

# The Bimbo Scrolls - Booblivion

## Page 1

### ***Narrating Box***

- 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...

### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)*** ***(thought bubble / muttering)***

- \*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...

## Page 2

### ***Narrating Box***

- Ah yes, the classic prison suite - complete with all the luxuries you'd expect...
- Damp air, total darkness, moldy bread, and a bottle of something that might've been water... last week.
- And of course, the ultimate bonus feature: a charming cellmate to brighten your day.

### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)*** ***(spoken aloud, slightly theatrical tone)***

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

### ***Mocking Cellmate*** ***(off-panel, voice coming from across the corridor)***

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

## Page 3

### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

***(spoken aloud, slightly theatrical tone)***

- Alright, I'm here. What do you want?
- I'm innocent, I swear! Please... don't hurt me.

### ***Mocking Cellmate***

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

### ***Guard 1***

- Why is this cell occupied? It was supposed to be empty.
- Never mind. Prisoner—against the wall, now!
- Keep your hands where we can see them!

## Page 4

### ***Narrating Box***

- 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.

### ***Imperial Honor Guard Captain***

- Your Majesty, please forgive this oversight.
- But we don't have time to sort him out. Please, come with me—quickly!

### ***Imperial Honor Guard***

- Prisoner, if you value your life -
- stay silent and don't. Move. A muscle.

## Page 5

### ***Empress Jiggulene***

- You... like... I *totally* know you.
- I've seen you in my dreams—like, sooo many times.
- You're the one the **Nine Curves** have chosen, duh!

- Come on, cutie. Follow me!
- You're, like, totally not in this cell by accident. Destiny's got curves, babe.

#### ***Imperial Honor Guard***

- Looks like it's your lucky day, prisoner.
- But don't get clever. One wrong move...
- ...and you're back to moldy bread and cold buckets. Got it?
- Heh. Heh. Heh. Princess.

#### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- The Empress... she spoke to *me*? Personally?
- Okay... okay, this is insane - but maybe it's my chance.
- Freedom, here I come...
- ...and whatever the *Nine Curves* have planned.

## Page 6

#### ***Mocking Cellmate (speech bubbles)***

- 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*!
- 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...

## Page 7

#### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- Thank you, Your Majesty. Without you, I'd still be rotting in that cell...
- (Thought) Why does this tunnel feel... alive?

#### ***Empress Jiggulene***

- 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.

## Page 8

#### ***Narrating Box***

- Famous last words...

***Imperial Honor Guard Captain***

- Your Majesty - this is the central junction.
- Not much farther now...
- And so far, it's been quiet. Let's hope it stays that way.

***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- I've got a *really* bad feeling about this, Captain...

## Page 9

***Narrating Box***

- ...because the ambush has begun!

***Imperial Honor Guard Captain***

- (Shout) We're under attack! Defend the Empress!
- The Mythic Dusk is here!

***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- What the - ?!
- Ow! That freaking hurts!
- You don't just jump a guy with a knife, you scum!

***Empress Jiggulene***

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

## Page 10

***Narrating Box***

- Weaponless doesn't mean defenseless... One mighty **Chucky Borris™ Roundhouse Kick™** - and the assassin gets a taste of Tamponian foot justice.
- He doesn't feel it yet... but the dagger's curse is already at work. Muscles soften. Curves whisper into being. The transformation has begun...

***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- This is Tamponia, loser!
- Not Bassassin's Creed XX: Bimbo Brotherhood!
- Take that—and stay down, you low budget ninja!

## Page 11

### **Narrating Box**

- *Every curse needs a trigger... and every transformation needs a spark. For him, it begins here...*
- *Not all men stay men forever. Some daggers cut deeper - into the soul.*

### **The nameless Hero (Erickson)**

- This... this isn't just some normal dagger...
- (softer Voice) 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?!

## Page 12

### **Narrating Box**

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

### **The nameless Hero (Erickson)**

- Yes... yes, the Empress is fine. She's... right here beside me...
- Oh... you're a lady? Uh... my apologies - didn't mean to assume...
- My voice? What about it...?

### **Empress Jiggulene**

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

### **Imperial Honor Guard**

- 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...
- Your Majesty - are you alright?
- You there, prisoner - still breathing?
- Damn helmet's always pulling my hair...
- 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.

## Page 13

### **Narrating Box**

- 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.

#### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- Stay close, Your Majesty. We'll find a way out of this tunnel together.
- No offense, but we're getting you out of here. One way or another.

#### ***Empress Jiggulene***

- 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.

#### ***Imperial Honor Guard***

- 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.

## Page 14

#### ***Narrating Box***

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

#### ***Empress Jiggulene***

- Like... OMG.

#### ***Imperial Honor Guard***

- 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*?

## Page 15

#### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- What did she just say about my voice...?
- I sound the same... at least in my head... I think?
- But how do a woman's thoughts sound...?
- Ugh, why is this tiny axe suddenly so heavy?

- When I get out of here, I swear I need a bath... I probably smell awful.

## Page 16

### ***Narrating Box***

- No Text

### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- \*Mmmhh\* Ohhh my...
- What the - what are these little pokers under my rags?!
- Wait... are these...
- Breasts?!
- What's happening to me...?
- Why... does it feel kinda... good?

### ***Empress Jiggulene***

- No worries, cutie...
- You're just, like, fulfilling your destiny!
- And trust me - being a girl is, like, sooo not the worst thing ever.
- Aww~ sweetie, don't stress it. Girls come with perks, like... accessories and, y'know... boobs!

### ***Imperial Honor Guard***

- Prisoner... look at it this way - This is progress.
- Being a woman's actually great... Minus the monthly blood curses, of course.
- Welcome to the club.
- You're not dying, you're... developing.

## Page 17

### ***Narrating Box***

- It wasn't just the nipples... her entire body had become a field of tingling nerves. Every inch of her skin - softer, silkier, hypersensitive - recoiled from the scratchy fabric like it was sandpaper.
- And then, deep beneath the tattered fabric... something irreversible blossomed. Where once there was manhood - now, there was her.

### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- Nnnh - Nooo...
- I've never... I mean, I was always a guy... always...
- Why does the fabric feel... so rough and raw?!

***Empress Jiggulene***

- You're, like... really *blooming*, babe

***Imperial Honor Guard***

- Not gonna lie, sweetheart...
- That's a *very* nice ass.

## Page 18

***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- Your Majesty...
- ...if this prophecy really showed you all this...
- ...what does it say about *me*?
- What's my role... in all this?

***Imperial Honor Guard***

- If the cloth's too rough - strip it off.
- "I do the same. From time to time.

## Page 19

***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- Everything feels so strange...
- It's honestly hard to keep my balance...

***Empress Jiggulene***

- Come, child. We need to talk.
- Guard - check that chamber for hidden doors.

***Imperial Honor Guard***

- At once, Your Majesty.
- Your Majesty, the chamber appears secure.
- I'll stand guard while you speak with the prisoner.

## Page 20

***Empress Jiggulene***

- Soo, like, listen up, sugarplum.

- That dagger you got poked with? If it touched, like, any regular girl? Her boobs would, like, vanish—poof! Or she'd die, which is, like, mega ew.
- On a dude, it, like, totally does nothing.
- But you're not just some guy. You're, like, the chosen one of the Tittiful Nine, duh~!
- our destiny's, like, super clear: stop those Mystic Dusk creeps and defeat Minimus Dagon, that nasty flat-chested demon daddy ruling Booblivion.
- The prophecy says:  
'From chains and shadow shall rise the Queen of Curves, reborn in bounce, blessed by the Nine.'
- Once you've done that, go find a girl named Trixi. She's, like, super sweet and cute and stuff - and she's my secret daughter!
- Buuut, she doesn't know that yet, so—shhh!
- My Blade Master, Jeff, is guarding her in secret. He's undercover at a monastery. You'll know him when you meet him. He's smart. Like, hot-smart. Not nerd-smart.

## Page 21

### ***Narrating Box***

- ...And deep in the stone's silence... destiny stirs again.

### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- Your Majesty... I don't know if I'm ready for this...
- All my life, I was a man. I lived as one...
- Now I'm a woman - and the fate of Tamponia rests on my shoulders.
- But... your trust honors me, truly.

### ***Empress Jiggulene***

- This is my, like, Imperial Pendant.
- Show it to Jeff - he'll totally know you're the real deal.
- Buuuut only someone from my bloodline can wear it, mmkay?
- It's been passed down since Lady Cuppandra the Blessed - first of my, like, royal boobline.

### ***Imperial Honor Guard***

- Trixi. Jeff. Secret daughter. Royal pendant.
- This mission just keeps getting better...

## Page 22

### ***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- 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.

***Empress Jiggulene***

- Oh sweetie, you don't need to believe in the Nine...
- ...'cause *they* believe in *you*, mmkay?
- Thanks for explaining the divine prophecy -
- And I trust the gods, and -

***Imperial Honor Guard***

- Your Majesty - behind you!!

## Page 23

***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- No—!

***Empress Jiggulene***

- Wuh-oh...
- ... that dagger's, like, *totally* boob-cursed!
- My reign was, like, *soooo* bouncy... but I guess it's spa-millennium time!
- Save the curves, cutie...
- And don't let Jeff mess it up without me~!

***Imperial Honor Guard***

- Get away from her, you relic!

***Mystic Dusk Assassin***

- For Lord Dagon - women belong flat and forgotten!
- W-what—why is she... dissolv—argh!

## Page 24

***Narrating Box***

- *The Empress is gone. Only her crown remains... and the blade that stole her bounce. While The nameless Hero (Erickson)ine stands silent, the last of the Imperial Guard kneels...*

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

***The nameless Hero (Erickson)***

- 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.

***Imperial Honor Guard***

- My Empress... forgive me.
- I have failed you.
- We- the Blades - have broken our oath... and Tamponia is left without her Queen.

## Page 25

***Narrating Box***

- *Only she can see the light. And only she will soon hear the voice that lives inside the blade...*

***The nameless Hero (Erickson) / Elysia***

- I'm sorry I couldn't do more...
- My name... it used to be Erickson.
- But now... I think I'll go by Elysia—for now, at least.
- No one needs to connect me to who I was...
- Huh...? Why is this sword... glowing?

***Imperial Honor Guard***

- I didn't even know your name...
- But thank you—for standing with us, even in the Empress's final moments.
- Take the assassin's sword. From here, the way out leads through the old canals.
- I'll go back and report... and tell the guards you died while trying to flee.

## Page 26

***Elysia***

- Wait... do you see that glow too?
- Right there, on the hilt. Kinda sparkly and pink.
- I've only ever seen that color after eating the wrong mushrooms...
- Last time, I ended up hallucinating a giant city called Man-a-hatten—
- —with metal carriages that move without horses!

- So, y’know... could be trauma. Or just bad fungus again.

**Imperial Honor Guard**

- I see a sword. A decent one, too. But no pink sparkle, sorry.
- You probably need rest. And fewer questionable mushrooms.

## Page 27

**Narrating Box**

- *Her nipple responds... suddenly. Swelling with heat. With... magic? Is it the sword? Or something awakening inside her?*
- Far behind her, the sword hums softly on her side... as if pleased.

**Elysia**

- 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.

**Imperial Honor Guard**

- Yeah, I figured you were a bit of a battlemage, Elysia.
- Farewell. May the Nine be with you—always.

## Page 28

**Elysia**

- *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.

## Page 29

**Sir Flopsy**

- Finally... a *woman*...
- Yesss... you can hear me, my gorgeous one.
- Oh no, darling. You’re perfectly sane.
- I am Sir Flopsy, spirit of this blade—enchanted admirer of beauty divine.
- That assassin? Totally not my vibe. You, though? *Delicious*.

**Elysia**

- Ah... the exit. Finally, some fresh air.
- Glad I didn't run into anything worse than a few annoying sewer rats down here...
- Ngh... my head... that voice...
- My sword... it's talking to me?!
- I must be losing my mind...

## Page 30

### *Sir Flopsy*

- 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.
- 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?

### *Elysia*

- First, the Empress escapes 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.
- Wait - what? A zombie?

## Page 31

### *Narration Box*

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

### *Elysia*

- I've *never* run from a fight!
- And a fireball? Classic move.
- Come on then, you moldy meat puppet...
- Let's heat things up.
- Uhh... that's it?
- A little scrawny... but totally hot!
- And hey—damage is damage, no matter how small!

## Page 32

### ***Narration Box***

- 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.

### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Strike me hard, M'lady!
- Taste steel, you foul creature!
- Has no one taught you NOT to claw at a lady? Rude!
- Back to the grave with you, peasant!
- In proper Britannia, the undead know when they're *not* welcome!

### ***Elysia***

- Take this!
- Why won't you just *die*!?
- Oh... right. Already dead. Ugh.

## Page 33

### ***Narration Box***

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

### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Victory, my lady!
- Ahh... just like the good old days! Back when I rode into battle with King Flufflebuns the Third!

### ***Elysia***

- You said it, Flopsy.
- Let's hope it stays down. Ugh... smells like moldy socks and shame.
- Maybe some necromancer's behind this mess...
- Anyway, I say we ditch this sewer. My feets are sticking to the floor!

## Page 34

### ***Narration Box***

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

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

#### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Right at your side, my lady...
- Let's leave this dreadful stinkhole behind—if I still had a nose, I'd be crying!

#### ***Elysia***

- 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...

## Page 35

#### ***Narration Box***

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

#### ***Elysia***

- Huh... I swear my breasts are bouncing more than usual...
- They *definitely* feel heavier...
- What the—?! No way, not again!
- They're... so full now!
- Okay ..., deep breaths...
- Keep calm... keep the jugs together...

## Page 36

#### ***Narration Box***

- *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.* 🍷

#### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Told you we'd get out in one piece, m'lady!
- Although your *pieces* may have gotten a bit... perkier.

#### ***Elysia***

- Well... can't really do anything about these bouncy boobs now.
- Not that I'm complaining—they don't seem to mind the attention...
- Let's hope this gate isn't locked...

- There has to be some kind of lever or switch around here...
- Ahhh...
- 
- I had no idea the sunset could look *this* beautiful... when you're free.

## Page 37

### **Narration Box**

- *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...*

### **Elysia**

- 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.

## Page 38

### **Narration Box**

- *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.*

### **Elysia**

- 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 –

### **Tavernkeeper**

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

## Page 39

### **Narration Box**

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

### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Darling... just flash him a smile. And maybe a nipple. You got this!
- C'mon, that cleavage is practically doing the talking already... just let that last strap slip - one small tug for you, one giant leap for cleavage!
- Use the boob, Elysia. Be the boob...

### ***Elysia***

- W—wait! You've misunderstood. I'm not a beggar...
- I was attacked outside the city—my horse, my coin, even my clothes were stolen.
- All I had left were these filthy rags... and, well, my sword and dagger. I hid those.
- ...
- Please... I just need a warm meal. Maybe a place to sleep.

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Now, if you're here to beg—save it. We don't serve street rats and sob stories.
- Huh. Right. Let me guess—highwaymen just *happened* to spare your sword... and that fancy dagger?
- Lady, you walk in here half-dressed, smell like a sewer, and expect me to believe that fairy tale?
- I know your kind—you wear rags like a costume and trouble like perfume.

## Page 40

### ***Sir Flopsy***

- 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!

### ***Elysia***

- I understand, innkeeper... 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?

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- 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?

## Page 41

### **Narration Box**

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

### **Sir Flopsy**

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

### **Elysia**

- That's right, innkeeper... I believe you were just about to offer me a room for the night...
- ...maybe a hot meal... and a bath, hmm?
- Trust me, you won't regret it—probably
- And don't worry about your wife... you'll be with her, won't you?

### **Tavernkeeper**

- Hhhmmm... but only... if...
- ...if... you... my... erm...
- ...my wife mustn't see you, sweet thing...

## Page 42

### **Narration Box**

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

### **Sir Flopsy**

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

### **Elysia**

- 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.
- But... maybe I can do you a different kind of favor. I'm not inexperienced with a blade.
- Agreed—but tomorrow. I'm exhausted, and I need rest.

### **Tavernkeeper**

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

## Page 43

### ***Narration Box***

- In Tamponia, rest is never just rest...
- Especially not after you've gained experience.
- For every victory, every lesson, reshapes both body and mind.

### ***Elysia***

- Gods, what a day... no one back home would ever believe this.
- Not that they'd even recognize me now...
- Tomorrow the world will look different anyway.
- Maybe this is all just a bad dream.
- At least tonight... I get a real bed.

## Page 44

### ***Narration Box***

- Of course, leveling up isn't always pure gain...
- Sometimes, a bonus comes with a cost.
- And in our heroine's case, her body and mind react instantly to these shifting attributes...

### ***Elysia***

- Mmh... so warm...
- Ohhh...
- ...feels... heavy...

## Page 45

### ***Narration Box***

- *In Tamponia, growth comes with experience... and sometimes, the body blossoms while the mind dreams. Her curves swell as destiny reshapes her... Tamponia's chosen hero, one bounce at a time.*

### ***Elysia***

- Mmh... so warm...
- Ohhh...

- ...feels... heavy...

## Page 46

### ***Narration Box***

- And so the night ticks onward...
- 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.

### ***Sir Flopsy***

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

## Page 47

### ***Narration Box***

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

### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Manlier? Yes, one could say that, my Lady...
- ...just don't look down.

### ***Elysia***

- Ahhh... mhhh...
- By the Nine, I feel sooo refreshed!
- I swear, I feel almost... more manly again—the magic must be fading!
- What do you think, Sir Flopsy?

## Page 48

### ***Narration Box***

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

### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Ahhh, my Lady... the moment of truth.
- And I assure you - this is only the beginning.

### ***Elysia***

- What the...!? They're... HUGE!
- This can't... this shouldn't... oh no, no, NO!
- I'm... more of a woman than my own wife ever was!
- You'll grow even *more* womanly yet.

## Page 49

### ***Narration Box***

- 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.

### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Ah, what a lovely day... the sun is shining, birds are singing -
- - and your breasts sway gloriously, unsupported beneath those rags.
- Truly, Tamponia has never looked so... bouncy.

### ***Elysia***

- Easy for you to say, sword-boy...
- 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.
- The innkeeper said the cave entrance is close. Let's focus on that.

## Page 50

### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Mmm... delightful. Nothing says 'welcome' quite like a hole in the earth that reeks of doom.
- And tell me, my Lady—did the sun just get colder, or is that simply... you?

### ***Elysia***

- No... it's this place. Something feels... off.
- But if the trinket's anywhere, it has to be here.
- By the nine, let's hope so.

## Page 51

### ***Narration Box***

- The cave is cold and damp...
- No enemies so far –
- but a faint light glows at the end of the passage.

#### ***Elysia***

- Steady... nice and quiet...
- Light ahead... could be enemies...
- No bow, no armor... just rags and steel.
- Wait - by the Nine... what is -

## Page 52

#### ***Narration Box***

- 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.

#### ***Elysia***

- By the Nine...
- It's... beautiful...
- I... I should take it...

## Page 53

#### ***Narration Box***

- 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...

#### ***Unknown Voice***

- H-hey... Moooo... wake up, girl!
- Don't... mooo... touch it!"
- Or you'll... mooo... end up like me...
- Trapped here... mooooo... forever!

#### ***Elysia***

- By the Nine... it's... calling me...
- I... I want... to mooo...
- To nurse... to swell...

- Master's broodmare... always... milking...
- Yes... in his breeding harem...
- What? Where? Who... who's there? Hello?!
- Show yourself—don't cower in the shadows!

## Page 54

### ***Narration Box***

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

### ***Sindora***

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

### ***Elysia***

- Who... who are you?

## Page 55

### ***Narration Box***

- The farther Elysia moved from the ruby, the weaker its pull on her mind became.
- Only minutes later, the two women stepped into a vast underground chamber...

### ***Sindora***

- I know you don't trust mooo - honestly, I wouldn't either.
- But I'll explain everything... while I show yooou.
- Welcome to what's left of us. Don't be surprised it looks empty - most of the others are in their chambers...
- ...getting milked.

### ***Elysia***

- 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.
- Gods... what a hall! I wasn't expecting this at all.
- Wait - did you just say... *milked*? Seriously?!

## Page 56

### *Sindora*

- Mmm... may I introduce... Briana. Mooo...
- The innkeeper's wife... first of us here.
- Moooooohhh...!
- This is what we become... mooo... milked, drained...
- Three Days ago... I was a mage of Milfgrad. Now... mmmooohhh... I only feel the ache to be touched, emptied, milked...
- Touch the ruby once, and you'll never leave... mooo.
- Mmmhh... take my old gear. It won't fit me anymore... mooo.
- Use your rags as a pouch instead.

### *Elysia*

- That bastard...
- Three days... and already like this?
- Unless... we wrap it up in cloth... block the touch...
- Crazy plan... but my life's already insane.

## Page 57

### *Narration Box*

- 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...
- 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?

### *Sir Flopsy*

- By the Nine - what in unwobbly Booblivion happened back there?!
- And more importantly... my lady, that outfit! Positively sinful!

### *Elysia*

- Poor women... but the innkeeper will pay.
- Still—why in the tits of the Nine would a tavernkeeper send women to that cave?
- Doesn't matter. Nobody messes with me...

## Page 58

### ***Narration Box***

- Sometimes... karma really is a bitch.

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Ha! Welcome back, girl.
- Gold works just as well, dumb girl!
- What the - ?! The Ruby of... Milk and Seed?!
- You... you tricked me - AAARGH!
- No... no, it can't be...

### ***Elysia***

- Evening, innkeep. No trinket... but plenty of gold.
- This should cover my debt.
- Karma's a bitch.

## Page 59

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- No! Please - gods, no...!
- My chest - swelling... *breasts*...!
- These... breasts... so heavy... so full...!
- It feels so wrong—yet... yesss—breed... nooo—YES!

## Page 60

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Why... can't I stop touching...?!
- Need... to be... filled...?!
- Mooo... gods... it's still there...
- They told me the ruby would only—AARGH!

## Page 61

### ***Narration Box***

- But the curse was far from finished...

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Muhhh - by the Tittiful Nine ... no...!
- So... hard... muhhh... not in years!
- Breasts... and this cock?! Muhhh - what am I?!

#### *Elysia*

- Impressive... and unfairly hot. Teehee.

## Page 62

#### *Narration Box*

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

#### *Tavernkeeper*

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

#### *Elysia*

- 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.

## Page 63

#### *Narration Box*

- The curse struck her mind like a blade.

#### *Tavernkeeper*

- Damn... muhhh... I forgot - !
- The aging curse... muhhh... I'll wither out here - !
- By the Nine... muhhh... I have to get back—fast!

#### *Elysia*

- Ah... realization at last.
- Then run, cow. Run back to your cave.

## Page 64

#### *Narration Box*

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

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Muuuuh... gotta reach the cave before sunset... or the other curse will... muhhh take me!
- Muuuuhff... 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?

### ***Elysia***

- Run, you filthy cow... run.
- ...the cave isn't far.

## Page 65

### ***Narration Box***

- But something still wasn't finished...
- ...or maybe, something new was waking up.

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Moooh... by the Nine... what's happening to me now - ?
- \*cough\* Everything's... heavier... muhh... unsteady... Moooh!
- Those sounds... behind me... moooh... can't be—!

### ***Elysia***

- Oh, it can. Seems the curse gave you rhythm, cow.
- Keep running—before the next surprise hits.

## Page 66

### ***Narration Box***

- The sun still clung to the horizon...
- and the curse dragged her home.

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Muuuuh... must... keep moooving...
- it's... changing me again...
- ...sun's almost down... muhh...
- Need... muhhh... the cave... before dark...
- ...the cave... calling...

### ***Elysia***

- Welcome home, cow.
- Let's see if you still like your own trap.

## Page 67

### ***Narration Box***

- 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.

### ***Sindoria***

- Muhhh... the heroine really *did* come back.
- Seems our little plan worked after all.

### ***Moolag Bahl***

- Ahh, mortal... you ignored my warning—now face the consequences of your own desire.

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Moolag Bahl, my Lord...
- I was deceived—please...
- Punish the woman who tricked me!

### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Oh splendid. Because asking dark gods for help always ends *brilliantly*.

### ***Elysia***

- A Daedric pact? You absolute fool!

## Page 68

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Forgive me, my lord... moooh!
- W-what's... happening... to me mooohh!
- My body... Mooooohhh!
- Moooh... moohhh...

### ***Moolag Bahl***

- 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 Bahl and walks free!
- I'll grant you exactly what you asked for...

#### ***Elysia***

- ...oh gods.

## Page 69

#### ***Narration Box***

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

#### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Fu... Fuck!... the... ohhh... my... Moooh!
- The preasure... ohhh!
- Moooh... it's— it's still growing—!

#### ***Moolag Bahl***

- All that was granted now flows back—into you.
- The master becomes his own creation.
- The pact is fulfilled.

#### ***Sindoria***

- Moooh—! It's pulling... *through* us—!
- Hold... hold—!
- ...I can feel *myself* again.

## Page 70

#### ***Narration Box***

- And so it returns...
- ...guided by the Daedric Lord himself...
- ...his dark magic flowing home...
- ...into the one who started it.
- And the captured souls...
- ...begin to find themselves again.

#### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Mooohh... can't... stop it - !
- The jewel—must... be... destroyed—moooh!

Sindoria

- Ohh—yes...
- Finally...

## Page 71

### ***Narration Box***

- With every surge of feminine power flowing into her...
- ...the last traces of what she once was begin to fade...
- ...until nothing remains but change itself.
- And in the silence, she becomes someone new.

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- What the- Mooooooh!
- Mooohhh - it's... happening - !
- Mhhh... Mooohhh...!
- Mooohh...

## Page 72

### ***Narration Box***

- The pact with Moolag Bahl shattered. The maker of the trap drank his own medicine—full strength. And the others found their way back to themselves.

### ***Tavernkeeper***

- Moooh...?

### ***Redguard Woman***

- Justice served. I'll remember this—never trust a whispering tavern.
- I'll recover my kit. Then we move.

### ***Elysia***

- Unexpected... but it's done. The curse is broken.
- Sindoria - thank you. Need a cloak, or will magic do?

Sindoria

- You made this possible, heroine.
- Keep the gear - my gift to you.
- No worry about clothes; I am a wood-elf... and a mage.

## Page 73

### ***Sabin***

- I think she means... me.
- I'm Sabin. Wren's wife—Wren, the innkeeper.
- I couldn't be what he wanted. So he made a pact... cursed me... and threw me in that cave.
- Looks like he still couldn't get enough.
- She's not a threat right now.
- Let's take her to the city Mage Academy—containment, wards, the works.
- And... I'm sorry. Wren dragged you into this.

### ***Umsla Boobas***

- He told Umsla Boobas a thief ran off with his ruby. Next thing I know, there's a cow-woman and—yeah. Umsla Boobas touched it.

### ***Elysia***

- Why did the innkeeper do this to you all?
- What do we do with... her?

### ***Sindoria***

- No idea. He hired me to fetch a 'family ruby' from this cave. That was three days ago.

## Page 74

### ***Narration Box***

- At last, daylight—and a path back to the city.

### ***Elysia***

- No thanks needed, Sindoria. Honestly, I only came to town for one thing.
- I'm looking for Jeff—abbot of a nearby priory. I hoped someone in the city could point me there.
- I reached the tavern at dusk and... well, you know the rest.

### ***Sindoria***

- By the Nine, I'm just glad you saved us.
- I do know a priory with an abbot named Jeff.
- You're after the Wey-None Priory.
- Come on. I'll show you the way.

## Page 75

### **Narration Box**

- Some stories end with a battle. This one ends with a breath.
- A few hours later, the road remembered its purpose.

### **Elysia**

- Travel safe. If our roads cross again - may it be under kinder stars.
- And fewer traps.
- Good to have you back, Sir Flopsy.
- Oh... you've got to be kidding.

### ***Sir Flopsy***

- Finally!
- Good to be heard. You managed bravely... and cleverly.
- I'm rather proud, if swords are allowed that.
- Pories do love a heavy gate.
- Now I'm curious.