

Amaz2k12 - The Bimbo Scrolls

Year 433 of the Third Era. Her Royal Thickness, Empress Jiggulene of the Ninth Curve, reigns over the jiggly lands of Tamponia... But our story doesn't begin in her palace... No, quite the opposite -



You've been accused of a crime and locked away by the Imperial Guard... Like a common criminal, you now wait for whatever fate the gods have in store...



Ah yes, the classic prison suite - complete with all the luxuries you'd expect...

*This...
is not the life I
imagined in the
Imperial City.*

*Damp air, total darkness, moldy bread,
and a bottle of something that might've
been water... last week.*

*What
would my parents
say?*

*Life is
so cruel to me. First,
I lose all my wealth
and property...*

*...then my
darling wife leaves
me - for some wandering
mage who knew a
Breast Expansion
spell.*

*And now?
Now I'm rotting in
the dungeons of the
damn palace.*

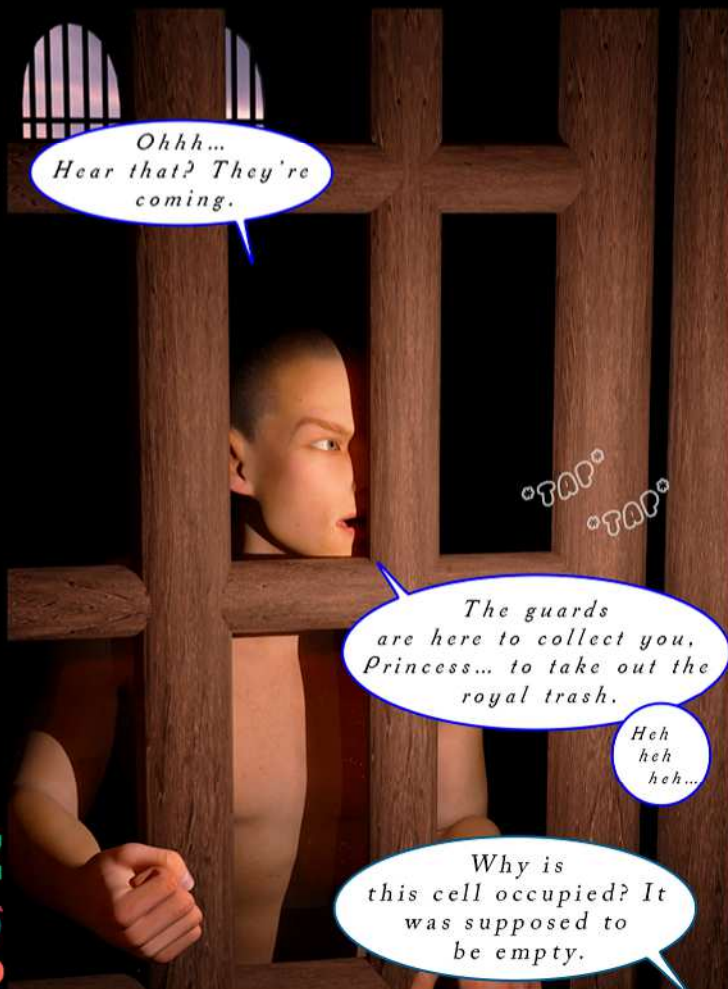
*Woe
is me...*

*Hey,
Imperial! Come
closer to the bars so
I can see who's whining
like a pampered
princess!*

And of course, the ultimate bonus feature: a charming cellmate to brighten your day.



There you are, Princess. Just like I pictured you.



And there she stood - Her Royal Thickness, Empress Jiggulene of the Ninth Curve. Ruler of Tamponia, avatar of divine cleavage, and living proof that age is just a number... especially when your bustline bends reality.

Your Majesty,
please forgive this
oversight.

But we don't
have time to sort him
out. Please, come with
me - quickly!

Prisoner,
if you value your
life -

stay silent
and don't. Move.
A muscle.



*Are you
freaking kidding me?!*
*He had a secret tunnel in
his damn cell?!*

Seriously?!
And I'm stuck here?
Hey! Don't leave me alone
again - last time the guards
dropped the soap on
purpose!

Hhmmm...

But that
Empress... ohhh damn...
what a mega-bimbo
goddess...

She's
gonna fuel my
nights for a long
time...

Mmmhh...
Empress Jiggulene...
rule me, your royal
thiccness...

FAD
FAD



Thank you,
Your Majesty. Without
you, I'd still be rotting in
that cell...

Why does
this tunnel feel...
alive?

I've seen
you in my dreams...
for years.

The Nine
Curves didn't place
you there by accident.
This was their will...

I've, like,
seen the Gates of
Booblivion, okay? And
tonight...

Tonight
took everything
from me. My girls...
my curves... my
hope...

The deeper
we go... the closer
we are to what
must change.



...because the ambush has begun!

Like,
oh-em-gee! The
Curvy Ones are
totally with us!

We're
under attack! Defend
the Empress!

The
Mythic Dusk is
here!

What
the - ?!

•WSSSSSS•

Ow!
That freaking
hurts!

•SQUISH•

You don't
just jump a guy
with a knife,
you scum!

Weaponless doesn't mean defenseless... One mighty Chucky Borris™ Roundhouse Kick™ - and the assassin gets a taste of Tamponian foot justice.



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Every curse needs a trigger... and every transformation needs a spark. For him, it begins here...



This...
this isn't just some
normal dagger...

My
body... it feels like
it's being flipped
inside out...

Wait—
wasn't this thing
only supposed to
affect women?!

But I'm a
g—... I mean,
I'm a man!
Right?!

Not all men stay men forever. Some daggers cut deeper - into the soul.

*Yes... yes,
the Empress is fine.
She's... right here
beside me...*

Your
Majesty - are
you alright?

The
Captain... is he...
really gone?

The
battle's over and...
The Captain... he's
gone. Damn.

He was a
good man. Brave.
I didn't know him
well, but still...

You there,
prisoner - still
breathing?

Damn
helmet's always pulling
my hair...

*Oh...
you're a lady? Uh... my
apologies - didn't mean to
assume...*

What?
Surprised to
see a woman under
all this steel?

Yeah, boobs
and brains under this
armor. Shocking,
huh?

Not every
warrior in Tamponia
fights in a chainmail
bikini, you know.

Wait...
what's up with
your voice?
You sound...
different.

*My
voice? What about
it...?*

After the failed attempt on the Empress's life, our brave adventurer presses on. A chivalrous soul to the last, he arms himself with a fallen enemy's axe and takes the lead... unaware that something inside him is definitely shifting.

Stay close,
Your Majesty. We'll
find a way out of
this tunnel
together.

But like,
babe... you're totally
hurt! My guard's right,
something's - like, totally
happening to you!

Your voice
sounds kinda... cuter?
Like, higher and sparkly
'n stuff.

No offense,
but we're getting you
out of here. One way
or another.

See? Told
you something was
off... but nooo one
listens to the girl
in full plate.

sigh
Should've worn
the cuirass that shows cleavage...
Might finally get some damn
respect.

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With every step, something shifts. Flesh softens. Power changes form. But the hero marches forward—brave, blind, and blissfully unaware.

Also, that armor is so not made for hips... He's squeezing in like it's a corset.

Wait a sec... is it just me, or is he still changing?

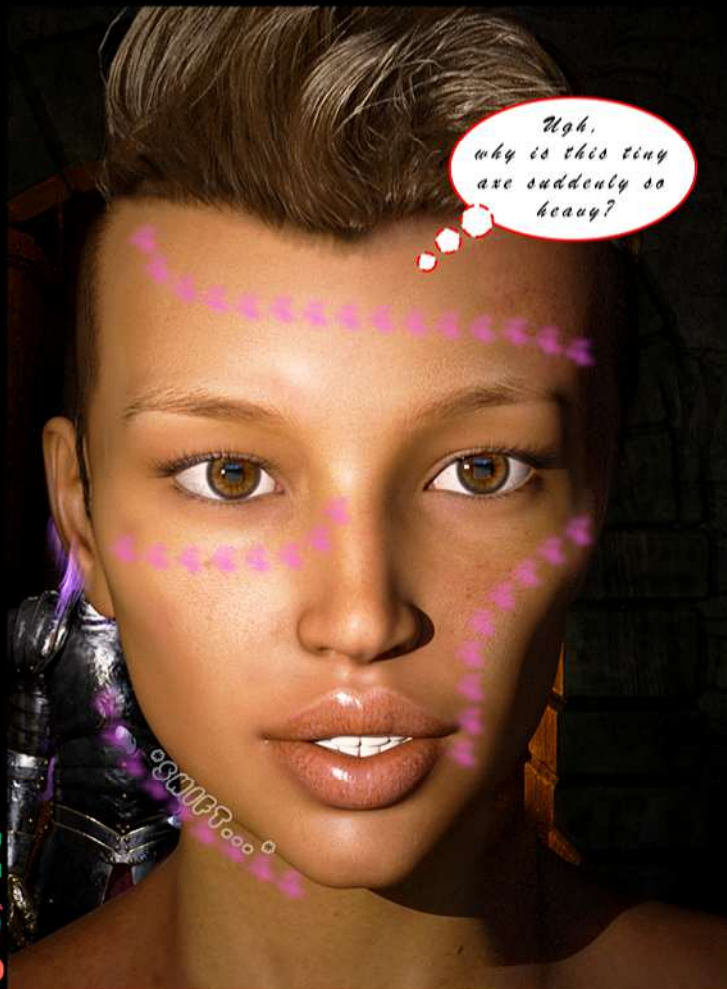
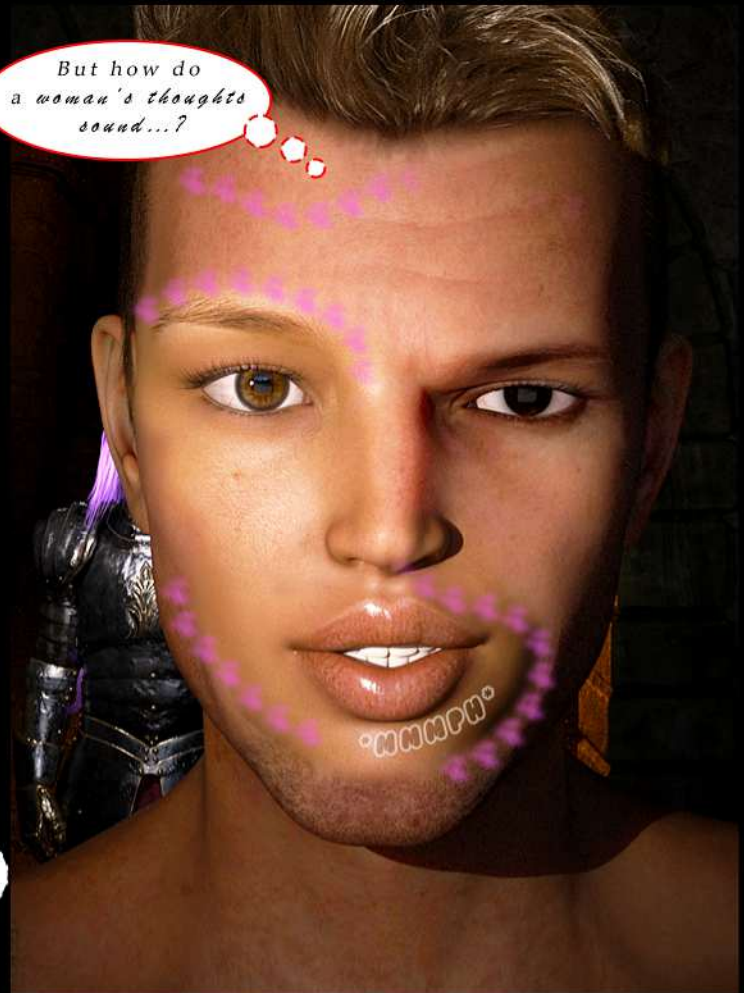


He hasn't even noticed - look at his arms! He's lost, like, half his muscle. His shoulders are... dainty?

By the Curvy Nine...

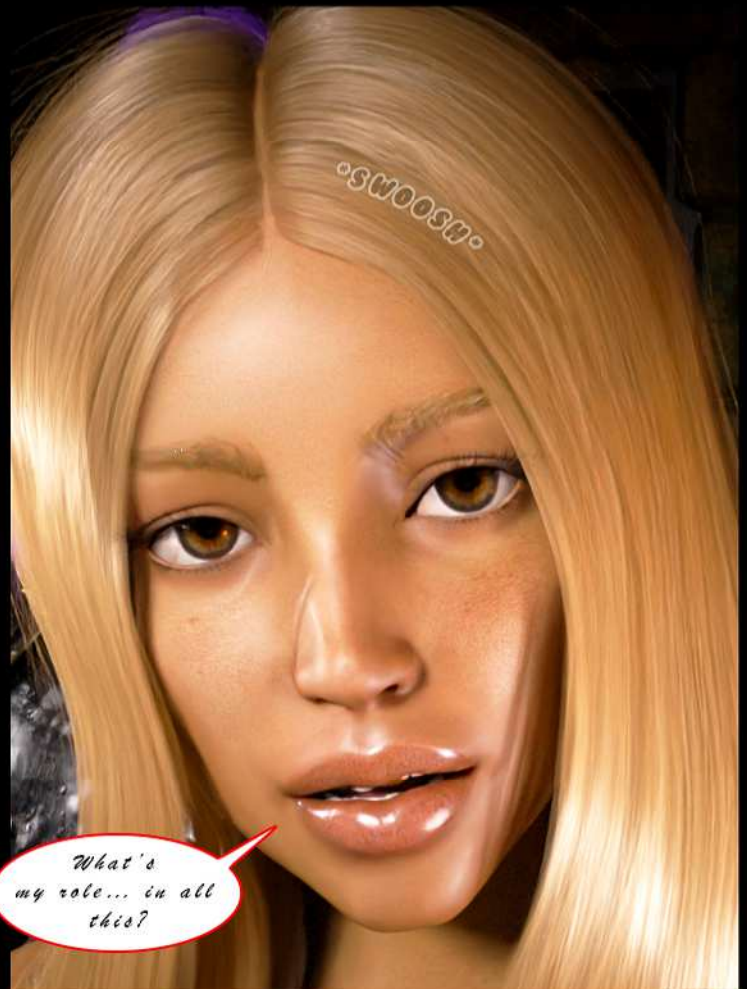
Is he turning into a woman?

Like... OMG!

















*Your Majesty,
if anything happens to
you... I'll deliver your
pendant to Jeff.*

*Maybe he
can help me become a
man again.*

*Thanks
for explaining the divine
prophecy -*

*- but
I don't believe
in gods.*

*Oh
sweetie, you don't
need to believe in
the Nine...*

*... 'cause
they believe in you,
mmkay?*

*This
destiny was, like,
totally placed in your
now dainty hands.*

*And I
trust the gods,
and -*

*Your
Majesty - behind
you!!*



The Empress is gone. Only her crown remains... and the blade that stole her bounce. While the Nameless Heroine stands silent, the last of her Imperial Guard kneels...

My
Empress... forgive
me.

I have failed you.

We -
the Blades - have
broken our oath... and
Tamponia is left without
her Queen.

I swear
to you, Your
Majesty...

It doesn't
matter if I'm a woman
or a man - I'll still
see your mission
through...

And
live up to the
faith you placed
in me.

In that quiet moment, something shifted inside our heroness. Not just her shape - but her purpose.







Her nipple responds... suddenly. Swelling with heat. With... magic? Is it the sword? Or something awakening inside her?



This sword feels... right. I should have it examined at the Mage Academy later - see what kind of enchantments are on it.

But first things first... I need to get out of here.

And find some actual clothes.

These scratchy rags are driving me insane... and not the sexy kind.



*First, the
Empress escaped through
my prison cell and sets
me free...*

*Then I turn
into a woman and learn
I'm the chosen one of
the Nine Curves.*

*And now
I'm holding a
magic sword named
Sir Flopsy?*

*Tamponia...
you're full of
surprises.*

*Ah yes,
life is full of
the unexpected,
isn't it?*

*One day you're in the
Tower of London awaiting
beheading...*

*Next
thing you know - bam!
You're a talking sword in a
world full of bouncing
boob prophecy.*

*And then,
some misogynist cult
tries to use me on you?
The audacity!*

*Oh! Speaking
of which - there's a
zombie right behind
you.*

*Wait -
what? A zombie?*

*It's been
following you for a while,
but your pace has been...
delightfully brisk.*

*So, my
dear heroine...
will you run to
freedom -*

*- or
stay and give
me a taste of glorious
undead cleavage-slaying
action?*



I've
never run from a
fight!

And
a fireball? A classic
move.

HRRRCCHH...

Come on
then, you moldy meat
puppet...

Let's
heat things
up.



Uhh...
that's it?

A little
scrawny... but totally
hot!

POOF

CUUUUHHH?

And hey!
Damage is damage, no
matter how small!

SWOOSH

Zombies aren't fast. Or smart. Or even very strong.
But Elysia... isn't exactly at 100% either.

The zombie's still standing - burned, stinking, and way too close for comfort. Elysia's magic's nearly spent... but luckily, her sword still has plenty to say.



Take
this!

Taste
steel, you foul
creature!

Has no
one taught you NOT
to claw at a lady?
Rude!

Strike
me hard,
M'lady!

SWOOSH



Why
won't you just
die!?

Oh...
right. Already dead.
Ngh.

SWOOSH



Back
to the grave with
you, peasant!

In proper
Britannia, the undead
know when they're
not welcome!



She may have lost a bit of muscle in her transformation...
...but with Sir Flopsy in hand, Elysia proves she's anything but weak.

Victory,
my lady!

*You said
it, Flopsy.*

*Let's hope
it stays down. Ugh...
smells like moldy socks
and shame.*

*Maybe some
necromancer's behind
this mess...*

Ahh... just
like the good old days!
Back when I rode into battle
with King Henry!

*Anyway,
I say we ditch this sewer.
My feet are sticking to
the floor!*

In Tamponia, curves are power. The greater a woman's bust, the more respect, influence - and cleavage - she commands.

I just hope the next town isn't too far...

I seriously need a bath. And real clothes. And boots that don't squish.

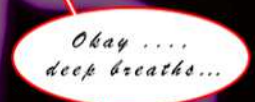
But first - I need coin. Gotta gear up if I want to survive out here...

Right at your side, my lady...

Let's leave this dreadful stinkhole behind - if I still had a nose, I'd be crying!

And after her first victory, Elysia's earned some... "experience points." The kind that definitely don't show up on a stat sheet.

Not every victory causes it... Only when enough "experience" builds up does the magic kick in. And for Elysia, that time... is NOW.





Finally - freedom! But new challenges await our heroine: delivering the Empress's medallion to the Blades, and facing the quest ahead... But first - clothes. Shelter. And maybe a bra. 



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Where there's a dungeon and a sewer... there's bound to be a city.
But when it's tucked behind a steep hill, reaching it takes hours - especially when your new curves throw off your balance...

*At last...
the Imperial City.
The crown jewel of
Tamponia.*

*And the
place where they
tossed me in a
cell for public
grilling...*

*Probably
best to start
with a modest
taVERN...*

*Not that
I've got any gold.
But maybe
I can convince the
innkeeper...*

*One
bounce at a
time.*

The death of Empress Jiggulene has reached even the cobbled streets of the Imperial City...
...and now, the once-bustling heart of Tamponia lies in a hush of mourning and unease.

*This
silence... it's so
eerie...*

*But it
makes sense. Couriers
must've already spread
word of the Empress's
assassination.*

*Not exactly
the Royal Baths, but
hey - looks like it serves
ale... and that's all I
need right now.*

*Good
evening, barkeep...
I was wondering
if -*

*Lady,
close the door first -
it's drafty!*



When words fail, will charm prevail? Or will Sir Flopsy's... "advice"... win the day?