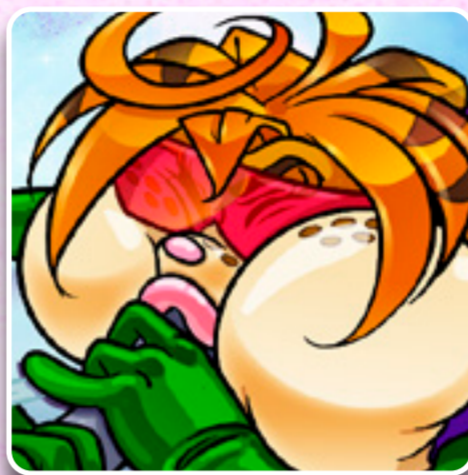
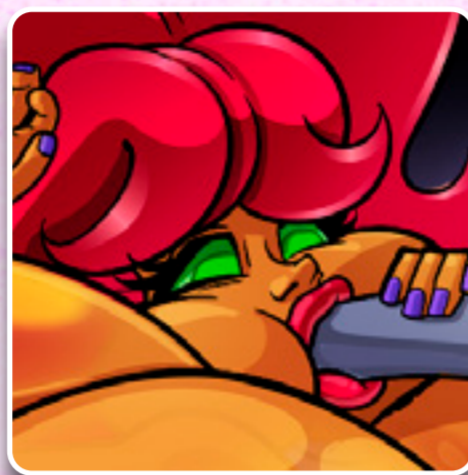


# Amora's C.U.B.E.

Written and Illustrated by Gnome

## Starfire

with Special Guest Balloon Princess's Ricochet!



C

hildren's hospitals tugged both ways on Ricochet's heartstrings. On one hand, you had a bunch of sick little kids, which is always a bummer. On the other hand, you never found a more enthusiastic collection of fans. So, when the local children's hospital asked for a heroic demonstration for their annual benefit carnival, the rubbery tiger couldn't say no.

After an afternoon of rubbery rumps, stunning stretches, and springy spectacles, the pièce de résistance was a display of her powerful lungs; specifically on a gigantic bouncy house. Ricochet, has gathered a large crowd, and took in a huge breath, thrusting 100 times the lung capacity of any normal cat-girl into the bounce house.

### Meanwhile...

Exuberant joy filled the Tamaranian Princess as she jetted across the sun-setted sky. Koriand'r (known as Starfire to the world-at-large, Kori to her friends). It was a good night; cool and crisp autumn air tousled her hair as a golden-red cloud of riotous fire ribboned behind her in a dramatic, luminous contrail. As she approached Titan's Tower she saw a strange blue glow. *Maybe Raven is trying out some new magic*, she mused, landing in a graceful pirouette.

No. This was strange. Through the portal, she saw a gorgeous, but severe, looking blond woman, dressed in green. Letting her heart (rather than her head) guide her, Kori plunged into the icy blue glow, finding herself in a strange, dark hall: a warriors den.

The woman in green (with large breasts, Kori noted) was frantically gesturing all over, this way and that. She seemed agitated; gesticulating at two gates that glowed in the hall: one back to Kori's Earth, the other focused on a strange carnival staring some alien tiger girl in a bright green jumpsuit, entertaining children. The woman and seemed genuinely surprised to see Kori and clutched a glowing cube in her hands, the same blue of the gate Kori arrived in.

Strange.

"Hello? Do you speak as I do?" Koriand'r was oddly compelled by the blond who responded in a confused manner, speaking in a tongue not unlike Earth Norwegian... but archaic. There was clearly recognition in the blond's eyes, as if she understood Kori perfectly, but still she continued in her archaic tongue. *Perhaps...* Koriand'r broke the heavy silence and approached slowly.

"If I ... umm... kiss you," she gestured to her puckered lips and then tugged at her ear, "I can understand you. Will you permit me?" Drawing closer to the blond, Starfire knew that she couldn't really know what was going on without understanding the woman. Kissing the woman to learn her language wasn't *strictly* necessary, but there was something about this woman. Something alluring. She wanted her. Parting her lips, Princess Koriand'r leaned in.

\*\*\*

Amora stopped the orange bombshell in her tracks, the red-haired woman frozen in time. She wasn't sure why the cube opened two gates — but this beautiful bauble was often befuddling her with glorious surprises. The Enchantress lazily paced around the newcomer, flicking her fluffy hair in bemusement. Cocking a glance over her shoulder at the malleable mammal through the first portal, she parted her lips in a devious smile. "Oh, you perverse prism, you are clever. We have been made a buxom bimbo before... but perhaps..."

With a flick of the wrist, Ricochet materialized in the mead hall. She was there, and not there, at both the carnival and here with the two of them. It wouldn't do, Amora thought, to have the technicolor tiger disappearing from the carnival. Another brief whim, and the gray hose twitched, slithering to false life, following Amora to her second victim: the stunning Starfire.

"You are a Princess of a dead world. While you have a powerful heart behind those ample breasts, some might see that brimming confidence as bravada." Amora leaned in close to those still puckered lips. Amora sneered for effect.

"Space trash... detritus of a husked royal line of vagabonds and war criminals. You would dare kiss the Enigmatic, the Exquisite, the Effervescent Ench—" Amora stumbled over the hose, a little too eager to please its master. Amora glared at the animate tube, the hose recoiling like a scalded hound.

Muttering about a spoiled moment, the Enchantress righted herself, primping her hair back into place. She nodded, gesturing with two fingers to Starfire. The hose curled up like a serpent ready to strike.

"Resume..." Amora murmured to the Hall.

Starfire closed her eyes and leaned in, her lips open, waiting. In a flash, the animate hose plunged itself between her open lips, fusing fast to the insides of Kori's mouth. Her eyes open wide, she scarcely noticed the flash from the blue cube as Amora spoke.

Starfire could hear the chanting of children as she tugged experimentally on the now dormant hose. The chanting continued, louder. The hose would not come out. She followed it as it snaked across the floor... stopping in the hands of the tiger woman.

In a falsetto put on by the events she attended, Ricochet laughed at the children's encouragement. "H'Okay, kids. You want a big breath, you got it!" The orange cat seemed unaware the Princess was even there, moaning into the tube. Starfire tugged and tugged, her immense strength granting her no freedom from the tube in her mouth. As Ricochet drew in what would be a colossal breath, more than she'd ever breathed before, Kori heard a rubbery, hollow squeak from her breasts.

"Not so full of *yourself* now, are you, Princess?" Amora mewed.

Gale force wind rushed down the tube from the exhaling feline hero. It hammered into Koriand'r with a roar of groaning rubber and hurricane power, her breasts doubling, tripling, quadrupling, quintupling. It was the speed of a thunderclap; her breasts the size of bean-bag chairs, transparent, drumming together like an insane circus. To add insult to indignancy, the breath wasn't even a *breath*— helium tugged her upward into the hall's darkened ceiling.



“ Not so full of *yourself* now, are you Princess? ”

With a wave, Amora dismissed the doubled Ricochet — merging her doppelganger back with her home form. For her part, the cat-woman seemed confused. The bounce-house she was filling hadn't budged. Shaking the hose, wondering if it maybe had a leak. But, a test breath seemed to work just fine, and she returned to her joyous occupation: entertaining children.

As for Koriand'r? Amora dismissed her as well, not entirely caring that the red-headed hero was drifting skyward, meters above her tower home, and climbing. The experiment had been successful, if chaotic. She wondered idly what other doubles matches the Cube might bring her in the future....

And what strange transformation opportunities those matches might bring.