

SUMMARY: Henry is the average nerdy guy with a boring life and a secret few *degenerate* fetishes sprinkled in here and there. One morning, Henry receives the ability to alter the entirety of reality in any way he pleases. Of course, an expansion fetishist has *very* specific plans in mind for a new universe. Will Henry be able to sexify reality itself, or will his small amount of world altering time run out before he can?

*Contains: breast expansion, butt expansion, hourglass expansion, lactation, nipple expansion, thigh expansion, hip expansion, pregnancy, pregnancy expansion, rapid pregnancy, futa tf, futa expansion, magic, sci-fi, implants/surgery, possession, parasite, bimbo transformation/bimbofication/bimboification, reality alteration, and a couple references lmao. genuinely just a set up for the universe of my future stories & everything within is a teaser that connects them all.*

*"Reality can be whatever I want..."* Henry sat alone in his room, like always. He continuously snapped his fingers in an attempt at mimicking one of his favorite villains, albeit in the most low effort way possible. Henry had recently crashed into his bed, unadulterated exhaustion had overtaken him and the urge to sleep hit harder than ever before. A ten hour shift had Henry a bit *too* tired to even play video games, the sad reality of being an adult. Shockingly, he wasn't even strong enough to idly watch youtube as he drifted off. In fact, he wasn't even in the mood to read any smut! Even after the most taxing work shift in *history* he'd at least be down to listen to a video essay or something... This was all *very* strange, especially for a shut-in like himself, he was up for absolutely *none* of his favorite activities!

For some reason, Henry would rather lay down and *rot* in bed for the whole night- opposed to the usual rotting in front of his computer monitor all evening. The exhausting shift had sapped Henry's energy to the point he didn't want to move from bed at all, not even to play some music to help him sleep. Something was strange about this day, something he couldn't put his still snapping fingers on. Henry brushed that thought aside immediately and a minute or two of doing absolutely nothing later, Henry found himself vacantly staring at the ceiling. The empty white space above Henry started to morph, shifting as if it was a blank canvas just waiting for an imaginative vision to paint it. Henry could feel the cogs in his brain turning more than before, a purely magical sensation flowing from his eyes directly to the empty space above him.

Before Henry knew it, the ceiling's blank whiteness was filling with hundreds of his thoughts and fantasies every second, his creativity

running completely wild as if his head wasn't entirely empty just a few seconds ago. The dim light emanating from Henry's computer screen mixed with the colorful thoughts in his mind and before no time, a creativity engine Henry never knew he had was eager to fill his head with a hundred stories. Like the titans of comics before him, a sudden desire to change the entire world, no, the entire *universe*, rose into his mind.

Of course, these desires, fantasies and stories were almost *completely* sexual. Henry could imagine the most mythical fantasy world with a legion of light wielding paladins waging war against wickedly vile necromancers, each character with a complex back story to match– but as soon as he even *thought* of a female warrior he couldn't help but place her in the most skimpy attire imaginable. He couldn't hold his mind back, before no time he had envisioned the perfect warrior, his brain continuously adding to her lore, filling it with... fetishy sex appeal. The vision of this sexed-up world flowed onto the ceiling, filling the blank canvas with something so vivid it was like Henry was watching a movie pulled straight from his imagination...

*A burst of light exploded outwards, harshly throwing every nearby bystander asunder, creating a clearing on the battlefield in but a moment. In the center of the sudden light stood a paladin of the realm; skimpily clad in something straight out of a MMO or an especially perverted modded video game. She was elegantly adorned by flowing white cloth decorated by an occasional golden armor plating, each one scattered across her body. These platings provided little, they only served to emphasize the massive amount of cleavage the woman was "gifted" with rather than serve as actual protection. The flowy cloth did nothing to hide her chest, simply resting atop of two watermelons like small napkins, tented over her bright pink nipples, which somehow always managed to remain rock hard and obvious. The golden plating cupped her chest, forcing them into an even perkier state whilst also generating cleavage. Below, the white cloth became thinner and thinner as it opened around her hips, only leaving one small "cape" to flow right between her juicy ass.*

*It matched the twin gifts on her chest wonderfully. The pristine white cloth fell like a waterfall until it sat perfectly atop of her pillowy ass cheeks, occasionally sinking between the thickness. The warrior's hips swayed with every minor movement and for obvious, fetishy reasons her uniform didn't include any form of undergarments. Due to how light and thin the cloth was, every movement revealed her glistening nether regions, hard nipples and evidently naked ass to the world. Every enemy she fought was met by*

*the greatest pair of distractions the realm had ever seen, whilst any of her allies were blessed with a view of her from behind in its bouncing beauty, which was only enhanced by off-genre high heels. It was a morale boosting sight, a creation one particular goddess of this world was proud of.*

*The Godly Pantheon of this world was yet another sex based fetish fantasy. This particular Goddess was adorned by massive tits a mortal couldn't even comprehend and curves that explained why all of her servants dressed so... lewdly. To make things just a bit more spicy, Henry gave his hypothetical light goddess the ability to expand her worshippers in only the sexiest of ways- the bigger the bust, the stronger the warrior.*

*His imagination panned back to the skimpily clad paladin, for every ally she healed and every enemy she defeated, her chest visibly grew yet further, which only made her and her allies even stronger. Her divine chest pillows filled the entire army with strength and her ass filled them with fervor, she was an excellent leader, the Goddess was happy and the day would surely be won.*

*The reason this particular warrior was so powerful was her chest- during service to the Goddess of Light, Breasts and Commerce, she had received great blessings. Of course, the two other things were pretty secondary to the fact every Light worshiping woman had a massive set of knockers in this universe. Henry watched the big titted paladin lead the army, not at all questioning how he could view all this so vividly, rather thinking more on how he could make fetish goddesses even more appealing.*

*With a quick kink based brain blast, Henry witnessed the battle expand past its previous proportions. The rest of the entirely female pantheon had one fetish designation each, from cow women, futa women, pregnant women, bimbo women, anything Henry could think of. And what was a sexual Goddess Pantheon without the occasional scuffle? The opposing force suddenly came more into focus, materializing as they were truly conceptualized...*

*This battle was being fought between the Goddess of Light and the Goddess of Dark, better known to Henry as the Goddess' of Boobs and Ass. If he wasn't so focused on imagining a Goddess level ass, he'd probably laugh at the absurdity. The two twin Goddess' would probably put their differences aside one day, but probably not until the massive titted paladin inevitably fucked the massive assed necromancer she was bound*

*to meet. Henrys' imagination was certainly vivid tonight*, but not vivid enough to completely immerse himself in the rest of his fantasy. Henry snapped back to reality, the magical vision in front of him fading away. Henry shook the blush from his face and the arousal from his pajama pants, staring at his hand gently hovering above his face, reaching out to the ceiling as if trying to touch the vision. Henry snapped his fingers again.

*No dice.*

Henry thought to himself. If his imagination was so active, why not get out today? After all that, Henry felt much less tired than before, he was more eager to leave home than he had ever been! It was as if the imaginary vision had filled him with energy.

Today was going to be Henry's usual routine: wake up, eat, browse the internet, play games, stare at the ceiling and fall asleep. But you know what? Today was different! That feeling of today being different just wouldn't go away and now Henry was determined to make that feeling reality. The young man had never had such a vivid imagination until now, in fact, he wasn't creative *at all*. Despite not being creative, Henry's mind was eager for more.

Henry had *just* snapped out of his boob goddess fantasy and yet his horny-brain immediately remembered reading his typical internet smut. Yesterday's read was some classic reality altering goodness; the kind where the MC doesn't realize it's happening but the interactions are good nonetheless. Hourglass expansion where the girl grows but only everyone around her notices. She struggles to get her clothes on while everyone else just sees her as wearing clothes way too lewd. For some reason, to Henry, the thought of that random growth story was *really* inspiring, at least in the moment.

Perhaps that's why he was feeling so *creative*? Maybe after reading so many stories it was all transformed into creativity of his own? Reality Alteration stories did always remind him of the oh so famous super-villains he had come to love. Henry had always *wished* he had powers like they did, and now with his newfound creativity Henry found the thought even more appealing than before.

What would someone who didn't exist in a comic book even *do* with all that power? What was the point of ruling the universe if there were no super powered heroes to oppose you anyway? What if Henry *was* the one

who had the ability to change anything with just one *\*snap\** of his fingers? Henry snapped as if to prove a point but try as he might, he didn't have that power, he was *still* just a regular dude. And that remained true no matter how much unexpected imagination or finger snapping he could muster. No sudden mutations, lightning strikes or hidden super-genes. Just a small apartment, his gaming PC and the empty space above him.

And yet another sudden burst of boob focused imagination came quickly, filling the space above him just like before, taking his attention away from everything as Henry's mind hyper-focused on the magical ceiling display.

*A spaceship from a far, far away galaxy broke the sound barrier, zooming past a small city like a star in the night sky. The city was evidently much less advanced than wherever the hunter had come from, her space ship was obvious science fiction, especially in comparison to everything below. It wasn't an entirely uncommon sight for the city citizens of course, after being indoctrinated into the Intergalactic Peace Coalition, many more high-tech wielding spacers could be found visiting the quaint little town. Nonetheless, an obvious, advanced and loud spaceship landing in town was something to clammer about. A crowd ran to where they assumed the ship was landing just to get a closer look, it was always fun for them to greet the galaxy fairing spacers.*

*As the citizens arrived, they slowly watched the ship descend onto the ground. Small rocks and gravity augmentation devices cushioned the fall, pushing air back into the crowd like a gust of wind. Seconds after the ship landed a hissing sound was followed by a few high pitched beeps, the citizens stared starry eyed as a ramp slowly began its descent from the ship's hull. Light began to illuminate the area, slowly flowing forward as the ramp did. Each and every eye in the clamoring crowd was drawn to the sight of two high boots entering view, both glowing a mysterious, impractical purple. As the ramp lowered further, the glow was quickly accompanied by now revealed open toes with clearly professionally done nails. Each nail was decorated with moving purple galaxies and red supernovas that seemed to glisten in the oncoming sunlight, whoever was in this ship was certainly appearance focused with beautified nails that screamed high-tech.*

*A few steps later and a bit more of the person was revealed. Entering the view next were two long legs, slowly showing themselves as toned but entirely smooth, so soft every onlooker could see the pillowy feeling with*

*the subtle bounce that accompanied them. Despite their tone, the legs were certainly feminine, evident by their thick, plump curvature in all the right places. Men ogled eagerly, especially when the woman stepped further, the step revealing the entirety of her bubbly behind with a nice bounce. The next heavy step sent a furious bounce rippling across the two soft globes, so much so it looked like her fat ass could slip out of her purple leotard. The spacer certainly *was* appearance focused, her next step would reveal even more. Her long red hair was finally making itself apparent to the crowd, but just as her plump, pastel purple lips made way for her pretty face, Henry refocused.*

Henry shook his head, refocusing on his thoughts rather than his imagination. He lived alone in a small apartment, his family was long gone and he'd been working to sustain himself as long as he could remember. And he was only 22, Henry was an orphan before he could even work. Regardless, Henry had made it this far– he was always a fighter, believe it or not. Henry had a stable living situation, a decent job and a good amount of online friends. At one point Henry had plans for college, his factory job was never his type of work– just a way to put food on the table. But the older Henry got, the less important he thought college was and the more his indecision sank in. Why do anything when he was okay as is? What could he even *do* for the rest of his natural life? What was he passionate about... *besides* boobs? He could never understand if it was complacency, laziness or even a vague content *happiness*. Henry was *definitely* confused, that was for sure, though he was doing well for himself either way– even if he was a shut in.

Henry *\*snapped\** himself back to reality, *WTF was he even thinking about?* He wanted to focus on imaginary big booty babes, existential crisis be damned! With *that* random train of thought leaving the brain station, Henry found himself raising his hand into the empty space above him once more, repeating the same iconic phrases that were ingrained into his mind, snapping his fingers to jog his imagination again.

*...What if reality really could be whatever he wanted?* Unfortunately, the world was *still* regular. Henry had been holding out hope of super powers ever since he was a little kid, it was one optimistic dream that never faded. With a snap of his fingers, Henry's arm fell to the bed and he was sent back to a lame reality. But this reality was still the same one he felt something strange about. Today was still different, and Henry was determined to make it so.

Henry smiled, a strange hope filling the spot his fetish focused creativity had left behind. Mind full of positivity, comboed with his vivid imagination, they manifested in a way that only further encouraged himself to get off his ass. Henry nearly jumped from his bed, threw his clothes all across the room and jogged to the bathroom. The young man hopped into his shower with an odd new excitement and washed like he had never washed before. Afterwards, Henry got dressed in the most basic white tee and jeans he could find.

Actually... he felt a bit *daring* today. Henry threw a baseball cap on and faced himself in the mirror with a grin, he looked *damn good*. A simple hat for a simple man, but just different enough to stand out against his usual attire. The creativity and positivity in his mind seems to twist his visage to further levels of attractiveness. As Henry smiled to himself, even his teeth seemed to whiten. Henry was never not attractive, just a bit... *tired* looking. As the man looked at his reflection, Henry could have *sworn* he grew a few inches taller, his face was definitely more handsome and he was just a bit more muscular. Maybe just some weight loss he hadn't noticed? Sudden self esteem increase? Late puberty? Either way, he didn't care, *he felt great!* Henry left the bathroom with a pep in his step he had never felt aside from when he was gaming. Henry was actually *excited* to go outside for once. With energy like this, maybe he'd even get a cat or a dog to keep him company?

Henry stepped out of his cramped home and onto a suburban sidewalk. Everything looked just a bit more colorful, more happy than before. The birds chirped and dogs barked as if Henry was in his very own fairy tale- he was a real suburban prince. Henry chuckled to himself and trailed off down the sidewalk, completely forgetting he owned a car. Every step he took was followed by a snap of his fingers, each snap getting progressively *louder* without him even noticing. Now that Henry was outside and far down the street from his home he realized something. *He had no real plan at all*, pure whimsy had taken him this far.

Despite not knowing where to go or what to do, Henry had always wanted to appreciate nature more and explore the world, though he never had gotten the opportunity. For now, all he had was this small sidewalk in the middle of a slightly busy suburb. Which, all things considered, was actually pretty nice. As Henry walked he watched nearby dogs play around a swing set and smiled at the two women swinging near them... *And they even smiled back!* Henry grinned more intensely than he had in *months*- it was *insane* how much a simple interaction could elevate his spirits! As the

sun hit Henry straight in his eyes, he came to appreciate it even more than he already did, Henry surveyed the people and plants surrounding him... It was amazing. And yet, it was still just a completely ordinary day.

*Mostly.* As Henry glanced at the two women and their dogs he couldn't help but get carried away again, his mind rushing with imagination that more or less forced him away from reality. His vision distorted completely, the two women changed outfits in an instant before his very eyes. *Rather than the simple shirts and jeans they were wearing before, the two were now clad in sexy parodies of what used to be. Before, the first woman was clearly a cop that had just got off her shift and met up with her nurse friend to wind down. Now, the cop wore a blue jacket with a police hat... And that was basically it. She had stuffed two watermelon sized tits into a bra that was way too small, an impossible amount of boob flesh spilled past the cups and generated an infinite amount of cleavage, any misstep would force her clearly hard nipples into the park's public air, it was a wonder she managed to fight crime like that. The jacket didn't help cover her twin peaks either, it was so small it hung off her shoulders and tightened around her elbows, forcing her to passively push her tits up even further than they already were.*

*Her lower half was just like Henry liked it; thick. Her thighs were completely disproportionate to her slim waisted top heavy body, they constantly rubbed, jiggling together with every step yet lacking any sign of imperfection. Her skin was completely smooth and Henry loved it, much like anyone else would. The police woman's deep blue jacket was short enough to see the entire mass of the woman's deliciously fat ass in its entirety, each individual cheek bouncing separately from the other as if both had a mind of their own. Her hips swayed with every high heeled step she took, trailing off down the sidewalk Henry was allowed to get a glimpse at every single booty filled angle. It was **beautiful**, Henry thought. If he could live for anything, it would be ass, no competition. Henry had been so distracted by the bombshell cop he'd completely neglected to look at the sexified doctor. Quickly moving his glance before the two could leave his vision, Henry got a clear glimpse of the nurse girl. She seemed to have a matching lower half, as if the doctor had invented her very own ass-expanding surgery and used it just to give the cop and herself matching thickness.*

*'Wait. That's **genius**!'* Henry thought, passively altering reality further without knowing it. *The doctor discovered an experimental ass expanding gel! It allowed anyone she injected it into to grow an ass entirely naturally*



*using the user's own body fat. Meaning, anyone it was injected to would lose all their weight and convert it into pure phat booty, explaining how the two had hourglass waists and zero imperfections. Of course, it would leave boobs alone, until they inevitably inject it into their tits! Henry continued to look at the two girls as they walked off, both of their asses growing a bit further and much more gravity defying, the effects of the surgery looked great on them, especially when they were bouncing into the distance!* Henry snapped out of his imagination but the two women did not go back to normal, though he just passed it off as his eyes playing tricks on him.

*'Maybe life aint so bad?'* Henry whispered to himself, perhaps he was so focused on survival he hadn't really registered the beauty of everything until now, the two glorious behinds seemingly reminding him of that. Henry smiled, crazy how seeing a fat ass, being positive, and going for a walk on a nice day can really brighten your whole life up. Henry sighed with a grin and looked towards the sun again, with each second spent soaking in his surroundings Henry noticed the sun growing ever brighter, each bright ray pushing through the trees; hotly landing on his head and soaking into the grass around him. Henry turned his head up to the sky, for once he was really enjoying everything, and while enjoying it, his own emerging powers managed to make everything even more beautiful, brightening the whole area with new vibrant colors. Henry soaked it all in, the simple beauty of everything, even if it was as small as the park, the grass, the sun, the clouds...

And then it hit him, a large push forcing his body to heavily recline on a nearby bench, followed by a sudden rush of energy that could only be described as *cosmic* whilst utterly *magical* at the same time. The combination of the two was incomprehensible; it was as if the universe itself poured directly into his mind, filling Henry's head like a giant, roaring tidal wave flooding into an empty shot-glass. Not even a wine glass—Henry's head was but a grain of sand in comparison to the infinity his mind was being charged by. To Henry his sight was filled with technicolor visions of infinity, an ongoing surface of unending colors. Stars and planets passed by every second, entire civilizations came and went, his eyes strained to understand even a small amount of it all. Henry's mouth hung open and his entire body ceased to move. To any onlooker this event was just a man looking at the sun for far too long, but to Henry he was experiencing something no one ever could hope to understand.

Henry suddenly snapped back to reality once again, a hand

snapping its fingers as if signaling him it was time to go. The colorful universes Henry had been viewing disappeared and he found himself back on the park bench, his breath short and his heart racing. Swiftly, his body recovered, the stress and shock replacing itself with a tingly sensation throughout his entire body– like he was filled with the universe itself. To Henry it felt like days had passed but only seconds at the same time. In reality this insane amount of mystical, cosmic knowledge and power had filled his mind in something smaller than a mere fraction of a second. *Knowledge* wouldn't even be how he'd describe it, there were no larger than life truths, no complex math problems, nothing– just a sudden *understanding* he couldn't put his finger on. To Henry's further surprise, there was no pain. There was no massive headache and no sudden existential crisis– he had already had one earlier today, he refused to have another. All that remained was himself and an indescribable sensation.

Henry could just tell he was gifted an extraordinary power with seemingly no reasoning, the only thing his trip in the cosmic canoe didn't reveal was why the universe chose *him*. Regardless of his confusion, Henry could tell what he was meant to do with his power. Henry had been given the magical power to alter reality itself with a snap of his fingers. Henry should have been insanely happy, every dream of his had come true and he had the power to make even more dreams come true. But, he had entered a focus so powerful his excitement was replaced with creativity. This time, the creative imagination was truly infinite, utterly boundless. Of course, that boundless-ness was 50% fetish fuel, whichever being chose *him* for this task definitely wanted to lewd up the universe, that was for sure. The mysterious cosmos informed him that despite all his power, he was on *very* limited time, five minutes at max. He couldn't use the powers to make himself all-powerful either, no loop-holes and no take backs, all Henry had was the next moment. Afterwards, it was back to normal life. Henry smiled, *reality really could be whatever he wanted now!* Nothing would end up normal when he was done ...as long as he could make the best of the next 5 minutes.

Henry thought his very hardest for a majority of the time, thinking of every possible thought combination, loophole and whatever else could ruin a wish. He summoned the knowledge of every hentai in history, every smut story from the past, present and future, every single piece of media he found even a *little* cool. Everything, everywhere, all at once all flooded into his mind, he focused on only the good, the hot and the awesome. Henry channeled all of this into his hand, a glow only he could see sending miniature stars across his palms. Then,

*\*Snap\**

A wave of seismic, reality shattering proportions flowed from Henry's finger tips, stars and sparks flew across the world in a magical torrent of pure energy. Soon after coating the world the magic spread to every other planet in the solar system, then, the entire galaxy. In this moment, a galaxy was exceedingly small, the wave quickly made its way across the universe in all its infinity, creating civilizations and life across thousands of planets. Each one was then made completely different, some bearing great magics, others immeasurable technology, some were more normal than the rest, and the rest was everything in between. Henry had done it. He had changed life itself with a snap of his fingers, down to the history of the earth up until that point. The effects weren't immediately obvious but Henry knew his job was done. There was no follow up of an insanely bright flash of light, no shifting of reality, it appeared that everything happened instantly and his eyes had adjusted to match, an utterly seamless transition.

In fact, Henry was seeing better than ever before. He felt much more attractive, a little bit taller and certainly more gifted below the belt. Henry truly didn't skip a beat. He didn't change himself too much, Henry knew he wanted to remain himself, but he was certainly a much more idealized version. *And he would be that way for the rest of his life!* Of course with infinite power he'd turn himself into a goddamn super soldier at the very least! Henry grinned as he flexed a newly muscular arm, he'd never have to exercise again!

But that wasn't the only thing Henry had changed.

Henry frantically looked around to see his dreams coming true before his eyes. Seconds ago, the area wasn't nearly as populated as it was now. Henry was standing in a bustling cities central park, which was surrounded by amazingly gorgeous spiraling skyscrapers. Despite the dense city, the park still remained in touch with nature. Even a statue was erected of what Henry could only assume was a real life superhero, he had thought so much with his boundless abilities he was certain to be surprised himself! A super high-tech city with a super hero statue plopped right in the middle? Awesome. Henry approached the statue and it set the standard for this world immediately. The superhero was a woman with an extremely buxom chest and relatively skimpy attire, the plaque reading "Hyper Girl, Big City's greatest hero!" underneath. Henry couldn't help but

grin, but was quickly distracted by the other *developments* surrounding him.

Around Henry every single woman in the general area was much more attractive than the previous reality's. Henry had increased the baseline for attractiveness to the point no one would ever be less than a 7/10 at minimum. As his eyes scanned the crowd of at least pretty women and men, every so often Henry would see someone far more endowed than anything he'd seen before. Surgery was much cheaper than before, there were hundreds of growth methods, corporations that sold expansion related products, society couldn't get enough! Even better, some of the methods were downright magical and others were influenced by the new pantheon of fetish based goddesses Henry just couldn't resist creating.

To balance things out, many people were more naturally gifted. Not only would much larger, curvier, buxomer, thicker women be more common, but they'd be entirely feasible and normal, even among the 'regular' population. Most women were still normally proportioned but they were all definitely upper-echelon, the average woman would look like a small time instagram model in this new world, even the flattest of asses would have the roundest shape, the widest of waists the largest hips, the saggiest breasts the fullest form. Even men received blessings to keep up, no more ugly attractive dudes and no more small dicks. They'd never know, but they'd thank Henry if they did.

Following the occasional stupidly curvy woman scattered around him, clothes began to get the same treatment. The old outfits couldn't hope to hold the new burgeoning basketballs and perky apples, both of which were crowned by more sensitive nipples to match. Even the outfits were more tight and revealing, deep cleavage was not an infrequent sight, the world was a bit more sexual than before in every sense of the word. Even a nuns standard outfit would be skin tight despite their remaining morals. The new pantheon of all female gods would *love* this- rather than the traditional lame old regular higher power, an average nun would worship the Goddess of Light, Commerce... and boobs! To make things make more sense, the pantheon would slowly reveal themselves through ancient relics being discovered, magic emerging and their chosen prophets. This wasn't to mention all the new aliens and sci-fi tech Henry had willed into the universe, the possibilities were completely endless. Just to spice things up even further, every fictional universe he could think of had similar magics introduced- sexy shenanigans were more than likely to ensue in any popular video game or even comic.

Rather than focus the rest of his changes onto top, bottom and hourglass heavy expansions, he threw in some more *exotic* changes to match! Henry was thorough and there were a few things that *had* to be made reality.

***Bimbos.*** He absolutely could not forget bimbos. Henry spotted the rare bimbo with colorful makeup, hair, nails, the whole nine yards. Their lips were unnaturally large, but perfectly natural with the new changes. But not all of these women were completely natural, some were filled to the brim with futuristic, gravity defying implants. For those that couldn't afford the newly patented asset enlarging clothing, high-tech implants or enhanced hormones, some perfect silicone would do the trick nicely. Better yet, they felt much more pleasurable than normal, thanks to the futuristic, fetishistic upgrades. Additionally, Henry made it so futa's were entirely possible, hermaphroditism was decently rare but now there were tens of thousands sprinkled in. Surgery had advanced to the point anyone could become one as well, along with anything else they wanted to be. For the cherry on top, it would have been criminal to not make all pleasure much more enjoyable, nipples more sensitive, lips more kissable, so Henry did just that. The world operated on hentai-esque physics now, nipple based orgasms were possible, everything was bouncier, sexy scenarios were more likely to happen, and whatever else Henry could think of was sprinkled in.

Henry continued to roam town square, remembering one of his favorite kinks as soon as he spotted it; *pregnancy*. During the reality warp, a few newly placed nearby women had grown until they reached at the very minimum a quad pregnancy. Apart from the mass beautification and expansion, Henry had to spread his guilty pleasure fetish, he *needed* to indulge in his extreme attraction to pregnant women. Anyone with similar interests would be just as hard as he was in seconds flat, twins were now far more common and triplets were as well, anything above was certainly more possible than before but still not *too* common. In a crowd of a few hundred people, tens of women surrounded him with jiggly, milk filled teats and heavy hip-spreading bellies. Henry's mouth watered when he saw a particularly fat ass walk past him, his eyes trailing the twin cheeks all the way across the street. Her leggings were certainly one of the new inventions he had willed into life, so sheer you could see every single detail but so tight her ass was purely gravity defying all the while. That sight was certainly appealing but Henry's eyes were quickly grabbed by a top heavy bimbo bouncing his way, then once again distracted by a waddling woman

with a heavy, fully term with five stomach. This new life was good.

Henry received a burst of magical energy yet again, his vision blurring as small glowing objects manifested near him, blipping into existence one by one until he had a small army of them. Henry had created these during his warping, though had delayed their creation just to see it for himself. Necklaces, gems, charms to outfits and even various pieces of technology. Papers detailing potion recipes, spell books, legendary items, new creatures, new technology, god damn Excalibur itself, thousands appeared around him, some mundane and others completely fantastical. Some were simply just *cool*. A pair of glasses that changed whatever the user saw into whatever they were most attracted to. A parasite that could attach to anyone, turning them into a hyper-virile futa. A pair of shorts that would expand the wearers lower half, forcing them to bounce, shake and twerk all the while. An ancient urn housing the fertility goddess of Henry's new pantheon. Ghosts that could possess and sexify any living body? The list went on for thousands of mental pages, filling the entire surrounding area with the sheer magnitude of objects.

Henry snapped his fingers and sent the thousands of fetishistic artifacts throughout the universe, bright streams of light followed as they ascended into the air and dispersed at extraordinary speed. They planted themselves in areas that would make sense, ancient tomes in underground temples, a necklace that would turn any woman into a super sized cow girl hidden in a farm, a maternity dress that grew the wearers pregnancy every day in a random maternity store, a pair of lactation-inducing nipple piercings in a piercing parlor, the list really could go on forever. Whichever lucky person found one of Henry's legendary artifacts would have either an amazing or terrible time, depending on how they viewed things. Each artifact was formed by either extraordinary technology, otherworldly magic or a mix of both, typically designed for transformation of the highest degree of sexiness, occasionally designed to slay great evil, or maybe even cause it. Whoever found these artifacts was in for a surprise, perhaps they'd find vast power? Or maybe they'd be changed into a sex-hungry cow girl? A worshiper of the Fertility Goddess? A member of a fertility empowered sorcerer family? Or even a giant lipped, face-fuck hungry bimbo? Henry was thorough, anything at all was possible.

Henry exhaled as the last bit of power left his now muscular, super soldier-esque body. He did a good job. He looked over his surroundings to admire the rampant handiwork and saw what could only be called an expansion lover's dream... Of course, he didn't only add thousands of sexy

possibilities to the world. At some point Henry improved society to the point of possibly eternal world peace, solved world hunger, created an insane amount of futuristic technology, and even connected Earth with the rest of the space faring universe. Since he added magic to the mix, many people now carried latent magic power. Oddly enough, he hadn't at all considered that a new pantheon of gods, vast new technologies, magic, and thousands of legendary artifacts could perhaps disturb the peace later on, but he wasn't really worried about it.

Mentally, everyone remained mostly the same. Besides the fact they were all much more "open" to the same perverse things Henry was, in such a wild world, people would certainly love to indulge in these new things. And, they were much more likely to do so. Indulgence would pose a very little challenge, exploring all walks of life would be easy due how insane tech and magic were. With his job done Henry was ready to return back home. The walk back was quite the feast for the eyes, all of his previous creations remained, as they always would. The sexified cop still walked with her sexy nurse friend, though they were much less appealing in such sexy crowds. These '*old*' sights were surrounded in the new ones too, Sprawling towers, beautiful architecture, happy people and the occasional extremely endowed woman. It was truly beautiful. Even from his view he could see each and every jiggle of the dog walking duos new curves, but they themselves would never know things were any different. But, Henry knew, and he absolutely *loved* the look their matching hard, huge nipples gave him as they proudly showed their thickness through their shirts.

Henry looked away and continued walking, feasting his eyes on the pregnant woman that had initially walked near the bimbo. She was absolutely *gravid*, Henry could probably fit his entire body in *just* her stomach. The best part was that it was entirely healthy and natural. She had no clue just 10 minutes ago she was pregnant with only one child, now she was pregnant with at least 5 and her entire life had been rewritten to accommodate. Henry continued to think of the logistics, luckily, not every woman was changed into an extraordinarily endowed woman or a bloated broodmother, even the slimmer women were ridiculously sexy in their own right, there was a cup of tea for everyone in every sense. Henry smiled at a job well done and continued walking. Henry eventually got past the world's rampant changes, the new reality finally sinking in as he calmed down a bit. Henry grinned to himself, he really had done a great job. Fetish fuel aside, the world was better for everyone involved, sexy or not.

As his walk continued Henry eventually arrived home to feast his

eyes on a much grander vision of what had previously been. Henry had turned his small apartment into a medium sized home! Henry didn't want a life of massive luxury or anything crazy, just a nice house with a great view. Inside the home Henry was greeted by unlimited funds, he'd never have to work again! Henry couldn't resist cracking a goofy grin, he could finally play all those games he had on his wishlist! Even better, with how much things advanced they were probably even better than before! With the new sci-fi fantasy genre he had spread through the world he wouldn't ever be bored either, now he had nothing but time, he could even master magic if he wanted. And somehow, all of that still wasn't enough for him. Henry had included something absolutely key in his reality altering quests, something he had always wanted.

A quiet "*Honey?*" came from a soft-spoken, calm voice as soon as Henry had stepped up to his door. Before he could even touch the handle someone on the other side pulled the door open, allowing Henry to fully view the amazing interior of his new home. Henry's eyes managed to dart past the figure, his mouth falling wide open to witness a homey living room, epic gaming setup, and even the dog he wanted running around!

Henry's eyes pulled the figure back into focus and managed to go wider. A woman stood in front of him, shorter than him but tall enough to make eye contact with minimal effort. Her face was that of a goddess, if anyone had received blessings from the new Goddess of Light, it was certainly her. Not only was her face drop dead gorgeous, her chest was the greatest thing Henry had ever seen. Two watermelons so perky they swayed with her every breath, nipples so thick Henry could barely resist ripping through her top with his teeth right there. The rest of her body was similarly curvy and her lips were quite kissable. She was absolutely beautiful! The greatest part about her was Henry hadn't created her, he had simply connected them. Henry never had time to explore the world and meet pretty girl's, but with all his universal knowledge, he found the one whom he was perfect for and who was perfect for him- his soulmate.

Sure, she wasn't nearly as buxom in the past reality, but that was neither here nor there. Both of their histories were altered to the point Henry could remember an entire life the two had together up until now. They were in love, a love more pure than any reality alteration could have made. He knew intrinsically, if they had met before, they'd be the exact same way. The woman was *very* well endowed, utterly gorgeous in a girl next door kind of way. She was the love of his life and he was happy to have her, he couldn't wait to *live* in this new world! Henry was quickly pulled inside by a soft hand, his new dog springing to life as he entered.



Life like this would be sweet. He'd definitely have to learn some magic later.

THE END OF HENRY'S STORY  
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