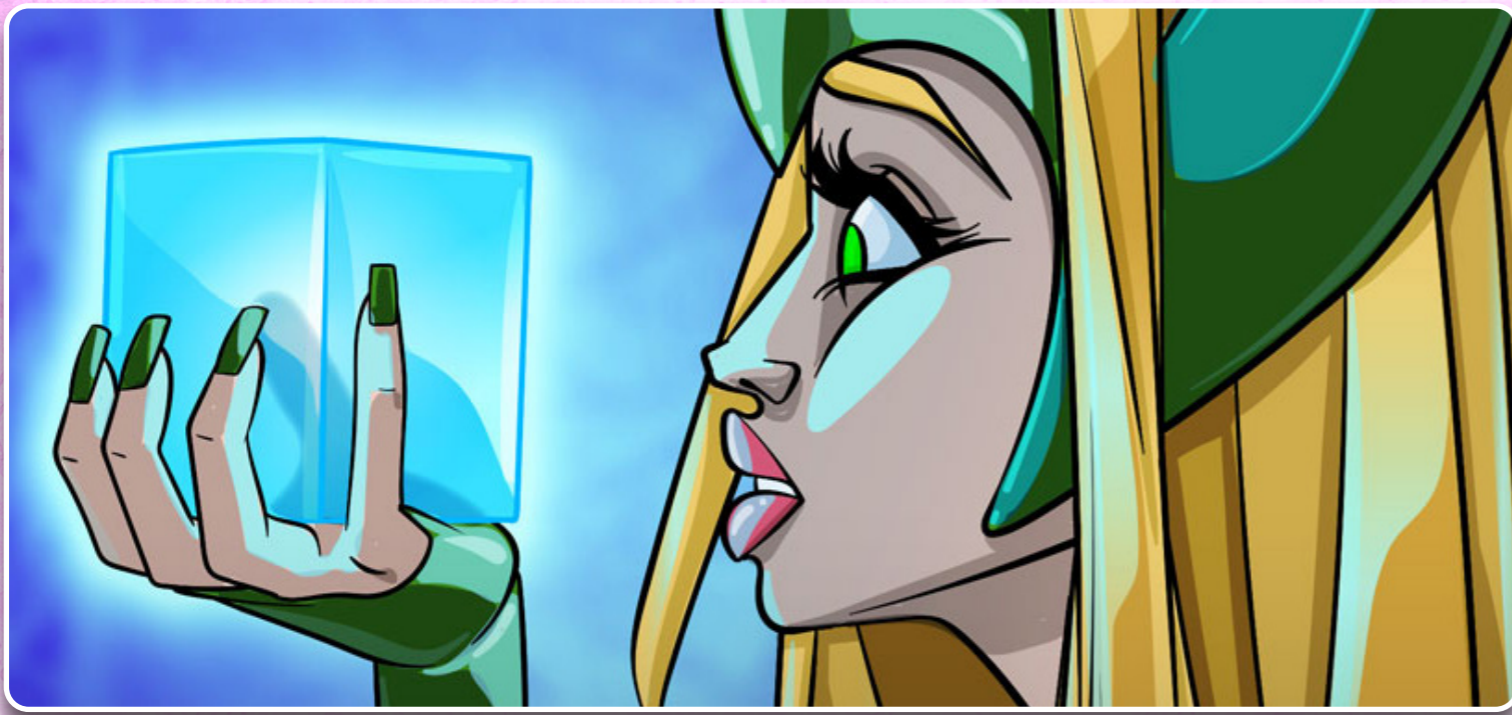


Amora's C.U.B.E.

Written by Jess Star
Illustrated by Gnome

Amora's cackle faded along with the blue light that permeated from the cube in her palm. She had felt so powerful and free, joyous in her triumph but... triumph over what. The sorceress couldn't remember. And not just why she was laughing, but where she was, or even what she was doing there. She dropped the cube on a table and backed away, suddenly spooked.

"What trickery is this!?" She demanded. But the empty mead hall had no answers. The tall blond woman stomped around in her green leather bodice and heeled boots perplexed of how this had all



come to be. Was this Loki's doing? Or the cube's? No amateur mage or conjurer would be able to take the memory of the great and powerful Amora. But nobody answered, and the room remained empty and still minus the faint glowing of the cube. The sorceress circled it a few times, gave it a poke and jumped back reflexively, but it continued to do absolutely nothing.

“ Well, what is **your** purpose you cursed little block? ”

"Well, what is **your** purpose you cursed little block?" she said as she swiped it from the table, gasping as power surged up her arm and into her skull. Wisps of images coalesced in her mind, pictures of the capability the little trinket housed. To reshape one's form... or even **purpose**.

Dare she try it?

"Hmmm..." she wondered as she paced around the Nordic-looking banquet tables. "Maybe something small? Something that would help me lure more to my cause." As the words left her mouth sparks flew to the doorways of the hall, lighting up with visions of people and places. Changing in flickers and flashes as if searching for what she needed. "Yes, my little cube. Show them to me. Their desires, their weaknesses and wants." The doors flickered with image after portal powered image, of heroes and villains and the images of faces of the masses. With each one more information surged into her mind, pathways and possibilities. How to enthrall them all into a horde ready to do her will.

"Yes! That is what I desire!" and no sooner had she said it than the cube let her know it could be done. It could be used to reshape her into the object of their unbreakable affection. She only needed to choose where to stand—

The door shifted to an awkward looking fellow on a computer, watching videos of women with annoying laughs, making a fool of themselves as they danced and pranced half naked in front of a camera. And this soft-bodied potato was giving them all of his time and words and funds. What an odd human practice, surely this must be the village buffoon no.. wait. There were hundreds of people like this. No, thousands upon thousands. An army of worshipers connected via a web of lust and dreams.

How intriguing. **VwwwmmmFFFZZT BOOM!** Power surged from the cube into her body causing the sorceress's belt buckle to burst off, shattering in the air and reforming into some kind of winged viewing device. A web cam the humans called it. "What is this witchery?!" Amora scowled. She watched its tiny screen to see herself reflected back, looking back at her, perplexed. Little messages were popping up under her visage.

"She's hot!" A reply with a heart popped up.

"Ug, I bet she's another fake blonde," chimed in another.

Amora's face knitted up in anger. "Fake blonde? How dare that insolent cur! I only use magic to increase its shine!"

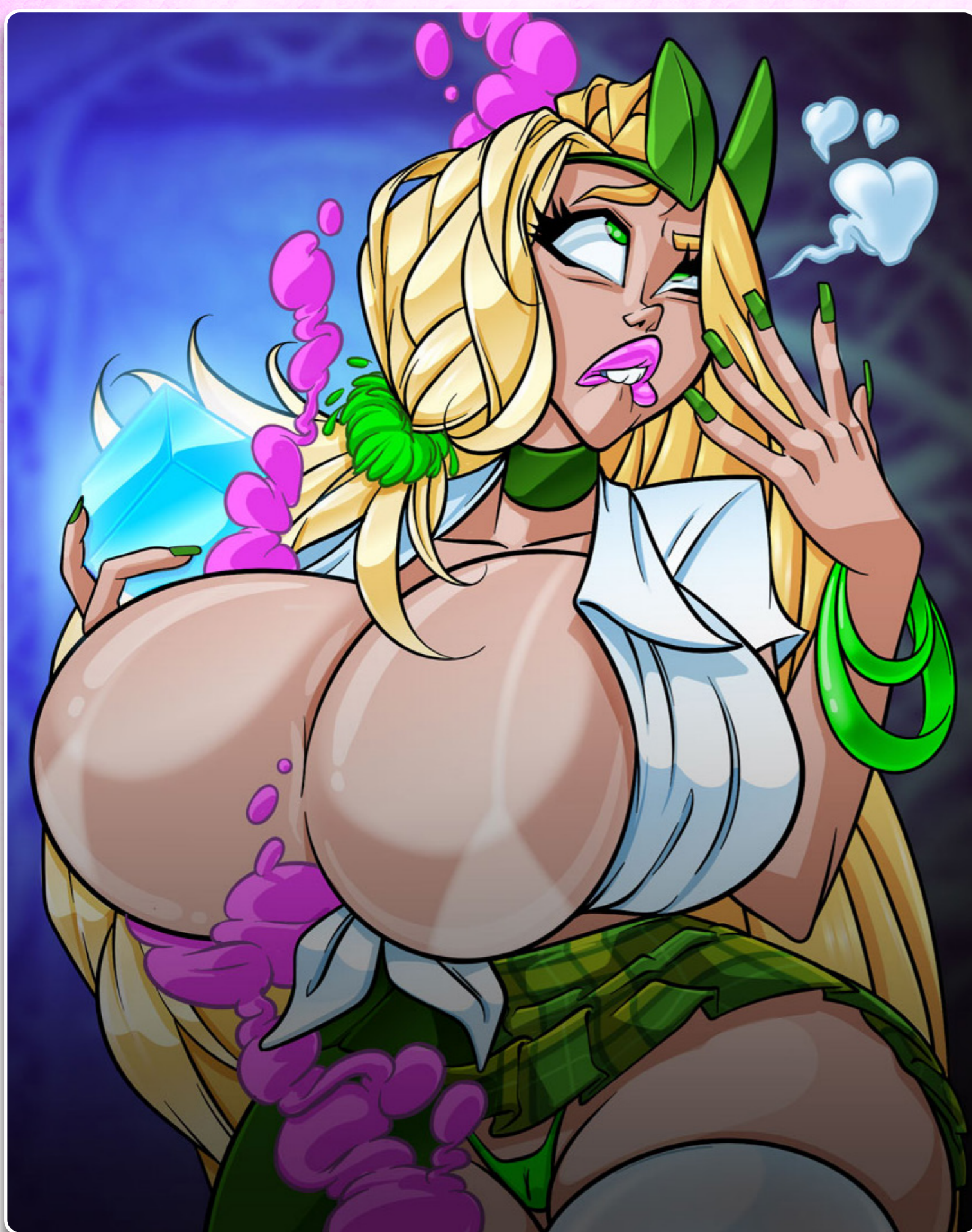
"She's not even doing anything... down vote from me. Not enough to just be pretty, gurl." This comment was followed by a thumbs down. A thumbs down?! What insufferable cow-dung-for-brains mortal could give the most beautiful, powerful sorceress of Asgard a **thumbs down**?! Curses... she was getting many thumb downs.

"No, stop! Stop this insolence! I am a goddess compared to you. You should like me, adore me. Appease me with many upward thumbs! **Please!**" That last part confused her. Why would she say please? A mighty sorceress would never bend for such a large and demanding audience. She should use this cube to—The Cube! It was glowing; hot in her tense, quivering grip, blue magic traveling up her arm like glowing azure veins, up her neck and into her mind.

"**Jeez guys give a girl some love, won't ya cuties?**" The Enchantress' voice wavered higher as she angled her cleavage towards the camera and let out a pout.

"Is she switching from spoiled brat to begging? I mean, I can dig that more," posted a commenter as a few hearts trickled onto the screen. Those hearts felt good. **Really** good. Starting as a shot of giddiness in her throat, trickling down into her belly, where it grew warm and tingly, deep in her pelvis. Maybe being silly for a few hearts wasn't... the worst thing.

Another burst of blue and her Asgardian inspired outfit reformed into a white thigh-high stockings and a white button-up blouse with absolutely no support for her bosom, her sensitive nipples rubbing against the material.



"**Like, my outfit is all earth-ish and stuff,**" Amora mused, unable to shake the fluffy feeling in her mind and the way it was twisting her words. Nor could she shake this growing... **heat?** — bubbling in her belly. Every heart that popped up on the screen threw more fuel on the fire. And each drop of lust forming in her middle, dripping down into her tights begged her to bend more and more to get every like there was to be had.

The cube was now delivering its mcguffin magic at a steady flow. As she dragged her tongue over her lips they turned glossy pink, swelling till they were plump and bee-stung. Her makeup grew heavier and more extreme as her skin gained a tan. The crown on the caster's head crinkled and shrunk, reweaving itself into scrunchies to pull her hair back.

“ **Like, my outfit is all earth-ish and stuff,** ”
Amora mused...

The responses started to shift to surprised ones like 'how is she doing this?' and 'is she using a filter?' but the magic continued to surge, reshaping her inside and out, and when she let out her first embarrassingly deep and long moan of pleasure. The heart-shape likes soared. And so did her **need!**

The woman's free hand flew to her breast, groping it through her shirt. "More... give me more so they like me...like... more!" She squealed as the mana flew up her spine, causing her back to arch and jut out her chest. The power of the Cube soaked into her breasts, the bounced and wobbled in response, each jolt causing them to grow. Pushing back against her hand, a hard nipple pressed against her palm. They filled the shirt till there was no more room left in her top. Fabric creaking, buttons shuddering. "Like... Oh my gawd.. I-I'm gonna frick'n pop!" panted the once proud queen of spell casting. 'How is she doing this?' 'Does she have some inflation rig?' And the likes streamed down the screen, into her view and deep, deep, down into her panties.

Rip went her tights.

Her buttons popped and pinged across the Nordic mead hall. Sun tanned flesh pouring out of her busted blouse like a tidal wave of caramel colored beach balls. Their sweat shimmering slopes marked

with the tan line of a bikini she had never worn before. The sheer force of her clothes bursting sent the woman wobbling, her feet bound in lime green, eight inch stilettos that must have magically replaced her boots. Her feet tripped on some torn garments that she didn't recognize.

"Holy shit, look at her ass!" typed one viewer when she turned around for the first time. Her torn tights were reweaving into a green plaid schoolgirl skirt, short enough to show off miles of pillowy thigh packed into her new knee-high socks. So short it did nothing to hide the massive backside that was her ass. One that would look more proportional on a horse. Amora tried to tug her skirt down, but it might as well have been a belt. For a moment she attempted to gather herself. Her clothing was so small, her top had even tied itself down at the bottom. Well that explained why her boobies weren't flopping out for the world to see; maybe this had gone too far! She was, like... supposed to be some powerful casturn... er.. catel... she was a magic user who wanted them to be her slave. But she was slipping into that role, a toy, a sex doll made out of the mighty seductress. No.. er.. Slutress?

It was, *like*, slipping away!

She turned to the floating camera to turn it off, her giant bosom swaying and bouncing, wobbling and sloshing on her tiny form. "Aaah..." the moan escaped her lips.

"Is she?"

"Aaaaah!" Her body tightened, making her bend over as if she had a stomach cramp. But it wasn't a cramp at all. Her body was contorting; trying to hold back an orgasm that would roll down her spine through her pelvis and burst through her panties like Thor's hammer. The likes were flowing. But they wanted to see more.

"Dude! She's gonna blow!"

Enchantress slowly opened her legs. A panty shot for the whole digital world. It was like she was on autopilot. Like her brain was turning to cotton candy and she was just stuck in this bimbo-bodied vehicle — a never aging piece of ass to torture into orgasmic ecstasy for the rest of eternity. Her legs opened wider as sweat poured down her body, teeth digging into her fat glossy lip. In her mind she tried to speak- "If I... like... change now, I can go back to, like, being *aaah...* to like being *hnnnnng* me and stuff..." But how could she? Knowing this feeling, this euphoria. As long as this memory was latched in her mind she'd never escape being this wobbling, jiggling, sex-craving, adoration-addicted cam girl. That was it! She just needed to erase this memory... this moment... and she could go back to normal—

Oooooorrmm... As she tried to will the cube to put her mind right, the thought was being buried by the heavy crushing climax that was sweeping away everything in its wake. Her body trembled, about to fall over as her fans watched online, transfixed... donating and salivating. Linking and sharing.

So...

Many...

LIKES!

"...aaaaAHHHHHHH MAAAAAY GAAAAAAAWDS!"

BOOM! As it peaked, the room disappeared in a blast blue light.

Amora's wailing faded along with the blue light that permeated from the cube in her palm. She had felt so powerful and free, joyous in her triumph but...

Something was off. She looked like herself but there was the odd feeling that just moments ago, something had happened. Something big, and she felt worn out and wobbly from it. At her feet were the shredded tatters of a skirt and blouse, and not far from it other sexy, torn outfits. A maid's costume. A slutty-succubus tail and horn combo, and a bathing suit with bunny ears. She sat and rested at a table clutching the cube in her hand. Her mind drifted to the outfits. How sexy she could make them look, who she could seduce to her cause with these silly disguises. The cube stroked her brain, letting her fantasies grow and wander when she stumbled upon the camera.

Amora went and scooped the camera up and, after a few failed attempts, finally got the screen to show a play back. What she saw (that she had so easily wiped from her mind) made her throw the cube in disgust. "What did I do to myself??" Her eyes wandered to all the sexy outfits torn and scattered across the stone floor... "And how many times? Odin's beard!"

The Enchantress pinched the bridge of her nose in a combination of stress and deep thinking. How long had she been here turning herself into things and forgetting it... and were the worse fates for which she did not have a playback?. After a long moment, she gingerly picked up the cube.

"It appears you are much harder to master than I initially surmised, you naughty thing..." Her eyes drifted up to the doorways of the hall. "Perhaps I should practice with you on someone else before I try to alter myself."

The cube crackled back to life and the doorways around the room glowed with portal energy. Showing places and people... future servants and subjects, if only she could master this infernal relic!

"The question then seems to be... with whom shall we start?" Amora's mouth twisted into a smirk, voice rolling from a giggle into a full-blown villainous cackle. It was finally time to have some fun...

...and remembering it!

