

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.

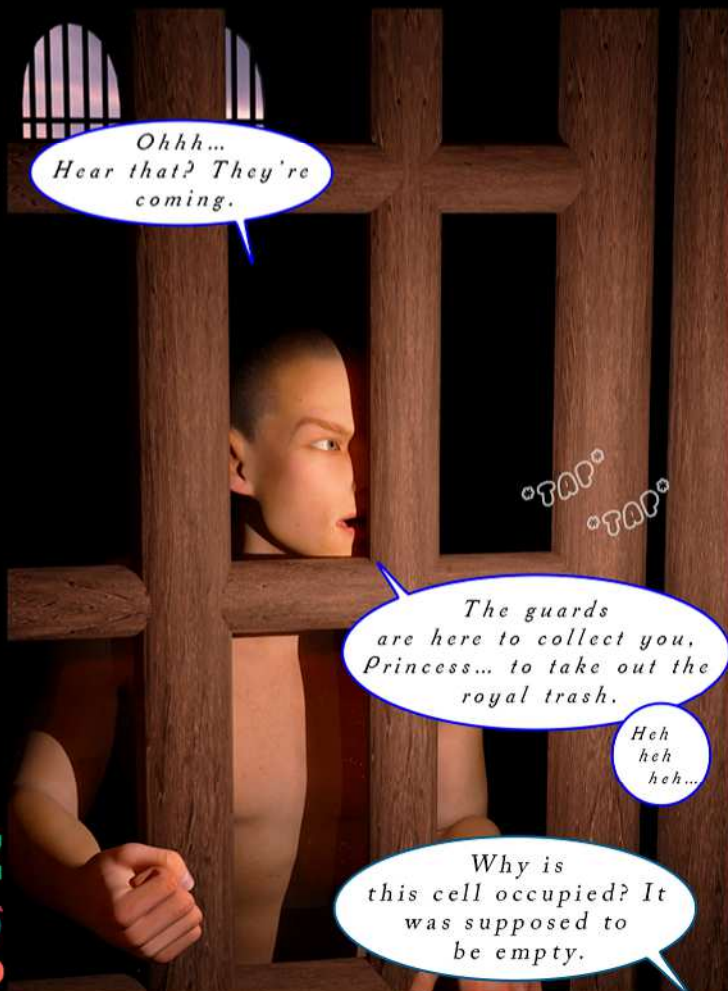


Alright,
I'm here. What do you
want?

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...

FWOOOSH-SWISH
FWOOOSH-SWISH

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?

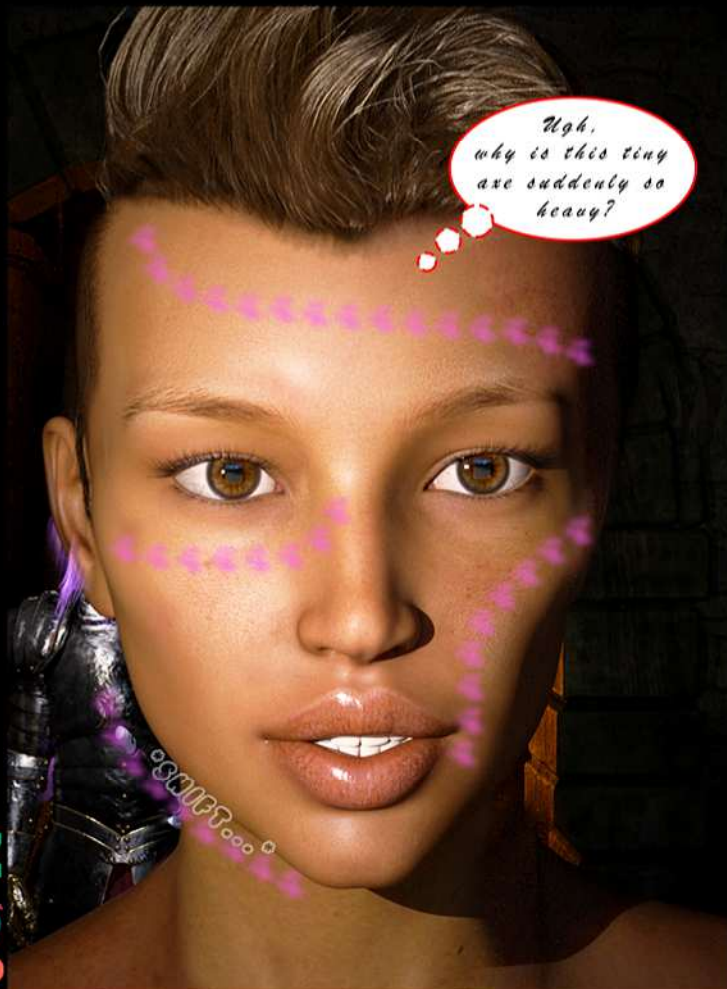
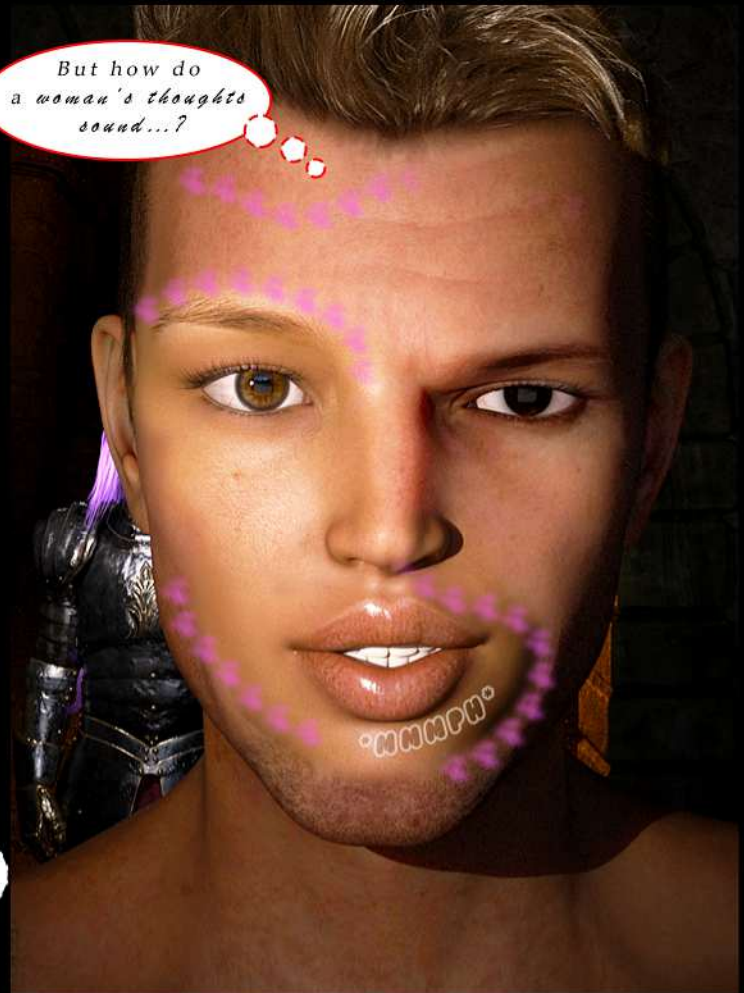


He hasn't even noticed - look at his arms! He's lost, like, half his muscle. His shoulders are... dainty?

By the Curvy Nine...

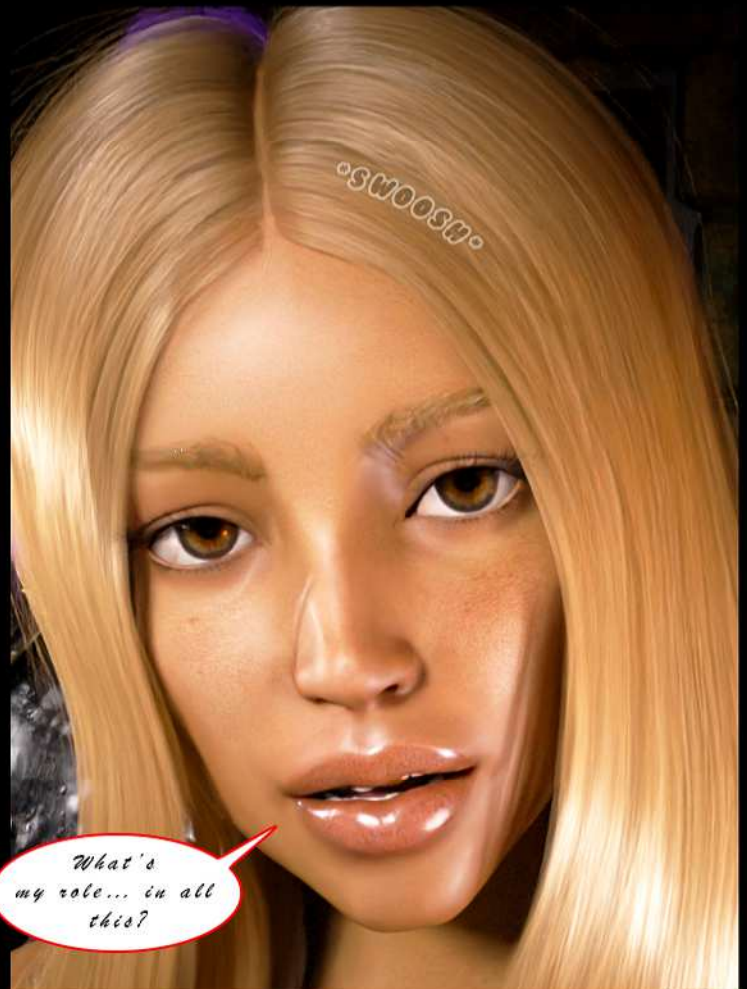
Is he turning into a woman?

Like... OMG!



















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.



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.

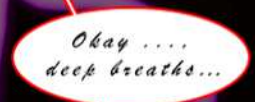
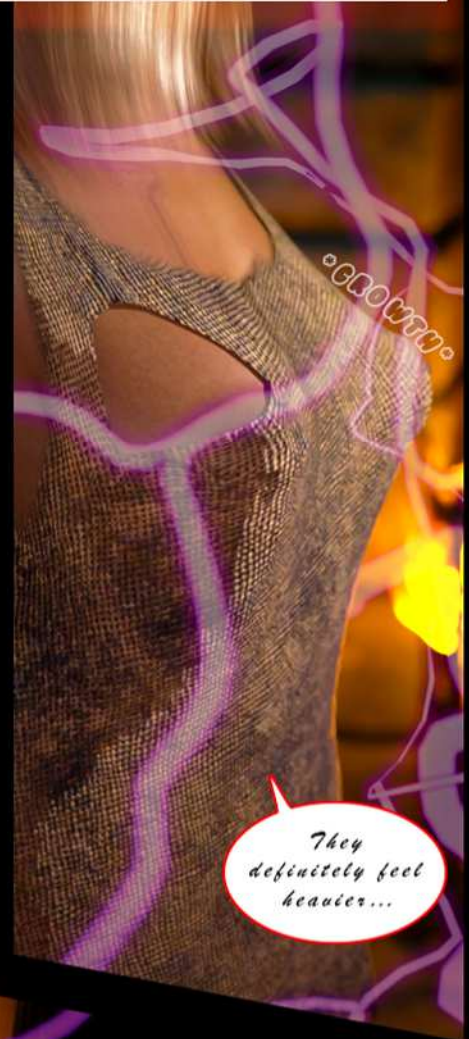
But first - I need coin. Gotta gear up if I want to survive out here...

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.*

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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.
inkeeper... 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.
inkeeper - 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...

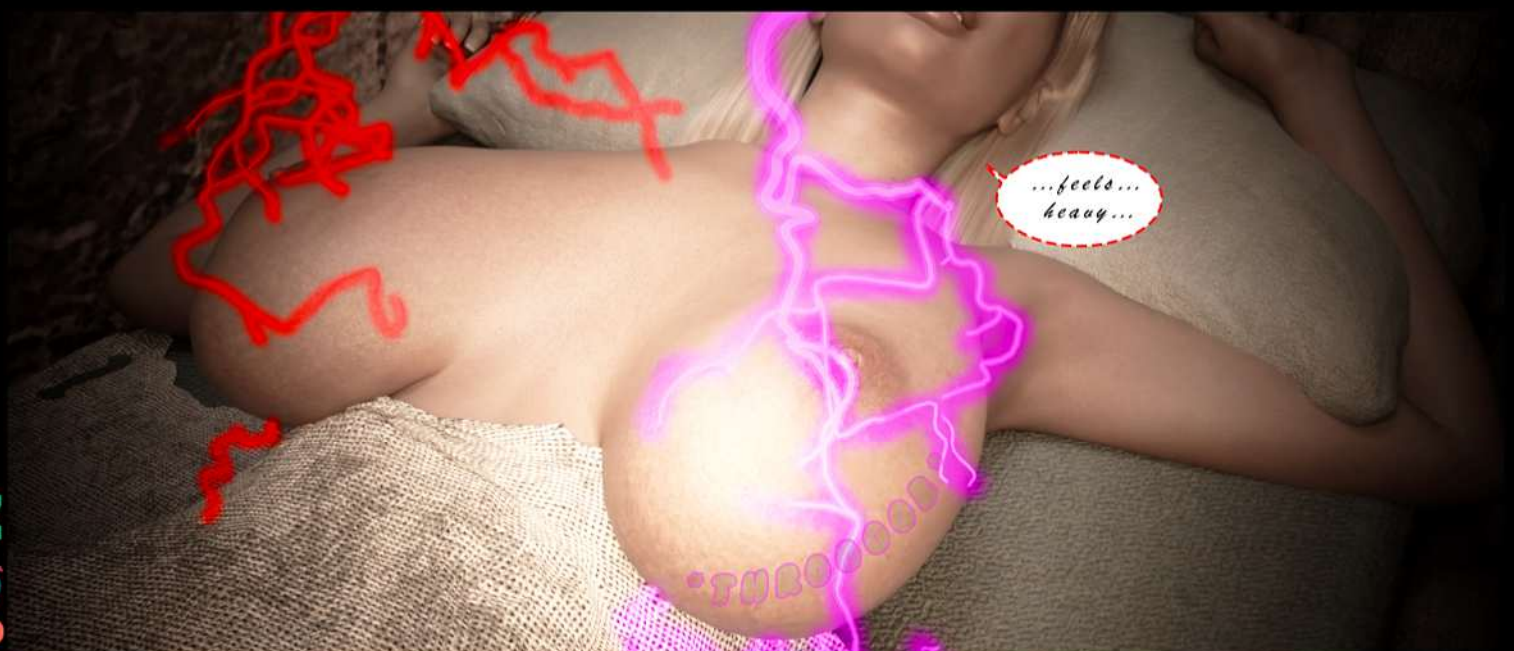
Sometimes, a bonus comes with a cost.



	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...



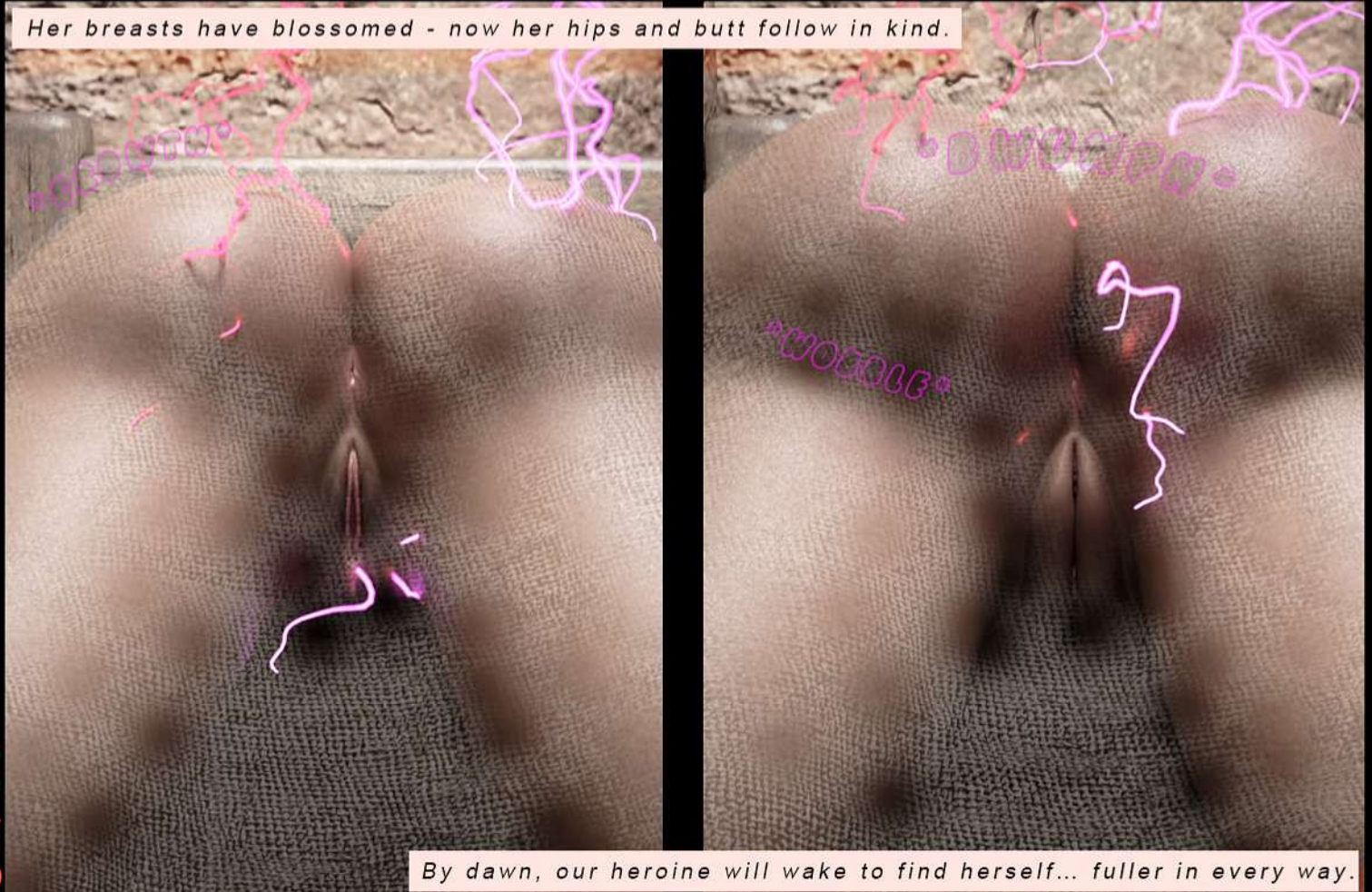
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And so the night ticks onward...



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.*

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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.



They slip past her thoughts, coiling into her very soul... until...



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 moo... 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?