

Note: This story is not suitable for minors. Everyone portrayed in this story is of consenting age.

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Flash fiction based on this prompt:

Woman buys new house, has weird switch in a random place. It's a slider, tries to see what it does, inexplicably grows/shrinks her chest.

Contains: Breast Expansion

It Comes with the House

Penny was ecstatic. All the memes, all the judgement from out-of-touch 'Boomers' and somehow even worse Gen-Xers had not gotten her down. Penny had been working a decent job for almost ten years now. And despite her status as a dyed in the wool Millennial, Penny had bought her own home.

Granted, it was a post-war ranch. One of those 'single story, two bedroom, one and a half bath' jobs. A kitchen full of plywood cabinets, hollow core doors that didn't quite sit straight in their frames, and a plethora of disgusting shag carpet that she was going to rip out immediately.

At least she planned to rip the carpet out. The absolute second she could get even one friend to come help her instead of spending a weekend at the farmer's market or day drinking for 'brunch.'

Penny stood in what felt like a palace. A ten by fifteen 'living room' with orange-ish green carpet with several furniture outlines and more than one suspicious stain. None of that was goin to get Penny down, because this was *hers*.

Okay, sure, technically the bank owned most of it. But Penny was done paying rent like some sucker. She was living the dream that her parents had been subtly hinting at for years. Not 'wasting' her money on rent, but owning.

Owning four walls, a detached garage, and a mostly working furnace. Her own house, a house that had...

That had a set of dimmer switches in a room with no ceiling lights.

No lights at all. The room was nothing but normal power outlets.

Penny figured the previous owners had all used lamps, but then what were these dimmer switches for?

Penny crossed the room to the set of round plastic dials, and touched one of the experimentally. She twisted one dial, looking around the room for some kind of effect. The dial did not move as easily as the dimmer switches Penny was used to.

In fact, it took a fair bit of effort just to rotate the plastic dial a quarter turn.

Penny tried pushing the knob inward. She'd been to friend's houses where a dimmer switch had a 'push' toggle function.

No lights or HVAC fans reacted to the *snap* of the dial, but Penny felt a warmth spread through her upper chest. Penny guessed that was just a nervous reaction to the mystery of this dial.

Penny flexed her forearm, trying carefully not to damage the old plastic dial. No sense in breaking anything in the house she owned. Penny was suddenly keenly aware of the responsibility she held. There was no landlord to call if she broke anything. Not that her landlords had ever been all that helpful when she'd needed anything.

Twisting the dial to its halfway point, Penny noticed something at the bottom edge of her vision.

Her... breasts?

Penny's modest C-cup breasts were visible at the bottom corner of her eyes.
That shouldn't be...

Penny examined herself, groping first one and then the other plump orb as they sat full and firm on her ribcage.

These were definitely more than C-cups, at least twice as much more...

Penny reached for the dial again.