







What's that sound?

Is that... a phone?





Should I pick
it up?

What if someone
realizes I'm not
her?

Uhh, forget it...
let's just get this
over with



Michiko! Why weren't you answering my and Toshiro's calls last night?

H-Hello?

Toshiro? And this voice.... why does it sound familiar?

Wait... he's—Ms. Yamashita's husband! And Toshiro is... their son?!



Michiko

Michiko! Are you
even
listening to me?!

But how do I know this
?! I never knew she had
a kid...

Neither I know about
Hikaru.. wait.. Hikaru?

Hikaru is.. her husband
I'm talking to him... right
now...

I'm worried. You're acting weird... Are you sure you're alright, darling?

Uhh—yeah!
I-I'm listening! Totally!

Uhh man... what do I even say to that?


He just called me darling... this is way too weird.

I'll try to come
by the end of
this week.

Uhh... okay, fine.
If you say so.

Y-Yeah, Haha I'm
fine! Just... a
little tired, that's all.

Long day,
you know?
Haha



Also, you should
call Toshiro.
He was worried
about you.

Y-Yeah! I'll give
him a call...
thanks, Hikaru.


Oh Thanks
Love you And
Take Care

Yeah, okay... uhh,
by the way—there's
no rush. You can
come whenever
you want.

Uhh—yeah!
Bye!



God... I actually survived that.



I can't believe I actually
have her memories...
It's like I am her—but I'm
not.

And I still don't
know how I ended
up in her body in
the first place.



And then there's
these boobs...

God—they're so
full and heavy...
I can feel them
jiggle with every
damn step.



And this ass... Damn.
Ms. Yamashita is
exactly why guys my
age are into MILFs.

Her husband is
one lucky
bastard...

Okay, focus.
What do I do
now?

I can't stay in this
body forever—I
need answers.

Wait... If I'm in
her body,
then... she might
be in mine.

Yeah! That
has to be it!



I need to get to school. If she's in my body, she'll definitely go there too!

I'll find her and we'll figure this out.

But I'll have to go as her... ugh, I don't even know what I'm doing!



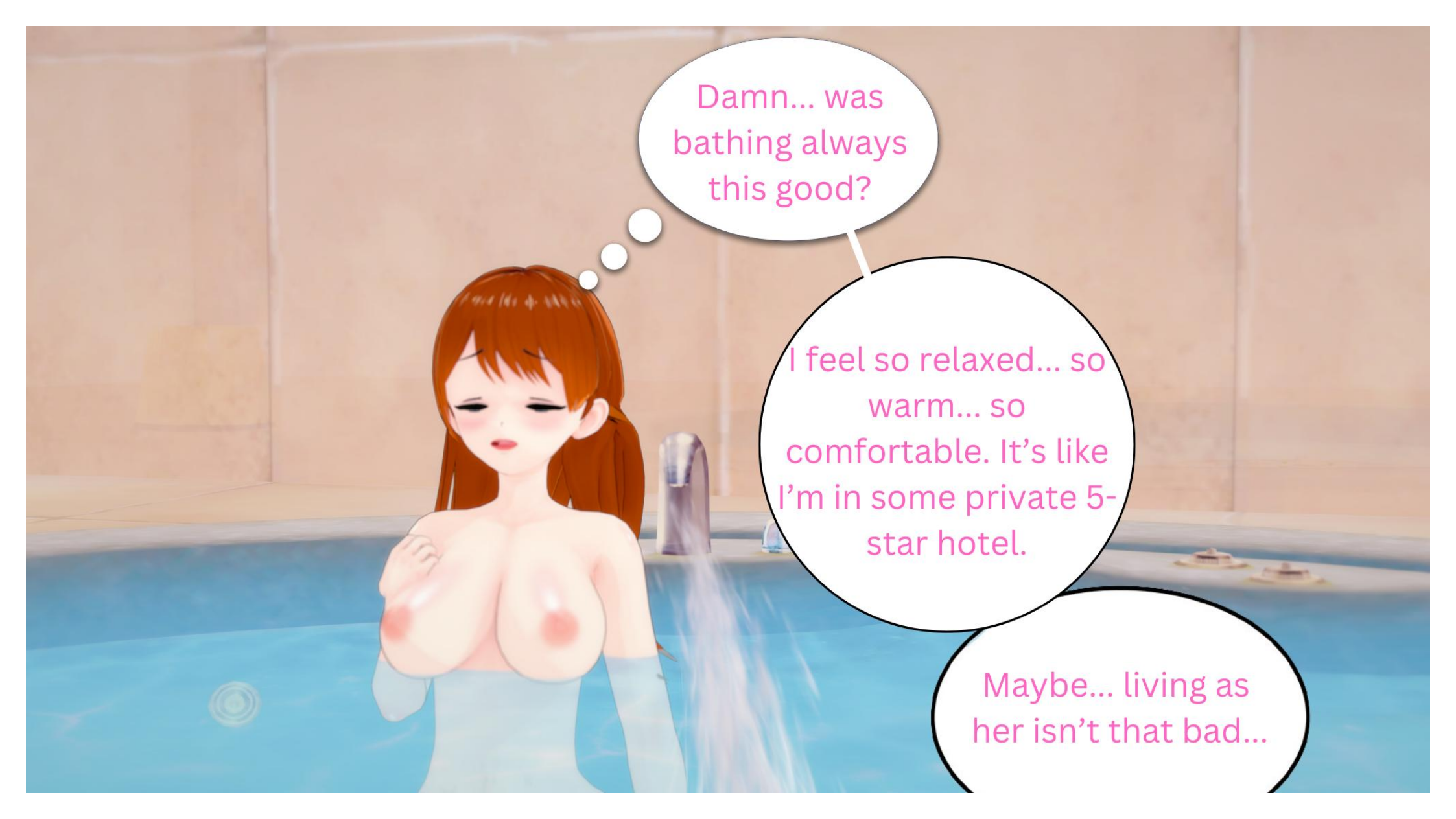
Okay.. I've got her memories.
Maybe if I stop thinking too
much, my instincts will take
over.

Alright... let's do this.
One step at a time.



can't believe they
have their own
mini pool... She's
super rich—or her
husband is.

Whatever.
I'm definitely going
in.



Damn... was
bathing always
this good?

I feel so relaxed... so
warm... so
comfortable. It's like
I'm in some private 5-
star hotel.

Maybe... living as
her isn't that bad...



No! Snap out
of it, idiot!

I'm a man! Not a—
ugh...I should just
get done with this
and head to
school...

TO BE CONTINUED