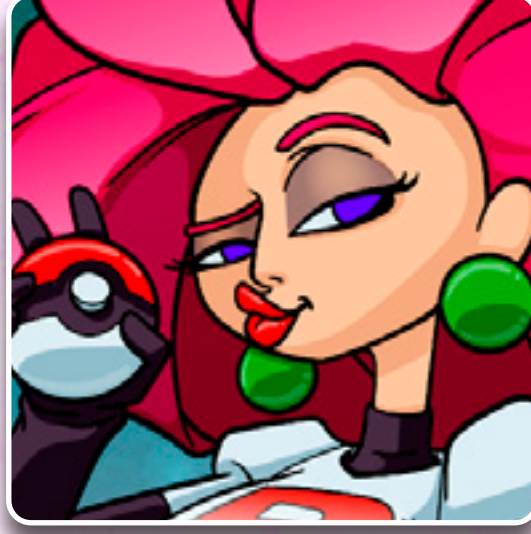


Amora's C.U.B.E.

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Jessie



Jessie flicked back her long fuchsia hair, strutting around at a forsaken sand-trap-of-a-beach in her bikini. She was so tired of those little brats! If Team Rocket didn't beat them in this little beauty pageant she was going to scream. How could someone as lovely as she continue to live from scheme to scheme without success? But she was extremely confident this time (more so than all the other failed plots she was extremely confident about). *I mean come on, it's me... in a bikini!* No way that band of runts could compare to her sheer beauty. And, just for an extra measure of domination, there was James' bikini.

Out of all the times James had donned the disguise of a woman for their nefarious schemes, this one took the cake. His inflatable body suit was extremely realistic, with a zipper that hid under his bikini straps and air-pumped breasts which he had already increased once. Jessie couldn't stop a jealous eye from wandering over to his rubber melons. How dare he be larger than her! Though, just to ensure they fully crush that little team of Ash's today, maybe it would be best if they just... *played it safe.*

Click! GwwSHHHHH! "Hey!" James slapped away Jessie's hand, covering his inflating bosom. "What's the deal Jessie! They were big enough!"

"Just being safe, James dear; this is the day team Rocket finally gets that Pikachu!" *And I find my way to the lap of luxury and decadence,* she added in her mind.

Backstage, Jessie was pacing, outwardly practicing her performance for the competition while inwardly sizzling in anger that she wasn't already in a life where she was valued and adored. Each loop around backstage brought her further away from the curtain and James practicing his girlish mannerisms. "Today is the day it all changes, Jessie. Today, we start our ascent into fashion and fame. Our climb into acceptance by those who think they are our betters. Today, we finally--"

ZZzzt. Jessie was blinded by a white light and staggered from loss of vision. It took a moment for her sight to return and when it did she found herself in a large wooden... cafeteria? Restaurant? Some old-looking place with long, wooden tables and extremely high ceilings. And, in the center of it, an ultra-glamorous woman clothed in glittery green, with long blonde hair that flowed past her waistline.

"Darling you made it!" Said the stranger, as she pulled down her shades and flashed Jessie a smile.

"M-me?" Jessie blushed not knowing who this Nordic looking woman was, while she clearly knew Jessie!

"Yes you, welcome to the biggest party of who's who there ever was! And that includes you er..." The woman motioned towards Jessie as she fumbled on her name.

"Jessie?"

"*YES, JESSIE* from Team Racket! See, you are 100 per cent supposed to be here!" Amora needed to move this along. She hated this gaudy get up she was putting on, but the things she needed to test with her new magical toy (and human guinea pig) *required* it. She had been changing others, but could she change how *they* see a thing?

"Oh! But you can't wear a bikini to a party, silly!" Amora held up a glowing cube and aimed it at her guest, tapping its top like a remote. Jessie's bikini turned into her normal Team Rocket outfit with a poof of blue smoke.

"Wait, my work clothes? Isn't this going to be inappropriate for a party of who's whom. And also... how did you do that?"

"It's um... new party tech?" Amora spun whatever came to mind. "And yes, neither of us are properly fabulous enough for this party." Her hand waving at the empty room.

"I... don't mean to be rude, but what party?" Jessie asked, doubt creeping into her voice.

"Huh? OH! You can't see it! One second." Amora pointed her Cube at the empty Nordic mead hall and gave it a tap. BMMMF! The room filled with blue smoke and laughing voices, dancing patrons and big band music. It was something right out of the roaring twenties, with gangsters and flappers, pre-depression America in its overripe opulence. It did not occur to Amora that this wasn't Jessie's time period, or world... but apparently that didn't even matter.

This "party of who's whos" conjured from Amora's late night history channel binge was 100% believable to Jessie. The beads, the gowns, the awful blaring noise of the brass horns... this simply must be what the elite would have.

"Oh... I've made it. I've finally made it!" Jessie squealed. She was ecstatic, no more schemes or chasing around runts and their dirty little animals. No more dealing with that mouthy Meowth or being blasted into the air with every failure. If only James could see her, as the wonderful blonde beauty pulled her on the dance floor to be shown off to all the royalty or business execs or whatever they were. Wait... Show! She was still in her work uniform! "Wait, I'm not dressed for this. What if I make a bad impression? How horrid would that be!?"

"A bad impression?" Amora asked the henchwoman Jessie, who could only nod her head *yes*. "To this impressive party of important people you totally buy into?" Again Jessie nodded her head, fear in her eyes. Amora stopped dancing and smiled with pride at her deception. Illusions to fool, forms to entrap, she was getting the hang of this Cube.

"Please, we need gowns or something," Jessie pleaded as she grabbed Amora's hand, to the sorceress' semi-disgust.

"Yes, a gown. Let's do that..." Amora said through a forced smile and wincing cheeks. The Enchantress used her Cube to conjure a necklace of pearls "Let us start with the accessories, shall we?" Amora smirked as she tossed a necklace over the woman's head.

"Oh my, these are a little big, don't you think?" Jessie asked nervously as they slipped over her shoulders.

"You're right!" Amora giggled, tugging on them just enough so the pearls beads fell down Jessie like a loop, binding her arms to her side.

"Hey, what gives?!" Jessie growled contemptuously.

"I'm getting my gown, silly!" Amora booped her nose, blue magic flowing into her captive. At first Jessie balled up her fists trying to break free, but her hands had less and less strength the more she tried. Her black-gloved fingers were lengthening, becoming longer and flatter. They were looking more like giant lifeless wings than hands.

"Stobaga dis gisant!" Jessie's garbled words flew from her flapping gums, her face and body all seemed to be losing any strength or muscle... or even *bone*. Jessie swayed on the spot and she came down to the ground with a plop. Her insides were bubbling away into air and her body felt like a human bag; flesh and outfit merging into one, with no ability to control it, but all the sensitivity of her smooth human skin. Even if most of it looked like material... minus her face. Jessie's body slumped to the ground, her head sliding to an odd angle, allowing her to see that her form had been reduced to a pile of clothes. The most she could do to control herself was gently tightening or loosening areas of her new form. What had this woman done to her? Jessie could feel the woman's fingers gently pinch what used to be shoulders. Heeled shoes and nylon-clad legs stepped inside of her somehow. She could feel herself being stretched as hips were shimmied into her body, followed by a jiggly chest and back stretching her to fit. She tried one last time to scream as a hand entered the back of her skull and out her mouth. Her mouth was a *sleeve*! Her hair took the place of a fox fur stole women would wear on the shoulders. In the reflection of a serving platter she saw herself for what she was, a woman turned outfit.

"Don't worry dear, you'll be all the rage I swear! At the least you're a very comfy fit!" Cackled Amora as she danced to the music, her full breasts bobbing this way and that against the *R* emblazoned material that should have been Jessie's chest. "The look is a little odd, but I think with some magic tailoring you may be able to fit any fashion need required! Then you'll always be the height of fashion, yes?" The Enchantress giggled and danced and drank her champagne until Jessie was a dizzy mess.



“ Don't worry dear, you'll be all the rage, I swear! ”
At the least you're a very comfy fit!

3 months later..

James rose from his bed and stretched his aching back. It had been three months since that darn debacle at the beach. Jessie's disappearance had made him very anxious about going out on stage with his "inflated bazongas". He remembered putting on a dress he found hanging in the back just to avoid the leers of the crew behind the curtain. The **zap** the dress had gave him was both painful and erotic, but nothing compared to what it **did** to him! Magic running through the latex body suit, the feeling of goosebumps on skin that was covering his skin, nipples growing hard and aching... on the end of what should have been under his fake chest apparatus, not on the tips of it. A minute or two of James's screaming led Meowth to try and get the zipper open to let James out of his new jiggling, sensitive prison, but there was no zipper anymore. He was now the suit, or rather, it was him. No longer any seams it was all warm flesh, from his neck, to his smooth space between the legs, to these, he thought as he lifted his ever heavy breasts. It hadn't been so bad when Jessie inflated them to the size of watermelons, because they were just air. Now they were his own fatty fleshy orbs. Very heavy, sensitive fleshy orbs. "Hnnng" he rubbed his legs together once again surprised by how sensitive his colossal tits were. He would say he hated them... if it wasn't for all the modeling jobs he was getting, and... well... some exploration he had come accustomed to in the late hours of the day.

Initially, he was going to throw out the dress in fear. Then, he kept it hoping to find some sort of a cure out of it. Now, after James realized he could make it any garment he desired, it became his go-to outfit. James and his generous bosom were on all the magazine covers; the world unaware that all the looks supporting and lifting his generous mammaries were the same outfit, and James of course unaware that the outfit was **Jessie**. She was now **always** in the limelight, **always** the height of fashion, and **always** stuffed with James' giant chest melons. There was nothing glamorous about boob sweat and creaking seams.

"How about a bikini for a dip in the pool?" Thought James, blushing at how the men at the pool would ogle him. Jessie didn't know what was a worse fate, being almost forgotten when James went skinny dipping, or **never** being forgotten; doomed to be the sweater for his "puppies" during the upcoming winter. She couldn't wonder much, though, for she was already zapped into a string bikini, wrapped around his delicate parts and bouncing for dear life trying to hold it all together.