

BREAST SIZE WATCH

A SWAPPING DEVICE STORY



A series by
JohnManTD

The Breast Size Watch

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The following 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

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.

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