

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

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## Daphne



**L**ike, zoinks, Scoob!" came the voice of Shaggy from down the shadowy hallway of the abandoned mill. "Does it seem like we're always the bait for these shenanigans, and all we get in worker's compensation is dog snacks?"

"Re do indeed, Raggy, Re do indeed," replied his brown Great Dane dog-of-a-friend.

"Everyone has their jobs, guys," chimed in their tall, broad and blonde self-proclaimed team leader, Fred. "I set the trap and drive the van, and keep everyone doing their jobs; Velma analyzes the clues and the motive; you guys draw out the culprit and Daphne... er... Daphne is our—" Fred looked over to the pretty red head of the group struggling to define her role. "Daphne is the... hey, where is Daphne?"

Daphne had heard enough about what she contributed— as if she was just a pretty face! She bought the van! She figured things out... sort of. "I just wish I had a role so I knew they took me more..."

"...seriously." She stopped at the sight of a glowing door, blue light pulsing underneath and around the sides. "Maybe if I solve a mystery on my own everyone will take me more seriouslyyyy!!" A twist of the knob and she was sucked into the blue light behind the door.

"Hello, human." Purred a voice in Daphne's ear. The ginger "ghost hunter" was confused. She had been in an old mill and now she was sprawled on the floor in some giant... Viking cafeteria? And where was that voice coming from? Daphne rose to her knees, smoothing her purple dress and looking around. There was a tall woman, clothed in green with some sort of green crown, long blonde hair hanging down below her rear. And in front of this strange woman was a floating blue ice-cube-looking thingy, glowing with some "special effect" that was typically a "Velma thing" to solve, but maybe this was Daphne's chance?

"Hello evil-doer, I've come to solve your evil plan you er—"

"And I've come to solve your perpetual problem, mortal," cut in Amora, circling the tiny woman.

"Solve m-my problem?" Daphne stuttered trying to stand. Amora sat her back down with some overly strong head pats.

"Yes, your problem!" The Enchantress giggled. "The cube reveals all. You feel you are seen as nothing but a pretty face, Fred's arm candy."

"Now wait a minute!" Daphne's face turned red. "I am not—"

"But what if we could reforge you into something more? Give you a brilliant mind to stuff into that skull of yours; brains and the body, the whole package!" Glowing tendrils of blue snaked their way out from the cube, dancing in and out of Daphne's red locks.

"B-but that's Velma's job..." Daphne frowned at the thought. "She gets overlooked for other reasons I would hate for—"

"Or maybe make you nice and buff? Amora continued, oblivious to Daphne's protestations" "A broad and strong body, perfect for setting up all those traps?"

An image flashed in Daphne's mind of her body rippling with glistening, sweaty muscles like a statuesque amazon. In the vision, Fred looked upset about losing his spot. But then again she'd never want to do all that sweaty work. As she dismissed the idea, she felt her body deflate a slightly... had her body felt bulky for a moment?

"No? Not the stud who does the traps? Maybe another mascot... I'm sure that big brown beast could use a companion?" The blue magic drifted into the ginger's ears, she had a vision of herself as a red-furred husky, Scooby nuzzling her closely making her pant. Daphne's tongue (in real life) flopped out of her mouth longer than her chin. She had to slap it back into her mouth with both hands, squealing in shock!

"Well... if not a mate for the mutt... what's left? The bait?"

"Anything is better than a drooly dog!" Daphne growled unaware she was on all fours.

"Okay then! Bait you shall be, but we have to find something that really draws them to you, like bees to honey."

"Well, wait a minute..."

"Ah, yes yes - this is perfect practice. Let's make you have the "bait" role, but still fit with your general... aesthetic." Amora smirked, the magic seeping into Daphne's body with an azure glow.

"What is this?" Daphne whined. "Are you a hypnotist? A magician? Where are the projectors and mirrors?" An awkward gurgle resounded from her moderate, firm breasts. Her bosom wobbled slightly; shaken by a tiny surge of growth.

"Enchantress is the word you are looking for, and I would never use such ridiculous parlor tricks." The blonde woman sneered in disgust from the very idea. "My tools are much more grand. You need to think..."

**"Bigger!"**

With the utterance of the word Daphne's breasts shuddered again, swelling to plump D-cups. Her dress pulled tight across her chest swaying gently in their confined space. Daphne groped herself, looking down in shock. Her breasts were bigger, heavier, and very sensitive.

"My dress... hnnng too tight! Can't breathe!"

"Oh what small minds you mortals possess. We can make it fit." The dress loosened, her teardrop tits drooping just a bit. After a few seconds the top of Daphne's dress was now baggy around her bosom.

"Oh foo, now it's too big. Let us fix that as well!"

Daphne, finally struggling to stand up, had to put one arm over the baggy dress and swollen breasts. Under her hand the ginger's flesh shuddered and throbbed. Her aching breasts warmed and filled the space in her dress, pressing her arm further and further till her hand looked small against her new melons.

"Fred! FRED!!" Daphne screamed. It was clear something was wrong with her and she needed help fast! Now fully standing, she whimpered and "eeped" as the sway of her tits, too large for her chest, threatened to pull her back to the ground. Now she needed both hands to steady the heavy weight on her ribcage. Maybe there's some gas making her see things? Maybe Velma could fix her??

"Well, my silly little play thing, it looks like you are just about fin— GAAAH!" Amora screamed as her captive let go of her soccer-ball-sized mammaries to grab the Asgardian's face, tugging and pulling as the motion sent Daphne's still growing breasts bounding every which way.

"If... I ... can get your mask off-" Daphne grunted and tugged trying to reveal whatever culprit was behind the weirdness. Amora squawked in surprise, and the cube continued to pump Daphne more and more, overjoyed that no one has yet to say "when".

Finally, the sorceress smacked Daphne's hands away, retreating a few steps in anger and surprise.

"You idiotic peabrain. How dare you grab the face of the great and powerful Amora!" She patted her features, acting as if the human had put them out of place.

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry! I'm just freaking out and that's usually how we end the evil schemes!" Daphne was blushing and wobbling, sweating and panicking as her breasts outgrew the size of pumpkins. The blonde woman ignored her though, ranting her bewilderment that someone would have the gall to touch her beautiful face.

"Ma'am... um, are they going... um... going to stop?" Daphne was feeling so warm, so flustered, so incredibly heavy! Her tits were now stretching to the size of yoga balls, her tiny arms barely able to contain them. "Ah... ah my God... they're so big... please help me! Make them stop!"

Her arms were sinking in as the weight grew, warm soft flesh piling over the sides, like balancing garbage bags filled with jello. Except they were her chest! These growing mountains, wider than her body, and large enough to rest on her thighs even— they were her breasts! “I can’t... I can’t take much... m-more.. of... thissss!”



“ Ma’am... um, are they going... um... going to stop? ”  
You *are* going to change me back, right? **Right?!?**

They stopped. They finally stopped.

“There you annoying twit, now no one will make for better bait, than you!” Amora hissed.

“W-wait” Daphne whimpered, her tiny toothpick legs shuddering from holding up two giant masses that weighed more than the rest of her combined. Only the magic could explain how she was able to stand. “You *are* going to change me back right? **RIGHT?!?**”

Amora smirked, putting a well manicured finger on Daphne’s bountiful bosom. “Ta-ta!” And with a simple poke, Daphne was sucked back through the portal.

Back in the old mill, a sea captain “ghost” was taunting the young sleuths of Mystery, Inc. for failing to trap him. Something was off; Fred’s trap just didn’t do the trick this time. “And it looks like I’m getting away with it despite you meddling kids! Muhahaha!” VWWWOOMF. In a blue flash the ghost was unmasked and buried under a tidal wave of titty.

An hour later, the Mystery Machine pulled away leaving the cops to sort out what to do with old man McGregor and his ghost scheme. It took twenty minutes for the authorities to arrive and take their statements, and another forty to lift and squeeze Daphne into the van. Velma was pinned to the window by the red head’s left tit and Shaggy was somewhat buried under her right. The three of them barely fit, and any extra room was filled by sensitive, gigantic breasts, massaged against Daphne’s friends and the seats in front. While Scoob was enjoying his spot in the passenger seat, Fred seemed unusually perturbed.

“You know guys,” chimed-in Fred as he drove the van down the moonlit road, “if anyone else wants to drive... have some time in the front... I’m more than happy to um... switch with you back. There and—”

“Now, now,” said Velma, her face plastered with a giant blushy grin hidden by her friend’s tit covering the majority of her face. “We all have our roles, and everyone knows you drive the van, Fred.” For it seemed Velma was more than happy with her role as “supportive” friend... and possibly more.