

Amora's C.U.B.E.

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Elastigirl



Helen Parr (known to the world as the famous Elastigirl/Mrs. Incredible) kissed her husband on the cheek as he went to get her a glass of champagne. They had come to a giant celebration for the return of super heroes, all minus their youngest, Jack Jack who had left with his favorite “babysitter” (after she made her grand entrance and exit— Edna was quite the “leave them wanting more” type). Now, Helen just wanted to sit back and enjoy. She smiled into a side mirror of the banquet hall, wearing her old *classic* hero costume was a fun touch and nod to the old days, and looked *good* on her (though it was extra tight in certain places). Being a mother of three will do that to you, but tonight was not a night to worry over a slightly larger figure. Heroes were back; in large part to her and her family’s latest adventure.

“Hi Frozone, hi Honey!” Helen called to her good friend and his wife in her sweet southern accent. “Give me a second, I’ll be right over.” She started to make her way to them when a horrible sound stopped her in her tracks. Her daughter Violet’s voice screamed and Helen changed direction and headed to it full steam. Whether it was her heroic training or motherly instincts she bound through the crowd (to their shock and surprise) bursting through a side door and into the hall.

In full *Elastigirl* style, Helen tightened her fists and braced for battle. She knew her children’s voices; she knew a casual teenage scream versus how they sounded when they were in trouble and this was trouble with a capital T. In the hall was a shimmering circle of light: a portal; and her daughter Violet was screaming from the other side. Elastigirl’s body stretched and shot like a rubber band through the hole in space and time, wrapping around her daughter protectively just as the hole closed behind her. “Don’t worry Vi, I gotcha,” Helen reassured her raven-haired teenager. But Violet started cracking up, as if it was a prank.

“Oh my, I must say I am getting quite good at this,” said Violet in a voice that was way older than her age. Helen stared in horror as her daughter grew and swelled into a new shape, dark hair turning golden as the “fake-Violet” finished her transformation.

“Where is my daughter?!” Elastigirl growled.

“Oh, she’s not here,” purred the Enchantress. “This was all a... fancy invitation to get you here. You seem to have all the qualities I require for my next round of tests. You see, my feisty heroine, I am the Great Amora, High Enchantress of—”

Helen’s foot shot across the room, leg stretching like a whip, knocking the cube out of Amora’s hand, sending it bouncing across the hall. “Ahh! You rubber *hag!*” Amora screamed sprinting after her relic.

“Villains never learn,” Helen said while unleashing a flurry of stretchy kicks; her arm stretching across the room to grab the cube. “The best opening to kick your butt, is the *monologue.*” Helen’s fingers wrapped around the glowing object and her mind was filled with thousands of images and possibilities, enough that her skull was throbbing, aching with information.

“You? Master a relic of such extreme and awesome power? Now, that’s a stretch!” Amora added her hand to the artifact and blue waves of energy shot up Helen’s arm, making her body flop and stretch like a boneless, rubber pile of spaghetti. “Oh, how hard it is for we *older women* to keep our bodies in... shape,” the Enchantress snickered, “...well some of us, anyway. I’m doing pretty well for living the amount of Millennia I have.” She kicked the flopping pile of Elastigirl like a cat playing with a dead bird. “Amazing what weekly Pilates can do for a girl.”

“I prefer Yoga myself” Mrs. Incredible snapped back, throwing her elastic torso upwards till her bottom half wrapped around Amora’s face, covering her opponent’s mouth in stretchy hero-costumed body. Sure, it felt like she has the Nordic villain’s face stuffed in her ass (not that it looked like an ass at the moment) but it was the best she could do with the limited control she had on her body. If she could could “butt-cheek-sleeper-hold” this psycho just long enough to disarm her, Helen might stand a chance against—

ZZZZTTT! Another blast of blue and Helen was thrown backwards against one of the tables. Her body had its shape back at least.

"You talk a big game," smirked the blonde sorceress, "but I think for all your sassy quips, you're just full of *hot air*."

Helen's body quaked, an odd hiss building from her midsection and then. **BWWMF!** Her hips and ass exploded outwards, the jump in size knocking over the table behind her. She pawed at hips wider than her husband's shoulders, an ass like two giant exercise balls, and *growing*. "Make this stop!" she growled, aiming her fist at her opponent, but it wouldn't stretch. Instead the fist grew lighter, stretching and bloating, filling with air until it was bigger than a watermelon — and unable to be unclenched. "What are you doing to me!?" She tried to walk forward but it was more of a waddle, thighs now inflating to catch up to her hippo sized rear. She felt so odd; so tight and bloated.

"Helen... may I call you Helen?" Amora approached, face lit up by her glowing relic. "My issue with heroes is everyone wants to *celebrate* them." Helen swung her non-inflated hand in a karate chop only for Amora to catch it. "So full of yourselves. What would you be without villains like me? Villains just trying make our way in the universe, while you thwart and run. Maybe it's time you were full of something—"

BMF! The Enchantress was interrupted by a soft punch from Elastigirl's inflated hand. "Hey, that was going to be a good—" **BMF! BMF!** "Cut that out you—" **BMF!** "Grrrraaaaah!"

Amora let go of the hero's arm, sending Helen to fall, off balance, and bounce lightly on her giant balloon of a bum. "I was going to say 'full of something else!' As in *air*! Maybe if you didn't interrupt monologues you'd see what a refined art their are, **TUBBY!**"



“ ...if people are going to throw a parade for you, we might as well get you the best vantage point. ”

Helen rolled over on her belly, now filling with some sort of air or gas. She hadn't seen it this round since the last time she had been pregnant. Sweat poured down her brow as she worked harder and harder to hold her shape, even as the pressure inside of her grew. The inflation was somehow working its way into every elastic cell of her body. Her cheeks puffed up as if her mouth was full, lips blimping beyond bee-stung with a *frumph!* She could only watch in horror when her breasts began to follow suit. All Helen could do was blush, for a shadowy secret of her life was slowly bubbling to the surface.

Helen Parr had an inflation kink.

Come on! What superhero with elastic anatomy wouldn't try it in the private space between them and their significant other. Being inflated was insanely erotic, feeling your belly and erogenous zones pulled to throbbing tightness. Your skin firm as a drum, every tap a vibration that shivered down between your legs and up your spine to settle in your nipples... And that was just from swallowing air. This was different. Every part of her was taking it on from her couch wide thighs to her eyeballs. It was all so tight, so horrifying, so on the edge of orgasm. Her breasts wobbled beyond basketballs, then melons, her areolas stretched almost painfully on the peaks, the teat themselves thumping out into hard inflated thumb sized nubs. She was turning red, panting, every part of her full and throbbing. Every part!

"I will say, it's odd: with the amount of magic I used I would have expected you to inflate faster. After all, if people are going to throw a parade for you we might as well get you the best vantage point." Amora prodded Helen's inner thigh making the woman squeak in unwanted ecstasy.

"Holding... hnnnnng ... ex-expansion... in.." Helen groaned through her extremely puffy face. She looked like she had put on 500 pounds, but Amora new with her new helium charm, it wouldn't be long before the hero could add "flying" to her powers.. Well.. floating anyway. "How are you holding it in?" She queried, giving the giant bloated ass a slap.

That was all it took for Helen to lose it. She felt the slap vibrate through her hollow feeling frame of a body. Up into Helen's tits and down into her inflated nethers. Her eyes rolled as she moaned at the intense feelings, and her body-tension *released*. Like an air bag, Helen's form quickly took on gas, taking up half the room and slamming Amora against the wall, pinning her there with ass cheeks and a feminine crotch as big as the front of a bus. The blow had knocked the Cube out of Amora's reach, until it too was covered by Elastigirl's filling form. Amora let out a muffled scream as the giant superhero's inflating boobs covered the Cube, and a *bigger* one when she disappeared into the darkness of inflated booty and taint.

"T-too big... change... me... please!" Helen drooled as the powerful erogenous sensation, normally just between her legs, spread over her entire ballooning form. Her body took on a rubber sheen, hair one hard mass, eyes unblinkingly inanimate. She was losing all ability to move, but her mind was still intact, just bombarded by the constant feelings of being so incredibly stretched and full.

"You're getting too big!" Amora used her legs to push against the whale of a woman, each kick making Helen scream in pleasure and arousal. But the kicks were not getting Helen's big, fat, inflated head through the door back to her world. They just set her off, again and *again*. If the pleasure grew anymore, *bye bye ability to think*. It would just be constant drowning in a sea of tight, unabating pleasure.

"I'm not sure if this spell is permanent or not, but I'm not missing my chance to make you a parade feature and I'm *definitely* not going to be foiled by getting lost in your giant balloon ass crack! Do you hear me monologuing at you!? Helen? HELEN?!"

The struggle that ensued for hours after is lost to the history books. It undoubtedly was full of wriggling, pushing, orgasming, and being stuck and smooshed in the most awkward of places as the entire mead hall filled with Helen Parr. But, at the end of the day, something must have given, because back in the world of Elastigirl her husband pointed out the window of the building to the parade.

"Aww, man, they made a parade balloon for your mom! Where is she, I can't believe she's missing this!" And Mr. Incredible started searching through the party crowd for his wife Helen, as the kids and guests looked out the window.

Helen just hoped she would revert soon. Even though she was exposed to the entire city while experiencing her fetish, blown up to impossible proportions, bombarded by wave after wave of orgasm, she took solace that no one knew it was really *her* nor what she was going through; that she would change back after it was over and no one would ever know. The Enchantress said she would turn back... didn't she? It would only be a ma... matter of...

And her thoughts we lost in another colossal, yet silent, orgasm.