

The walking Bimbo

Page 001

Narrating Box

- Clara Veyron — a woman with clear goals, no time for distractions.

Clara Veyron

- ...No, the closing *has* to be finished today! I expect results, not excuses!

Page 002

Narrating Box

- But her path through the city takes her beneath a mysterious arch...

Clara Veyron

- ...If I have to do everything myself, then why am I even paying you?

Page 003

Narrating Box

- But Clara's reflection reveals something far stranger than she could ever imagine...

Clara Veyron

- Listen here, you –
- ...what you're sayin' stinks worse than rotten balls...
- ...nah, babe, not *yours*. Yours are, like, totally...
- ...ummm... *giggle*

Page 004

Narrating Box

- Clara feels the changes rushing through her... but her thoughts slip away the moment she tries to name them.

Clara Veyron

- W-wait... my face... my voice... it's all... like... ummm...
- ...oh god, I can't even... think straight...
- ...why do I... giggle?

Page 005

Narrating Box

- Clara's sharp mind tries to resist... but every giggle pushes her old self further into the background.

Clara Veyron

- Heehee... ohmygod, like... what was I even doing? Something... super important...
- ...ummm... ughhh, I *know* I was smart, but now I just wanna giggle!
- ...and, like... this look is sooo hot, but... omg, it's missing... something big... sooo big...

Page 006

Narrating Box

- Her legs weaken, the world around her rising higher as her body folds smaller... while her chest swells heavier with every heartbeat.

Clara Veyron

- N-no... I'm sinking... I'm... getting smaller...
- ...but my chest - ohhh god - it just keeps growing... heavier... bigger...
- Heehee... I can barely... stand... it's like they're taking over all of me...

Page 007

Narrating Box

- Clara's chest has finished its impossible bloom - her body barely able to hold the weight of her new curves. But the city won't let her walk unnoticed for long...

Clara Veyron

- Ummm... what was I even doin' here again? Heehee... hey, Mista...
- You starin' at my huuuge bewbs? Like, no shame—I *luv* when people stare at 'em all the time
- Mmm... maybe we got a lil' more time, baby...
- ...huh? What's wrong with my... booooootay?

Macho

- Baby girl, with balloons like those, how could anyone look away?
- But hey... a body like that? Looks even better with a little *balance* in the back...

Page 008

Narrating Box

- The touch of his chest is enough—hard muscle under her trembling fingers. Clara’s mind spins, her new self craving hot guys, parties, and the kind of love that makes her forget everything else...

Clara Veyron

- Wow, Daddy... like, sooo huge muscles, all... ummm, steel...
- Is the rest of you, like... soooo... manly... and teehee... huuuge?
- Mmm, Clara’s got somethin’ your big friend is sooo gonna like!
- And you got... mmmh... somethin’ a woman like Clara just craves sooo bad...

Page 009

Narrating Box

- Her final change unfolds unseen...
- ...her narrow frame blossoming ...
- ...into a perfect bubble butt.

Clara Veyron

- Mmmh yesss Daddy... use me up ‘til you bust... dat’s what dis bimbo’s made fo’, heehee...
- Clara jus’ wanna be da thickest lil’ toy you eva’ had, mhmm...

Macho

- Mmm, baby girl... you ain’t built for love, you built for destruction. One ride with you, and a man’s done for.
- A queen of curves like you? You don’t walk streets—you *own* ‘em.

Page 010

Narrating Box

- Clara no longer remembers stress or power. Only curves, giggles, and the man at her side. But the arch hungers still - for its next passerby.

Clara Veyron

- Heehee... mmm Daddy, I luv when you talk all rough like dat... makes me sooo wet an’ ready...
- Clara’s all yours, all night, mhmm...

Macho

- C'mon, baby girl... with a body like that, the night's already ours. Let's burn it down 'til sunrise.
- And don't worry—I'll be the last man standin' ... if I survive you.