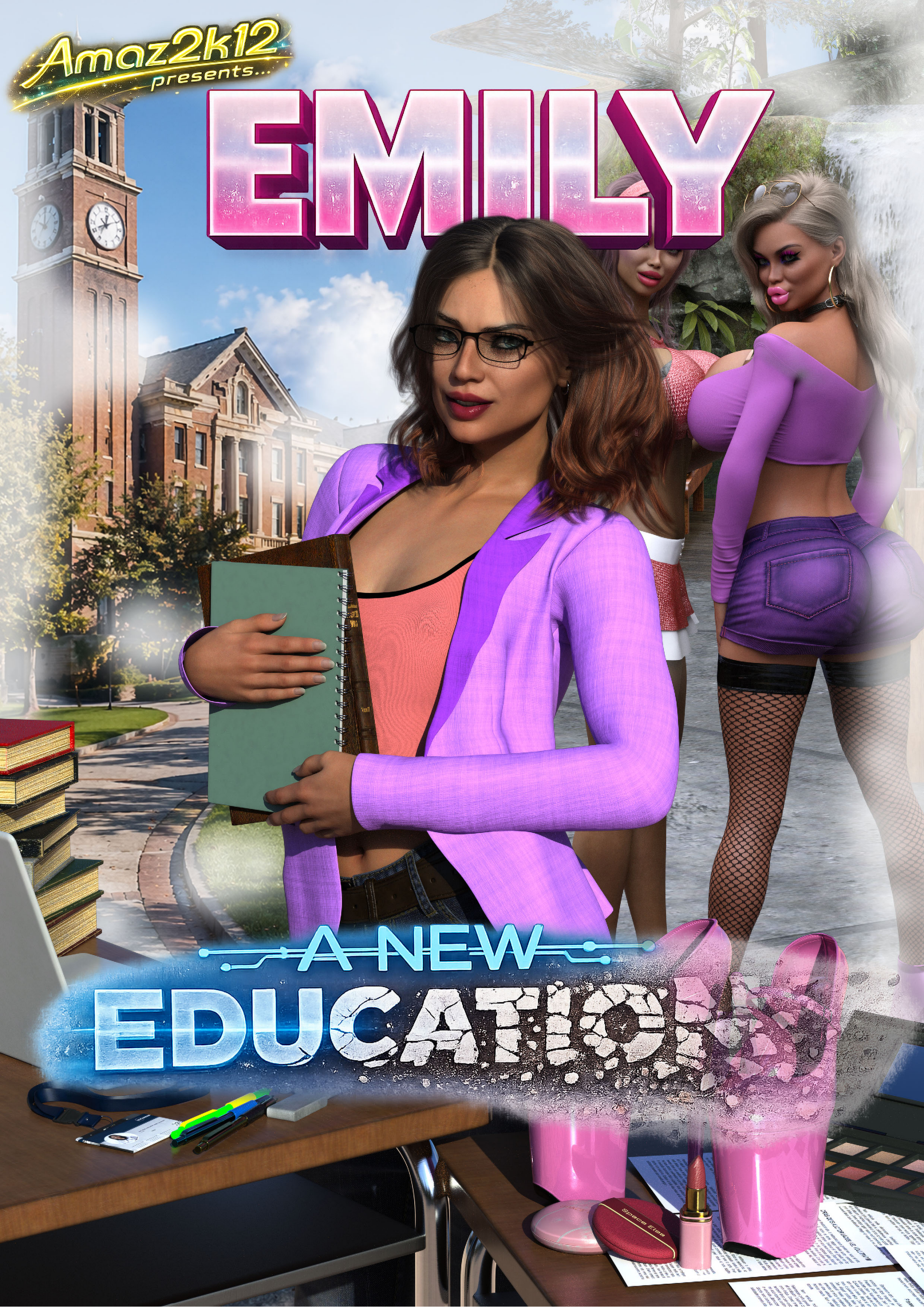


Amaz2k12
presents...

EMILY



A NEW
EDUCATION

Today marks Emily's first day in a brand-new chapter of her life... and even though the 29-year-old had built a successful career as an IT specialist... that career came to an unexpected end when she was laid off.

Determined not to waste time feeling sorry for herself, Emily decided to follow her thirst for knowledge and enroll at a nearby college campus... where we now find her on her way to meet the campus dean.



Okay, Emily. No reason to be nervous.

It's just college. You've done this before.

Even if this campus is nothing like my old IT college...



...seriously, what is with all these overdone girls? Everything looks so fake. And where are all the guys?

What the hell...?!

Mrs... Beringer?
I'm Emily. Emily Pepstone.
We spoke on the phone.



Ah, Ms. Emily Pepstone. There you are.

Of course.

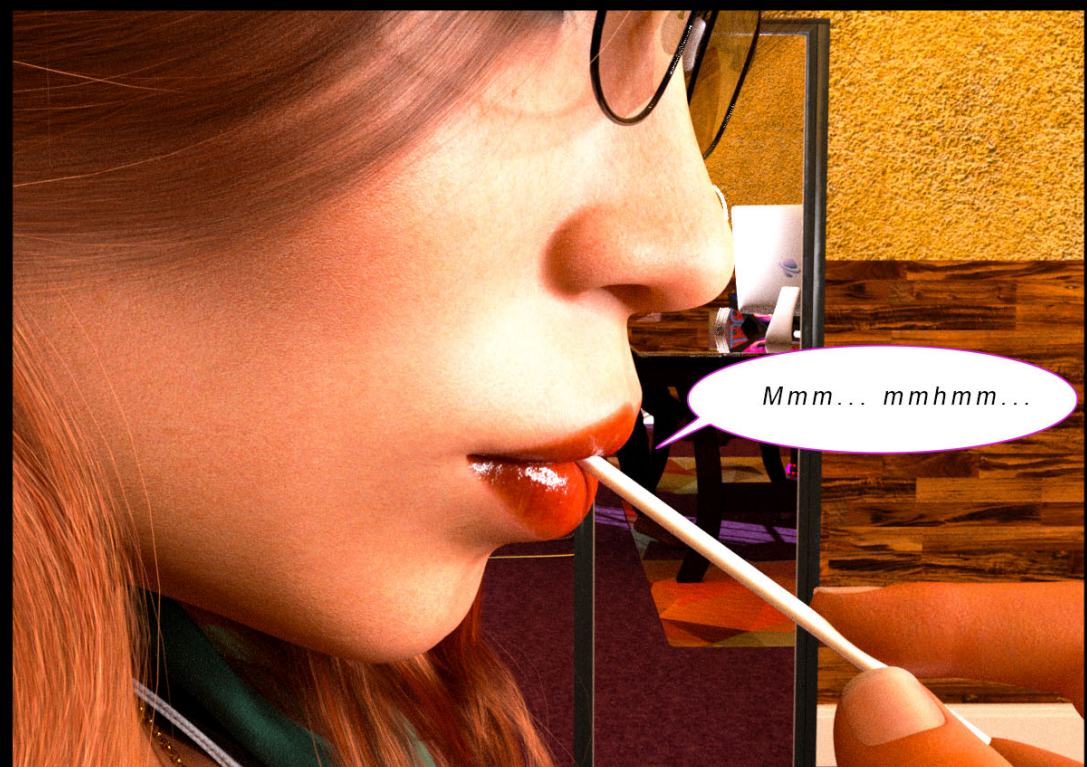
Lovely to finally meet you.

Please, have a seat, sweetheart.

How is she even walking in those things?

We'll begin your orientation right away.

...where exactly did I end up? Is every woman here dressed like she's walking into a photoshoot?



All the paperwork has been signed... and with that, a new chapter begins for Emily...
...and the first signs of that change are already beginning to show, even if she hasn't noticed yet.

This flavor
is... like... unreal.
What is this lollipop
made of? Dreams?

Very good,
Emily. As a new student
here, I expect you not only
to follow our daily
routine...

Wait...
what did she just
say? I was...
um...

...but to truly
live it. We've prepared
a private room just for you,
along with your college
uniform. I'm sure it'll
fit perfectly.

Umm, yes...
yeah, absolutely,
Mrs. Beringer.

You'll be in
Room 7 of the
Pink Barbie Complex. That's
where we house all our Top Triple-Z
Girls, sweetie. The directions
are posted all over
campus.

And
if you ever need
anything, my door is
always open.

On her way to her room, Emily walks through an old cloister corridor that clearly belongs to a much older building - perhaps even a former convent. Only the pink leopard-print carpet... and the bright neon signs plastered across the walls completely ruin the old, dignified atmosphere.

Like, hellooo, newbie babe! Welcome to the Top Triple-Z Girls!

Oh... hi there.

Room 7?
Ohmigawd, yes! The Pink Barbie Complex is, like, totally this way!

We're, like, the campus queens, babe. Waaay hotter than those bouncy booty girls in the Badonkadonk Girls' Wing!

Bigger is, like, always better... and we're, like, living proof. Teehee!

God... what kind of walking pin-up cartoon is that?

I've never seen breasts like that on a woman before...

And why the hell am I staring?

Umm... excuse me, do you know where Room 7 is?

Thank you...

THAT was... weird.

But just as Emily finally pulls her eyes away from the student...



What a strange... wait, why do I suddenly feel so warm?



No. No way. My chest is...



...swelling up like balloons! They're getting bigger...!



This is real. This is actually happening!



That's impossible. I need answers.

But first, a mirror. Where the hell is Room 7?

A few minutes later, Emily finally reaches Room 7... her new room. It is painfully pink, loudly decorated, and clearly designed for someone much more bubbly than she is.

But Emily barely notices the room at all. Right now, her full attention is locked on the enlarged knockers sitting on her chest.

This can't
be happening...

They're real.
They're actually
real!

Breasts
don't just suddenly grow at
twenty-nine.

Not like
this. They look...
like bolted-ons.

But they
feel real.

Way too
real...

Oh God...
they're sensitive
too.

Wow...

No! Stop!
Focus, Emily!

Emily reaches a quick conclusion. Her analytically trained mind has already settled on the most likely cause of this impossible growth...



...it must have been that strange, shimmering rainbow lollipop the dean gave her.



Before Emily can reach the Dean, the next transformation begins...



The transformation keeps going...



They're real.
They're actually
real!

I don't
just look younger...
my whole face is
different!



It's almost... like,
doll-like. And makeup?!
Seriously?



The lollipop?
No... that doesn't
make sense.



Even if
some substance
could alter a
body...

...and when it finally slows, Emily looks years younger and far more doll-like than before.



...it wouldn't
apply makeup... or change
facial structure!



I need
to get to the
Dean. Now.

WOA!

Ahh! Damn
it - these heels! Since
when am I wearing
heels?!

Still determined to reach the Dean, Emily cuts across the campus lawn...
...but before she can get very far, someone calls out to her by a name she has never used.





