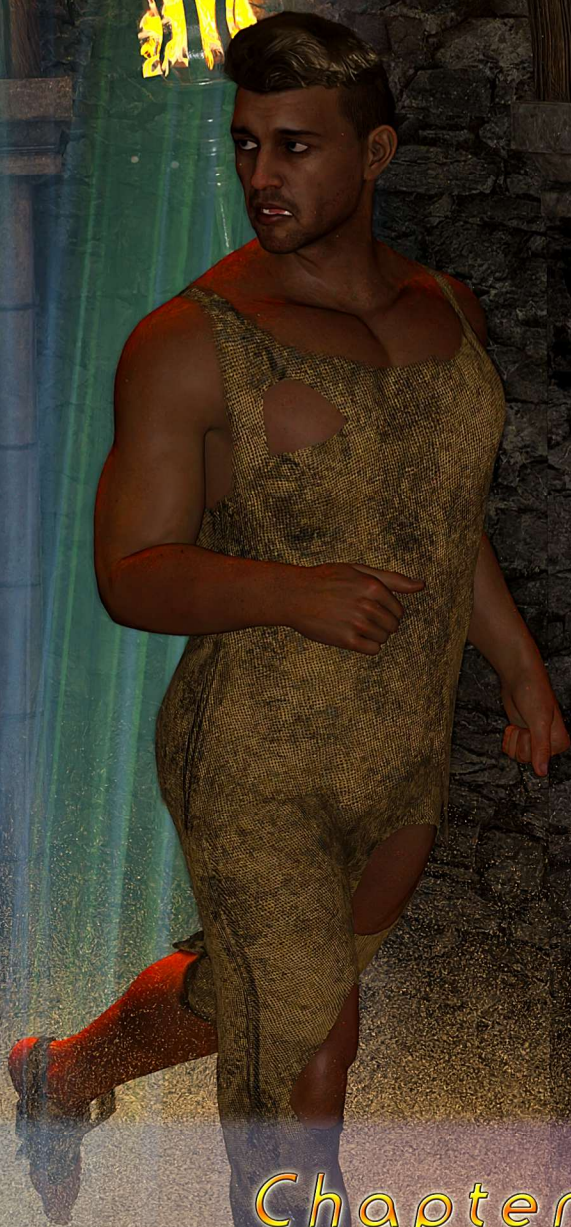


# The Bimbo Scrolls Booblivion



## Chapter 1

## Crossroads of Self

Mature  
Viewers rated



**Warning:** This comic should not be read, given to, or purchased by anyone under the age of 18 (or the legal Age where You live) or viewed in a jurisdiction or location that prohibits the viewing of nudity, illustrating of naked People (CGI) and sexual explicit pictures. You should not view this publication if you also find the afore mentioned material offensive. Any sexual situation involve characters over the age of 18 and are not real living persons. Similarities to real people are purely coincidental and not intentional.

Amaz2k12

# 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.

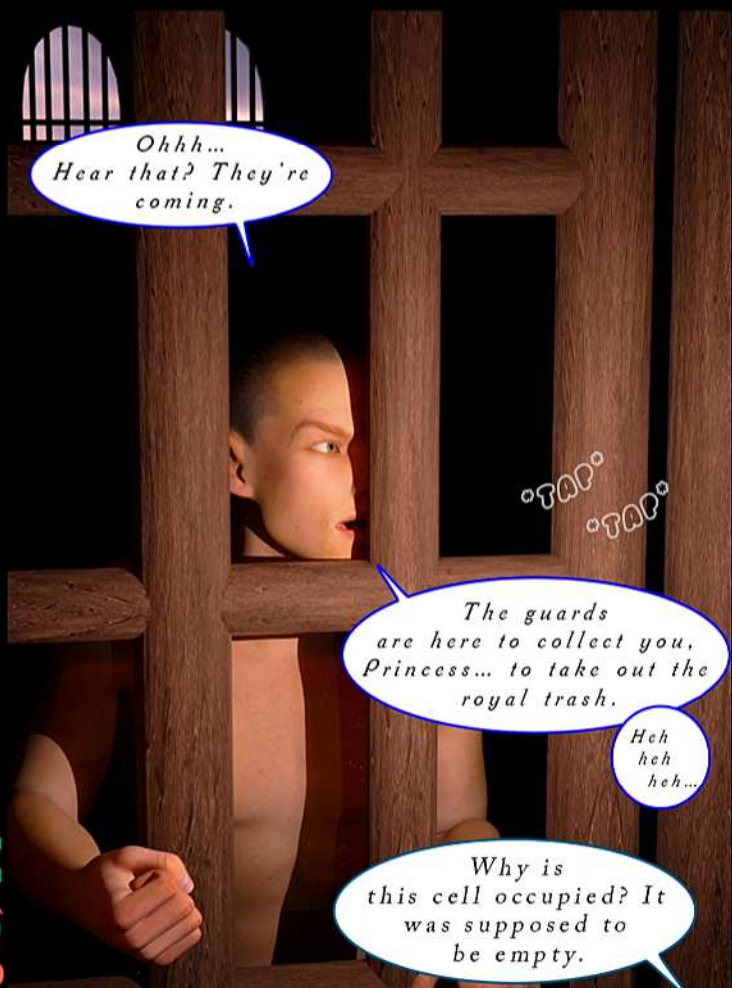


Alright, I'm here. What do you want?



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!

# Amaz2k12 - The Bimbo Scrolls

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.



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.

"BOUNCE"



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 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.






*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  
thiccnness...*



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.





Your Majesty -  
this is the central  
junction.

Not  
much farther  
now...



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

And so  
far, it's been quiet.  
Let's hope it stays  
that way.

Famous last words...

...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 - ?!


WSSSSSSSS

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.



This is Tamponia, loser!

Not Bassassin's Creed XX: Bimbo Brotherhood!

\*CHUCKY BORRIS\*  
\*WIT GAIT!\*



Take that—and stay down, you low budget ninja!

\*GROUNDED\*

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...

# Amaz2k12 · The Bimbo Scrolls

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.



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?

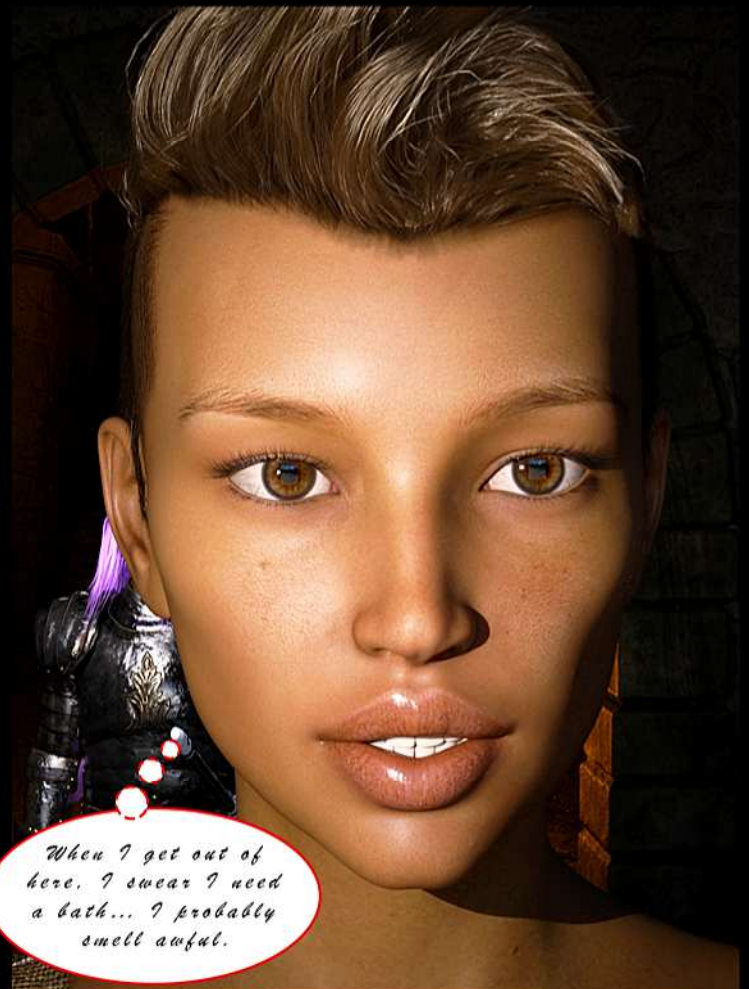
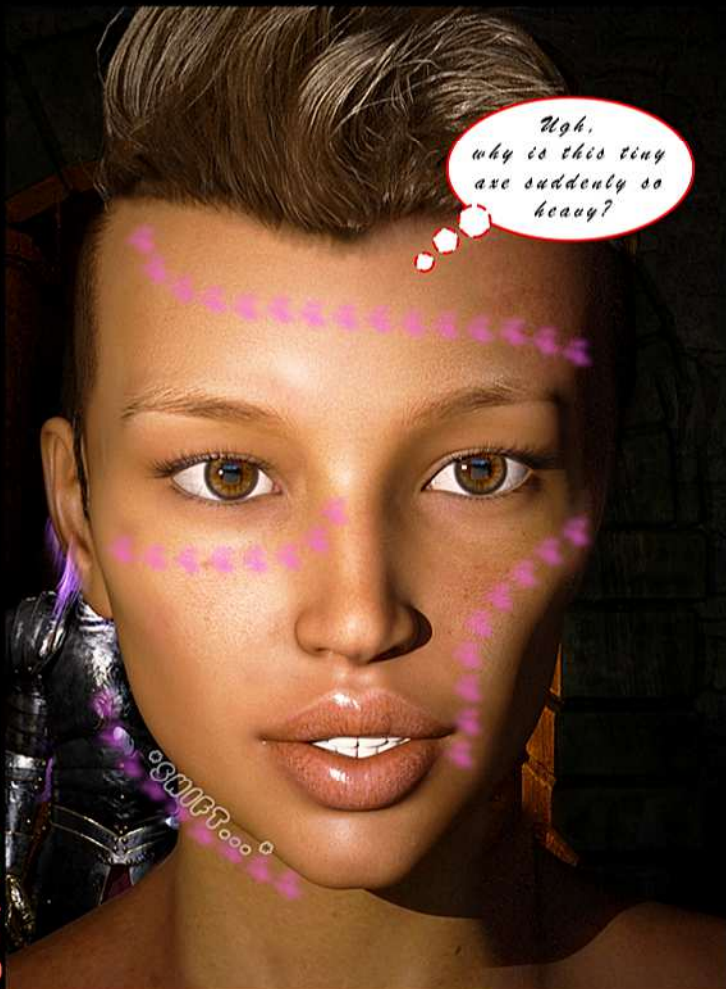
By the Curvy Nine...

Is he turning into a woman?



Like... OMG!







ooooooooooh!  
 \*Mmmhh\*  
 Ohhh my...



What the -  
 what are these  
 little pokers under  
 my rags?!

No  
 worries,  
 cutie...



Prisoner...  
 look at it  
 this way - This is  
 progress.

You're  
 just, like, fulfilling  
 your destiny!

Wait...  
 are these...

And  
 trust me - being  
 a girl is, like, sooo  
 not the worst  
 thing ever.

Breasts?!

What's  
 happening to  
 me...?

Why...  
 does it feel kinda...  
 good?

Being a woman's  
 actually great... Minus  
 the monthly blood curses,  
 of course.

You're not  
 dying, you're...  
 developing.

Welcome  
 to the club.

Aww~  
 sweetie, don't stress  
 it. Girls come with perks,  
 like... accessories and,  
 y'know... boobs!



It wasn't just the nipples... his entire body had become a field of tingling nerves. Every inch of his skin - softer, silkier, hypersensitiv - recoiled from the scratchy fabric like it was sandpaper.

Hunk - Nooo...

I've never... I mean, I was always a guy... always...

Not gonna lie, sweetheart...



And then, deep beneath the tattered fabric... something irreversible blossomed.

Why does the fabric feel... so rough and raw?!

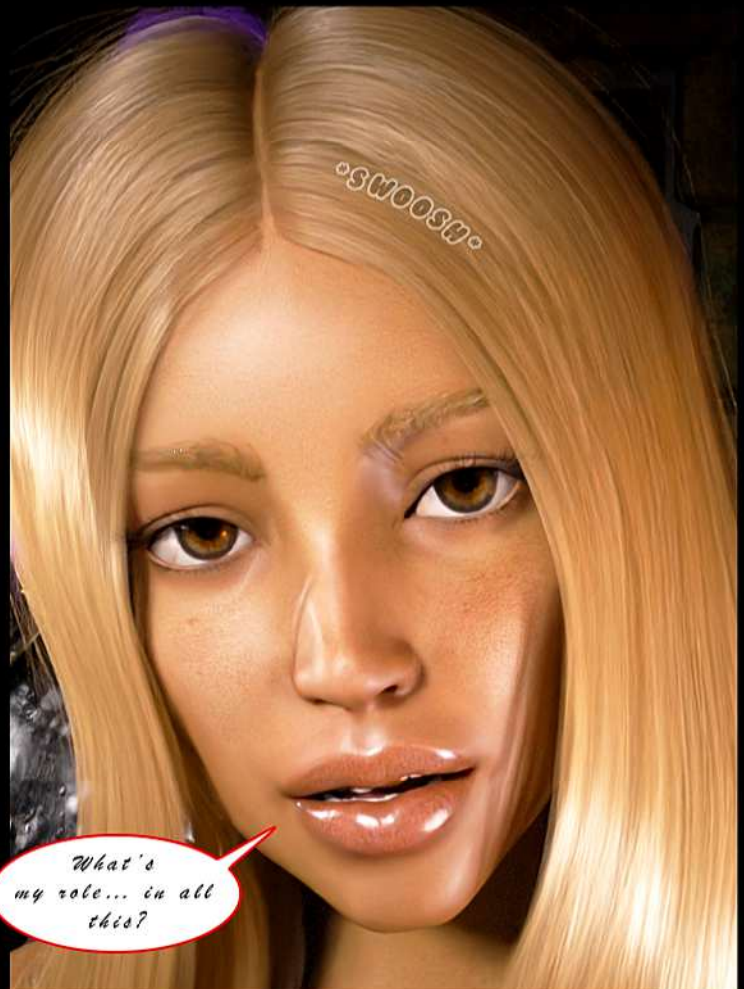
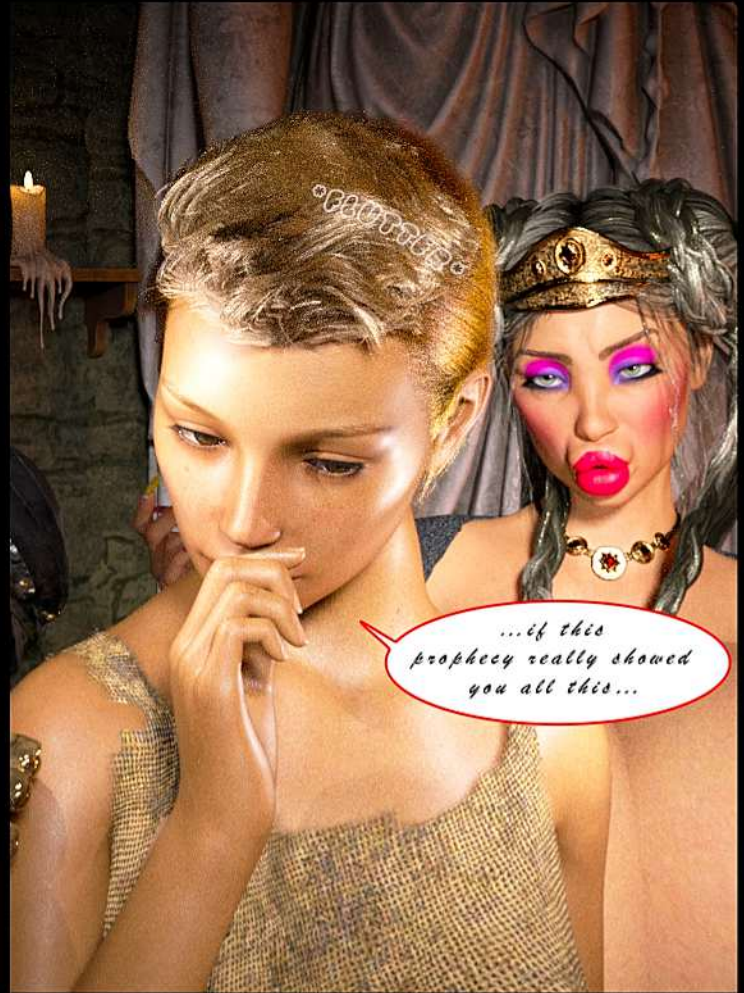
You're, like... really blooming, babe

That's a very nice ass.

Where once there was manhood - now, there was her.

\*B-WOMP\*







Come, child. We need to talk.

Guard - check that chamber for hidden doors.

At once, Your Majesty.



Everything feels so strange...

It's honestly hard to keep my balance...



Your Majesty, the chamber appears secure.

I'll stand guard while you speak with the prisoner.



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~!

Your destiny's, like, super clear: stop those Mystic Dusk creeps and defeat Minimus Dagon, that nasty flat-chested demon daddy ruling Booblivion.

Your 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!

Buut, 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.





This is my, like, Imperial Pendant.



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.

Trixi. Jeff. Secret daughter. Royal pendant.

If the cloth's too rough - strip it off.

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.

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

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.



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.

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?

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





*Wait...  
do you see that  
glow too?*

*Right  
there, on the hilt.  
Kinda sparkly and  
pink.*

*I see a  
sword. A decent one,  
too. But no pink  
sparkle, sorry.*

*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.*

*You  
probably need  
rest. And fewer  
questionable  
mushrooms.*



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



A blonde woman with long hair stands in a stone-walled room. She is wearing a tattered, mesh-like dress that is barely covering her body. She holds a sword that glows with purple light. In the background, there is a pile of logs on the left and a chest on the right. The room has a stone floor and walls.

*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.*



Ah...  
the exit. Finally, some  
fresh air.

Glad I  
didn't run into  
anything worse than a  
few annoying sewer rats  
down here...

Finally...  
a woman...



Ngh...  
my head... that  
voice...



Oh no,  
darling. You're  
perfectly sane.

I am  
Sir Flopsy, spirit  
of this blade - enchanted  
admirer of beauty  
divine.

My  
sword... it's  
talking to  
me?!

I must  
be losing my  
mind...

That  
assassin? Totally  
not my vibe. You, though?  
Delicious.

Yesss...  
you can hear me,  
my gorgeous  
one.



*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?*

*Tampouia... 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.

\*HRRRCGHHH...\*

Come on then, you moldy meat puppet...

Let's heat things up.



"SHUK..."

"SHRARCH..."

Uhh... that's it?

A little scrawny... but totally hot!



"COOPEE"

"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!

Strike me hard, M'lady!

Taste steel, you foul creature!

Has no one taught you NOT to claw at a lady? Rude!

°SWOOSH°



Why won't you just die!?

Oh... right. Already dead. Ugh.

°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!

# Amaz2k12 - The Bimbo Scrolls

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.



Huh... I swear my boobs 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...





Well... can't really do anything about these bouncy boobs now.



Let's hope this gate isn't locked...

There has to be some kind of lever or switch around here...

\*CLUNK!\*

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. 🍷



Ahhh...

Finally - fresh air!

I had no idea the sunset could look this beautiful... when you're free.

Told you we'd get out in one piece, m'lady!

Although your pieces may have gotten a bit... perkier.

\*KA-CHUNK!\*

# Amaz2k12 - The Bimbo Scrolls

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  
tauern...*

*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  
etc... and that's all I  
need right now.*



*Good  
evening, barkeep...  
I was wondering  
if -*

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



Now, if you're here to beg - save it. We don't serve street rats and sob stories.

*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.*

Huh.  
Right. Let me  
guess - highwaymen just  
happened to spare your  
sword... and that  
fancy dagger?

*All I had  
left were these filthy  
rags... and, well, my  
sword and dagger. I  
hid those.*

Lady, you  
walk in here half-dressed,  
smell like a sewer, and expect  
me to believe that  
fairy tale?

...

*Please... I just  
need a warm meal.  
Maybe a place to  
sleep.*


I know  
your kind - you wear rags  
like a costume and trouble  
like perfume.

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...

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  
beggars.

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. hmmm?*

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

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

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

*...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.



In Tamponia, rest is never just rest...

*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.*

Especially not after you've gained experience.



For every victory, every lesson, reshapes both body and mind.

*Maybe this is all just a bad dream.*

*Maybe this is all just a bad dream.*

	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...

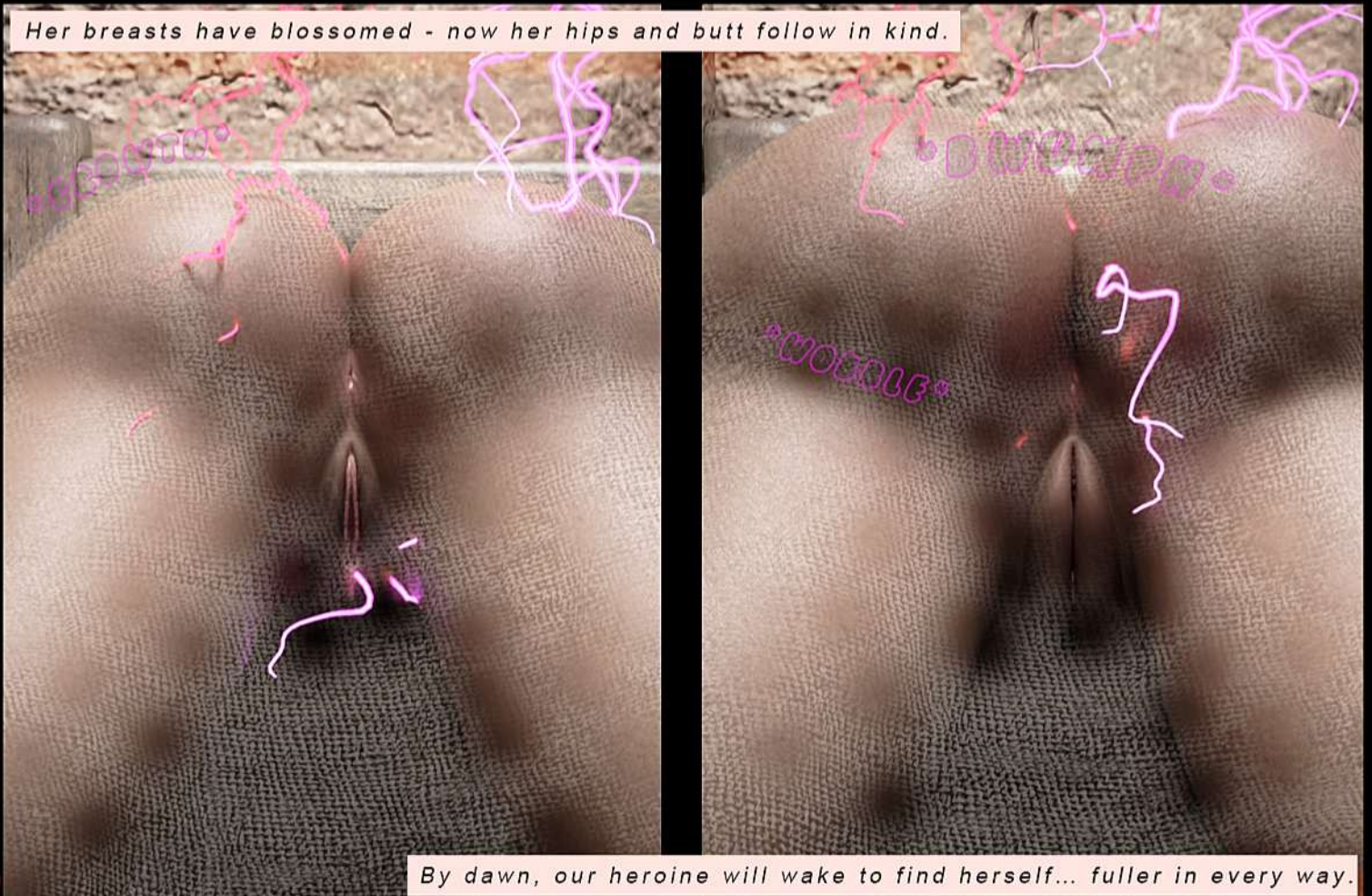


And so the night ticks onward...



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...  
#UGE!*

*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.*

# Amaz2k12 - The Bimbo Scrolls

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 making 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.



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?

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.

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 rags 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.



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



By the  
Nine... it's... calling  
me...

I... I  
want... to  
moo...

To nurse...  
to swell...

Master's  
broodmare... always...  
milking...

Yes...  
in his breeding  
harem...

\*BE ALWAYS  
PREGNANT\*

\*NEVER STOP  
TO LACTATE\*

\*BREEDING  
HAREN\*

\*BE A  
HUMAN  
COW\*

\*BECOME HIS  
BROODMARE\*

\*OBEY  
MASTER!\*

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



What?  
Where? Who... who's  
there? Hello?!

H-hey...  
Moooo... wake up,  
girl!

Don't...  
mooo... touch  
it!

Or  
you'll... mooo... end  
up like mooo...

Trapped  
here... mooooo...  
forever!

Show  
yourself - don't cower  
in the shadows!

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.*

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

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

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...

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.



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.



Ha!  
Welcome back,  
girl.

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



This  
should cover  
my debt.

Gold  
works just as well,  
dumb girl!

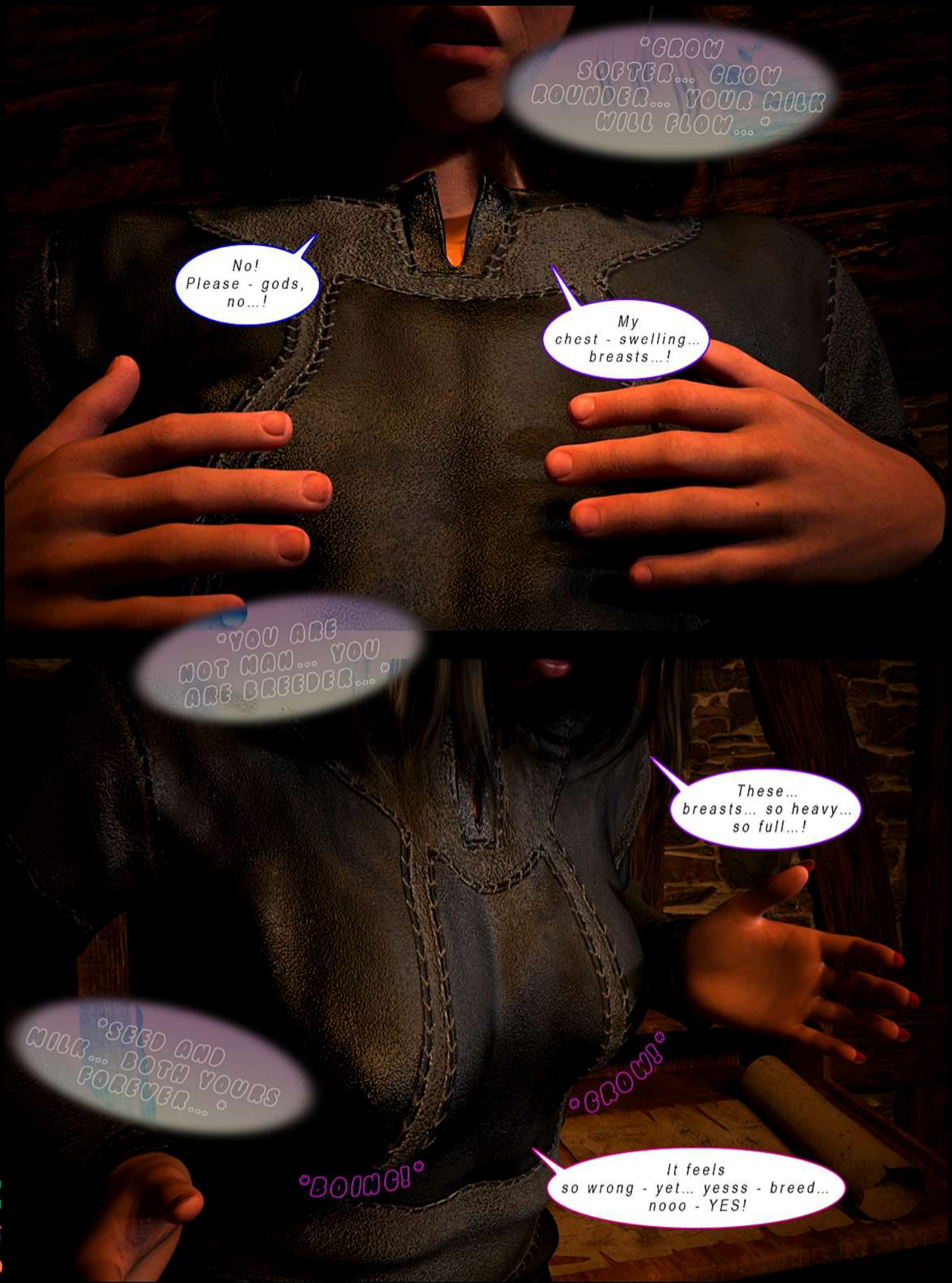


No...  
no, it can't  
be...

Karma's  
a bitch.



You...  
you tricked me -  
AAARGH!



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

No!  
Please - gods,  
no...!

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

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

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

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

\*GROW!\*

\*BOING!\*

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



\*YOU WANT... OBEY...\*

Why... can't I stop touching...?!

\*GEMOON\*

\*YOU WANT TO BE MILKED...\*

\*YOU CRAVE YOUR MASTER...\*

Need... to be... filled...?!

\*SQUEEZE\*

\*GEMOON\*

Mooo... gods... it's still there...

They told me the ruby would only - AARGH!

\*YOU ARE A COW...\*

\*...JOIN THE MASTER'S WAREM OF COWS...\*

But the curse was far from finished...



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



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

\*BRRRBT\*



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

Impressive...  
and unfairly hot.  
Teehee.

\*BOMBY\*

\*STRETCH\*

\*SPURT\*



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

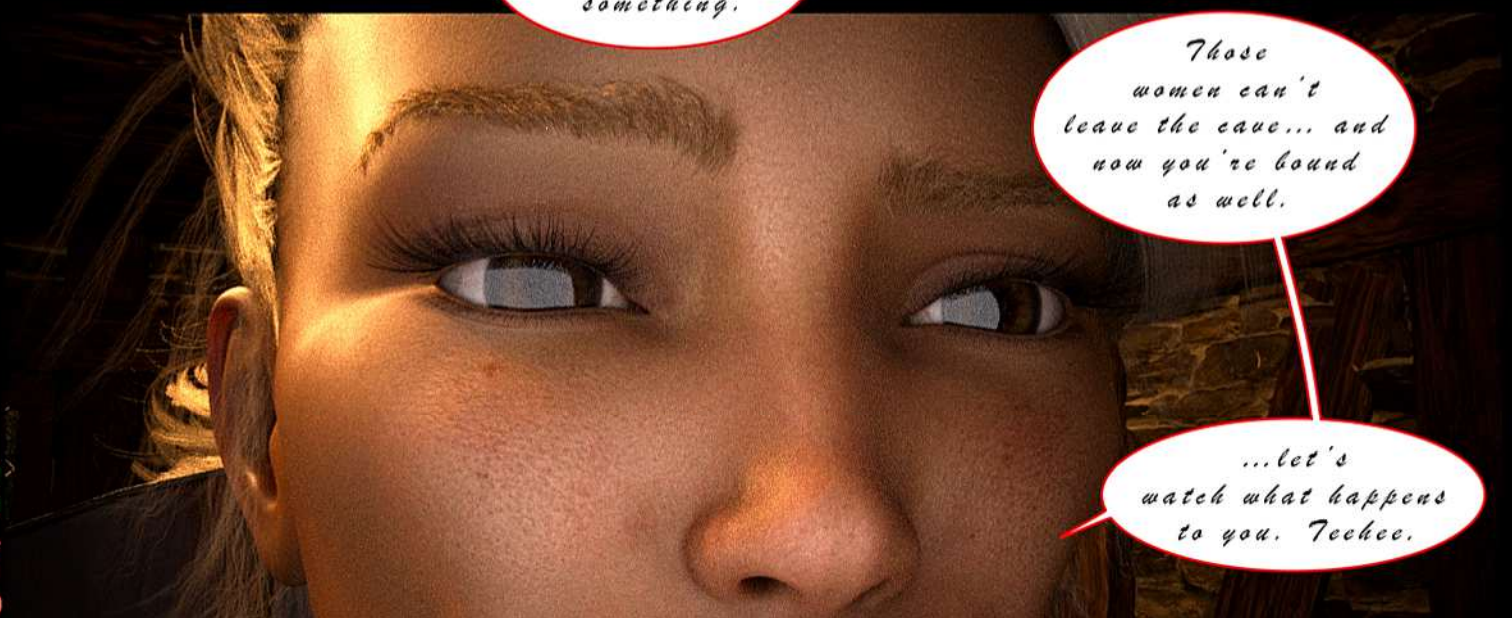


AARGH!!

Poor women... but the innkeeper will pay.

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

Oh, seary... 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?

\*BOOWE!

\*BOOWE!



But something still wasn't finished...

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

\*CROW\*

\*SWEAT\*

\*STRETCH\*

\*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.



Muhhh...  
the heroine really  
did come back.

Seems  
our little plan worked  
after all.



Moolag Bahl,  
my Lord...

I was  
deceived -  
please...

A Daedric  
pact? You absolute  
fool!

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

Punish  
the woman who  
tricked me!

**YOU IGNORED  
MY WARNING - NOW FACE  
THE CONSEQUENCES OF YOUR  
OWN DESIRE.**



Forgive me, my lord... moooh!

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

My body... Mooohhhh!

...oh by the nine gods!

Moooh... mooohh...

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...





The...  
preasure...  
ohhh!

Moooh...  
it's- it's still  
growing-!

Fu...  
Fuck!... the...  
ohh... my...  
Moooh!

ALL  
THAT WAS GRANTED  
NOW FLOWS BACK-  
INTO YOU.



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



THE MASTER  
BECOMES HIS OWN  
CREATION.

Moooh-!  
It's pulling...  
through us-!



Hold...  
hold-!

THE  
PACT IS  
FULFILLED.



...I can  
feel myself  
again.



And so it returns...

Ohh-yes...



...guided by the Daedric Lord himself...

Mooohh... can't... stop it - !



...his dark magic flowing home...

The jewel - must... be... destroyed - moooh!



...into the one who started it.

•SQUEEZE•



And the captured souls...

•JIGGLE•



...begin to find themselves again.

Finally...

•SQUEEZE•



With every surge of feminine power flowing into her...



...the last traces of what she once was begin to fade...

Mooohhh - it's... happening -!



...until nothing remains but change itself.



And in the silence, she becomes someone new.



# Amaz2k12 - The Bimbo Scrolls

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.

*Unexpected...  
but it's done. The  
curse is broken.*

*Justice  
served. I'll remember  
this - never trust a  
whispering tavern.*

*I'll  
recover my gear.  
Then we move.*

*You made  
this possible,  
heroine.*

*Keep  
the gear - my gift  
to you.*

*Sindoria -  
thank you. Need a  
cloak, or will magic  
do?*

*Moooh...?*

*...No worry  
about clothes; I am  
a wood-elf... and  
a mage.*



Why did the innkeeper do this to you all?

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

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.

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.



SHE'S NOT A THREAT RIGHT NOW.

What do we do with... her?

LET'S TAKE HER TO THE CITY MAGE ACADEMY-CONTAINMENT, WARDS, THE WORKS.

LOOKS LIKE HE STILL COULDN'T GET ENOUGH.

AND... I'M SORRY. WREN DRAGGED YOU INTO THIS.



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

No thanks needed, Sindoria. Honestly, I only came to town for one thing.

By the Nine, I'm just glad you saved us.

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.

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.

Some stories end with a battle. This one ends with a breath.

You still here?!

Travel safe, heroine!

Travel safe. If our roads cross again - may it be under kinder stars.

And fewer traps.

Mooooh!

Finally!

RYE-BYE.

Good to have you back, Sir Flopsy.

Good to be heard. You managed bravely... and cleverly.

I'm rather proud, if swords are allowed that.

A few hours later, the road remembered its purpose.

This should be it.

Priorities do love a heavy gate.

Oh... you've got to be kidding.

Now I'm curious.


WEY-NONE PRIORY

We're totally  
not secret warriors!

Bonus  
Stuff!

**THE PRISONER ERICKSON  
BECOMES ELYSIA - OUR HERO**



A woman with extremely large breasts, wearing a crown and a dark, open robe, stands in a medieval-style setting. She is holding a scroll that contains text. The background features stone walls and a wooden window frame.

**HER  
ROYAL THICKNESS, EMPRESS  
JIGGULENE OF THE NINTH CURVE**



**IMPERIAL HONOR GUARD**



**SINDORIA**  
**- THE WOOD ELF MAGE -**

SABIN - THE WIFE





**UMSLA BOOBAS  
THE REDGUARD WARRIOR**

**WREN**  
**- THE TAVERNKEEPER -**

