on my wrist was changing. The rose-gold band shimmered, morphing into a sleek silver bracelet with tiny dangling charms. The face shrank, turning delicate and feminine, a perfect match for the blouse. My breath hitched. This time, I knew I wasn’t imagining it. I stared, wide-eyed, as the transformation settled. It was real.

“Okay, no way,” I muttered, my voice trembling. I kicked off my jeans, grabbed a denim skirt from my drawer, and slipped it on. Sure enough, the watch shifted again, becoming a boho-style cuff with turquoise stones, complementing the skirt and top combo flawlessly. My heart pounded. It was adapting to my outfit, changing its style to match whatever I wore. How was that possible?

I sank onto my bed, turning the watch over in my hands. It was bizarre, but I couldn’t deny what I’d seen. Taking a deep breath, I forced myself to calm down. Maybe it was some fancy tech, like those mood rings that changed color, but way more advanced. I studied the face closer, and that’s when I realized it wasn’t a normal watch. There were hour markers, but no minute markers. Just numbers around the edge: 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 40 for the long hand.

The hands weren't moving either. The longer one was stuck on 28, labeled "band inches," and the shorter one sat on 1, labeled "bust inches."

My stomach flipped as it clicked. 28 inches was my band size, the measurement around my ribcage. And 1 inch? That was the difference between my band and my bust, making me a 28A. I didn't know much about bra sizes, since I'd never needed anything beyond a training bra, but it made sense. The watch was showing my measurements. But why? And how did it know?

Curious, I slipped it off. The hands fell limp, spinning freely like they were unattached, following gravity's pull. When I put it back on, they snapped back to 28 and 1. My mind raced. This wasn't just a style-shifting watch. It was... something else. Who would design a watch to tell you your bra size? It was absurd, but the evidence was right there on my wrist.

Then I noticed a small dial on the side, barely noticeable. My fingers hesitated, then gave it a slow spin. The "bust inches" hand crept toward 2, and a strange tingling spread across my chest, warm and itchy. I glanced down, and my eyes widened. My breasts were growing. The loose fabric of the blouse tightened as they swelled, small but noticeable, rounding out into something fuller. I stopped at 2, my breath shallow. They looked like a B cup now, a 28B, and the top hugged them perfectly.

I stumbled to the mirror, staring at myself. My chest had actual shape, a gentle curve that filled the neckline just right. I cupped my hands around them, feeling their weight, their softness. They were real. My heart hammered, a mix of shock and excitement flooding me. This couldn't be happening, but it was. I'd gone from flat to curvy in seconds, all because of a spin of a dial.

Swallowing hard, I tested it further. I found a button on the opposite side and pressed it. The hand flicked back to 1, and my breasts deflated instantly, shrinking back to their usual size. The blouse sagged again, and I felt a pang of disappointment. But now I knew I could change it. I spun the dial downward, past 1 to 0. The tingling returned, and my chest flattened completely. I looked down, seeing nothing but ribs and pecs, my nipples tiny dots on a boyish frame. It was surreal, like I'd erased my breasts entirely.

I turned back to the mirror, my curiosity burning. Slowly, I spun the dial up again, passing 2, then 3, then 4, stopping at 5. My breasts ballooned, growing heavy and full, stretching the blouse until it strained at the seams. At 28DD, they were huge, round, and firm, spilling over the neckline with a deep cleavage that made me gasp. I looked like a pinup model, my petite

frame overwhelmed by their size. My nipples pressed against the fabric, hard and sensitive, sending a shiver through me.

Then I discovered the dial's trick. I popped it out slightly, and now it controlled the band size. I turned it from 28 to 30, feeling my ribcage expand, my torso widening to match. My breasts adjusted, becoming a 30DD, still massive but more proportional. I kept going, to 32, then 34, marveling at how my body shifted, my curves growing more dramatic with each click.

At 34DD, I couldn't take it anymore. I ripped off the blouse, letting my breasts bounce free. They were breathtaking, full and soft, swaying with every movement. My nipples were larger now, pink and stiff, begging to be touched. I ran my hands over them, cupping their weight, feeling the smooth skin under my palms. They were heavy, pulling slightly at my chest, and so sensitive that even the brush of my fingers sent sparks through me.

I squeezed them gently, my thumbs circling my nipples, and a soft moan slipped out. The sensation was electric, a warm ache building deep inside me. I pressed them together, watching the cleavage deepen, then let them fall, feeling their heft as they settled. My hands roamed, exploring every inch, pinching and tugging until my breath came in short, ragged gasps. They were perfect, lush and responsive, and I couldn't get enough.

I lost track of time, playing with my new size, reveling in the power of the watch. I tried different tops from my closet, a tight tank that hugged my curves, a loose sweater that still couldn't hide them. Each time, the watch morphed to match, a silent partner in my transformation. I spun the dial back and forth, testing every size, from flat to overflowing, each change a thrill I hadn't known I craved.

Finally, I glanced at the clock. Shit. The party. I'd promised Mandy I'd go, and I was already late. I pressed the button, resetting the watch to 28A. My breasts shrank back to normal, the blouse hanging loose again. I sighed, disappointed, and grabbed my purse. But as I reached the door, I paused, looking down at myself. The top still didn't fit right, and I'd spend the night shrinking into myself, invisible as always.

A smile tugged at my lips. I didn't have to settle for that. I spun the dial to 2, then popped it out and nudged the band to 30. My chest swelled to a 30B, a subtle boost that filled the blouse perfectly, giving me a hint of cleavage without screaming for attention. Most people wouldn't notice the change, but I felt it: the extra weight, the confidence it sparked.

I stepped outside, the watch gleaming on my wrist, its secret mine alone. As I walked to Jake's place, I noticed the glances, the quick smiles from strangers. For the first time, I didn't

feel like a shadow. I felt alive, bold, ready for whatever the night would bring. And deep down, I knew this was only the start.

The moment I stepped into Jake's dorm, the party hit me like a wave. The bass pulsed through the hardwood floor, buzzing up my calves and settling into my bones. The air hung heavy with the sharp tang of cheap beer, the musk of too many sweaty bodies, and the faint sweetness of spilled punch. Dim fairy lights dangled from the ceiling, their multicolored glow casting playful shadows over the packed room. Laughter and shouts competed with the music, a relentless thrum that made my chest vibrate. I hovered near the doorway, clutching my purse strap, my pulse racing in sync with the beat. Parties always twisted my stomach into knots, like I was about to stumble through a performance I hadn't rehearsed. But tonight, something steadied me. The watch on my wrist caught the light, its cool metal a quiet promise against my skin, whispering secrets I was only beginning to understand.

I scanned the room, eyes darting through the sea of faces until I spotted Mandy by the kitchen counter. She was a beacon in the chaos, her laughter slicing through the noise like a blade. She leaned casually against the counter, her low-cut top drawing eyes as she held court with a small crowd. Mandy radiated confidence, her bright smile and easy charm pulling people in like gravity. I envied that about her, the way she owned every space she entered. But tonight, I wasn't just the quiet shadow trailing behind her. I glanced down at my chest, now a subtle 30B thanks to the watch's magic, and a smirk tugged at my lips. The black top hugged me just right, and for once, I didn't feel like I was fading into the background.

"Annie!" Mandy's voice broke through my thoughts, sharp and delighted. She waved me over, her eyes gleaming with mischief. "You're here! And that top, holy crap, it's perfect on you!"

Heat crept up my neck as I crossed the room to join her, tugging at the hem self-consciously. "Thanks. You were right about it, I guess."

Her friends turned to greet me, their gazes sweeping over me with a mix of curiosity and warmth. Jess stood tall and blonde, her sharp tongue always ready with a quip, while Priya lingered quieter, her dark eyes observant and kind. They were Mandy's inner circle, and though I'd always felt like an honorary member rather than a true fit, tonight their smiles pulled me in.

“Hey, Annie,” Jess said, tilting her head as she studied me. “You look different tonight. Did you switch up your hair or something?”

I reached up to touch my ponytail, the same messy twist I always wore. “No, it’s just the usual.”

Priya’s brow furrowed, her gaze narrowing as if she were solving a puzzle. “It’s not the hair. There’s something else. You’re glowing or whatever. You look really good.”

My cheeks burned, and I resisted the urge to glance down at my chest. The watch’s subtle tweak was working its magic, and I couldn’t help the little thrill that zipped through me.

“Thanks,” I said, keeping my voice light. “Maybe it’s the fairy lights playing tricks.”

Jess laughed, a bright, cutting sound. “No way, it’s you. You’ve got some kind of vibe going on. What’s your secret?”

I opened my mouth to deflect, but Mandy swooped in, her eyes glinting with playful suspicion. “Hold up. It’s your boobs, isn’t it? They look bigger tonight. Did you get a push-up bra or something?”

My heart stuttered, and I froze, words tangling in my throat. “What? No, I didn’t—”

“Yeah,” Priya chimed in, nodding thoughtfully. “They’re definitely fuller. That top’s doing some serious work.”

Panic clawed at me for a split second, but I forced a laugh, shrugging it off. “Oh, you know, probably just hormones. That time of the month or whatever. Makes everything swell up.”

Mandy snorted, rolling her eyes. “Come on, Annie, you’re always whining about being flat. Don’t play it down, you look hot. Own it!”

The tension in my shoulders eased as her teasing shifted the focus. I grinned, letting their compliments settle over me like a warm blanket. We slipped into easy chatter after that, the kind of aimless talk that fills a party night. Jess ranted about her psych professor’s latest impossible assignment, Priya shared a quiet story about her roommate’s latest meltdown, and Mandy dissected the playlist blaring through the speakers, declaring it a crime against taste. For once, I didn’t feel like the outsider clinging to the edges of their circle. The watch had nudged me forward, not just in size but in presence. I stood straighter, my laughter came easier, and when Jess handed me a red solo cup sloshing with something fruity and strong, I took it without overthinking.

As we talked, Jess's eyes flicked to my wrist, her brow arching. "That watch is cool as hell, by the way. Where'd you score it?"

I lifted my arm, the watch glinting under the lights. "Oh, this? Just some random store." I lied.

Priya leaned in, her curiosity piqued. "Can I take a look?"

Before I could second-guess myself, I slid it off and handed it to her. The second it left my skin, a jolt of dread shot through me. My hands flew to my chest, pressing against my breasts as if they might vanish without the watch's magic. I braced for the deflation, the humiliation of shrinking back to my usual self in front of everyone. But nothing happened. My top stayed snug, my curves intact. I let out a shaky breath, relief flooding me. Apparently, the changes stuck until I put the watch back on and reset it. Good to know.

Priya turned the watch over in her hands, tracing the delicate engravings with her fingertips. "This is gorgeous."

"Yeah, it's something," I said, smiling knowing my little secret. She handed it back with a smile, and I slipped it onto my wrist, watching as the hands twitched to 30 and 2, locking in my current 30B. No one else seemed to notice the subtle shift, and I tucked the secret close, my pulse steadying.

The party stretched on, the energy shifting as the night deepened. The music slowed, trading pounding beats for smoother, sultrier rhythms that wrapped around the room like a haze. People drifted between conversations, their voices softening, the crowd thinning as some stumbled out into the night. I sipped my second drink, the alcohol warming my veins and loosening my edges, when my eyes snagged on him across the room. Brad. My crush since the first week of freshman year, all messy dark hair and that lazy, heart-stopping smile. He leaned against the wall, chatting with a guy I vaguely recognized, his eyes crinkling as he laughed at something.

Mandy followed my gaze and elbowed me, her voice a conspiratorial whisper. "Go talk to him, Annie. You've been mooning over him forever."

I shook my head, heat flooding my face. "No way. He doesn't even know I'm alive."

She smirked, giving me a gentle shove. "Oh, please. You're killing it tonight. Just say hi. What's the worst that could happen?"

I chewed my lip, my heart hammering. She had a point. Normally, I'd shrink from the idea of approaching him, but tonight felt electric, like the watch had rewired me from the inside out. The buzz of the drinks, the confidence humming through me, it all pushed me forward. "Okay," I said, sucking in a breath. "I'm doing it."

Mandy flashed me a triumphant grin, her thumbs-up a silent cheer as I turned and started across the room. The crowd parted just enough, my pulse loud in my ears, drowning out the music. Halfway there, I glanced down at my chest. The 30B was decent, sure, but the alcohol made me bold, reckless. What if I gave myself a little more? My fingers brushed the watch, spinning the dial slowly. A tingle raced through me as my breasts swelled, the fabric of my top stretching tight across a new 30D. My cleavage deepened, the neckline dipping low and daring. It was a risk, my friends would definitely notice if they saw me now, but I'd just switch back before I ran into them again. For now, this was for Brad.

He looked up as I approached, his eyes catching on my chest before flicking to my face. A slow, appreciative smile curved his lips. "Hey," he said, his voice warm and smooth, like honey over gravel. "You're Annie, right? From psych?"

I blinked, caught off guard that he knew my name. "Yeah, that's me. And you're Brad?"

He nodded, stepping closer, his presence filling the space between us. "Yep. I've seen you in class, but we've never really talked. Nice to meet you for real."

"Same," I said, my voice steadier than I expected. "I didn't think you'd remember me."

His smile widened, those crinkles at the corners of his eyes making my stomach flip. "You're hard to miss, trust me."

I laughed, the compliment throwing me off balance in the best way. "Thanks. You're not too forgettable yourself."

He chuckled, leaning in just enough that I caught a whiff of his cologne, something woody and clean. "So, what brings you over here? Bored of the party already?"

"No, it's fun," I said, swirling my drink. "Just figured I'd say hi. You looked like you were having a good time over here."

"Better now," he said, his tone teasing but his eyes steady on mine. "How's psych treating you? That last lecture was brutal."

“Oh my God, right?” I groaned, relaxing into the conversation. “I swear, Professor Hale wants us to memorize the entire textbook by next week.”

He grinned, sipping his beer. “Yeah, I’ve been living off coffee and spite just to keep up. You in any study groups?”

“Not yet,” I admitted. “I’ve been winging it solo, but I might need to rethink that.”

“You should join ours,” he said, casual but genuine. “We meet up in the library sometimes. Could use someone who actually takes decent notes.”

I raised an eyebrow, smirking. “What makes you think my notes are decent?”

“Just a hunch,” he said, his gaze dipping to my chest again before snapping back up. “You seem like you’ve got it together.”

I noticed the glance, the way his eyes lingered just a beat too long, and a thrill shot through me. I didn’t call him out, though. Instead, I shifted my weight, arching my back slightly to let him look. The attention felt electric, a rush I’d never dared to chase before. “Thanks,” I said, keeping my tone playful. “I’ll think about it. What’s your major, anyway?”

“Business,” he said, shrugging. “Not my dream or anything, but my dad’s big on it. Keeps me busy. You?”

“Undecided,” I said, twirling a strand of hair around my finger. “My parents want something practical, but I’m leaning toward design or maybe art. Something less soul-crushing.”

His eyes lit up, and he nodded. “That’s badass. You should do it. Screw practical, life’s too short.”

“Exactly,” I said, warmth blooming in my chest. “Maybe I will.”

We kept talking, the party fading into a dull hum around us. Brad was easy to like, his dry humor and quick wit pulling me in, and he listened when I spoke, his focus unwavering. He stole glances at my chest every now and then, subtle enough to be deniable but enough to keep my skin buzzing. We swapped stories about classes, laughed about the guy passed out on the couch nearby, and debated the merits of the dorm’s questionable snacks. Time slipped away, my drink long empty, when he leaned in closer, his voice dropping. “Hey, it’s getting loud in here. Want to head back to my place? It’s quieter, we can keep hanging out.”

My heart lurched, a wild mix of nerves and excitement flooding me. The alcohol hummed in my blood, and I nodded before I could overthink it. "Sure, that sounds awesome!"

He grinned, but I caught the eager edge in my voice and dialed it back, clearing my throat. "I mean, yeah, that'd be cool."

"Sweet," he said, taking my hand. His fingers laced through mine, warm and sure, as we wove through the crowd and out into the night. The cool air hit my flushed skin, sharpening my senses as we crossed campus, his dorm just a few buildings away. My mind spun, giddy and unsteady. I was going back to Brad's place, the watch still gleaming on my wrist, its secret tucked tight against my racing pulse. Whatever happened next, I was all in.

I stumbled through the door of Brad's dorm, the world tilting slightly from the buzz of too many drinks. The room was empty, a quiet haven away from the pulsing chaos of the party we'd just left. The air felt still, heavy with the scent of worn textbooks, a hint of his cologne, and the faint musk of a space lived in by a college guy. A single desk lamp glowed in the corner, spilling soft light across the rumpled bed and the scattered clothes on the floor. My pulse raced, a mix of nerves and excitement, as Brad kicked the door shut behind us. He turned to me, his eyes catching the dim light, and before I could catch my breath, he was on me.

His lips found mine, hot and insistent, tasting of beer and something sweeter I couldn't place. I pressed myself against him, my hands gripping his shoulders as our tongues danced, sloppy and eager. His fingers slid up my sides, brushing the edges of my top, and then his hands were on my breasts, cupping them through the fabric. A shockwave ripped through me, sharp and electric, unlike anything I'd ever felt. At a 30D, they weren't massive by most standards, but compared to the barely-there A-cups I'd lived with my whole life, they felt enormous, alien, thrilling. Every squeeze, every press of his palms sent jolts straight to my core, and I didn't know what to do with it. I'd never had tits like this to play with, to feel, and the sensation was overwhelming, like my body was waking up for the first time.

We staggered toward the bed, a clumsy tangle of limbs and laughter, the alcohol making us bold and careless. My top came off in a rush, yanked over my head and tossed aside, and I felt the cool air hit my skin. My breasts bounced free, full and heavy, and I caught Brad's sharp inhale, his eyes widening as he stared. I was a little drunk, my head swimming, and I climbed onto the bed, kneeling in front of him. My hands went to my tits, squeezing and kneading them, trying to put on a show. It was awkward, fumbling, like I was handling

something that didn't belong to me. I'd never had curves like this before, never had to figure out how to make them look sexy, and it showed. My fingers pressed too hard, then too soft, unsure and uncoordinated. But Brad didn't seem to care. His gaze was locked on me, hungry and glazed, his own buzz keeping him oblivious to my inexperience. He licked his lips, stripping off his shirt, and I forgot my clumsiness, caught up in the heat of his stare.

The air between us crackled as he closed the distance, his hands replacing mine. His touch was rougher, more confident, and I moaned as he teased my nipples, rolling them between his fingers until they ached. My skin flushed hot, my breath coming in short gasps as he pulled me down onto the bed. His mouth trailed down my neck, leaving a wet path that made me shiver, and then his lips closed around my nipple, sucking hard. I arched into him, a cry slipping out, my hands tangling in his hair. He growled against my skin, the vibration sending another wave of pleasure through me, and I felt myself unraveling, lost in the newness of it all. His hands roamed lower, tugging at my jeans, and I helped him, kicking them off until I was bare beneath him. He shed his own clothes in a hurry, his erection straining against his boxers before he freed it, and I watched, mesmerized.

I pushed him onto his back, climbing over him, my thighs straddling his hips. It had been six months since I'd last had sex, six months of pent-up need, and now it was spilling out of me, wild and unrestrained. I guided him inside me, sinking down slowly, feeling the stretch, the fullness, and a low, guttural moan tore from my throat. I started to move, rocking my hips, finding a rhythm that made my whole body sing. The alcohol loosened my inhibitions, and I didn't care how loud I was, my moans echoing off the walls, raw and shameless. Brad's hands gripped my waist, then slid up to my tits, squeezing them as I rode him. The pressure, the heat, it was too much, and in a haze of lust, I reached for the watch, my fingers fumbling with the dial. I didn't think, didn't hesitate, just turned it, pushing my breasts from a 30D to a 36E.

The tingling hit instantly, a warm rush spreading through my chest as my tits began to grow. I felt the skin stretch, the weight increase, my ribcage staying steady at 30 inches while the bust swelled, the cups deepening. Brad's hands were still on me, his fingers splaying wider as my breasts expanded in his grip. I saw the flicker of confusion in his eyes, his brow furrowing, but he was too drunk, too turned on to question it. "Fuck, Annie," he groaned, his voice thick, his palms pressing harder as he kneaded the growing flesh. I looked down, watching my tits swell, the sight dizzying, intoxicating. They bounced with every thrust, fuller and heavier, the motion hypnotic. I loved it, the feel of them shifting, the way they responded to every movement, every squeeze. My moans grew louder, wilder, as I rode him harder, chasing the edge.

We shifted, my body slick with sweat, and I rolled onto my hands and knees. Brad didn't hesitate, positioning himself behind me and sliding back in. My tits hung low, pendulous and swaying as he pounded into me, the sensation amplified by their new size. Each thrust sent them swinging, brushing the sheets, the friction against my nipples driving me insane. It wasn't enough. I needed more, craved more. My hand shook as I reached for the necklace again, spinning the dial to its maximum: a 40 band size and 12 inches of bust. The change was immediate, intense. My torso stretching to a 40-inch band to accommodate the increased size, while my breasts exploded outward, the bust measurement rocketing to 12 inches, a 40J or something even bigger. They ballooned, heavy and massive, drooping low, their weight pulling me down until they grazed the bed.

Brad grabbed my hips, his thrusts relentless, then spun me onto my back. I sprawled beneath him, my enormous tits spreading across my chest, spilling over my sides. He entered me again, his eyes locked on my breasts as they continued to grow, the skin taut and smooth, the nipples huge and hypersensitive. I groped them, my hands sinking into the soft, endless flesh, feeling them expand beneath my fingers. They were monstrous, each one dwarfing my head, and I couldn't get enough of it. Brad's gaze was wild, disbelief warring with lust, but he didn't stop, couldn't stop. He fucked me harder, his rhythm faltering as he neared his peak. Finally, he pulled out, stroking himself until he came, his release splattering across my massive tits, warm and sticky, pooling in the valley between them.

We collapsed onto the bed, breathless and spent. Brad's arm flopped over me, his breathing evening out as he slipped into a drunken sleep almost instantly. I lay there, my fingers tracing the curves of my enormous breasts, marveling at their size, their weight. A lazy smile spread across my face as the alcohol pulled me under, lulling me into a deep, contented slumber.

I jolted awake, my heart pounding, the room still cloaked in pre-dawn darkness. The clock glowed 5:00 AM, and Brad was out cold beside me, his snores soft and steady. I needed to pee, so I swung my legs over the side of the bed, but as I stood, my tits flopped forward, their sheer mass nearly toppling me. I stumbled, grabbing the nightstand, my breath catching. They were enormous, impossibly large, hanging down past my waist, their weight a constant pull. The skin was stretched tight and my nipples jutted out, thick and prominent, begging for attention. Now sober, the reality hit me like a freight train. They were sexy, yes, obscene and glorious, but also terrifyingly impractical. I couldn't move without them swaying, slapping against my stomach, a hypnotic, pendulous dance that made my knees weak.

Mortified, I waddled to the bathroom, each step a struggle as they bounced and shifted. I flicked on the light, and the mirror revealed the full extent of it. Holy fucking shit. My tits dominated my frame, obscuring my navel, spilling over my ribcage like twin mountains of flesh. They were so big I had to lean sideways to see my stomach. I lifted them, my hands sinking into the softness, and felt a pang of awe mixed with dread. How had I let it go this far? I couldn't live like this, couldn't even walk properly.

Panic clawed at me, and my hands flew to the watch, pressing the reset button with trembling fingers. The dial spun back to 30 and 4, a 30D, and I felt the relief as my body shifted. My ribcage shrank to its familiar 30 inches, my torso slimming, while my breasts deflated, the bust dropping to a manageable D cup. They settled into a perky, full shape, still bigger than my natural size but believable, something Brad wouldn't question. I gave them a gentle squeeze, the sensation grounding me, and let out a shaky laugh. I'd survived the night, barely. I tiptoed back to bed, slipping under the covers beside Brad's sleeping form. He didn't stir, and I closed my eyes, the wild memories swirling as I drifted back to sleep, the watch's secret tucked safely away.

Chapter 2



My eyes flutter open, and the soft, muted light of Brad's dorm room slipped through the slats of the blinds, painting faint stripes across the tangled mess of sheets around me. I blinked a

few times, my head still swimming in the groggy aftermath of sleep and the fuzzy remnants of last night's drinks. Beside me, Brad lay sprawled out, his chest rising and falling with slow, even breaths. His arm rested lazily across my waist, pinning me gently in place. I shifted my wrist, and there it was, the watch, no longer the bold, chunky piece I'd worn last night. Instead, it had transformed into a delicate silver bracelet, its tiny face understated and perfectly suited to my current state: half-naked, wrapped in nothing but Brad's oversized t-shirt and the lingering warmth of the night before. It was as if the watch had sensed where I was, what I was doing, and adjusted itself to fit the moment, blending into the intimacy of the morning.

I moved slightly, trying to ease the stiffness in my limbs, and Brad stirred beside me. His eyes cracked open, heavy with sleep, and a slow, lopsided smile spread across his face as he registered me lying there. "Morning," he mumbled, his voice rough and gravelly, the kind of sound that sent a little shiver down my spine.

"Morning," I echoed, my own voice quieter, tinged with a shyness I couldn't quite shake. The memories of last night came rushing back in a vivid, chaotic wave, the heat of it all flashing through my mind. We'd been reckless, wild, caught up in a whirlwind of laughter and touch, and the watch had been right there with us, amplifying everything. I wondered how much of it he remembered, how much he'd chalk up to reality versus the blur of alcohol. His smile told me he remembered enough to feel good about it, and that was enough for me.

We lingered there for a moment, wrapped in the hazy glow of the morning, neither of us in a hurry to break the spell. Eventually, Brad stretched, his arm sliding off me as he propped himself up on one elbow. His hand drifted lazily up my side, his fingers brushing against the curve of my breast through the thin cotton of his shirt. He paused there, his brow furrowing slightly, and then he gave my chest a gentle, curious squeeze. My breath caught, and I watched his face as confusion flickered across it. "Huh," he said, his tone puzzled, almost like he was talking to himself.

I let out a little giggle, trying to keep things light even as my pulse quickened. "What's up?" I asked, tilting my head to meet his gaze.

He shook his head, still frowning faintly, his fingers lingering for a second before he pulled his hand back. "I could've sworn," he started, then hesitated, scratching the back of his neck. "Like, you were so... I don't know, bigger last night? Way bigger. But I must've been hammered or something. Never mind."

My heart did a little flip, but I forced another laugh, brushing it off with a casual shrug. "Yeah, probably just the drinks messing with you. Everything gets kinda blurry, right?" I kept my voice airy, playful, praying he wouldn't push it further.

Brad nodded, accepting it with an easy grin, and I let out a silent breath of relief. He must've figured it was all in his head, some drunken exaggeration blending into the chaos of the night. The watch's magic had worked its charm, and he didn't seem inclined to question it. Thank God. The last thing I needed was him piecing together something I couldn't explain, not when I was still figuring it out myself.

We stayed there a little longer, basking in the quiet comfort of the moment, before Brad finally stretched again and swung his legs over the side of the bed. "Last night was awesome," he said, turning to look at me with that warm, genuine smile of his. "You're... I don't know, Annie, you're something else."

Warmth bloomed in my chest, and I grinned back at him, feeling a little giddy. "Yeah, same here. It was... unforgettable." That was an understatement, but I didn't have the words to capture it all, not without spilling secrets I wasn't ready to share.

He leaned down, pressing a quick, soft kiss to my lips, and then we started the awkward shuffle of getting dressed in the cramped space of his dorm room. I tugged on my jeans and top from the night before, the watch shifting seamlessly back to its everyday style as I buttoned up, the delicate bracelet morphing into something more casual but still chic. Brad walked me to the door, his hand resting lightly on my lower back, and we shared one last kiss, a lingering promise of something more, before I stepped out into the hallway. My heart was still fluttering as I made my way down the stairs and out into the crisp morning air.

The walk back to my dorm was the textbook definition of a walk of shame: wrinkled clothes, messy hair, the faint scent of Brad's cologne clinging to me. But I didn't feel ashamed, not even close. If anything, I felt alive, buzzing with a confidence I hadn't known I could carry. My breasts, still set at the 30D I'd dialed in for Brad, swung gently beneath my top with each step, a subtle but constant reminder of the power tucked away on my wrist. I caught a few bleary-eyed stares from other students stumbling back to their own rooms, their night's adventures written in the slump of their shoulders, but I didn't shrink away like I might have before. For once, I didn't mind the attention. I felt bold, untouchable, like I was in on a secret they'd never guess.

When I finally pushed open the door to my dorm, I was greeted by the sight of Mandy sprawled across her bed, her laptop perched precariously on her lap and a half-empty bag of

chips spilling crumbs onto her blanket. She didn't even look up at first, too engrossed in whatever she was watching, but as I kicked off my shoes and flopped onto my own bed with a happy sigh, her head snapped up. Her eyes widened as she took me in, and a slow, teasing grin spread across her face. "Well, well, look who's back," she said, her voice dripping with mock surprise. "Had a good night, did we?"

I stretched out on my bed, a wide grin splitting my face as I let out another contented sigh. "You could say that," I replied, unable to keep the smugness out of my tone. It had been a good night, better than good, and I wasn't about to pretend otherwise.

Mandy sat up, swinging her legs off the bed as her gaze sharpened, zeroing in on me like a hawk. "Wait a second," she said, her voice shifting from teasing to outright shock. "What the fuck happened to your tits, girl?"

My stomach plummeted, and I bolted upright, my hands flying to my chest in a panic. Shit. Shit. I'd forgotten to change back. My breasts were still at the 30D I'd set for Brad, a stark contrast to the barely-there A-cups I'd had when I left last night. Mandy's eyes were huge, her mouth hanging open as she stared at me, and I could practically see the gears turning in her head.

"Annie, seriously, what the hell?" she demanded, her voice pitching up as she leaned forward. "You walked out of here last night with, like, nothing, and now you're stacked. How is that even possible?"

I fumbled for an answer, my mind racing as I tried to come up with something, anything, that wouldn't sound completely insane. "I, uh, it's just... hormones or something," I stammered, clutching my chest like I could hide the evidence. "You know, they swell up sometimes. It happens."

Mandy crossed her arms, her expression flat and utterly unimpressed. "Bullshit," she said, cutting through my flimsy excuse like a knife. "You don't go from flat to that overnight. Spill it, Annie. What's going on?"

I bit my lip, my heart hammering against my ribs. There was no dodging this. Mandy was like a bloodhound when she wanted answers, relentless and unyielding, and she wasn't going to let this go until I gave her something real. With a resigned sigh, I reached for the watch, holding it up between us. "It's this," I said, my voice barely above a whisper. "It's... magic or something. It changes my breast size."

Mandy's eyebrows shot up, skepticism etched into every line of her face. "Magic?" she repeated, her tone dripping with disbelief. "Come on, Annie, that's the dumbest thing I've ever heard."

"I'm serious," I insisted, meeting her gaze even as my nerves jittered. "Watch." I slipped the watch off my wrist, and the hands fell limp, spinning freely for a moment before I slid it back on. The hands snapped into place, pointing to 30 and 4, reflecting my current 30D. Then, slowly, I turned the dial down, feeling the familiar tingle as my breasts shrank back to their natural size, the fabric of my top sagging slightly as the magic receded.

Mandy's jaw dropped, her eyes widening until they looked like they might pop out of her head. "Holy shit," she breathed, staring at me like I'd just grown a second head. "You're not kidding."

I shook my head, a nervous laugh bubbling up from my chest. "Nope. It's real. I found it yesterday, and it's... it's incredible." I spent a few minutes explaining how it worked.

She stared at me for a long moment, then reached out, her fingers brushing the watch with a mix of caution and curiosity. "Can I try it?" she asked, her voice tentative but brimming with excitement.

I hesitated, then nodded, slipping it off and handing it to her. The moment it touched her skin, the watch shimmered, morphing into a chunky, boho-style cuff that matched her eclectic vibe, all woven leather and mismatched beads. Mandy gasped, her eyes lighting up as she turned it over in her hands. "This is wild," she said, her voice awed. She glanced at the face, where the hands had shifted to reflect her own measurements, a 34D. "And it just... changes your boobs?"

"Yeah," I said, watching as she studied it. "You can increase or decrease your bust size, and if you pop the dial out, you can even adjust your band size."

Mandy's eyes gleamed with mischief. Slowly, she turned the dial, and I watched as her breasts began to swell, the fabric of her tank top stretching tight across her chest. She let out a soft, surprised moan, her hands instinctively cupping the growing curves. "Oh my God," she said, looking down at herself in wonder. "This feels amazing."

I couldn't help but laugh, the sound spilling out of me as I watched her revel in it. "Right? It's addictive."

We spent the next hour lost in experimentation, passing the watch back and forth like kids with a new toy. Mandy cranked her bust up to a 36F, giggling hysterically as she wobbled under the weight, then shrank herself down to a 32A, marveling at how light and free she felt. I played with my own settings, widening my band size to 36 and boosting my bust to a 36C, enjoying the broader, sturdier feel of my frame. The watch was flawless, its magic smooth and effortless, and we couldn't get enough of it. Every adjustment brought a new rush, a new perspective, and we fed off each other's excitement, the room filling with laughter and gasps.

Eventually, we both reset to our natural sizes, the thrill tapering off as reality crept back in. Mandy flopped onto her bed, her expression shifting to something more thoughtful. "Okay, but seriously," she said, propping herself up on her elbows. "Too bad it can't do more than alter boob sizes. What dude designed this anyway?"

I burst out laughing, the absurdity of it hitting me all at once, and she joined in, our voices bouncing off the walls. "Right?" I said between gasps. "Like, of all the things to enchant, this is what they picked? It's borderline useless!"

When the laughter died down, Mandy sat up again, a mischievous grin tugging at her lips. "Maybe not completely useless... I was planning on going for a run later," she said, tapping the watch against her palm. "Can I borrow it? I want to shrink my tits down so they're not bouncing all over the place."

I grinned, nodding enthusiastically. "Yeah, totally. It's actually super practical for that."

Mandy slipped the watch back on, adjusting the dial until her bust shrank to a manageable 32B. She stood up, bouncing on her toes to test it out, and her face lit up. "This is perfect," she said, then glanced at me. "Hey, can I borrow one of your small sports bras too? Mine are all too big now."

"Sure," I said, digging through my drawer to find one. I tossed it to her, and she caught it with a grin, pulling it on and adjusting the straps until it fit snugly against her reduced chest. She looked lighter, more streamlined, and I could see the relief in her posture. The watch even shifted to look more like a sports watch.

"Thanks, Annie," she said, slipping the watch off and handing it back to me. "You're the best. I'll be back in an hour or so." She gave me a quick hug, then bounded out the door, leaving me alone in the quiet of our dorm.

I stretched out across my bed, the dorm room silent save for the low hum of the air conditioner and the occasional burst of laughter filtering in from the courtyard below. The watch gleamed under the soft light of my bedside lamp, its silver band cool against my skin, the hands resting at 28 and 1, a quiet reflection of my natural 28A chest. I rolled onto my back, kicking the blankets aside, and let my fingers drift to the dial. Last night's experiments still lingered in my mind, a heady mix of excitement and disbelief, and with the room to myself, I couldn't resist the urge to play again.

My thumb brushed the dial, and I gave it a gentle twist, nudging the "bust inches" hand from 1 to 2. A familiar warmth blossomed across my chest, soft and inviting, like stepping into a sunbeam. My breasts began to swell, the skin stretching ever so slightly as they rounded out into a perky B-cup. I propped myself up on my elbows, watching the subtle transformation, feeling the new weight settle lightly against my ribcage. My hands slid up, cupping them, and I marveled at how they filled my palms, soft and pliant, the faintest bounce to them as I shifted. My nipples stiffened under my touch, sending a shiver of pleasure through me, and I let out a quiet sigh. It was delicious, this slow expansion, the way the sensation built layer by layer.

I wasn't ready to stop. With a flick of my wrist, I turned the dial back down to 1, and the warmth receded, my breasts shrinking back to their original size. The loss left a faint ache, a teasing reminder of what I'd just felt, and I bit my lip, already craving more. I twisted the dial again, this time pushing it to 3. The heat returned, stronger now, and my breasts swelled past B to a full C-cup. They sat higher, heavier, their curves more pronounced against my slim frame. I squeezed them gently, feeling the flesh yield under my fingers, and traced circles around my nipples, coaxing a low moan from my throat. The sensitivity was sharper, each touch igniting little sparks that danced down my spine. I rocked my hips against the mattress, caught up in the rhythm of it, the pleasure weaving through me like a thread.

Back and forth I went, dialing up to 4, then down to 2, up to 3, then back to 1, each shift a new wave of sensation. At D-cup, they felt substantial, spilling slightly over my hands, the weight tugging at my shoulders as I arched my back. Down to B, they were light again, perky and manageable, but the craving for more gnawed at me. I lingered at each size, savoring the stretch, the fullness, the way my body responded with every adjustment. My breath came faster, my skin flushed with heat, and I lost myself in the game, the watch a magician's tool bending reality to my whims. But after a while, the repetition dulled the thrill. I'd danced this dance already, and curiosity whispered a new challenge: how far could it really go?

I sat up, swinging my legs over the edge of the bed, and pressed the reset button. The hands snapped back to 28 and 1, and my chest returned to its familiar flatness, a blank canvas once more. I stood, shedding my clothes in a quick, impulsive flurry, my T-shirt and shorts pooling on the floor, followed by my bra and panties. Naked now, I glanced at the watch, and it shimmered, its design shifting before my eyes. The ornate band simplified into a sleek, minimalist strap, the face smooth and unobtrusive, as if tailored to my bare state. I caught my reflection in the mirror propped against the wall, my petite frame laid bare: narrow shoulders, a slim waist, hips that barely flared. My breasts were small, modest bumps crowned with pink nipples, and while I'd grown fond of them, I wanted to see them transformed, pushed beyond anything I'd dared before.

I stepped closer to the mirror, my fingers hovering over the dial, and gave it a slow twist to 2. The warmth returned, and my breasts swelled to a B-cup, round and pert, a gentle enhancement to my slight figure. I turned side to side, admiring the way they sat, the subtle heft noticeable but easy. My hands explored them, feeling the softness, the way they moved with my breath. It was a start, but I was just warming up. Another twist, and the hand ticked to 3. My breasts grew to a C-cup, their curves deepening, the weight more pronounced as they pressed against my chest. I cupped them, lifting slightly, and the skin felt taut, the flesh warm and yielding. My nipples tingled as I brushed them, a quiet hum of pleasure building in my core. It was lovely, but I craved more.

I turned the dial to 4, and my breasts expanded to a D-cup, full and heavy, their shape dominating my frame. They spilled over my hands, too big to hold completely, and I could feel the pull in my shoulders as I adjusted to the load. I ran my fingers along the underside, tracing the curve where they met my ribs, and pinched my nipples lightly, drawing a sharp gasp. The sensation was richer now, a deeper ache that stirred something primal in me. My reflection showed a body shifting into unfamiliar territory, and the sight fueled my resolve. I twisted the dial to 5, and they swelled to a DD-cup, lush and dramatic, their weight tugging me forward slightly. The skin stretched tight, faint stretch marks blooming along the sides, but they were gorgeous, ripe and inviting. I kneaded them, my fingers sinking into the softness, and the pleasure sharpened, a pulse of heat blooming between my thighs.

But I wasn't satisfied. I needed to test the watch's limits, to feel its full power unleashed. I turned the dial to 6, and my breasts ballooned to an E-cup, heavy and pendulous, hanging lower on my chest. They were too much for my hands now, spilling over my forearms as I tried to lift them, and the effort sent a thrill through me. My nipples, thicker and more prominent, jutted out, hypersensitive to every touch, and I whimpered as I teased them, the pleasure bordering on pain. Another twist to 7, and they reached an F-cup, their size

overwhelming my petite frame. The weight dragged at me, forcing me to brace myself against the bed, and I could feel the strain in my back, a delicious tension that mingled with the arousal flooding my senses.

I glanced at the mirror, barely recognizing myself. My breasts dominated my reflection, obscene and magnificent, their mass dwarfing the rest of me. But I wasn't done. I wanted the extreme, the impossible. With a trembling hand, I pushed the dial to 8, then 9, watching as they swelled to a G-cup, then an H. Each increment came faster, the growth accelerating, and they hung lower, brushing my stomach, their heft pulling me off balance. At 12, they were beyond comprehension, each breast larger than my torso, stretching past my hips, their weight an unrelenting force. The skin gleamed, stretched to its limit, faint veins threading beneath the surface, and my nipples were massive, thick and pink, aching with every slight movement.

I tried to stand, but the mass was too much. My breasts dragged me down, their sheer size toppling me forward. I stumbled, catching myself on the bed, but my legs buckled, and I fell onto them, the soft, pillowy flesh cushioning my collapse. I lay there, sprawled across my own chest, their warmth enveloping me like a cocoon. They pressed against my stomach, my thighs, spilling out on either side, nearly reaching my knees. The weight pinned me, a strange mix of burden and comfort, and I ran my hands over them, tracing the impossible curves, feeling the silky softness beneath my palms. It was absurd, erotic beyond reason, and utterly overwhelming. My fingers found my nipples, barely reachable, and the jolt of pleasure made me moan, long and low, my body trembling with the intensity.

I lost track of time, adrift in the haze of sensation, my mind clouded with the sheer excess of it all. The watch had turned me into something surreal, a creature of fantasy, and I reveled in it, every nerve alight with the thrill. My breasts were a landscape of their own, vast and heavy, and I sank into them, letting the pleasure wash over me in waves. It was insane, indulgent, and perfect, a secret only the watch and I shared. My breath hitched, my pulse pounded, and I might have stayed there forever, lost in my own creation, if the door hadn't swung open.

Mandy stood framed in the doorway, her running shoes still on, her face a mask of shock. Her mouth dropped open, eyes wide as she took in the sight of me sprawled across the floor, my breasts an impossible sprawl beneath me. "Annie, what the hell?" she blurted, her voice a mix of disbelief and alarm.

I blinked, the spell shattering, and heat rushed to my cheeks. "Mandy, I, uh, I was just testing it," I stammered, pushing against the bed to sit up, but my breasts held me down, their weight an anchor I couldn't shift.

She hurried over, dropping to her knees beside me, her expression softening into concern. "Hold on, let me help," she said, her fingers finding the watch on my wrist. She pressed the reset button, and the hands snapped back to 28 and 1. The transformation was instant, my breasts shrinking back to their natural size, the crushing weight lifting like a dream fading at dawn. I exhaled, shaky and relieved, as my body returned to its familiar lightness.

Mandy gripped my arms, steadying me as I sat up, then helped me to my feet. "You okay?" she asked, her tone gentle but tinged with a wry amusement.

I nodded, catching my breath, a laugh bubbling up despite myself. "Yeah, I'm fine. I just, you know, got carried away."

She grinned, shaking her head as she glanced at the watch. "No kidding. But at least now we know what it's capable of."

I slumped against the edge of my bed, my chest still heaving from the wild ride I'd just taken with the watch. My skin prickled with a mix of exhilaration and lingering sensitivity, every nerve buzzing as if it hadn't quite caught up with my brain. Mandy stood a few feet away, her arms crossed, her lips twitching like she was trying not to laugh. I caught her eye and felt my face flush, a sheepish grin tugging at my mouth. "Okay, so, I might've gone a little overboard," I said, my voice wobbling with a giggle I couldn't hold back. "I just wanted to see what it could do, you know? How far it could push things."

Mandy's restraint broke, and she let out a snort, her ponytail bouncing as she shook her head. "A little overboard? Annie, I walked in here after my run, and you were basically a human balloon! I thought I was gonna have to pop you with a pin to get you back to normal." Her words sent me into a fit of laughter, the kind that starts in your belly and spills out uncontrollably. I clutched my stomach, tears prickling at the corners of my eyes as the absurdity of it all washed over me. Mandy joined in, her laughter bright and infectious, and for a moment, the room was just us, two friends cackling over the ridiculousness of a magical watch that could turn me into a walking caricature.

As the giggles faded, I wiped my eyes and leaned back, catching my breath. "We've got to be careful with this thing, though," I said, my tone sobering even as a smile lingered. "It's so easy to get carried away, and I don't want to, like, accidentally break myself or something."

Mandy nodded, her expression shifting to something softer, more thoughtful. "Yeah, you're right. It's fun, but it's powerful. We can't just mess around without thinking." Her agreement settled me, grounding the chaotic energy still humming through my veins. I felt a rush of gratitude for her, for the way she didn't judge me even after walking in on... well, that.

Before I could say anything else, Mandy's eyes lit up, that spark of mischief I knew so well flaring to life. "Speaking of messing around," she said, plopping down on her bed and leaning forward, elbows on her knees. "I had an idea while I was out running. A really good one." I tilted my head, curiosity piqued. "Oh yeah? What kind of idea?" She grinned, a slow, conspiratorial spread of her lips that made my stomach flutter with anticipation. "Okay, so you remember how I told you about my ex, Jake? The one who was super into breast expansion stuff?"

I blinked, the memory clicking into place. "Yeah, you said he showed you all those weird websites with stories and comics and whatever." Mandy nodded eagerly, her excitement building. "Exactly. He was obsessed. Used to spend hours scrolling through these sites, showing me all these crazy drawings and stories about women's boobs growing bigger and bigger. I thought it was kind of goofy at first, but he was so into it, and honestly, it was kind of fascinating in a weird way." I nodded, trying to keep up, though I wasn't sure where she was going with this.

"Well," she continued, her voice dropping to a hushed, excited tone, "there's this new thing online now. People are using AI to make videos where it looks like women's breasts are expanding in real time. Like, super realistic simulations. They tweak the footage or generate it from scratch, and it's all over these forums and subreddits. People go wild for it." I frowned, my brow furrowing as I tried to connect the dots. "Okay, but... what does that have to do with us?" Mandy's grin widened, and she leaned in closer, like she was about to share the juiciest secret. "Annie, we've got the real thing. With the watch, we can make actual breast expansion videos, and they'd blow all that fake AI stuff out of the water. We could record ourselves, upload them to those sites, and maybe even start an OnlyFans. We'd just say it's some cutting-edge AI model we invented, and no one would ever suspect it's real."

My jaw dropped, her words hitting me like a tidal wave. "Wait, what? You mean... we'd make money off this?" Mandy clapped her hands together, practically bouncing with enthusiasm. "Yes! Think about it. We post some teaser videos on those breast expansion subreddits, build up a following, and then launch a paid site for exclusive content. People would lose their minds over how good it looks, because it's not AI, it's us." I stared at her, my mind racing. It was insane, but the way she said it made it sound almost plausible. Still, a knot of

confusion twisted in my gut. "I don't know, Mandy. How would that even work? And isn't that, like, risky?"

She waved a hand, brushing off my doubts like they were nothing. "We'd be smart about it. Keep our faces out of the shots, use weird angles, whatever it takes. And since we're pretending it's AI, no one's going to question how it's possible. They'll just think we're tech wizards or something." I chewed my lip, the idea swirling around in my head. It was wild, reckless, and a little terrifying, but there was a thrill in it too, a spark of something adventurous I hadn't felt before.

Mandy's face lit up like a kid on Christmas morning. "Gimme the watch." I hesitated for half a second before slipping it off my wrist and handing it over. The moment it touched her skin, the watch shimmered, morphing from its sleek, minimalist design into a chunky, boho-style cuff with woven leather straps, perfectly suited to her free-spirited vibe. "Love it," she said, admiring it for a moment before turning to my dresser. "Now, I need one of your small bralettes." I raised an eyebrow but didn't argue, rummaging through my drawer until I found a soft, pale blue one that barely fit me anymore. I tossed it to her, and she caught it with a grin, slipping it on over her sports bra.

The bralette hugged her chest snugly, fitting her smaller B-cups perfectly, a size she'd dialed down to for her run earlier. She adjusted the straps, making sure it sat just right, then grabbed her phone from the bed. "Okay, time for a demo," she said, her voice buzzing with excitement. I watched, half-curious, half-nervous, as she propped her phone up on the desk, angling it carefully to capture her torso while keeping her head out of frame. She took a deep breath, flashed me a quick wink, and hit record.

"Oh god," she said, her voice dripping with mock surprise, "that pill I just took... it feels like it's working. Oh god, what's happening?" She paused, her hands hovering near her chest, building the drama. Then, with a subtle flick of her wrist, she turned the dial on the watch, keeping it just out of the camera's view. My breath caught as I watched her breasts begin to swell, the transformation starting slow and deliberate. The bralette tightened, the fabric stretching as her chest expanded from a B to a C, then a D, the seams creaking faintly under the pressure. Mandy let out a soft, theatrical moan, her hands cupping her growing breasts, squeezing them with exaggerated flair. "Oh my god, they're getting so big," she gasped, her tone breathy and over-the-top.

I stood there, frozen, my cheeks burning as her breasts ballooned further, hitting an E-cup and then surging to a full F. The bralette was a joke now, stretched to its absolute limit, the

straps digging into her shoulders as her skin flushed with the expansion. She groped herself shamelessly, her fingers sinking into the soft, heavy flesh, and let out another moan, louder this time, playing it up for the camera with all the gusto of a porn star. My stomach flipped, a confusing mix of awe, embarrassment, and something hotter swirling inside me. It was ridiculous, almost comical, but there was no denying the raw, electric energy of it. Mandy was in her element, her body arching slightly as she leaned into the performance, her chest jiggling with every dramatic breath.

Finally, she reached over and stopped the recording, her chest still heaving as she grinned at me. "So, what'd you think?" she asked, her hands still idly squeezing her newly enhanced F-cups. The bra had completely snapped and she was just groping her tits openly. "Uhh sorry about the bra". I laughed, shaking my head in disbelief. "That was... a lot. You're way too good at this." She winked, then grabbed her phone, her fingers flying across the screen as she cropped the video, double-checking that her face was completely out of sight. She then opened a subreddit I'd never heard of, something about AI breast expansion content. With a few taps, she uploaded the clip, typing out a caption: "Testing our new state-of-the-art AI model. Unreal realism, right?"

She tossed the phone to me, and I fumbled to catch it, my heart pounding as I scrolled to the post. The video looked incredible, the transformation seamless and vivid, her breasts swelling in perfect sync with her over-the-top acting. Mandy flopped onto her bed, her F-cups bouncing wildly with the motion, and smirked at me. "Now we just wait for the likes to roll in," she said, stretching her arms above her head and making her chest jiggle even more. I couldn't help but stare for a second before shaking myself out of it and focusing on the screen. The subreddit was already lighting up, comments popping up faster than I could read them.

"Holy shit, this is next-level AI," one user wrote. "Best expansion vid I've seen yet," said another. Someone else chimed in with, "This looks almost too real. What tech are you using?" My stomach twisted, a nervous thrill shooting through me as I scrolled through the rest of the subreddit. The other videos were laughable in comparison, choppy edits that screamed fake. Mandy's stood out like a diamond in a pile of coal, and it hit me hard: it was because hers was real. The watch made it real. "This is wild," I muttered, my voice barely above a whisper. "Yours looks so much better than all these others. Probably because, you know, it's not fake."

Mandy laughed, propping herself up on her elbows, her breasts still defiantly huge. "Right? We've got the secret weapon. No one's gonna top this." I handed the phone back to her, my

mind spinning with the implications. "So, what's next?" I asked, half-expecting her to have a full business plan ready to go. She sat up, her chest swaying with the motion, and pointed at her enhanced bust with a grin. "Next, we keep posting stuff like this, generate some buzz, and then we launch an OnlyFans. We can do all kinds of expansion videos, maybe even let fans request sizes or scenarios. It's foolproof, Annie. People will pay big for this."

I blinked, her confidence both impressive and a little overwhelming. "That's... kind of amazing," I said, my voice small. "But I'm still not sure I'm ready for all that. It feels so... out there." Mandy's grin softened, and she reached over, giving my arm a gentle nudge. "Hey, I get it. It's a lot. We don't have to jump in headfirst. We can take it slow, see how it feels, and if you ever want out, we're done. No big deal, okay?" Her reassurance settled some of the jittery nerves in my chest, and I nodded, a tentative smile creeping onto my face. "Okay. Let's see where it goes. At least we found a use for this damn thing."

Mandy beamed, then glanced down at her still-massive chest. "Good. Now, about these..." She gave her F-cups a playful jiggle. "We've got that costume party tonight, and I'm thinking I'll keep them. Might as well have some fun with it, right?" I laughed, the tension easing out of me. "You're insane. But yeah, they look awesome. What are you going as?" She tapped her chin, her eyes glinting with mischief. "Maybe a sexy superhero, like Wonder Woman or something. Or a fantasy vibe, like an elf queen with a killer rack. What about you? You gonna go big too?"

I glanced at the watch on her wrist, my pulse quickening with a mix of nerves and excitement. "I don't know yet. Maybe something smaller, like a C or D. I'm not sure I'm ready to go full-on like you." Mandy rolled her eyes, but her smile was teasing. "Come on, Annie, it's a party! Live a little. You could be a busty pirate or a curvy sorceress or something badass." I chuckled, the ideas sparking in my mind despite my hesitation. A pirate with a plunging neckline, a witch with a corset that barely contained me, the possibilities danced through my head, each one bolder than the last.

As Mandy stood up, stretching and making her chest bounce one last time, I felt a rush of something new, a thrill that went beyond the watch's magic. This was uncharted territory, a mix of personal exploration and wild, reckless adventure, and I was teetering on the edge of diving in. The night stretched out ahead of us, full of promise and maybe a little danger, and as I started brainstorming costume ideas, I couldn't shake the feeling that this was just the beginning.