

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

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## Spider Gwen



Two blonds, both alike in dignity,  
In the between-space, where we lay our scene,  
From pre-warp banter, to curious inquiry,  
Where civil discourse makes civil war unclear.

In other words, it had been a while, talking, these two. Tucked at the end of a long wooden table, a pair sat; one questioning, one answering, a ceramic pitcher and flagons between them, with sweat-rings of condensation at their bases, long dried from the even longer conversation.

The interrogator was Amora the Enchantress. Gorgeous, busty and statuesque, her emotions having long gone past imperious to annoyed to angry to befuddled and now to fascinated. How could she be so unaware?

Her bemused interlocutor: the Spectacular Spider Gwen. Gwendolyn Stacy, of the Multi-verse... a *spider* verse. She had removed her mask, and was now stretching, looking down the barrel of her third flagon (thank God for an enhanced stamina). Pushing her side parted hair back behind her ear, she shook her head and continued to answer questions of the Enchantress.

"An Asian Gwen?" Amora asked.

"Yup," Gwen answered.

"Black American?"

"Sure."

"Male?"

"A couple, I think," Gwen thought.

"Transgender?" Amora offered, thinking she'd stumped her.

Gwen was a little amazed and said, "We covered this, but yes. And before you ask, there are three who identify as non-binary."

Amora took a deep drink of her flagon of mead. This had started off as the same game as ever: a new and better *you*. But this one was different, of all the spidery ladies she'd seen. She knew of other versions of herself: some better, some worse, most incomparable, all different. Most alive, some dead. An *undead* version. Some chewy bread appeared beside her and she tore off a hunk. Indeed, it was a time to carb. Bread helped her think.

"I can see that creating a better you is pointless if you are not more unique. What's the point? I can't even find a more *unique* you, neh?" Chomp, munch, swig. "This game 'tis folly. I fear, Gwendolyn Stacy."

Gwen was biding her time. *Keep drinking*, Gwen thought. She had to drink this thin, Norse Becky under the table so she could escape through that still-open portal. Maybe she'd get confused in her drunken state and grab some other Gwen. While the thought of another Gwen being subjected to whatever weirdness this lady was planning, she was in the middle of foiling another one of Matt Murdock (The Kingpin)'s schemes. Time hopefully didn't keep ticking here (it sure *seemed* like it had stopped, anyway) but she couldn't take that chance. Lives were at stake!

To Gwen's chagrin, though, this babe could belt. She had gone pitcher for pitcher with her, and now she was eating bread? Ugh. This would go all night, and she'd miss her chance. She had to put a stop to this. "Listen... umm..."

"The word you're looking for..." Amora mewled, one eye half-lidded, "...is *Your Radiance*. But I feel like we're friends, Gwen. *Gwends*, if you will. Will you?"

"Sure... we're Best *Gwends*," Gwen wished she had her mask on, so she could roll her eyes.

"Well, then. As Best of *Gwends*, I think you can call me by my manifest moniker, *Amora* or by my sobriquet *Enchantress*." Amora had a chummy look and said in a most awkward way, "Don't you just love girl talk?"

Gwen hid her face behind her mug, drinking and thinking. Something that would derail the questions. Setting the mug down, she tried again. "Listen... since the game is at an end... *folly* you called it, right? Maybe I could just..." she winced and thumbed to the gateway in a '*maybe I oughta get goin', it's late*' sort of way.

"No... *no*... I'll get this, I'll get it. We can do this, gurl," Amora assured her. "Unique... unique."

"You're not going to come up with a Gwen that doesn't already exist!" Gwen was frustrated, exasperated, tipsy, and not *thinking*. "I mean... I would have to be some... inflatable *hippo* or something to even have a chan—"

*Oh, God. What has she done?*

Amora peered over the top of her mug, like a cat at a mouse, her grin spreading. Gwen shook her head, grabbed her mask and lept up from the table, bounding for the gateway. As one foot fell in front of the other, she stumbled, stepping in something pliable. The meadhall echoed with a rubbery *squeak*.

Gwen's left leg was hollow and made of pool-toy vinyl.

Standing on her right, she thrust her arm out, calling for a web-line. Chubby and glossy, she didn't recognize the ballooning stumpy limb that extended.

*Shhromp. Froomp. Foomp. Bloomp.* Like kernels of popping corn, various parts of her body ballooned and expanded, and she found it nearly impossible to walk. She was becoming round, oblong, some strange anthropomorphic shape. It was when her face hollowed and expanded, becoming a purple snout on one end and teeny inflatable ears on the other, that her suggestion had taken hold.



“ I mean... I would have to be some... inflatable *hippo* or something to... ”  
*Oh, God. What has she done?*

She was the inflatable hippo she'd joked about just moments ago.

The slow clack of Amora's heels approached the spherical Spider-woman, but the Enchantress remained tacit. Lifting the inflated hero, she bopped Gwen back and forth in her hands, effortlessly. Smiling, she affectionately kissed Gwen on the snout and murmured, "Gabbing was fun. We should do this again some time."

Her tongue sticking out and one eye closed, Amora sighted up a dark wooden beam down Gwen's inflatable arm. Pressing her wrist, a still-working web-shooter launched a line up into the darkness. Amora closed an immobile hippo-fist around the web and swung Gwen toward the blue gate leading back to her home plane.

"Love ya, Girlfriend! Best of *Gwends* forever, right?!" Amora earnestly howled, waving from the mead hall.

"*Don't ever change!*"