

Amora's C.U.B.E.

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Impa



In the diminishing light of the setting sun, two figures walked among the corpses of monsters and the ashes of smoldering buildings that littered Hyrule Field. Today's battle had been hard won, with both the silent swordsman and nimble ninja-esque Sheikah having their fair share of victories and bruises. But today's battle wasn't as important to Impa as what she was sharing with the Knight at her side: a young man named Link.

"The King thinks Zelda is unable to find her powers because she's not trying hard enough, but that's not the case at all. And it's not my place to get in the middle of between a father-daughter issue but... it's taking a toll on her. She's losing confidence in herself." The woman straightened her white Gi with red trim and pulled her wide brim kasa hat over her head as it began to gently rain.

"Well? Don't you have any opinion on this?" Link stood quietly, not responding. "Really? No wonder the princess finds you frustrating at times." Impa turned from the Hylian Knight and continued her march to the princesses camp. "I know brawn goes a long way in war, but I wish I didn't feel like I was the only one using my head to make sure everyone else doesn't lose theeeeiiiiirrrr-" The snow haired young woman screamed as she fell through a glowing blue circle in the earth.

THUD! Impa's bottom slammed into a hard wooden table, her legs spread out in front of her and her face full of surprise. Before her sat a blonde woman in a carved wooden chair, and above the blue hole closed, blocking the cloudy hyrule sky beyond it. "Well," said the green garbed woman with golden locks, "That's the first time anyone has come in *that* way!" Her ruby lips smirked at the Sheikah warrior before her.

"What is this chamber hidden beneath the ground of Hyrule? Are you a fairy?" It was a good enough guess for the shocked Impa. The woman was showing a fair amount of flesh (as fairies sometimes do) and Impa had no idea that she was far, far from Hyrule and any of the magical types that dwell there.

"You think me a fairy? Do fairies of your world don beauty such as mine?" Amora stood from the makeshift throne she had carved with her magic cube, waiting for tasty targets to change in a much more extreme fashion. "Let us see these 'fairies' shall we?" Amora held up her cube in the direction of Impa's head and blue clouds formed above it, revealing images of plump magical giants fawning and flapping about. "How dare you! You associate me with these swamp dwelling whales!"

Impa slid off the table, her hidden daggers ready. "They come in many sizes. If you are no fairy then maybe instead a foul imp! Are you part of Calamity Ganon's plot?"

"I don't know anything about your world, you just looked like a fun challenge for my morphing magic practice. Imp you say? What do the ones in your world look like, I wonder?" Amora pointed the cube at a doorway and an image flickered of a plump black and white stumpy creature with a stone helmet and long red hair. "ACK! Are you serious? How dare you say such insults in the middle of me kidnapping you! What do they call you, little bug? I wish to know your name before I make you something to crush beneath my heel!"

"I am Impa, keeper of the secrets of the Sheikah and protector of the royal line. You will regret trying to capture me!" The ivory-haired woman took up a battle pose.

"Well, little bug. I am the Great Enchantress Am-" POOF! The petite little woman disappeared in a cloud of smoke. "Hey! How dare you 'Poof' when I'm introducing myself, you little-" Poof! Impa reappeared only to roundhouse kick Amora in the face. "How dare you kick the great-" Poof!

The sorceress growled. Even though Amora's physiology made Impa's kick barely affect her, this whole POOFING business was causing her extreme frustration. Another concussive burst and the agile ninja got it two more punches before she disappeared back into the shadows. "WOULD YOU HOLD STILL YOU LITTLE MAGGOT!" screamed Amora, throwing a bolt of magic that knocked over a table but not her intended target. "I have had QUITE enough!"

The cube went blinding white and the mead hall she had whisked Impa away to became nothing but bleached out shapes and harsh shadows. One of them matching the outline of her slippery little antagonist. "GOTCHA!" growled the caster, using the magic of her geometric artifact to pull the outline to her grasping fingers. Only when the light had faded did Amora realize her hand wasn't clutching the throat of her assailant, but her actual shadow. "Well, what am I supposed to do with this!"

"Hey let go!" called Impa, her feet attached to the other end of her shadow across the room. Each tug from Amora pulled on the Sheika's feet as if they were being tugged by a tether. "Unhand my... shadow?"

"Well," shrugged Amora. "Not what I was going for, but if it works." She gave the shadow a hard tug and yanked Impa off her feet landing on her back with a hard smack! The villain cackled and she reeled-in her new test subject one shadowy tug after another. "Now I have you where I-"

Vwwsh. Amora dodged just in time as a knife flew by her face. "Now, you're throwing-?"

Vwwhs Vwwsh!

"Can I finish my damn sentence-"

Vwwsh!

Now the Agitator of Asgard, the Caster of Chaos, the Grand Enchantress was having to bat away throwing knives! "FINE! Have your pathetic shadow, you little monster!" Amora slammed the cube down on the shadow filling it with a blue aura. She then pulled the silky shade back like a slingshot and let it fly! The mix of shadow and blue magic collided with Impa and sent her flailing into the wall of the building. Impa got to her feet quickly, but not smoothly. There was a bit of a stagger and dizziness normally not part of her graceful technique.

"Oh, we end this now, evil witch!" Impa pulled back her fist only to fall against the wall as her body quivered. "What in the Goddesses' names was that?" The shocked Sheikah looked down at her feet. Below her calves a substance covered her shoes, slowly seeping up her leg. She could feel it seeping into her like a warm jelly, bloating her ankles and toes and then...



“

What is happening to me?
Who are you, you *foul thing*?

”

Shhhhwmp! An intense pressure released as her feet compacted into shapes smaller than a child's. Too small to maintain balance, which of course sent the warrior sprawling to the floor. "What is happening to me?" The inky blackness continued up her legs, passed her knees, building up in her thighs and hips. "Who are you, you foul thing?!"

"Well," smirked Amora, twirling the cube in the top of her finger tip. "If you had let me introduce myself properly, you would know already. I am the Grand Enchantress, Amora. And you, my shady little imp."

"It's Impa!" Cried the now trembling girl, her body swelling and bloating, feeling more plump than toned. Every move she made caused a jiggle and a wobble, bones and muscles shuddering as the pressure built until it hit a peak. Vwomp! She felt herself being compressed squished like clay under a giant hand. The tables around her rose taller and taller around her and then... everything stopped.

"I don't think you need the "a" on the end anymore 'imp'." Amora picked up the girl's fallen hat, now a mix between its old shape and a stone mask that covered one eye. She placed it on the terrified tiny creature Impa had become and new thoughts trickled from it, seeping into her skull. Not full thoughts, but more of a... flavor of things. Her stress and fear seemed to bubble away replaced by a chaotic sense of the humor of it all. She was an Imp. A powerful, magical, ridiculous shortstack of a monster and she felt downright... gleeful about it.

"Oh my hee-hee-hee" tittered the newly formed imp. "I'm so light now" she floated around in a figure eight in the air.

"See! This is a much more suitable form for you!" Amora raised a mug to the creature, interrupting her toothy smile. "You can be free from your worries and war, pester whomever you like — Bug and bother, what's that look?" Amora's own amusement faded as the impish Impa bobbed through the air tilting her head.

"Or, maybe I don't change what I do... thwarting evil and all that. Just change... HOW I do it!" Impa bared her fangs and giggled. Her long snow white hair drifted up, balling into a fist, as shadowy powers rose from her fingertips like an inky fog.

"Now wait a moment—"

"Oh come now, you don't want to miss out on all..." Impa floated higher, "...this..." the hair turned into a giant hand grasping at Amora, "...FUN!" Impa swooped down at Amora.

"Okay, well, nice to meet you, BYE!" The Cube glowed and the shadowy Sheikah was sucked back up through the blue portal in the rafters the same way she came. "Oof, that was close. Note to self... don't give them MORE powers even if it has fun implications for causing chaos." Amora wrote a note next to many others with magic from her finger tip. "But she's not my problem anymore at least."

Back in Hyrule Link continued to stab at the ground with his sword, trying to find the spot where his companion had fallen through. The sun was almost gone and the shadows deep when. "HEY! Watch where you stick that thing!" giggled a short creature as she rose up from the ground. "Woah woah, sword down fella! It's me, Impa! See?" Impa tried to give him a good look at her face till Link lowered his blade. "Yeah, I know. It's quite a shock to me too. But I think it's growing on me!"

She cackled and kicked her feet. "But, that being said, maybe we should get me checked out by my sister. Make sure there's not some... darker fate mixed in with all this fun, right? Though, I don't know if we'll be able to make it back to safety without mounts. Hmmmmm..."

Impa circled around the armored knight as an idea formed in her impish skull. "Unless... here, hold still." She conjured an orb of twilight magic and aimed her hands at her warrior friend. "This is going to be a howling good time!" And with a final snicker she blasted him, his body falling to all fours as the hero let out a moan. "Oh come on, Hero of Whine, you'll be MUCH faster as a mount."

Link's body sprouted black and white hair and his face and jaw popped as they pushed out into a snout. He could feel his ears lengthen and flop, his spine push out at the tail bone as a new appendage swished about from his dissolving clothing. It only got worse from there. His body was piling on the weight, and fast. Body heavy and fat, he could barely stay upright on his hardening fingers and toes.

"Wait, this can't be right?" said Impa, watching as Link bloated much larger than the wolf mount she had been aiming for. It wasn't until he groaned in shock as his large teet-covered udder flopped down, smacking his inner thighs, that Impa realized what Link was becoming.

Link could feel her patting hard horns emerging from his skull, her large animated hairdo gently prodding the bag of flesh between his legs that was filling with hot milk until it had no more room, dripping out of the end of each long, throbbing teet begging for release. He was only drawn to the realization his transformation was done when she landed hard on his fat, feminine, bovine butt.

"The castle is too far away and you're gonna be too slow as a cow to get there before some monster makes you into a plate of ribs. Especially with those gallons of milk swelling up in your funbag. Best we make a detour to Lon Lon ranch for the night, knight. Giddy-up!" Impa smacked his giant ass cheek, moving him towards the ranch road, a place that he was dreading, but also needing, he realized with each sloshing clumsy, cowish step.