

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.*

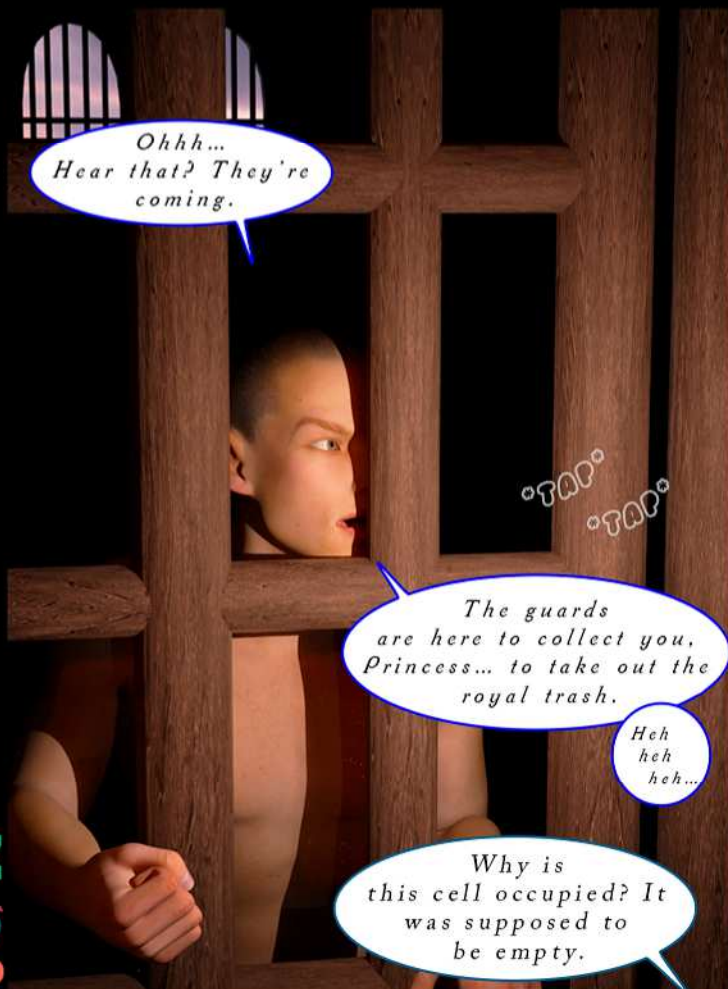
*Woe
is me...*

*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.



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!

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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?

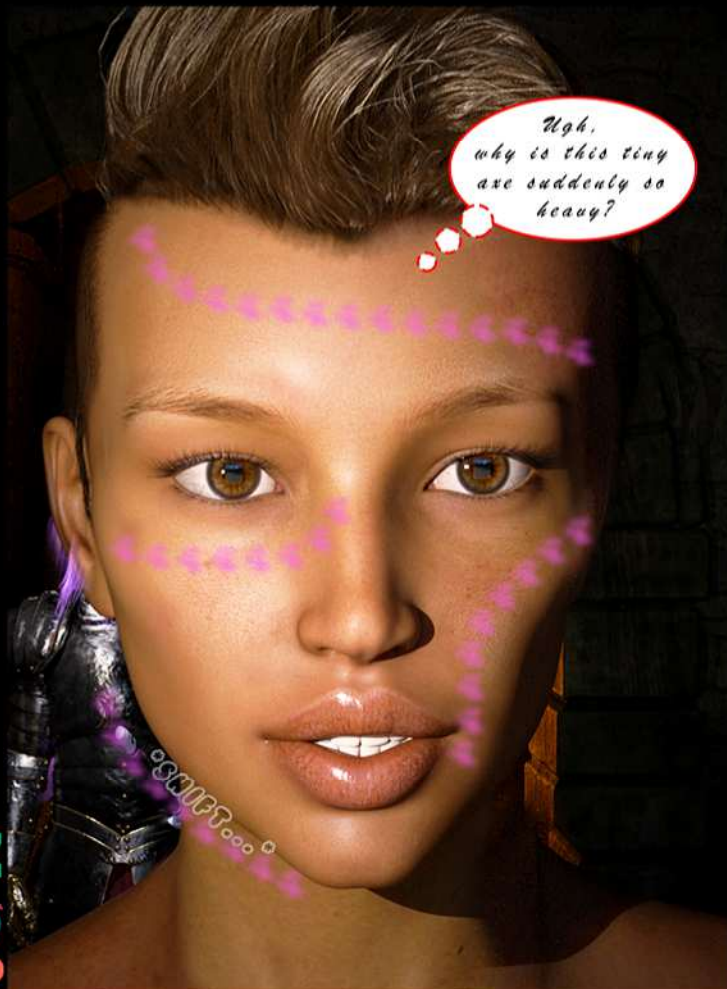
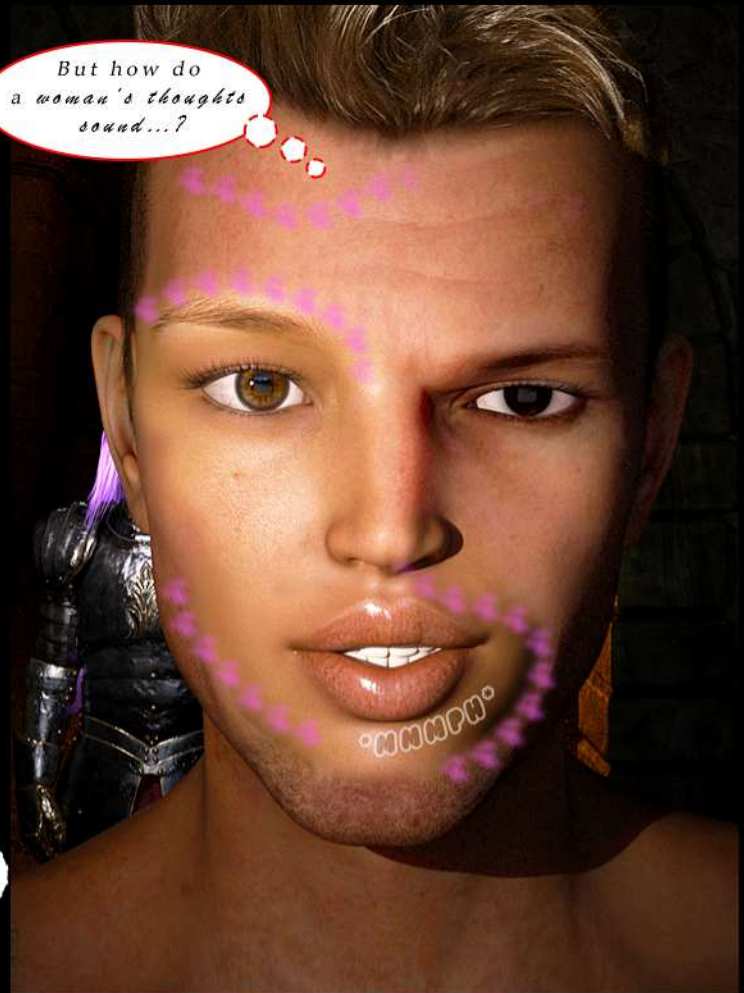


He hasn't even noticed - look at his arms! He's lost, like, half his muscle. His shoulders are... dainty?

By the Curvy Nine...

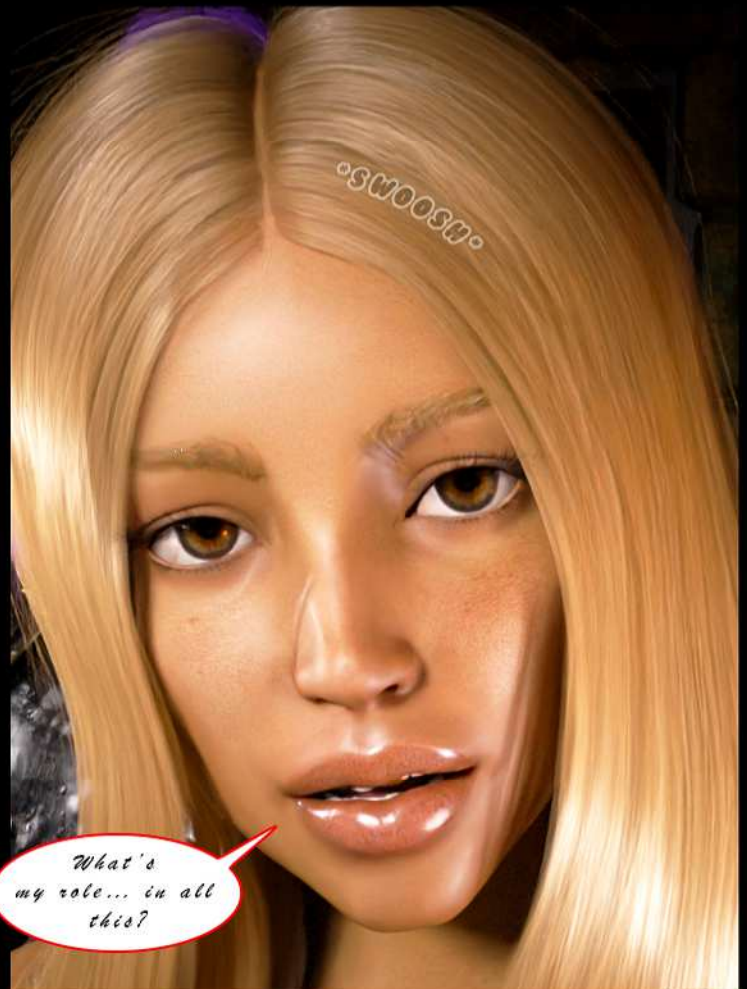
Is he turning into a woman?

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.