

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 3

A few weeks have slipped by in a blur, and I'm still trying to catch my breath from how fast everything's moving. It started as a lark, a silly little experiment between Mandy and me. That first video got us hooked, and before we knew it, we were uploading daily. Three weeks later, we had an OnlyFans account with 250 subscribers, and the number kept climbing, growing as fast as, well, our tits. It was wild, surreal even, watching those digits tick up, the money starting to pour in, each new subscriber a little jolt of adrenaline. We'd stumbled into something big, and there was no turning back.

The demand for breast expansion content blew our minds. I mean, we knew there'd be an audience for it, some niche corner of the web that'd eat it up, but this? This was a tidal wave. People weren't just watching; they were obsessed, flooding our inboxes with requests, praise, and the occasional weirdly specific fantasy. At first, our videos were simple. I'd sit there, torso in frame, fiddling with the watch while my chest ballooned, letting out exaggerated gasps and moans that made Mandy crack up behind the camera. She'd do the same, her slightly thicker frame transforming as her breasts swelled, and we'd trade off, keeping it playful. But the fans wanted more, something spicier, and we were happy to oblige, as long as we always blurred out our faces or wore face masks to hide our identity. We got creative, and oh man, did we lean into it.

One night, we filmed a scene where Mandy played the mad scientist. She wore a lab coat we nabbed from the theater department, nothing underneath but a skimpy black bra and panties, her hair pulled into a messy bun. She mixed a "growth potion" in a beaker, just some green food coloring and water for effect, and took a slow, dramatic sip. The camera zoomed in as she clutched her chest, her breaths coming faster. Then, with a flick of the watch, her breasts surged from a B to an E, straining against the bra until the clasp snapped with a satisfying ping. She ran her hands over them, squeezing gently, her lips parting in a soft, sensual moan that wasn't entirely acting. The comments went feral, calling it Oscar-worthy porn. Another time, I took the lead, lounging on my bed in a red satin robe, the kind that

barely tied shut. I “accidentally” knocked over a glass of water, soaking myself, and as the fabric clung to my skin, I dialed the watch up slow. My chest blossomed from a C to a DD, then an F, the robe slipping open inch by inch as I arched my back, fingers trailing over the curves, teasing the camera with every shuddering breath. It was hypnotic, even to me, watching the playback later.

Our favorite, though, was the “twin sisters” bit. We dressed in matching lace lingerie, Mandy in pale pink, me in deep crimson, sitting side by side on her futon. I’d lean over, whispering something dirty in her ear, then crank the watch, her breasts swelling until the lace stretched tight, her nipples peeking through. She’d retaliate, giggling as she turned the dial on me, my chest ballooning until I had to catch my breath, hands cupping myself like I couldn’t believe they were real. We’d grope each other, playful at first, then slower, more deliberate, our fingers lingering as the heat built between us. The camera caught every second, the tension, the way our eyes locked, and when we posted it, the views shattered our record. Subscribers begged for a sequel, said it was the sexiest thing they’d ever seen, and I couldn’t argue. It was raw, electric, and every time we filmed, I felt this rush, like I was peeling back layers of myself I didn’t know existed.

They kept hounding us for face reveals, though. Every video, every post, the comments were relentless: “Show us who you are!” “Are you as hot as your bodies?” We’d laugh it off, but there was no way we’d ever do it. If anyone on campus figured out it was us, the questions would never stop. “How’d you pull this off?” “Is it CGI?” Worse, someone might connect the dots to the watch, and that was a secret we weren’t ready to spill. Mandy and I agreed early on: anonymity was our armor. Besides, the mystery drove them wilder. They’d speculate endlessly, guessing we were models, actresses, even AI constructs, and it only fueled the hype. I liked it that way, the power of being unseen, untouchable, a phantom they couldn’t stop chasing.

But today wasn’t about the videos or the fans. Today was about Brad. We’d been dating a few weeks now, nothing heavy, just a handful of laid-back hangouts. Coffee at the campus café, a movie where we spent more time making out than watching, a late-night diner run where we split fries and talked until the waitress shooed us out. He was easy to be around, with this dry humor that caught me off guard, making me laugh when I least expected it. Things were good, uncomplicated, and after that first crazy night when I’d shown him the watch’s magic, he hadn’t brought it up. Maybe he thought he’d hallucinated the whole thing, my chest swelling right in front of him. I didn’t push it, just kept myself at a steady D-cup whenever we were together at first, but then I just started keeping my chest at this size. It

was what he knew me as now, and I loved how it felt, the way my shirts hugged me, the confidence that came with it. Mandy was in on the Watch, so she didn't blink when I strutted around our dorm with my new curves. As for everyone else, I'd gotten some odd looks in class at first, regulars probably wondering how I'd gone from flat to stacked overnight. I played it cool, acted like it was no big deal, and eventually, they stopped staring. Life just rolled on, weirdly normal despite the secret ticking on my wrist.

Tonight, though, I was headed to Brad's place for dinner, and as I stood in front of my mirror, I felt a little flutter of nerves. I was sitting at my now usual 30D, the watch's smooth metal catching the light as I adjusted my outfit: a black sweater that clung just right, showing off my shape without screaming for attention, and high-waisted jeans that made my legs look a mile long. A swipe of mascara, a dab of lip gloss, nothing over-the-top. I wanted to look good, effortless, the way Brad seemed to see me anyway. I grabbed my purse and stepped out, the evening air cool against my skin as I crossed campus. His dorm wasn't far, and by the time I knocked, those nerves had settled into a quiet buzz of excitement.

He opened the door with a grin, hair messy like he'd just ruffled it, and pulled me into a quick hug. "Hey, you," he said, voice warm and easy. "You look great."

"Thanks," I replied, stepping inside. The room smelled like garlic and tomatoes, a pot bubbling on his hot plate. "You cooked?"

He chuckled, scratching the back of his neck. "Tried to. It's just pasta, but it beats the dining hall crap."

I smiled, dropping my purse on his desk. "Pasta's perfect."

We fell into a groove, talking as he stirred the sauce and I sat on the edge of his bed, sipping wine from a chipped mug he'd poured it into. The conversation bounced around, light and fun. "So," he said, twirling a spoon in the pot, "you hear about Mike and that keg stand gone wrong? Guy's still got beer in his hair."

I laughed. "Oh my God, he's a walking disaster. Did he at least win?"

"Nah, tapped out at ten seconds. Total rookie move." Brad smirked, glancing over. "You'd crush him, though. You've got that sneaky competitive streak."

“Me? Please, I’d be the one spilling it everywhere,” I shot back, grinning. We kept going, trading stories about classes, debating if the new Marvel flick was worth the ticket price. He leaned over mid-sentence and kissed me, soft and slow, his hand resting on my knee. It was nice, warm, and I felt myself unwind as the night rolled on.

Dinner was a mess, noodles overcooked and garlic bread charred at the edges, but we cracked up over it, the wine making everything hilarious. “I’m calling this avant-garde cuisine,” he said, holding up a limp strand of spaghetti. “It’s art, Annie.”

“Art you can’t eat,” I teased, poking at the bread. “Stick to pre-med, chef.”

By the time we finished, the sun was gone, the room glowing soft under his desk lamp. Brad stretched, giving me a look that sent a spark through me. He wanted me in bed, and I was game. “So,” he said, voice dipping low, “wanna put on some music? Keep the neighbors from complaining?”

I laughed, cheeks heating up. “Yeah, sure. Where’s your laptop?”

“On the desk,” he said, nodding toward it. “Just pick something chill.”

I slid off the bed and flipped it open, the screen flickering to life. Then I froze. My heart slammed into my chest, breath catching as I stared at our OnlyFans page, the latest video Mandy and I had posted glaring back at me. Brad was a subscriber. He’d been watching us, paying for it, and he had no idea it was me.

“Annie?” His voice cut through the static in my head, and I snapped the laptop shut, hands shaking. “You okay?” I didn’t respond. He came over and saw what I was looking at.

“Annie, what the hell?” he choked out, his voice high and panicked, a crack running through it as he stumbled forward. “How did you—why are you looking at that?” His gaze flicked between me and the screen, wild and frantic, like he’d just walked into his worst nightmare.

Part of me wanted to laugh at how flustered he was, how his usual cool-guy vibe had evaporated in an instant, but another part of me felt a thrill, a spark of something daring igniting in my chest. He took a step closer, his free hand reaching out as if he could snatch the laptop away and make this all disappear. “I can explain,” he started, his words tumbling over each other in a rush. “It’s not what it looks like, I swear, I just—” But I didn’t let him

finish. I held up a hand, cutting him off mid-sentence, and tilted my head, fixing him with a steady, curious stare. "Brad," I said, keeping my tone light, almost teasing, "are you into this stuff?" His mouth snapped shut, his eyes widening as if I'd just slapped him, and I could see the gears grinding in his head, trying to figure out how to answer without digging himself deeper.

I stepped closer, closing the gap between us, and let my voice drop a little, soft and probing. "What do you like about it? I mean, really. What gets you going?" The questions hung in the air, and I watched his face flush a deep, burning red, spreading from his cheeks down his neck. He rubbed the back of his neck, his fingers digging into the skin as if he could squeeze the embarrassment out, and for a moment, I thought he might bolt. But then he let out a shaky breath, his shoulders slumping slightly, and looked at me with those big, honest eyes of his. "Okay, fine," he muttered, his voice barely above a whisper. "Yeah, I'm into it. The whole... breast expansion thing. It's weird, I know, but it's just... I don't know, the idea of it, the way it builds up, it's hot. And, uh, your tits, Annie, they're... fuck, they're incredible. They've always been one of the things I noticed about you. Like, right from the start. Like they look almost too big for your small frame, and..." His voice trailed off as the words left his mouth, bracing himself like he expected me to recoil or storm out, but instead, I felt a slow, wicked smirk tugging at my lips.

I couldn't help it. The way he was laying himself bare, all nervous and vulnerable, it was kind of adorable, and it sent a rush of warmth through me that had nothing to do with the glass of wine I'd had at dinner. I should've been mad, maybe, or at least weirded out, but I wasn't. If anything, I was intrigued, maybe even flattered, and as I stood there, watching him fidget, a wild idea started to take shape in my mind. Should I tell him? The thought flickered through me, hesitant at first, but the wine buzzing in my veins and the heat of the moment pushed it forward, reckless and bold. I could keep this secret tucked away, let him think it was just some random kink he'd stumbled into, but where was the fun in that? I wanted to see his face, to feel that rush of power when I turned his world upside down. So I did. "What if I told you," I said, my voice dropping to a low, conspiratorial murmur, "that it's my account? That the girl in those videos... is me?"

Brad's head snapped up, his brows knitting together in confusion. "What? No way. That's crazy. Those are, like, AI or something, right? Some kind of fancy tech." He laughed, a short, nervous bark, but I just shook my head, my smirk widening as I reached for the hem of my sweater. With a slow, deliberate tug, I pulled it up and over my head, letting it drop to the floor in a soft heap, leaving me in just my bra and jeans. His eyes locked onto my chest, his

breath catching as I reached behind me and unhooked the bra, letting it slip down my arms to join the sweater. My D-cup breasts spilled free, full and round, the cool air tightening my nipples into stiff peaks. "Look at me," I said, stepping closer so he could see every curve, every detail. "Same body, right, besides the tits?" Then I pulled my phone from my pocket, tapped the screen a few times, and held it up, showing him the OnlyFans app logged into my account, the earnings dashboard glowing with numbers that made his jaw drop. "See? It's me."

He stared at the phone, then at me, then back at the phone, his mouth working soundlessly as his brain tried to catch up. "Holy shit," he finally managed, his voice a hoarse whisper. "You're serious. But... how? The growth stuff, the way they get bigger, that's all fake, isn't it? Where'd you get access to something so advanced?" I laughed, a soft, breathy sound, and shook my head again. "That's the thing, Brad. There's no AI. It's all real." He blinked at me, his expression a mix of disbelief and bewilderment, and I could see the questions piling up behind his eyes. I held up my wrist, showing him the watch, its sleek metal band glinting in the dim light. "This is how," I said, my voice steady and sure. "It's magic. Real, honest-to-God magic. Want me to prove it?"

Before he could answer, I reached for the dial on the watch, my fingers brushing the cool metal as I turned it slowly. A familiar warmth spread through my chest, a gentle tingling that started deep and radiated outward. My breasts began to shrink, the skin tightening, the weight easing as they deflated from D-cups to C, then B, until they settled back at my natural A-cup size, small and modest, leaving the cups of my bra hanging empty on the floor. Brad's eyes went wide, his breath hitching as he watched the transformation, his hands frozen mid-air like he didn't know what to do with them. "Jesus Christ," he breathed, stumbling back a step until his hip bumped the desk. "It's real. You're... you're actually doing it." I grinned, a surge of pride swelling in me at his reaction, and glanced down at his pants, where a noticeable bulge was starting to form, straining against the fabric.

He caught me looking and flushed even deeper, but I just stepped closer, my bare skin prickling with the cool air and the heat of his gaze. "Pretty cool, huh?" I said, my voice teasing as I let my hands rest on my hips. He nodded dumbly, then shook his head like he was trying to clear it, his words tripping over each other as he found his voice. "Wait, wait, hang on. That first night we were together... I thought I was losing it, thought I imagined your tits getting bigger. Was that... was that real too?" I nodded, my grin softening into something more intimate. "Yeah. I used the watch then, too. I got a bit drunk and carried away. I played it off like you imagined it." His eyes darted to my chest again, then back to my face, and I

could see the pieces clicking into place, the memory lighting up his expression with a mix of awe and hunger.

I took another step, close enough now that I could feel the warmth radiating off him, and let my voice drop to a husky whisper. "So," I said, my lips brushing his ear, "do you want to see it again? Do you want to make them grow?" His answer was instant, a ragged "Yes" that sent a shiver of anticipation down my spine. I grabbed his hand, guiding it to the watch on my wrist, his fingers trembling slightly as they closed around the dial. "Go ahead," I murmured, my breath hot against his skin. "Turn it. Make me bigger." He swallowed hard, his eyes dark with lust, and twisted the dial, slow and careful at first. The warmth flared again, a liquid heat that spread through my chest, and my breasts began to swell, the skin stretching, the weight returning as they grew from A to B, then C, each shift sending a ripple of pleasure through me. I moaned softly, my hands sliding up to cup them, feeling the flesh expand beneath my fingers, the sensitivity sharpening with every inch.

Brad's breath was coming faster now, his gaze locked on my chest as they pushed past C and into D territory, full and heavy once more. "Fuck, Annie," he groaned, his free hand sliding up my side, his thumb brushing the curve of my growing breast. "This is unreal." I arched into his touch, my nipples hardening as he teased them, the sensation sharp and electric. "Keep going," I gasped, my voice thick with need. "Make them huge." He twisted the dial again, and they surged forward, ballooning to DD, then E, the weight tugging at my shoulders, their fullness spilling over my hands. I leaned in, pressing them against his chest, feeling the heat of his skin through the towel, and he let out a low, primal sound, his hips twitching beneath me.

I climbed onto the bed, straddling his lap, stripping our clothes as I settled over him. His erection pressed against me, hot and hard, and I rocked my hips, grinding down as he turned the dial again. My breasts swelled to F, then G, their size overwhelming, the skin taut and smooth, bouncing with every movement. Brad's hands roamed over them, squeezing, kneading, his fingers sinking into the soft flesh as I moved, slow and deliberate. "God, you're incredible," he muttered, his voice rough with desire. "So fucking gorgeous." I leaned down, my breasts brushing his chest, and kissed him hard, my tongue slipping into his mouth as I rode him, the friction building between us. He broke away, panting, and twisted the dial one last time, cranking it to the max. The heat exploded, a blazing rush that consumed me, and my breasts surged past H, past anything I'd dared before, growing enormous, each one dwarfing my torso, hanging low and heavy as they spilled over his chest.

I could feel them pressing down, enveloping him, the soft flesh molding to his body as I moved. My nipples, thick and hypersensitive, dragged across his skin, sending jolts of pleasure through me with every thrust. I rode him harder, my hips snapping, the rhythm building to a fevered pitch. Annie from a few weeks ago wouldn't have known how to play this, but the Annie who'd spent nights filming for OnlyFans, who'd learned to arch her back just right, to moan at the perfect pitch, she took over now. I threw my head back, letting out a loud, throaty cry, my hands sinking into my own breasts, squeezing them as they bounced, playing up every shudder and gasp for him. "You like this, huh?" I purred, my voice dripping with heat. "You love watching them grow, feeling them on you." Brad's eyes were glazed with lust, his hands gripping my waist as he bucked up to meet me, his breath coming in short, desperate bursts.

The room blurred around us, the world narrowing to the feel of him inside me, the weight of my massive breasts swaying, the way they slapped against his chest with every thrust. I could feel the tension coiling tight in my core, the pleasure mounting with every second, and I leaned forward, letting them smother him, their warmth swallowing us both. "Fuck, Annie," he gasped, his voice breaking, and I felt him tense beneath me, his grip tightening as he came, hard and fast, his release spilling inside me with a shudder that rocked his whole body. It was quicker than ever, the intensity of it pushing him over the edge, and the thought of that, of how much this turned him on, sent me crashing into my own climax. A white-hot wave tore through me, my moan echoing off the walls as I trembled above him, my body clenching around him in a rush of bliss.

I collapsed onto him, my enormous breasts cushioning the fall, their heat wrapping us together as we lay there, tangled and breathless. His arms slid around me, pulling me close, his breath hot against my neck as the aftershocks rippled through us. The watch gleamed on my wrist, its magic a quiet pulse beneath my skin, and I smiled against his shoulder, my lips brushing his damp skin. "That was... insane," he murmured, his voice thick with awe and satisfaction. I chuckled softly, nuzzling closer. "Yeah," I whispered. "It was." And as we lay there, the weight of my secret out in the open, the air between us felt different, charged with something deeper, something new.

Chapter 4

It's funny how quickly life can change, isn't it? Just a few weeks ago, the idea of intentionally making my breasts bigger seemed like something out of a sci-fi movie, a weird fantasy I'd

stumbled upon. Now? Now it's just... Tuesday. Or, well, Friday night, actually. But you get the point. It's become a *part* of my life, a thrilling, secret little corner shared with Brad.

This past week has been a blur, honestly. A wonderful, tits-out kind of blur. It's like the watch didn't just expand my cup size; it expanded *us*. We're closer. Not just physically, though there's been plenty of that, believe me. But emotionally, too. Sharing this bizarre, exhilarating secret has forged a bond I didn't expect.

We've used the watch... well, let's just say *more* than a few times since then. Usually during sex. There's something incredibly potent about the combination. Feeling Brad inside me, his hands gripping my hips, his eyes locked on my chest as I twist that little dial... seeing the awe, the raw lust flare in his gaze as my tits swell right before his eyes... it's intoxicating. I learned fast just how much he loves it. He gets this hungry look, like he can't quite believe it's real, even as his fingers trace the newly plumped curves, his thumb brushing over nipples that harden instantly under his touch.

And me? I fucking *love* pleasing him like that. Seeing him lose control, hearing the guttural moans ripped from his throat as my breasts bloom, pressing against his chest, filling his hands... it does something to me. It makes me feel powerful, desirable in a way I never have before. The shy, slightly awkward Annie is still in here somewhere, but when that watch is on my wrist, and Brad's looking at me like *that*? She takes a backseat. A confident, thrill-seeking vixen takes the wheel, eager to push boundaries, eager to give him exactly what he craves.

He even helped me film some more content for my OnlyFans page. Just phone stuff, nothing as professional as Mandy's setup, but... intimate. Close-ups of the watch doing its magic, the skin stretching taut, the way my nipples pucker and darken as they grow... interspersed with shots of Brad's hands exploring. It felt incredibly naughty, filming that together, knowing strangers would eventually be watching, getting off on our private little show. But Brad was so encouraging, telling me how hot I looked, how amazing it was. It made me feel less like I was just exposing myself and more like we were creating something uniquely erotic, together. We haven't posted those clips yet, still deciding how much we want to share, but the *act* of filming them? Electrifying.

Which brings us to tonight.

The familiar weight of the watch is cool against my skin as I unhook my bra in Brad's bathroom. It's become almost second nature now, slipping it on before one of our... sessions. I glance at my reflection. Even at my 'base' size – the D-cup I've settled into for

daily wear – they're impressive. Full, round, with a satisfying weight that I've actually come to enjoy. They make my waist look smaller, my figure more dramatically feminine. I run a hand over the smooth curve of my left breast, a small smile playing on my lips. Who knew I had this exhibitionist streak in me?

Tonight, though, we're aiming higher. Much higher. Brad hinted earlier he wanted a "record-breaking" night. My pulse quickens at the thought. How big will he want me? The possibilities send a shiver of anticipation down my spine. I toss my bra onto the closed toilet lid, followed by my panties and the light sundress I wore over. Naked, I survey myself again. Ready.

The watch face glows softly, displaying the familiar 'D'. I know the feel of the dial intimately now – the subtle clicks as it turns, the faint hum it emits, the almost instantaneous tingling warmth that spreads through my chest tissue when it activates. I'm not nervous anymore, not like those first few times. Now, it's pure excitement. I feel like a pro, wielding this strange power with a confidence that surprises even myself. That shy girl? She's practically non-existent when Brad and this watch are involved.

I open the bathroom door, the cool air of the hallway hitting my bare skin. Brad's in the living room, scrolling through his phone, but he looks up instantly as I step out. His eyes do a quick, appreciative sweep down my body, lingering on my chest, and that familiar heat flares in his gaze.

"Ready for me?" I purr, leaning against the doorframe, letting him drink me in. I strike a little pose, pushing my D-cups out slightly.

Usually, that's his cue to drop the phone, a wide grin spreading across his face as he comes towards me, hands already reaching. But tonight... tonight he hesitates. He swallows, his eyes flicking from my breasts to my face, then down to the watch on my wrist. He looks... nervous?

"Hey," I say, my playful mood faltering slightly. I walk towards him, my bare feet silent on the rug. "Everything okay?"

He sets his phone down on the coffee table, running a hand through his hair. "Yeah, yeah, fine. You look... incredible, Annie."

"Thanks." I stop in front of him, close enough to feel the heat radiating off his body. "So? What's the plan? How big are we going tonight, sailor?" I reach out, tracing a finger down his chest, over the firm muscle there.

He catches my hand, holding it gently. His own hand feels slightly clammy. Definitely nervous. “Actually... Annie, I, uh... I had an idea. Something different.”

My eyebrows raise. “Different? Different how?” My mind races. Invite someone else? Try some weird position?

He takes a deep breath, his eyes meeting mine, filled with a mixture of anxiety and pleading. “I was thinking... wondering... what if I tried the watch?”

I blink. Then blink again. The words hang in the air between us, heavy and unexpected. *Him?* Try the watch? My brain scrambles to process the request. It’s so far outside anything I’d ever considered. The idea of it working on him... it’s alien.

“You?” The word comes out small, breathy. “You want to... grow breasts?”

He nods quickly, eagerly, like a kid asking for a forbidden toy. “Yeah. Just... just to see. To feel what it’s like. You always describe the feeling, the stretching, the weight... I’m just... curious.” He pauses, searching my face. “And... honestly? It’s kind of part of the fantasy. Seeing you grow is amazing, but the idea of experiencing it myself? Even just a little? It feels like... the next step.”

I stare at him, my mouth slightly open. I don’t know what to say. My first instinct is recoil. Not out of disgust, exactly, but... disorientation. It messes with the established dynamic, the roles we’ve settled into with this thing. Me, the subject, the vessel for the transformation. Him, the admirer, the beneficiary. Flipping that script feels... weird.

“I... I don’t even know if it *works* on men, Brad,” I stammer, stalling for time, trying to wrap my head around it. “Maybe it only affects female hormones or... or tissue or something?” It sounds flimsy even as I say it.

“Maybe,” he concedes, “but maybe not. It reacted to *your* base size, right? Adjusted itself? Maybe it reads the wearer’s physiology. Maybe it can... adapt.” He leans in slightly, his voice dropping, earnest and intense. “Look, ever since you started using it, I’ve wondered. Watching you... it’s the hottest thing I’ve ever seen. But there’s this part of me, this deep-down fantasy... imagining that feeling myself. Having breasts. Even just temporarily. It’s... god, Annie, it’s a massive turn-on just *thinking* about it.”

I can see it in his eyes – the raw desire, the vulnerability of him admitting this fantasy. It’s not just curiosity; it’s something deeper, something he clearly craves on a primal level. And

despite my initial shock, despite the weirdness factor, a part of me, the part that loves pleasing him, that gets off on fulfilling his desires... stirs.

I sigh, running my free hand through my own hair. "Brad, I... I've never really found tits attractive, you know? Not in a sexual way." It feels important to say this, to be honest. "Like, I appreciate how mine look now, how they make *me* feel feminine and sexy. It's like... okay, you like how muscles look on a guy, right?"

He nods slowly.

"It's admiration, right? You think, 'damn, that guy's built.' But it doesn't necessarily make you want to jump his bones as a straight guy" Okay, maybe a bad analogy, but he gets my point. "That's kind of how I feel about breasts. I admire nice ones, on myself or other women. But the idea of them... sexually? It doesn't... compute for me. I don't think it would turn me on."

He looks slightly crestfallen for a moment, but then rallies. "I get that, Annie. I do. And this isn't about turning *you* on, not primarily. This is... for me. For my fantasy. But," he adds, a hopeful glint in his eyes, "maybe... maybe seeing me experience it, seeing how much *I* get off on it... maybe that would do something for you too? Like how watching you grow drives me crazy?"

He has a point. My biggest turn-on with the watch *is* his reaction. Seeing him lose himself in pleasure because of something *I'm* doing, something happening to *my* body... maybe seeing that pleasure reflected back, even if the trigger is bizarrely different, could work?

He squeezes my hand. "Please, Annie? Just try? We can start small. Really small. If it doesn't work, or if it's too weird, we stop. Immediately. Promise."

He looks so hopeful, so... exposed, sharing this deep-seated desire. And he's right. We can always stop. It's not permanent. Or... at least, I assume it's not. The thought gives me a brief pause, but I push it away. It's always reversed perfectly for me.

"Okay," I say finally, the word feeling momentous. "Okay, Brad. Let's... let's try it."

Relief floods his face, followed by pure, unadulterated excitement. "Really? Oh my god, Annie, thank you!" He pulls me into a hug, lifting me slightly off the floor.

"Easy there, big guy," I laugh, slightly breathless as he sets me down. "Let's not celebrate until we see if this thing even cooperates."

I slip the watch off my wrist. The metal feels warm. I hold it out to him. "Here you go. Your chariot awaits... or something."

He takes it almost reverently, his fingers trembling slightly as he turns it over, examining the sleek black band and the simple, glowing face. He fumbles with the clasp for a second before getting it secured around his own wrist. It shifts into something that suits him... a garmin watch. Sporty, masculine.

We both watch, holding our breath, as the watch face flickers. The 'D' vanishes, replaced by rapidly cycling letters and symbols before finally settling. It doesn't show a cup size. It shows... a flat line. A simple '—'.

"Huh," Brad murmurs. "Guess that's the male setting? Or... lack thereof?"

"Makes sense," I agree. "Lowest setting possible. Baseline male chest." I gesture towards the dial. "Well? Go on. Turn it up. Let's see what happens. And... maybe take your shirt off?"

His grin is wide, wolfish. "Good idea." He quickly pulls his t-shirt over his head, tossing it onto the couch. His chest is well-defined, sculpted from regular gym visits. Solid pecs, flat stomach. Definitely all man. For now, anyway.

He looks down at the watch, then back at me, a thrill flashing in his eyes. Slowly, deliberately, he reaches down with his other hand and twists the dial. Click. Click. Click. He stops at 'A'.

We both stare intently at his chest. For a second, nothing happens. Then... subtle changes begin. It's not a dramatic ballooning like mine sometimes is. It's slower, more insidious. The muscle definition of his pecs seems to... soften? Recede slightly? And underneath, right below the nipple area, there's a definite, undeniable swelling. A small mound begins to form, pushing outwards. It's small, barely an A-cup as the watch indicated, but it's undeniably *breast tissue*.

"Holy shit," Brad breathes, his eyes wide with fascination. He reaches up, poking tentatively at the small swell on his left side. "It's... it's actually working."

But the most striking change isn't the size. It's his nipples. As the small mounds grow, his nipples... change. They morph. The typically male areola seems to shrink slightly, becoming rounder, paler, while the nipple itself darkens, elongating just a fraction, becoming pointier, more... feminine. They look almost exactly like mine did before I ever used the watch, just... on his chest.

“Whoa,” I whisper, leaning closer. “Look at your nipples.”

He looks down, his fascination deepening. “They’re... different.” He touches one, gingerly. “They feel... sensitive.”

It’s bizarre. Utterly bizarre. Seeing these small, distinctly female-looking breasts superimposed onto his masculine chest... it caters to a fetish I didn’t even know existed until this moment. Part of me is weirded out, but another, purely analytical part, is fascinated by the biological impossibility happening right in front of me. The watch isn’t just adding mass; it’s *reconfiguring* him, subtly feminizing parts of his anatomy. How does it even *do* that?

And then I notice something else. Below his waist, clearly visible pressing against the front of his jeans, is a very prominent, very hard erection. Okay. So maybe *I’m* not turned on by the sight of his new A-cups, but *he* most definitely is. Seeing his own body transform, fulfilling that fantasy... it’s hitting him right where he lives.

“It’s... shrinking the muscle, I think,” I observe, peering closely. “Like, the pec muscle underneath is getting smaller to make room for the breast tissue. That’s so weird.” I reach out, hesitantly, and touch the side of his new small breast. It feels... soft. Yielding. Not like the hard muscle that was there moments ago. Underneath, maybe deeper, I can still feel the muscle, but it’s definitely reduced.

He shivers at my touch, his nipple instantly hardening into a tight bud, just like a woman’s. “Feels incredible,” he groans, his voice thick.

Okay, this is getting intense fast. Maybe too fast. “Alright,” I say, pulling my hand back. “Experiment successful, I guess. It works on dudes. Maybe... maybe turn it back now? Before you get stuck like that?” The thought of permanence suddenly feels more real.

Brad looks slightly disappointed but nods. “Yeah, okay. Good call.” He reaches down and twists the dial back towards the flat line ‘—’.

We watch again as the process reverses. The soft breast tissue seems to melt away, receding back into his chest. The underlying pectoral muscle firms up, regaining its previous definition. Within moments, his chest looks exactly as it did before... except for one thing.

The nipples.

They haven't changed back. They're still darker, pointier, the areolas still rounder and paler than they were. They look utterly, unmistakably female, sitting incongruously on his otherwise masculine chest.

"Uh, Brad?" I say, my voice rising slightly. "Your nipples..."

He looks down. He touches one. Then the other. He twists the dial back and forth between '—' and 'A' a couple of times. The breast tissue comes and goes, but the nipples remain resolutely feminized. He turns the watch off completely, pulling it slightly away from his skin, then puts it back on. Still female.

"Oh my god," I gasp, clapping a hand over my mouth. "Oh my god, Brad, they're stuck! I knew it! I knew something like this could happen! We shouldn't have— I'm so sorry!" Panic starts to bubble in my chest. Did I just permanently alter my boyfriend's body? Are his nipples going to be like that forever? What if he hates it?

But Brad... Brad starts to laugh. Not a nervous laugh, but a low, genuinely amused chuckle that grows into a full belly laugh. He throws his head back, laughing up at the ceiling, his weirdly female nipples jiggling slightly on his muscular chest.

I stare at him, bewildered. "What? What's so funny? Your nipples are *female*!"

He finally calms down, wiping a tear from the corner of his eye. He looks at me, his eyes dancing with amusement and something else... something hot and dark. "Annie, relax. It's... it's fucking *hot*."

"Hot?!"

"Yeah! Seriously! Look!" He leans down slightly so I can get a better view. He flicks one of his nipples with his thumb and forefinger. It instantly puckers, hardening into a tight, sensitive point, exactly like mine does when aroused. "See? Totally female response. Isn't that wild?"

I just stare, dumbfounded.

"Think about it," he continues, his voice dropping again, becoming husky. "My own little secret. Unless I'm shirtless and someone's *really* looking, who's gonna notice? But *I'll* know. I'll know I have these sensitive little female points right here on my chest." He flicks the other one, and a visible shiver runs through him. "It's like... a permanent piece of the fantasy, hidden in plain sight. Honestly? It's kind of perfect. Erotic as hell."

Well... if *he's* okay with it... more than okay, apparently... then who am I to argue? The panic recedes, replaced by a lingering sense of disbelief and... okay, maybe a tiny spark of curiosity about his reaction. It *is* undeniably strange, but he seems genuinely thrilled by it.

"Okay," I say slowly. "Okay, if you're sure..."

"I'm more than sure," he says, his eyes glinting. He looks down at the watch, then back at me, a predatory grin spreading across his face. "And now that we know it works... and that some changes might stick around..." He reaches for the dial again. "Let's see what else it can do."

My breath hitches. "What are you doing?"

"You wanted record-breaking tonight, right?" He doesn't wait for an answer. Click. Click. Click. He bypasses the 'A' cup, bypasses the 'B', and stops firmly on 'C'.

This time, the change is faster, more pronounced than the tentative shift to an A-cup. I watch, mesmerized despite myself, as the soft mounds on Brad's chest swell rapidly. It's like watching one of those time-lapse videos of bread rising, but infinitely stranger and more... fleshy. The skin stretches taut, gaining a noticeable sheen under the living room lights. The underlying muscle seems to vanish completely, replaced by substance that is undeniably *breast*.

Within thirty seconds, he's sporting a pair of full C-cups. They're firm, perched high on his chest, straining slightly against the skin. The permanently feminized nipples are centered perfectly, dark and prominent, already hard from the stimulation of the growth and his own burgeoning arousal.

"Whoa," he breathes out, the sound shaky. He looks down at himself, his eyes wide with a mixture of disbelief and sheer, unadulterated ecstasy. "Oh my god, Annie... *feel* this."

He reaches down, cupping his own newly formed breasts. A choked groan escapes his lips. "They're... they feel so *full*. Heavy. God, it's incredible." He squeezes them gently, his knuckles white. His cock, still trapped in his jeans, gives a noticeable twitch. "It's like... pressure, but a good kind. A *really* good kind. And they're so sensitive..." He brushes a thumb over one nipple, and his whole body jolts, a gasp tearing from him. "Fuck..."

I just watch, unable to tear my eyes away. Seeing him touch himself like that, seeing the raw pleasure transforming his features... it's doing strange things to me. It's not sexual attraction *to* the breasts themselves – they still look incongruous and bizarre on his masculine frame –

but witnessing his absolute surrender to the sensation, his utter joy in this transformation? *That* is undeniably erotic. It taps into the same vein as watching him enjoy *my* growth, but amplified, maybe, because this is *his* fantasy made flesh.

"You... you really like it?" I ask, my voice barely a whisper.

He looks up at me, his eyes glazed over with pleasure, pupils dilated. "Like it? Annie, I fucking *love* it. This is... this is more than I even imagined." He runs his hands down the sides, appreciating the curve. "It feels so... right. Like they're supposed to be here."

He takes a step closer to me, holding his hands out slightly as if balancing his new weight. The C-cups jiggle slightly with the movement. "Can you... can you touch them?" he asks, his voice thick with need.

Hesitantly, I reach out. My fingers make contact with the warm, taut skin of his left breast. It feels... remarkably real. Soft, yet firm beneath the surface. It yields slightly under my touch. I trace the curve, feeling the unfamiliar fullness. It's so different from the hard plane of muscle that's usually there. I brush my thumb over his nipple, mimicking his earlier touch.

Brad lets out a strangled moan, his hips bucking forward involuntarily. "Ah! Fuck, Annie... yes! That's... wow." His eyes flutter shut for a moment.

My own nipples tighten under my thin dress, a sympathetic response, maybe? Or just the charge in the air. Seeing him react so strongly to my touch, even in this bizarre context... it's potent. I explore the other breast, mapping its shape, feeling its weight. They're undeniably breasts. C-cup, maybe even pushing towards a D already, fuller than my own current size.

"More," he gasps, his hands finding my waist, pulling me closer until my own D-cups are almost brushing against his new C's. "Don't stop."

But Brad, high on the sensation, isn't content with C-cups. His eyes lock onto the watch still gleaming on his wrist. A wild, almost manic energy sparks in his gaze. "If C feels this good..." he murmurs, almost to himself.

"Brad, maybe..." I start, a little worried he's getting carried away.

"Just a little more," he interrupts, his voice husky, already reaching for the dial. "I need to know."

Click. Click. Click. He doesn't stop at D. Or DD. Or even F. The clicks keep coming, rapid-fire, as his eyes stay fixed on his chest, watching the transformation with feverish intensity. He finally stops turning when the glowing letter settles on 'G'.

G-cup.

The growth this time is almost violent. His chest swells outwards dramatically, the skin stretching alarmingly tight. The soft C-cups explode into truly massive mounds of flesh, heavy and pendulous, straining against gravity. They look... enormous on his frame. Utterly, surreally huge. They dwarf my own D-cups completely. The feminized nipples are stretched wide, dark against the pale, rapidly expanding skin. Veins become visible, tracing faint blue patterns beneath the surface as the tissue engorges.

Brad groans, loud and long, staggering back a step as the sheer weight and sudden volume hits him. He clutches at his new G-cup breasts, his hands barely able to encompass their fullness. His breathing is harsh, ragged. Sweat beads on his forehead.

"Fuck... oh fuck..." he pants, eyes wide with a mixture of shock and overwhelming pleasure. He looks down at the colossal globes dominating his torso. "They're... they're huge... Annie, look how fucking huge they are!"

He lifts one slightly, testing its weight. It wobbles heavily. "So... heavy..." he gasps, a delirious smile spreading across his face. "God, the *pull*... I can feel them stretching the skin... pulling down..." He squeezes one massive breast with both hands, burying his face in the soft cleavage he now possesses. A shudder runs through his entire body. "It feels... amazing... overwhelming..."

He looks up at me, his eyes blazing with an intensity that pins me to the spot. The sheer, raw arousal rolling off him is palpable, thicker than the humid summer air. He's completely lost in the sensation, consumed by the fulfillment of his deepest fantasy. The sight of his massive erection straining against his jeans confirms it. This is everything he wanted and more.

And then, he moves. He surges forward, closing the distance between us in a single step. His hands cup my face, fingers tangling in my hair, and his mouth crashes down onto mine.

The kiss is desperate, hungry, fueled by the adrenaline rush of his transformation. His tongue plunges into my mouth, tasting of himself, of pure, unadulterated lust. I gasp into the kiss, overwhelmed by the suddenness, the intensity. One of his hands slides down my back, pressing me tight against him, while the other... the other comes up to cradle one of his own enormous G-cup breasts, squeezing it possessively even as he devours my mouth.

It's the strangest, most disorienting make-out session of my life. Feeling the impossible softness and sheer bulk of his manufactured breast pressing against my stomach, his hand kneading it, his other hand pulling me closer, his tongue exploring mine... it's a sensory overload. My mind struggles to reconcile the male body I know so well with the gigantic, feminine breasts now attached to it, and the undeniable fact that the man attached to both is kissing me with more passion than ever before.

My dress feels suddenly restrictive, too hot. My own D-cups feel small and insignificant compared to the massive orbs crushing gently against my torso. His hand leaves his own breast and finds the zipper on the side of my sundress. He pulls it down swiftly, efficiently.

"Get naked, Annie," he murmurs against my lips, his voice thick and urgent. "I want to feel you. All of you."

My fingers fumble with the buttons of his jeans, adrenaline making me clumsy. He helps me, kicking them off along with his boxers in a single, fluid motion. His erection springs free, thick and hard, glistening with pre-come. At the same time, I shrug out of my dress, letting it pool at my feet. We stand there, face to face, completely naked except for the watch still gleaming on his wrist.

The sight is... breathtakingly weird. His familiar masculine build – strong shoulders, defined abs, hairy legs, thick cock – topped with these enormous, wobbling G-cup breasts with their permanently feminized nipples, already flushed and puckered from arousal. And then there's me, my own body feeling almost inadequate next to his exaggerated femininity, my D-cups suddenly seeming modest.

He reaches out, his hands going not to my breasts, or my waist, or my ass, but cupping his *own* G-cups again, lifting them slightly. "Feel them," he urges, his voice hoarse. "Press yours against mine."

My heart is pounding. This is uncharted territory. Deeply strange, potentially fetishistic territory I never thought I'd explore. But the look in his eyes, the raw need... it overrides my hesitation. I take a step closer, until the tips of my D-cups brush against the overwhelming softness of his Gs.

"Oh god," he groans, closing his eyes. "Yes..."

He leans into me, pressing his chest fully against mine. It's an utterly bizarre sensation. Like being hugged by a woman with implants made of warm Jell-O, but attached to my boyfriend. The sheer volume of his breasts envelops mine, soft flesh yielding against soft flesh. His

larger mounds cushion and surround my own, a double layer of feminine softness between our bodies. His hard cock presses insistently against my lower belly.

“This...” he gasps, nuzzling his face into my neck, his huge tits jiggling with the movement, creating friction against mine. “This feels... incredible. Your tits against mine... even though mine are...” He trails off, squeezing them again, a shudder running through him. “Fuck, it’s so good.”

I wrap my arms around his back, holding him close, trying to process the feeling. It *is* weird. Incredibly weird. There’s no denying that. My brain keeps short-circuiting, trying to categorize the sensation. It’s not like hugging a woman; the underlying frame is too hard, too male. It’s not like hugging Brad used to be; the pillowy barrier is too profound. But... watching him? Feeling the tremors of pleasure run through his body as our breasts press together? Hearing his choked gasps and moans? That... *that* is turning me on. Not the breasts themselves, but his *reaction* to them, his reaction to *us* like this. I’m not a lesbian, the feel of female breasts against mine doesn’t inherently do it for me, but witnessing Brad’s profound arousal, knowing I’m facilitating this peak moment for him... it’s intensely intimate, intensely erotic in its own right.

He pulls back slightly, just enough to look down at our chests pressed together. A look of intense concentration crosses his face. Then, he carefully reaches down, his fingers fumbling slightly with the watch clasp due to the sheer bulk now obscuring his wrist. He manages to undo it.

“Here,” he says, his voice tight, holding the watch out to me. “Put it on.”

I take it, my fingers brushing his. The metal is warm, almost hot. I secure it around my own wrist. The familiar ‘D’ glows on the face.

“Match me, Annie,” he whispers, his eyes burning into mine. “Make yours as big as mine. Right now. While we’re like this.”

My breath catches. Grow my breasts... while they’re pressed against his? Grow them *to match* his impossible G-cups? The idea is insane. And unbelievably hot.

Nodding, unable to speak, I press myself back against him, recreating that soft, pillowy contact, skin against skin. Then, taking a deep, shuddering breath, I reach down with my free hand and twist the dial. D... DD... E... F... FF... G.

The sensation hits me instantly, a familiar deep warmth spreading through my chest, but amplified, intensified by the pressure of Brad's own breasts against mine. I gasp as my D-cups begin to swell, pushing outwards, fighting for space against his already massive Gs.

"Oh fuck, Annie... yes!" Brad groans, watching intently, his hands gripping my hips tightly.

My breasts inflate rapidly, the tissue engorging, pushing harder and harder against his. It's an incredible feeling – the internal pressure of the growth combined with the external pressure of his body. Our combined flesh creates this thick, yielding barrier between our torsos, rubbing, compressing, jiggling together. I can feel my nipples hardening, scraping against the skin of his breasts, sending jolts of pleasure straight to my core. The skin feels incredibly tight, stretched to its absolute limit as my breasts balloon outwards and upwards, matching his G-cup size ounce for ounce, curve for curve.

Within moments, it's done. I'm a G-cup too. We stand chest-to-chest, two pairs of enormous, matching breasts pressed together, wobbling slightly, incredibly sensitive. The sheer volume of flesh is staggering.

Brad lets out a guttural roar of pure ecstasy, grinding his hips against mine, his cock thick and pulsing against my belly. "Yes! Fuck, Annie, look at us! We match! Fucking perfect G-cups!"

He grabs my ass, pulling me tight, smashing our huge chests together again, and his mouth finds mine in another bruising kiss. This time, I meet him halfway, all hesitation gone, swept away by the sheer erotic insanity of the moment. My hands roam his back, feeling the sweat-slick skin, the hard muscle beneath. His hands are all over me, squeezing my now-massive breasts, kneading my ass, one hand dipping between my legs, finding my already slick folds.

I gasp as his fingers slide inside me, stretching me, preparing me. "Brad... please..."

He pulls back from the kiss, his eyes blazing. "Need you, Annie. Now."

He lifts me easily, my legs wrapping around his waist instinctively. The movement makes our massive chests collide heavily, sending shockwaves of sensation through both of us. He carries me the few steps to the couch, tumbling down onto the cushions without breaking contact, landing with me sprawled on top of him.

Our G-cups flatten against each other, creating an almost absurdly thick cushion between our bodies. His hard cock presses urgently against my entrance. With a groan, he guides himself, positioning the thick head.

“Ready?” he pants, his eyes locked on mine.

I nod, biting my lip, bracing myself.

He thrusts upwards, and I gasp as he fills me completely. Fuck, he’s thick. The sensation is overwhelming – his hardness stretching me, the sheer volume of our combined G-cup breasts crushed between us, his skin hot against mine. My hands clench on his shoulders, knuckles white.

“Annie...” he groans, his voice a low rumble against my ear. He starts to move, slow, deep strokes that slide him in and out of my slick heat.

Each thrust is punctuated by the heavy slap and jiggle of our massive chests colliding. It’s an absurd, erotic rhythm. The friction is incredible, my own hypersensitive G-cup nipples rubbing against his, sending electric shocks straight down to my core where he’s buried deep inside me. His equally sensitive female nipples must be getting the same treatment, because his breath hitches with every movement, his eyes squeezed shut, lost in the feeling.

“God... feels so good...” he pants, picking up the pace. “Having these... feeling them bounce... feeling *yours* bounce against them... while I’m inside you...”

He reaches up, grabbing one of his own massive breasts, squeezing it hard as he thrusts.

“Look, Annie... look at them...”

I follow his gaze downwards. The sight is surreal. Our four enormous mounds of flesh jiggling and colliding in time with his thrusts, slick with sweat, nipples dark and erect. It’s grotesque and beautiful all at once. Seeing his G-cups bounce with the force of his fucking... it fuels the fire building inside me. My focus shifts from the weirdness to the pure, raw sensuality of the moment, driven by his obvious pleasure and the intense physical sensations.

“You like this, Brad?” I gasp out, arching my back, trying to take him deeper. “Feeling them bounce while you fuck?”

“Fuck yes...” he groans, his thrusts becoming more frantic. “It’s... it’s everything... makes it... so much more intense...”

He grabs the watch on my wrist, his fingers fumbling slightly. “More,” he gasps. “Let’s go... bigger...”

Bigger? Bigger than G-cups? Is that even possible? My heart pounds. “Brad... are you sure?”

“Need it...” he pants, already turning the dial. G clicks past. H. HH. J. He stops on J-cup.

The surge of growth is almost painful this time, stretching skin that already felt drum-tight. I cry out as my breasts inflate yet again, becoming truly colossal, impossibly heavy, pushing against his with overwhelming force. They feel like they’re tearing away from my chest under their own weight. The sensation is agonizing and exquisite all at once. Brad groans loudly, his own chest undoubtedly undergoing the same hyper-inflation, though I can’t see the watch on his wrist.

Our bodies are now separated by this ludicrous wall of J-cup flesh. His thrusts become shallower, hampered by the sheer volume, but the friction between our chests intensifies tenfold. It’s like our tits are fucking each other as much as we are.

“Oh god... Annie...” Brad cries out, his face buried in the valley between my new J-cups. His body starts to shudder, his thrusts becoming short, sharp, desperate.

His climax rips through him, a guttural roar muffled against my skin. He pumps into me, hard and fast, spilling his release deep inside. I feel the hot spurts, tightening my inner muscles around him, milking him as my own orgasm, triggered by the intense pressure, the overwhelming sensations, and his raw release, builds towards its peak.

My turn comes a split second later. It crashes over me, a blinding wave of pure pleasure. I scream his name, my body convulsing around him, our massive J-cup chests smashing together violently. The world dissolves into sensation – the stretching skin, the weight, the friction, his cock inside me, his release, my release – all blending into one overwhelming, ecstatic moment.

We collapse together, panting, slick with sweat, buried under the combined weight of our ridiculously oversized breasts. We lie there for long moments, limbs tangled, chests slowly rising and falling, the only sound our ragged breathing. The J-cups feel ludicrously heavy, pinning me down, making it hard to breathe.

“Wow,” Brad finally whispers, his voice hoarse. He gently disentangles himself, rolling slightly to the side, giving me room to breathe. Our enormous breasts loll heavily, separating slightly.

“Yeah,” I manage, equally breathless. “Wow.” I look down at my chest. The J-cups are obscene. Glorious, but obscene. “Okay, playtime’s over for these, I think. They’re... a lot.”

He chuckles weakly, reaching for the watch on my wrist. “Agreed.” He carefully dials it back down. J... H... G... F... E... He stops back at D, my preferred size. The deflation is a relief, the intense pressure easing, leaving my breasts feeling wonderfully full but manageable, tingling pleasantly. “There you go.”

“Thanks.” I sigh, appreciating the familiar weight. Then I gesture to his chest. His J-cups are still massive. “Your turn.”

He nods, picking up the watch from where he dropped it beside the couch. He fumbles slightly – his huge breasts getting in the way – but manages to clasp it onto his own wrist. He looks down at his chest one last time, a strange mix of fondness and awe on his face, before turning the dial.

We watch as the massive G-cups melt away, shrinking rapidly, the underlying muscle reappearing, firming up. Within a minute, his chest is flat again, muscular, masculine... except for those distinctly female nipples, which remain unchanged, dark and slightly puckered on his pecs.

He flexes, looking down. “Back to normal. Mostly.” He flicks one of the nipples, a ghost of pleasure crossing his face. “Definitely keeping these little souvenirs.”

He unclasps the watch, holding it out to me. “All yours again.”

I take it, slipping it back onto my wrist where it belongs. The living room seems suddenly... normal again. Except for the two naked bodies on the couch and the lingering scent of sex and sweat.

Brad pulls me against his side, his now-flat chest warm against my arm. His erection is gone, replaced by a post-coital languor. “So,” he says softly, stroking my hair. “That was...”

“Insane?” I offer, snuggling into him.

“Yeah. Insane,” he agrees. “And... amazing. Thank you, Annie. For... indulging me. For being open to it.”

“It was... definitely an experience,” I admit. “Seeing you get so much pleasure from it... that was something else.” I trace a finger over one of his female nipples. He shivers slightly. “Still can’t believe these are permanent, though.”

“Best part,” he murmurs sleepily. “My own little secret reminder.”

We lie there quietly for a while, wrapped in the comfortable silence, the adrenaline slowly fading. The sheer weirdness of what just happened hangs in the air, but it's tempered by the intimacy, the shared transgression. We pushed a boundary tonight, explored a fantasy I never knew existed, and came out the other side closer, somehow.

“Think you’ll want to... do that again sometime?” I ask tentatively, curious despite myself.

He yawns, pulling me tighter. “Maybe. Not sure. It was... intense. Maybe too intense to be a regular thing.” He pauses. “But knowing it’s possible? Knowing how it feels? Yeah. That’s enough for now.” He kisses the top of my head. “Right now, I just want to sleep. Right here. With you.”

“Me too,” I whisper, exhaustion washing over me. My D-cups feel comfortably heavy against his side.

Curled up against his familiar male chest, marked only by its strange, new nipples, I close my eyes. The image of our massive breasts pressed together flashes behind my eyelids – grotesque, erotic, unforgettable. It was Brad’s fantasy, but sharing it, facilitating it, witnessing his ecstasy... it became something uniquely ours. A strange new chapter in our already unconventional story. And as sleep pulls me under, I have a feeling it won’t be the last.

That's all for now. Head over to my [Patreon](https://patreon.com/JohnManTD) to read the next chapter along with other bonus chapters and side stories - patreon.com/JohnManTD