

# 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...



*\*sigh\*  
figures.*

*I go  
out for a walk,  
and somehow I end  
up in a dungeon.*

*The gods  
must really love  
playing jokes  
on me...*

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.

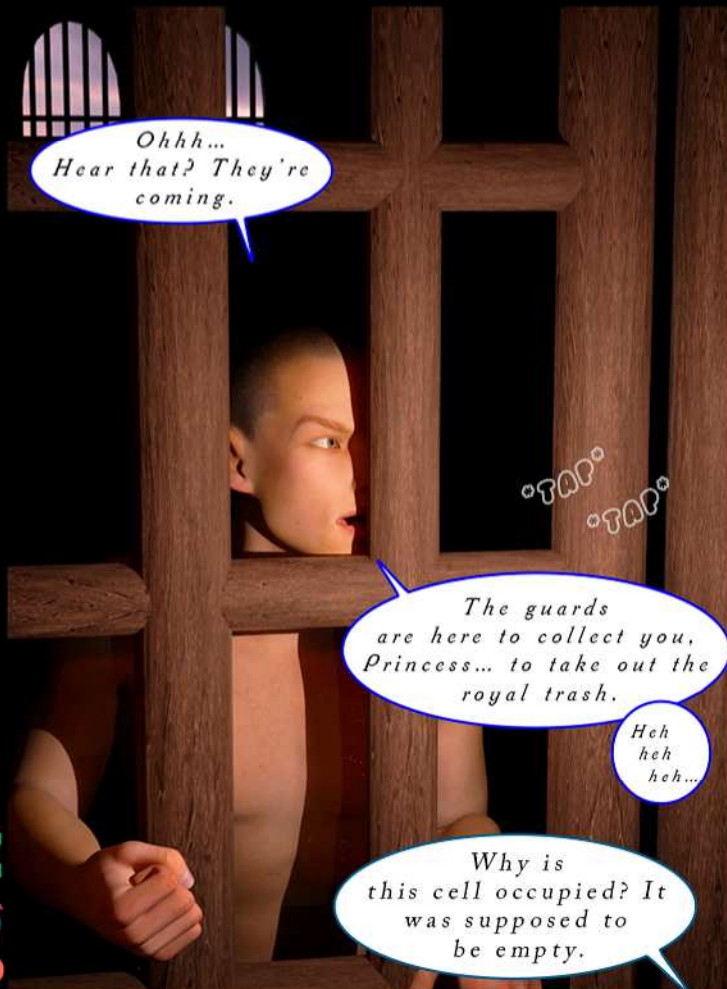


Alright,  
I'm here. What do you  
want?

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



You won't  
last long down here.  
An Imperial in the Imperial  
Dungeon? Real bad optics,  
sweetcheeks.



Ohhh...  
Hear that? They're  
coming.

"TAP"  
"TAP"

The guards  
are here to collect you,  
Princess... to take out the  
royal trash.

Heh  
heh  
heh...

Why is  
this cell occupied? It  
was supposed to  
be empty.



I'm  
innocent, I swear!  
Please... don't hurt  
me.

Never mind.  
Prisoner - against the  
wall, now!

Keep your  
hands where we can  
see them!

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\**





...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?

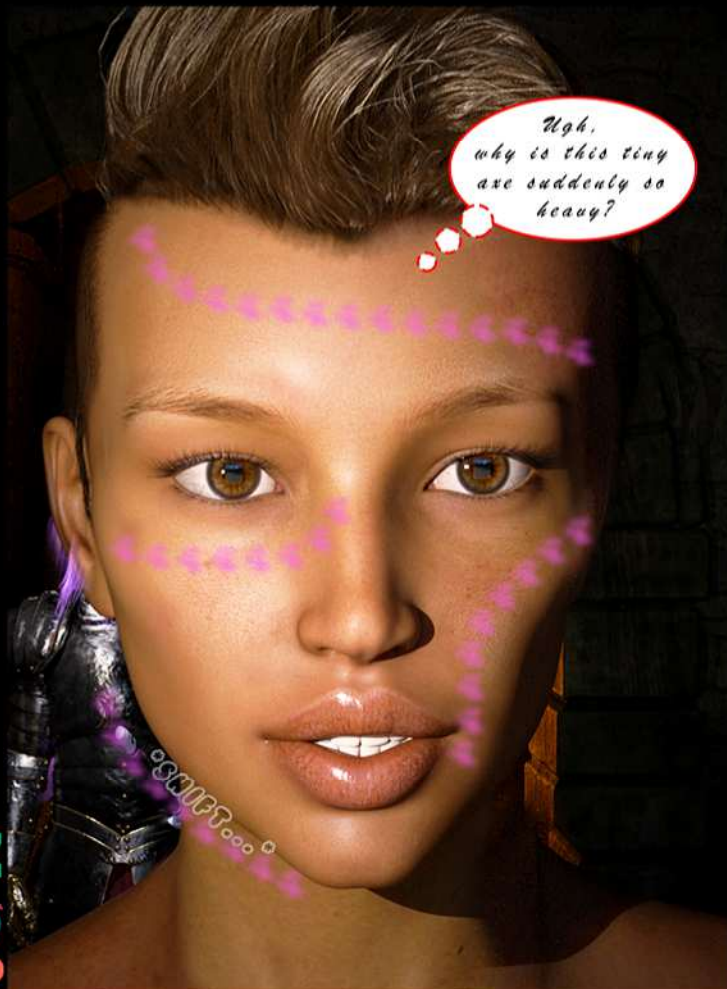
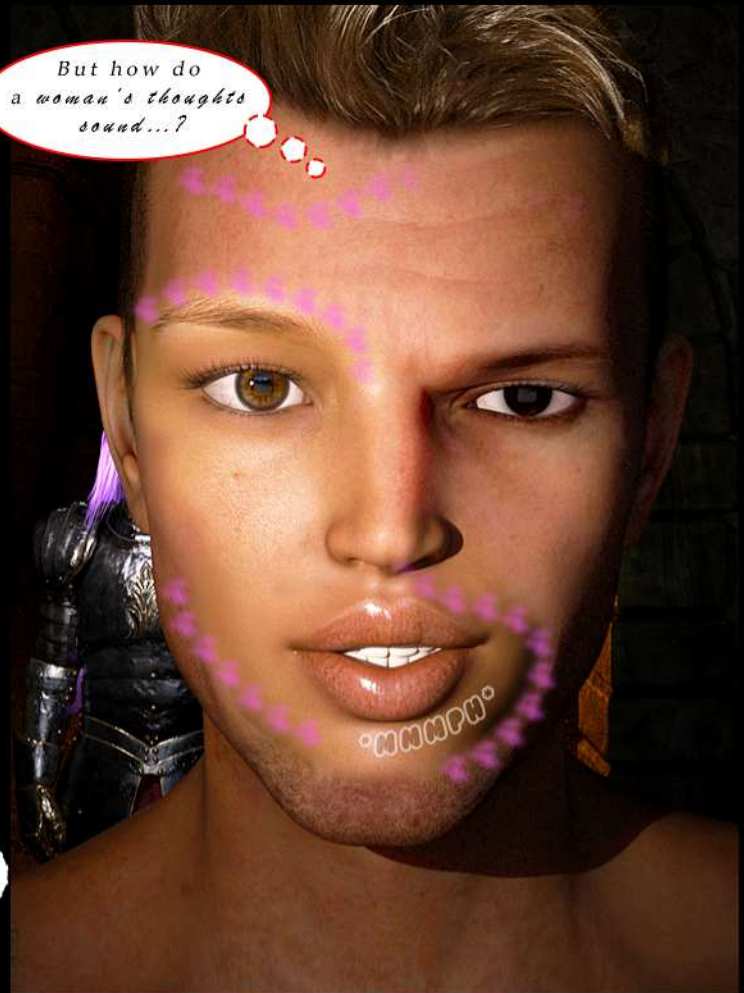


He hasn't even noticed - look at his arms! He's lost, like, half his muscle. His shoulders are... dainty?

By the Curvy Nine...

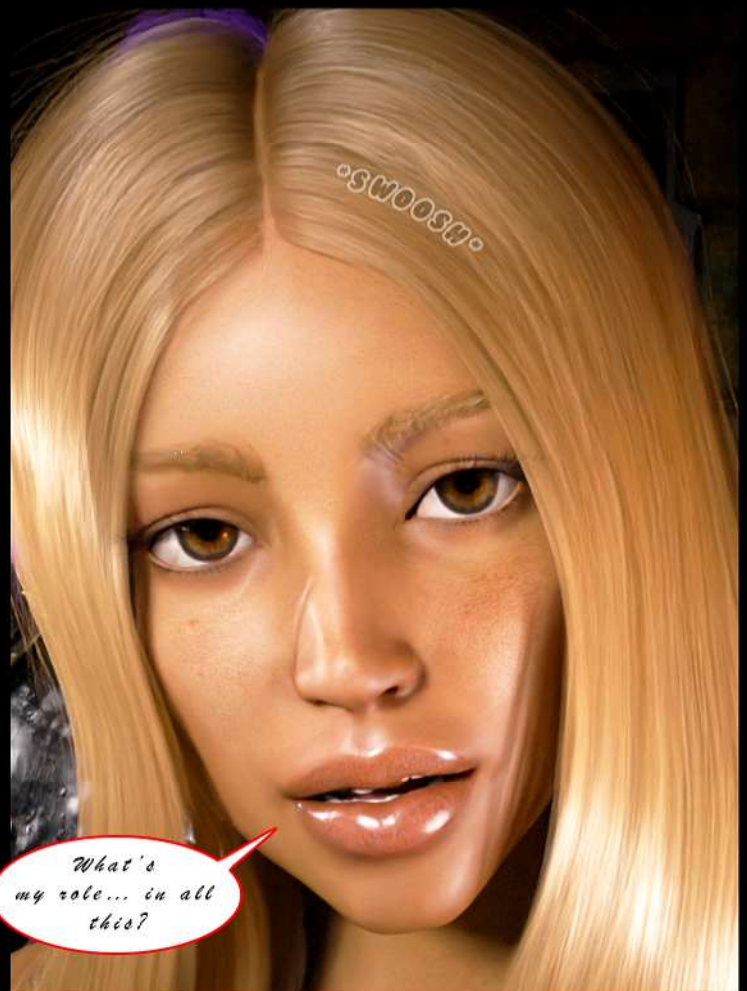
Is he turning into a woman?

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.







Thank you, Guard. And for the record - I really was innocent.

My only crime was telling a mage that fireballs could be used for grilling...



He tried it. Grilled himself. Oops.

\*PULSE...\*

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



\*PULSE...\*

\*PULSE...\*



Yeah, I figured you were a bit of a battlemage, Elysia.

Farewell. May the Nine be with you - always.

Far behind her, the sword hums softly in on her side... as if pleased.

*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.*



*"SHLN..."*

*"SHRNCH..."*

*Uhh...  
that's it?*

*A little  
scrawny... but totally  
hot!*

*"COOEE"*

*"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.

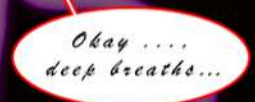
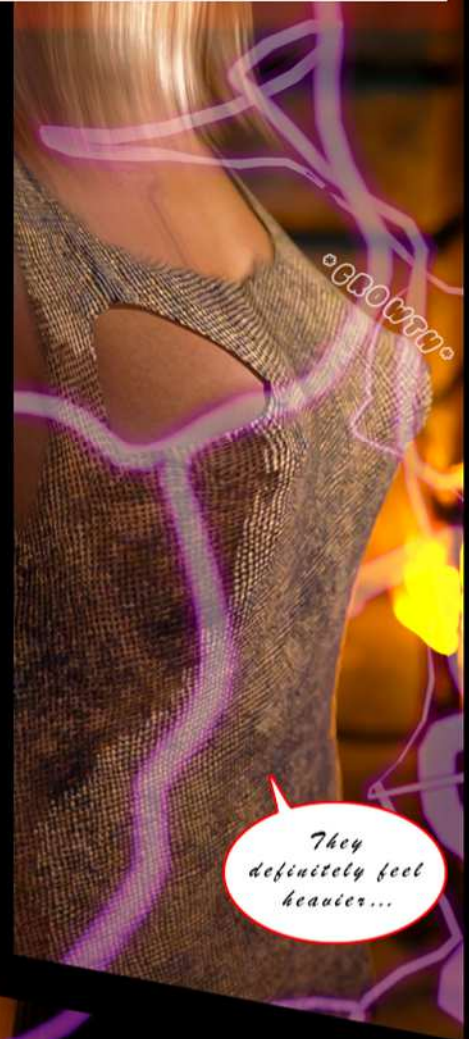
But first - I need coin. Gotta gear up if I want to survive out here...

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?

That's it,  
baby - play the charm  
card on this grumpy  
barkeep...

Flash a  
little, tease a little...  
soon he'll shower you  
with coin!

Worked for a  
Queen - though, granted,  
she did lose her head in  
the end.

Lucky  
for you, no crazy Henrys  
here!

I understand,  
barkeeper... but I  
swear, I'm no  
beggar.

Do I really  
look like one to you?  
Aside from these  
awful rags?

Hmm?  
Or... do you like  
what you see?

Hrrm...  
you can swear all  
you like, girl...

No, your  
hair looks... soft.  
And those -

...those breasts...  
ohhh, mmmhh... er—  
uhhh... where were  
we again?

Sometimes, persuasion doesn't need words...  
...just a little wardrobe malfunction.

*That's right,  
innkeeper... I believe  
you were just about to offer  
me a room for  
the night...*

*Hhhmmm...  
but only... if...*

*...maybe  
a hot meal... and a  
bath, hmm?*

*...if...  
you... my...  
erm...*

*Yes, this  
is the way! He's nothing  
but warm wax  
in your delicate hands  
now, darling!*

*Trust me,  
you won't regret  
it - probably.*

*...my wife  
mustn't see you,  
sweet thing...*

*And don't  
worry about your wife...  
you'll be with her,  
won't you?*

So easily can temptation crumble... one wrong word, and the spell is broken.  
But when one door closes... another opens.

Well,  
if that's the  
case, Miss... there's  
the door!

No, please.  
innkeeper - I'm not that  
kind of woman.

And you're  
married. That's a no-go!  
Marriage is sacred - by  
all Nine Divines.

If you were  
waiting for the  
perfect moment, darling -  
well, that was it. You  
fool!

But... maybe  
I can do you a different  
kind of favor. I'm not  
inexperienced with  
a blade.

But  
since you're  
an adventurer... listen  
closely.

My wife's  
trinket went missing. Some  
guests whispered that a traveler  
stole it - and fled into an old  
ruin not far from the city.

Bring me  
back that trinket tomorrow,  
and I'll give you food, a bed,  
and a hot bath. Deal?

Agreed - but  
tomorrow. I'm exhausted,  
and I need rest.



|                                                                                   |              |    |
|-----------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|----|
|  | STRENGTH     | 54 |
|  | INTELLIGENCE | 61 |
|  | WILLPOWER    | 69 |
|  | AGILITY      | 62 |
|  | SPEED        | 49 |
|  | ENDURANCE    | 58 |
|  | PERSONALITY  | 52 |
|  | LUCK         | 50 |

+ 2 LEVEL  
+ 10 POINTS



Of course, leveling up isn't always pure gain...

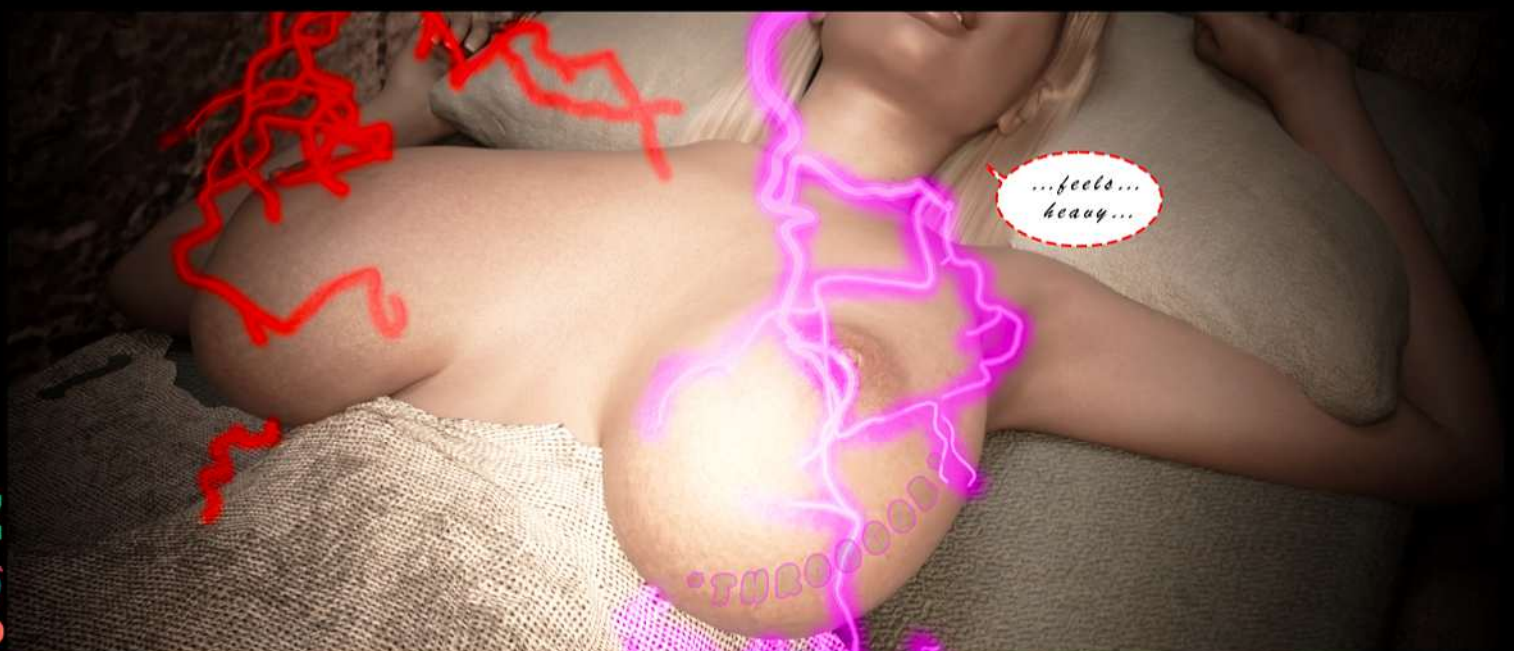
Sometimes, a bonus comes with a cost.



|                                                                                     |              |       |
|-------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|--------------|-------|
|  | STRENGTH     | -2 54 |
|  | INTELLIGENCE | -3 61 |
|  | WILLPOWER    | -3 69 |
|  | AGILITY      | 62 +1 |
|  | SPEED        | 49 +1 |
|  | ENDURANCE    | 58 +3 |
|  | PERSONALITY  | 52 +6 |
|  | LUCK         | 50 +2 |

ELYSIA  
LEVEL 3 CURVEBLADE

And in our heroine's case, her body and mind react instantly to these shifting attributes...

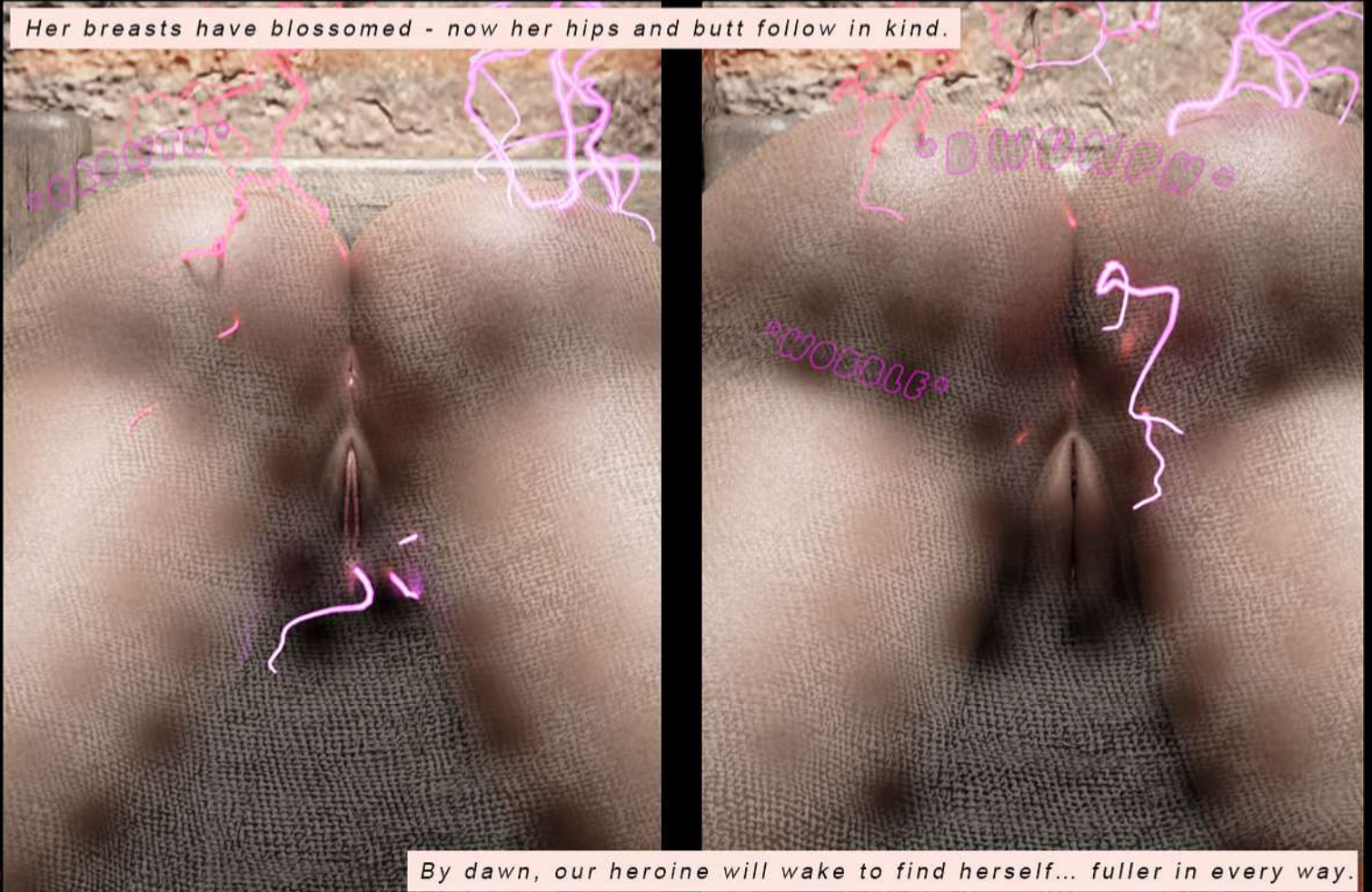


And so the night ticks onward...



Ah, the  
glory of transformation...  
If only I had hands again - this  
blanket wouldn't stand  
a chance.

Her breasts have blossomed - now her hips and butt follow in kind.



By dawn, our heroine will wake to find herself... fuller in every way.

And so, with the first light of dawn...

Ahhh... mhhh...

By  
the Nine, I feel sooo  
refreshed!

I swear,  
I feel almost... more  
manly again - the magic  
must be fading!

Manlier?  
Yes, one could say  
that, my Lady...

What  
do you think,  
Sir Flopsy?

...just  
don't look  
down.

But as fate would have it... curiosity wins.

*\*SQUEEZE\**

*What  
the...!? They're...  
HUGE!*

*This  
can't... this shouldn't...  
oh no, no, NO!*

Elysia dares to look down - only to find her view blocked by two massive, heaving breasts.

And with that, the truth crashes down: her manhood is gone... and she's becoming more woman with every breath.

*I'm...  
more of a woman  
than my own wife  
ever was!*

*Ahhh,  
my Lady... the moment  
of truth.*

*And I  
assure you - this is  
only the beginning.*

*You'll  
grow even more  
womanly yet.*

When all is lost, one must rise again.

With food and shelter bought by a "simple quest," Elysia now marches on - tattered rags on her body, steel at her side, and the weight of last night's changes heavy on her chest.

Ah, what a lovely day... the sun is shining, birds are singing -

Easy for you to say, sword-boy...

- and your breasts sway gloriously, unsupported beneath those rags.

Try waking up with boobs bigger than yesterday's and see how funny it feels.

Honestly, how do women endure this endless bounce?

...ugh, never mind.

Truly, Tamponia has never looked so... bouncy.

The innkeeper said the cave entrance is close. Let's focus on that.



The cave is cold and damp...

No enemies so far -

but a faint light glows at the end of the passage.

Steady...  
nice and quiet...

Light  
ahead... could be  
enemies...

No bow,  
no armor... just rage and  
steel.

Wait - by  
the Nine... what  
is -

At last, the end of the cave...

And there it is: a ruby, suspended in the air, hovering above a long-dead host.

It pulls at her - like invisible fingers tugging her closer.

Even the sword's usual sarcasm has fallen silent.



By the  
Nine...

It's...  
beautiful...

I... I  
should take  
it...

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The ruby pulses like a stolen heart - each beat spilling whispers into the cave's still air.



One step closer... and her fate would have been sealed.  
But fate itself sent a warning voice from the shadows...

By the  
Nine - mooo... just  
in time...

Don't touch  
it! The Master... the  
innkeeper... sent you,  
right? Mooo...

He tricks  
every woman who enters  
his tavern...

This cave  
is filled with us... most  
can't even speak anymore...  
just mooo...

I was the  
last he sent... to  
fetch the trinket for  
his 'wife'...

She's here  
too... mooo... deeper in  
the dark...

Come with  
me... before it's too  
late... mooo...

Who...  
who are you?

I am  
Sindora... once a  
Wood Elf... from  
Milfgrad.

The farther Elysia moved from the ruby, the weaker its pull on her mind became.

*I know you don't trust moo - honestly, I wouldn't either.*

*But I'll explain everything... while I show yoooo.*

*Can I really trust her? She looks nothing like an elf...*

*Slender, graceful - that's what elves are supposed to be. And she's... all udders and curves.*

Only minutes later, the two women stepped into a vast underground chamber...

*Welcome to what's left of us. Don't be surprised it looks empty - most of the others are in their chambers... moooo*

*...getting mooo... milked.*

*Gods... what a hall! I wasn't expecting this at all.*

*Wait - did you just say... milked? Seriously?!*

Mmm...  
may I introduce...  
Briana. Moo... Moo...

The  
innkeeper's wife...  
first of us here.

That  
bastard...

Three Days ago...  
I was a mage of Milfgard.  
Now... mmmooohhh... I only feel  
the ache to be touched,  
emptied, milked...

Three days...  
and already like  
this?

Touch  
the ruby once,  
and you'll never  
leave... moo.

Unless...  
we wrap it up in  
cloth... block the  
touch...



Mooooohhh...!

This is  
what we become... moo...  
milked, drained...

...each day  
less woman, more  
cow... moo.



Mmmhh...  
take my old gear. It  
won't fit me anymore...  
moo.

Use your  
rags as a pouch  
instead.

Crazy plan...  
but my life's already  
insane.

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Sindora kept her word: with the rags as cover, Elysia managed to lift the ruby and scoop up a handful of coins the women had once carried...

Poor women... but the innkeeper will pay.

Still - why in the tits of the Nine would a tavernkeeper send women to that cave?"

By the Nine - what in unwobbly Booblivion happened back there?!

"BOING!"

And more importantly... my lady, that outfit! Positively sinful!

Doesn't matter. Nobody messes with me...

No one!

But will her gamble work? Will the innkeeper touch the cursed stone - and if he does, what will happen to the cow-women still trapped inside?

Sometimes... karma really is a bitch.



*Evening,  
innkeep. No trinket... but  
plenty of gold.*



Gold  
works just as well,  
dumb girl!



You...  
you tricked me -  
AAARGH!



Karma's  
a bitch.

No!  
Please - gods,  
no...!

\*GROW\*  
SOFTER... GROW  
ROUNDER... YOUR MILK  
WILL FLOW...\*

My  
chest - swelling...  
breasts...!

\*YOU ARE  
NOT MAN... YOU  
ARE BREEDER...\*

These...  
breasts... so heavy...  
so full...!

\*SEED AND  
MILK... BOTH YOURS  
FOREVER...\*

\*BOING!\*

It feels  
so wrong - yet... yesss - breed...  
nooo - YES!

\*GROW!\*



But the curse was far from finished...

Muhhh -  
by the Tittiful Nine...  
no...!

So...  
hard... muhhh... not  
in years!

\*CORRECT\*

\*BOMBY\*

\*SPURRY\*

Breasts...  
and this cock?! Muhhh -  
what am I?!

Impressive...  
and unfairly hot.  
Teehee.

The curse complete: futa born of ruby's wrath. But outside the cave... what price awaits?



AARGH!!

Poor women... but the innkeeper will pay.

Muhhh... bitch, one drop of me and you're cursed too!

Oh, scary... but you forgot something.

Those women can't leave the cave... and now you're bound as well.

...let's watch what happens to you. Teehee.

# Amaz2k12 · The Bimbo Scrolls

The curse struck her mind like a blade.

Damn...  
muhhh... I  
forgot -!

The aging  
curse... muhhh... I'll  
wither out here -!

By the  
Nine... muhhh... I  
have to get back -  
fast!

Ah...  
realization at  
last.

Then run,  
cow. Run back to  
your cave.

\*BOING\*

\*SQUEEZE\*

\*BOING\*

# Amaz2k12 - The Bimbo Scrolls

Driven by fear - and the curse's hunger - she ran, heavy and trembling, toward the cave.



Run.  
you filthy cow...  
run.

...the  
cave isn't  
far.

Muuuh...  
gotta reach the cave  
before sunset... or the  
other curse will...  
muhhh take me!

Muuuhff...  
running's so hard with all this  
weight bouncing on my chest...  
how do women do this?!

...and this  
huge cock between my  
legs - muhhh - it's  
so hot...

Wait - did  
I just muhhh that  
out loud?

But something still wasn't finished...

Moooh... by the Nine... what's happening to me now - ?

\*STRETCH\*

\*SWEED\*

\*cough\*  
Everything's... heavier...  
muhh... unsteady...  
Moooh!

Those sounds...  
behind me... moooh...  
can't be—!

\*JUGGLE\*

\*CLAP\*  
\*CLAP\*

\*WOBBLE\*

Oh,  
it can. Seems  
the curse gave you  
rhythm, cow.

Keep  
running - before  
the next surprise  
hits.

...or maybe, something new was waking up.



And so, in the echoing vault beneath the earth, our tale edges toward its first finale - where pride and destiny begin to sway as one.





Forgive  
me, my lord...  
moohh!

W-what's...  
happening... to  
me... moohh!

My body...  
Mooooohhh!

...oh by  
the nine  
gods!

Moooh...  
moohhh...

FOOLISH  
MORTAL...

YOU BEGGED  
FOR A BREEDING HAREM -  
OF COW-LIKE WOMEN -  
TO RULE AS THEIR  
MASTER.

I GRANTED  
YOUR WISH - YET YOU  
WERE OUTWITTED BY YOUR  
OWN DESIRE.

NOW YOU  
DARE BREAK THE  
PACT?

NO ONE  
BARGAINS WITH MOOLAG BAH!  
AND WALKS FREE!

I'LL GRANT  
YOU EXACTLY WHAT YOU  
ASKED FOR...



ALL THAT WAS GRANTED NOW FLOWS BACK- INTO YOU.



What was taken... returns. What was bound... unbinds.



THE MASTER BECOMES HIS OWN CREATION.



THE PACT IS FULFILLED.

