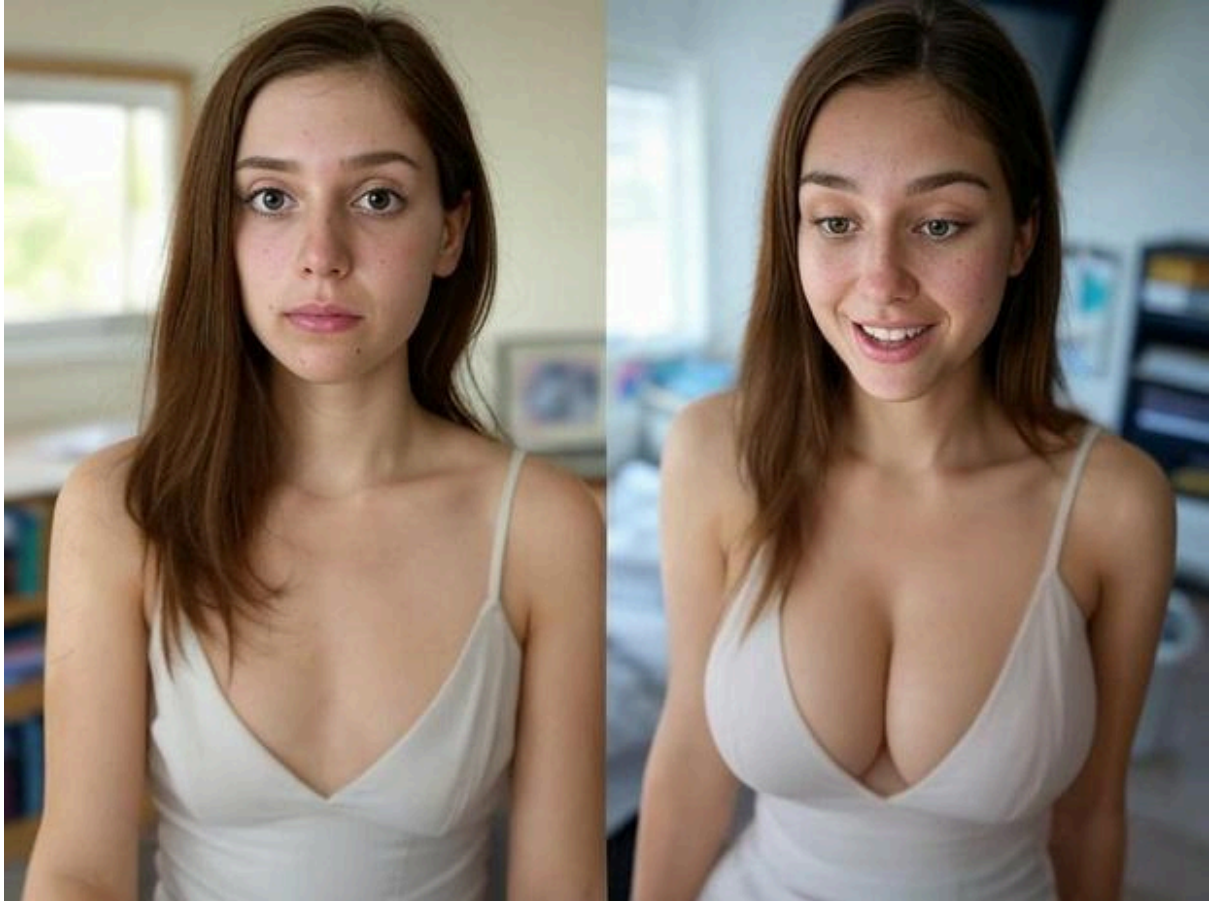


# The Breast Size Watch

by JohnManTD

*This story takes place in "The Swapping Device" universe and follows another group of characters who have found a different artifact. This chapter is free, but to read all future chapters head over to my Patreon at [patreon.com/JohnManTD](https://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.

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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.

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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.