

# The Breast Size Watch

by JohnManTD

Thanks to everyone who liked the first chapter! Due to popular demand, I'm including this series as an ongoing series in my Patreon to run alongside "The Swapping Device".

*This story takes place in "The Swapping Device" universe and follows another group of characters who have found a different artifact. The next chapter is already available on my Patreon at [patreon.com/JohnManTD](https://patreon.com/JohnManTD)*



## Chapter 2

My eyes flutter open, and the soft, muted light of Brad's dorm room slipped through the slats of the blinds, painting faint stripes across the tangled mess of sheets around me. I blinked a few times, my head still swimming in the groggy aftermath of sleep and the fuzzy remnants of last night's drinks. Beside me, Brad lay sprawled out, his chest rising and falling with slow, even breaths. His arm rested lazily across my waist, pinning me gently in place. I shifted my wrist, and there it was, the watch, no longer the bold, chunky piece I'd worn last night. Instead, it had transformed into a delicate silver bracelet, its tiny face understated and perfectly suited to my current state: half-naked, wrapped in nothing but Brad's oversized

t-shirt and the lingering warmth of the night before. It was as if the watch had sensed where I was, what I was doing, and adjusted itself to fit the moment, blending into the intimacy of the morning.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Brad nodded, accepting it with an easy grin, and I let out a silent breath of relief. He must've figured it was all in his head, some drunken exaggeration blending into the chaos of the night. The watch's magic had worked its charm, and he didn't seem inclined to question it.

Thank God. The last thing I needed was him piecing together something I couldn't explain, not when I was still figuring it out myself.

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

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

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

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

When I finally pushed open the door to my dorm, I was greeted by the sight of Mandy sprawled across her bed, her laptop perched precariously on her lap and a half-empty bag of chips spilling crumbs onto her blanket. She didn't even look up at first, too engrossed in whatever she was watching, but as I kicked off my shoes and flopped onto my own bed with a happy sigh, her head snapped up. Her eyes widened as she took me in, and a slow, teasing grin spread across her face. "Well, well, look who's back," she said, her voice dripping with mock surprise. "Had a good night, did we?"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"I'm serious," I insisted, meeting her gaze even as my nerves jittered. "Watch." I slipped the watch off my wrist, and the hands fell limp, spinning freely for a moment before I slid it back on. The hands snapped into place, pointing to 30 and 4, reflecting my current 30D. Then,

slowly, I turned the dial down, feeling the familiar tingle as my breasts shrank back to their natural size, the fabric of my top sagging slightly as the magic receded.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My thumb brushed the dial, and I gave it a gentle twist, nudging the "bust inches" hand from 1 to 2. A familiar warmth blossomed across my chest, soft and inviting, like stepping into a

sunbeam. My breasts began to swell, the skin stretching ever so slightly as they rounded out into a perky B-cup. I propped myself up on my elbows, watching the subtle transformation, feeling the new weight settle lightly against my ribcage. My hands slid up, cupping them, and I marveled at how they filled my palms, soft and pliant, the faintest bounce to them as I shifted. My nipples stiffened under my touch, sending a shiver of pleasure through me, and I let out a quiet sigh. It was delicious, this slow expansion, the way the sensation built layer by layer.

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

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

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

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

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

But I wasn't satisfied. I needed to test the watch's limits, to feel its full power unleashed. I turned the dial to 6, and my breasts ballooned to an E-cup, heavy and pendulous, hanging lower on my chest. They were too much for my hands now, spilling over my forearms as I tried to lift them, and the effort sent a thrill through me. My nipples, thicker and more prominent, jutted out, hypersensitive to every touch, and I whimpered as I teased them, the pleasure bordering on pain. Another twist to 7, and they reached an F-cup, their size overwhelming my petite frame. The weight dragged at me, forcing me to brace myself against the bed, and I could feel the strain in my back, a delicious tension that mingled with the arousal flooding my senses.

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



threading beneath the surface, and my nipples were massive, thick and pink, aching with every slight movement.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As the giggles faded, I wiped my eyes and leaned back, catching my breath. "We've got to be careful with this thing, though," I said, my tone sobering even as a smile lingered. "It's so easy to get carried away, and I don't want to, like, accidentally break myself or something." Mandy nodded, her expression shifting to something softer, more thoughtful. "Yeah, you're right. It's fun, but it's powerful. We can't just mess around without thinking." Her agreement settled me, grounding the chaotic energy still humming through my veins. I felt a rush of gratitude for her, for the way she didn't judge me even after walking in on... well, that.

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

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

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

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

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

Mandy’s face lit up like a kid on Christmas morning. “Gimme the watch.” I hesitated for half a second before slipping it off my wrist and handing it over. The moment it touched her skin, the watch shimmered, morphing from its sleek, minimalist design into a chunky, boho-style

cuff with woven leather straps, perfectly suited to her free-spirited vibe. "Love it," she said, admiring it for a moment before turning to my dresser. "Now, I need one of your small bralettes." I raised an eyebrow but didn't argue, rummaging through my drawer until I found a soft, pale blue one that barely fit me anymore. I tossed it to her, and she caught it with a grin, slipping it on over her sports bra.

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

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

I stood there, frozen, my cheeks burning as her breasts ballooned further, hitting an E-cup and then surging to a full F. The bralette was a joke now, stretched to its absolute limit, the straps digging into her shoulders as her skin flushed with the expansion. She groped herself shamelessly, her fingers sinking into the soft, heavy flesh, and let out another moan, louder this time, playing it up for the camera with all the gusto of a porn star. My stomach flipped, a confusing mix of awe, embarrassment, and something hotter swirling inside me. It was ridiculous, almost comical, but there was no denying the raw, electric energy of it. Mandy was in her element, her body arching slightly as she leaned into the performance, her chest jiggling with every dramatic breath.

Finally, she reached over and stopped the recording, her chest still heaving as she grinned at me. "So, what'd you think?" she asked, her hands still idly squeezing her newly enhanced F-cups. The bra had completely snapped and she was just groping her tits openly. "Uhh sorry about the bra". I laughed, shaking my head in disbelief. "That was... a lot. You're way too good at this." She winked, then grabbed her phone, her fingers flying across the screen

as she cropped the video, double-checking that her face was completely out of sight. She then opened a subreddit I'd never heard of, something about AI breast expansion content. With a few taps, she uploaded the clip, typing out a caption: "Testing our new state-of-the-art AI model. Unreal realism, right?"

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

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

Mandy laughed, propping herself up on her elbows, her breasts still defiantly huge. "Right? We've got the secret weapon. No one's gonna top this." I handed the phone back to her, my mind spinning with the implications. "So, what's next?" I asked, half-expecting her to have a full business plan ready to go. She sat up, her chest swaying with the motion, and pointed at her enhanced bust with a grin. "Next, we keep posting stuff like this, generate some buzz, and then we launch an OnlyFans. We can do all kinds of expansion videos, maybe even let fans request sizes or scenarios. It's foolproof, Annie. People will pay big for this."

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

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

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

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

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**That's the end of Chapter 2, but Chapter 3 is live on my patreon along with future chapters coming soon.**

**Here is a sneak peak to 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....

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