

*This was all my fault. I'd messed with powers I didn't comprehend. I was desperate and stupid, and now I have this greeting me every morning. The stunning blonde you're staring at is my mom...and my best friend. At least, he was my best friend...*

**GOOD MORNING, SWEETIE! YOU DOING OKAY, KYLE?**





ERMM... IT'S  
JUST... A LOT TO  
TAKE IN. THIS  
WASN'T EXACTLY  
THE PLAN...

*I don't know what's going on inside his head, or if he even considers himself my friend anymore, but he's been acting more like my real mom with every passing moment. It all started yesterday morning...*



*I'd failed another biology exam, and I was already on thin ice with the teacher. Parent teacher conferences were already happening, and mine was scheduled for the next day. I was terrified of what Mr. Jones would say to my mom.*

**CRAP.  
MOM'S  
GONNA KILL  
ME...**



AWW MAN!  
WHAT AM I  
GONNA  
DO?

HEY,  
KYLE!




HOW'S IT  
GOING? LOOKS  
LIKE THAT  
BIOLOGY TEST  
WASN'T TOO  
KIND TO YOU,  
HUH?



*That's Mark.  
He's my  
classmate,  
and my best  
friend...*

HEY, MARK.  
YOU HEARD THAT,  
HUH? YEAH, I  
FLUNKED THAT  
TEST. MY MOM IS  
GONNA BE SO  
PISSED.




DON'T WORRY  
ABOUT IT, DUDE.  
IT'S JUST ONE  
TEST. I'M SURE  
WE'LL HAVE  
MORE.

AND IT'S NOT  
LIKE YOUR MOM  
IS THAT STRICT.  
HONESTLY, SHE  
SEEMS PRETTY  
COOL...



IT'S NOT JUST THE TEST. YOU KNOW MR. JONES HAS IT OUT FOR ME, AND MY MOM IS MEETING WITH HIM TOMORROW. HE'S PROBABLY GONNA SAY I NEED TUTORING OR SOMETHING.



*And that's where  
this whole stupid  
idea started. All  
because I was  
afraid of a parent  
teacher  
conference...*

I WISH THERE  
WAS A WAY FOR  
SOMEONE TO  
PRETEND TO  
BE - WAIT A  
MINUTE...



DO YOU WANNA  
COME OVER  
AFTER SCHOOL?  
I THINK I KNOW  
HOW YOU CAN  
HELP ME...

THAT IS, IF  
YOU EVEN  
WANT TO  
HELP ME...



SURE THING,  
DUDE! YOU KNOW  
I'LL ALWAYS BE  
THERE FOR YOU.  
SEE YOU AFTER  
CLASS!



HRMM...

*I knew I was being reckless, but I was just a stupid kid. I told myself it probably wouldn't even work, but just looking at that ancient tome filled me with anxiety.*



*My dad died a while back. I didn't really get to know him, but he left some family heirlooms for me and mom. He said this tome had been in his family for centuries and that it was MAGIC! Mom never believed him, so she let me flip through it whenever I couldn't sleep. It felt like the last real connection I had to my dad, though I never got to ask him about it. There was a lot of metaphysical stuff in there that I didn't understand, but I'd come across a "spell" that, in simple terms, allowed someone to take the place of someone else. It was supposed to be my way of avoiding a maternal scolding after a bad parent teacher conference. All I had to do was convince Mark to take on the role of...my mom...*



OH, HI  
MARK! YOU  
AND KYLE  
HAVING A  
PLAYDATE?



HI, MRS.  
RONSON! YEP,  
MARK ASKED ME  
TO COME OVER  
AND HELP HIM  
WITH  
SOMETHING.

A detailed comic book illustration of a blonde woman with her hair in a bun. She is wearing a white, long-sleeved, semi-transparent top with lace trim and high-waisted blue jeans. She has a confident, slightly smug expression, with her eyes closed and a finger pointing upwards. Her right hand is on her hip. The background shows a room with a window, a lamp, and a plant. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner.

TSK. IT  
BETTER BE  
HOMEWORK. MY  
BOY IS SMART, BUT  
NEEDS TO FOCUS.  
HE'S UP IN HIS  
ROOM.

Mark was the best type of friend you could have. If I'd known how this would all play out, I never would've asked him for help.

YO, DUDE!  
I'M HERE!



HEY, MAN!  
THANKS FOR  
COMING. YOU  
REALLY DO  
ALWAYS HAVE  
MY BACK.





I TOLD  
YOU, DUDE.  
I'LL ALWAYS  
BE THERE FOR  
YOU. SO...

WHAT'D YOU  
NEED MY HELP  
WITH? ARE WE  
STEALING MR.  
JONES'  
GRADEBOOK OR  
SOMETHING?

WELL, NOT EXACTLY. I HAD SOMETHING A BIT MORE, UH, MYSTICAL IN MIND.

REMEMBER THAT WEIRD BOOK MY DAD LEFT BEHIND? THE ONE THAT'S SUPPOSED TO BE MAGICAL OR SOMETHING?

YEAH...



WELL, I FOUND  
A SPELL THAT  
LET'S SOMEONE  
TAKE THE PLACE  
OF SOMEONE  
ELSE.

UH HUH... I  
THINK I KNOW  
WHERE YOU'RE  
GOING WITH  
THIS...



YOU WANT ME  
TO TAKE YOUR  
MOM'S PLACE  
AND ATTEND THE  
PARENT  
TEACHER  
CONFERENCE,  
RIGHT?

ASSUMING THIS  
"SPELL" EVEN  
WORKS, WHAT  
HAPPENS TO  
YOUR REAL  
MOM?



I THINK IT WORKS  
BY BRANCHING  
TIMELINES. SHE WOULD  
KEEP LIVING IN THE  
TIMELINE WHERE YOU  
AND ME ARE JUST  
HANGING OUT LIKE  
NORMAL.

BUT WE WOULD  
SHIFT INTO A NEW  
TIMELINE WHERE  
YOU FILL THE ROLE  
OF MY MOM, AND  
"MARK" DOESN'T  
EXIST. KINDA LIKE  
AVENGERS:  
ENDGAME?



BUT THEN WE'D  
HAVE TO MERGE  
THE TIMELINES FOR  
YOU TO BECOME  
"MARK" AGAIN. I'M  
PRETTY SURE  
THERE'S A SPELL  
FOR THAT TOO,  
BUT... \*SIGH\*

MAN, SAYING IT  
OUT LOUD MAKES  
IT EVEN MORE  
RIDICULOUS.  
FORGET  
I EVEN-



DUDE, I'M IN!  
I DON'T REALLY  
UNDERSTAND ALL THE  
TIMELINE MUMBO  
JUMBO, BUT I TRUST  
YOU. I ALSO JUST  
WANNA SEE IF YOUR  
BOOK IS REALLY  
MAGIC!



R- REALLY?  
THANKS, MAN.  
YOU'RE THE  
BEST.

YOU SURE  
YOU'RE OKAY  
WITH BEING MY  
MOM? LIKE,  
BEING A GIRL  
AND ALL?



YEAH, DUDE. I  
DON'T CARE. NOT  
LIKE I'LL BE A GIRL  
FOREVER, RIGHT?  
PLUS, BEING A  
GROWN UP  
SOUNDS KINDA  
COOL!

I'LL BE ABLE TO  
DRIVE AROUND AND  
BUY THINGS!  
MAYBE I CAN EVEN  
BUY YOU THOSE  
GAMES YOUR MOM  
WON'T LET YOU  
PLAY!



HAHA,  
M- MAYBE. LET'S  
JUST GET THROUGH  
THIS PARENT TEACHER  
CONFERENCE FIRST.  
OKAY, HERE'S THE  
SPELL. YOU  
READY?

YEP! HIT ME  
WITH YOUR  
FUNNY WORDS,  
MAGIC MAN!





ALRIGHT,  
H- HERE  
WE GO...  
UHH...

Hoc  
mundo est  
a liquidis  
defuit...

Hunc  
puerum, sume  
et fac illum,  
matrem,  
meam!

HMM. THE  
AIR FEELS  
DIFFERENT. IS  
IT ACTUALLY  
WORKING?

\*HUMMM\*

\*HUMMM\*





?-

HUH? WAS THAT IT? THERE'S NO MORE WORDS TO THE SPELL?

UMMM, YEAH, I THINK SO. DID YOU FEEL ANYTHING?



IT FELT LIKE  
SOMETHING WAS  
HAPPENING. IT WAS  
LIKE THE AIR AROUND  
ME WAS VIBRATING,  
BUT THEN IT  
SUDDENLY STOP-  
HUH?!

\*CRACK\*

WHOA!!



D- DID YOU  
JUST GET  
TALLER?!



YEAH I,  
THINK SO!  
HA! HOLY  
CRAP!

I CAN FEEL  
MYSELF  
GROWING! I CAN'T  
BELIEVE THIS IS  
REAL! THIS IS  
CRAZY!

\*CREEAK\*



ANGHH!

\*CRACK!\*

\*CRACKRI\*



P- PRETTY INTENSE! AHNGG!

NGH! THIS ACTUALLY FEELS- GHH!

\*  
C  
H!  
T  
E  
E  
E  
E  
R  
T  
S  
\*



MARK?!  
ARE YOU  
OKAY!?

HOLY CRAP,  
YOU'RE AS  
TALL AS  
SHE IS!



I'M FINE!  
DUDE, YOU  
LOOK SO  
SHORT NOW,  
HAH!



HUH?! M-  
MY CHEST  
FEELS- OH,  
RIGHT...

G- GIRLS  
HAVE  
BOOBS...  
AH! AAHH!!

\*TINGLING\*



T- THIS  
FEELS  
PRETTY  
WEIRD!  
HAAHH-

\* G R O W I N G \*



GHHK!  
I GUESS I  
NEVER NOTICED  
HOW BIG YOUR  
MOM'S CHEST  
WAS! NGH!

\*SWELLING\*



UUGH! I  
DON'T THINK  
MY CLOTHES  
CAN-

\*STRETCH!\*



GYAHH!!

\*RIPPI\*

\*BWOOMP!\*



H- HOLY CRAP!  
HOW DO GIRLS  
WALK AROUND WITH  
THESE THINGS ON  
THEIR CHEST?!  
THEY'RE SO BIG  
AND HEAVY!

\*SQUISH\*



OH, UHHH, M-  
MAYBE YOU  
SHOULD'VE  
CHANGED CLOTHES  
BEFORE I READ  
THE SPELL.

UMM, COULD  
YOU MAYBE  
COVER YOUR  
CHEST? I  
DON'T REALLY  
WANNA SEE MY  
MOM'S-

NAH! MY THIGHS!? AW MAN, I LIKED THESE PANTS! EYAAH!

~

\* R I P P I N G \*





HNG! MY BODY IS STARTING TO FEEL ALL JIGGLY! GGHHHK- IT'S GETTING PRETTY TIGHT AROUND MY CROTCH! NNH-

\*BULGING\*



NAHH!!

HAAHH...  
AHH... AT  
LEAST IT'S  
NOT TIGHT  
ANYMORE...

\*CRACK!\*

\*RIIPPP!\*



OH JEEZE.  
UM, DUDE?  
YOUR, UHHH,  
J- JUNK IS  
SHOWING...



OH, S- SORRY.  
I DIDN'T EVEN-  
HUH?! AM I  
GROWING HAIR  
DOWN THERE!?  
W- WHY DOES IT  
FEEL LIKE-

\*SCHLURPING\*



SLIPPED  
INSIDE!  
GYAH!!!

EHH!?! M-  
MY JUNK!  
IT JUST  
S-

OH MY- SO  
THAT'S WHAT  
GIRL PARTS LOOK  
LIKE? Y- YOU'RE  
EVEN STARTING  
TO SOUND LIKE  
MOM...

\*SCHLIP!\*

OHH!?  
UHMM... WHAT  
ARE THESE  
FEELINGS?!  
WHA-

AHMM! THIS  
ACTUALLY  
FEELS... R-  
REALLY  
GOOD...  
MMPFF-

M- MARK?!  
UMM, W-  
WHAT'S  
GOING ON?  
WHAT'RE  
YOU-

\*SCHLICK\*

FFFAHH!  
AAHHH!!  
OHHH MY G-  
GUAHH!!!

\*SCHLICK!  
SCHLICK!!\*

**NUGHH! K-  
KYAHH!! KYLE, I  
CAN'T STAAHP!!**

**AH! AAHHH!!  
IT FEELS SO  
GOOD!  
UWAHHH!!!**

**\*SCHLICK!\*  
\*SCHLICK!!\*  
\*SCHLICK!!\***





\* SCHLICK!!  
\* SCHLICK!! \*

OOOHH!!!  
AAHHHUU-

OH MY GOD!  
MARK!? W-  
WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?!

UGH! I DON'T  
KNOW! IT'S LIKE  
SOMETHING IS  
BUILDING INSIDE  
ME!

TREMBLING\*



AHN! IT FEELS  
LIKE I HAVE TO  
KEEP RUBBING MY  
CROTCH TO RELEASE  
IT! GHHKK!!

\*SQUISH\*



KYAAH! S-SOMETHING'S HAPPENING!

THERE'S A WEIRD FEELING IN MY CROTCH!

\*SQUIRT!\*

**OWAHH! IT'S  
SPREADING  
THROUGH MY  
BODY!**

**I CAN FEEL  
IT IN MY HEAD!  
AH! HAA-**

**\*SPLOOSH!\***



OHH-  
OOWAHH!

HHAHH!  
EYAAHH!!

\*SPLURT!\*

AHH! UWAAH...  
W- WHOA...  
THAT FELT  
INCREDIBLE...

MY BODY  
FEELS ALL  
WARM AND  
TINGLY, AND  
M- MY HEAD IS  
SPINNING...

\*DRIP\* \*DRIP\*



A young man with spiky blonde hair and bright blue eyes is shown in a state of shock. He has a wide-eyed, open-mouthed expression and is sweating profusely, with beads of sweat on his forehead and cheeks. He is wearing a dark blue t-shirt and blue jeans. His right hand is raised to his head, clutching his hair. The background shows a window with sunlight streaming in, a framed picture on the wall, and a stack of books on a desk. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of his head.

MARK?  
YOU OKAY? T-  
THAT LOOKED, UHH,  
PRETTY INTENSE. I  
THINK IT'S OVER.  
YOUR EYES... YOUR  
HAIR... YOU LOOK  
EXACTLY LIKE MY  
MOM...



EHH? OH,  
SORRY SWEETIE.  
JUST A LITTLE HARD  
TO FOCUS. I'M FINE,  
AND I THINK YOU'RE  
RIGHT. I DON'T FEEL  
MYSELF CHANGING  
ANYMORE.



W- WELL, I'M  
GLAD YOU'RE  
OKAY. BUT, UHHH,  
DID YOU JUST  
CALL ME  
"SWEETIE?"



DID I?! SORRY  
DUDE. I MUST'VE  
GAINED SOME OF  
YOUR MOM'S  
MANNERISMS  
TOO.



MAN, THIS IS GONNA TAKE SOME GETTING USED TO. I FEEL SO OLD AND JIGGLY!



BUT I CAN'T  
BELIEVE IT  
WORKED! I'M  
AN ADULT! HA! I  
FEEL SO BIG  
AND STRONG  
AND-

A manga-style illustration of a blonde woman with long, wavy hair. She is depicted from the waist up, with her arms crossed over her chest. Her face is flushed with a bright red blush, and her eyes are closed in a state of embarrassment or discomfort. Her skin is glistening with sweat, with several droplets visible on her chest and buttocks. The background is a simple, light-colored room. In the bottom left corner, a white teacup is visible on a wooden surface. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner, containing text in a stylized, bold font.

NYEH! S-  
SENSITIVE... OHHH  
MAN, I HAD NO  
IDEA BEING A GIRL  
WOULD FEEL THIS  
WEIRD. MY CHEST  
AND CROTCH FEEL  
SO-



UHMM, Y- YEAH,  
ABOUT THAT... COULD  
YOU COVER UP A  
LITTLE? I'M TRYING  
NOT TO LOOK, BUT  
YOU KINDA TAKE UP  
A LOT OF SPACE  
NOW.

M- MAYBE YOU  
SHOULD TAKE A  
SHOWER WHILE I  
CLEAN UP THE,  
UH, "JUICES" YOU  
LEFT ON THE  
FLOOR...

OH GOD, I'M SORRY DUDE! I DIDN'T MEAN TO MAKE YOU LOOK AT YOUR MOM NAKED!

I'LL GO CLEAN MYSELF UP. S-SORRY FOR LEAVING SUCH A MESS. I DIDN'T KNOW GIRL PARTS GOT THAT, UHH, WET.



HAH. AH. GOD,  
THIS IS WEIRD! IT'S  
LIKE I CAN'T WALK  
WITHOUT MY HIPS  
SWAYING AND CHEST  
BOUNCING. AND MY  
CROTCH STILL  
FEELS SO-


WAIT...  
WHY DOES  
THIS PLACE FEEL  
DIFFERENT? I'VE BEEN  
TO KYLE'S HOUSE  
PLENTY OF TIMES, BUT  
NOW IT KINDA FEELS  
LIKE...MINE?





OKAY,  
I THINK THIS IS  
MY- ERR, MRS.  
RONSON'S  
BEDROOM. I  
SHOULD-  
WHOA...

MY BRAIN  
MUST STILL BE  
ADJUSTING,  
BECAUSE I'M  
GETTING TOTAL  
DÉJÀ VU...



I'VE NEVER  
BEEN INSIDE MRS.  
RONSON'S BEDROOM,  
BUT IT FEELS LIKE I  
SLEPT HERE JUST LAST  
NIGHT. HMM, I USUALLY  
LIKE MORE POSTERS  
AND STUFF ON THE  
WALLS, BUT THIS  
FEELS...COZY?



GUHHH!?  
I CAN'T TELL WHICH  
THOUGHTS ARE MINE  
AND WHICH ONES ARE  
MRS. RONSON'S! I  
HOPE I DON'T KEEP  
HER TASTES WHEN I  
CHANGE BACK. MAYBE A  
SHOWER WILL CLEAR  
MY HEAD.



MMM...  
YEAH, THIS  
IS NICE...

WOW...  
LOOKING IN A MIRROR  
FEELS LIKE AN ILLUSION.  
THIS SOFT SKIN, THIS  
LONG HAIR, THESE BRIGHT  
BLUE EYES... I CAN'T  
BELIEVE SOME SILLY  
WORDS IN A BOOK DID  
ALL THIS TO ME.



I THINK I  
ALWAYS KNEW KYLE'S  
MOM WAS PRETTY, BUT  
MAYBE I JUST WASN'T OLD  
ENOUGH TO APPRECIATE  
HER BEAUTY. SHE'S... OR I  
GUESS, I'M 45 NOW, BUT  
STILL LOOK ABSOLUTELY  
STUNNING!



MMM... AND THIS  
CHEST... MRS. RONSON  
MUST LOVE HAVING  
THESE. SO SOFT AND  
SQUISHY. JUST PLAYING  
WITH THEM MAKES ME  
FEEL FUNNY AGAIN.  
AAHMM...




AH! EHH?! M- MY  
CROTCH IS GETTING ALL  
WARM AND WET AGAIN.  
FFUWEHH- IT'S SO  
SENSITIVE! HAH- HAVING A  
GIRL CROTCH IS WEIRD, BUT  
I CAN'T STOP THINKING  
ABOUT HOW GOOD IT FELT  
WHEN I STUCK MY  
FINGERS-



NYEHHI?  
WHAT AM I DOING?!  
THESE ARE ADULT  
URGES! MRS. RONSON'S  
URGES! I'VE GOTTA  
STAY FOCUSED. I'M  
ONLY DOING THIS TO  
HELP KYLE.



A blonde woman with large breasts and a muscular physique is looking into a large, ornate, dark brown mirror. She is wearing a white lace bra and white lace panties. Her expression is one of surprise and concern. The background is a plain white wall.

GOD, WHEN I WOKE UP THIS MORNING, I DEFINITELY DIDN'T THINK I'D BE ENDING THE DAY IN A BRA AND PANTIES. IS THIS REALLY THE BIGGEST BRA MRS. RONSON HAS? MY CHEST IS PRACTICALLY SPILLING OUT!

AND ALL THIS CROTCH HAIR IS TOTALLY VISIBLE! UHH, DO GIRLS SHAVE DOWN THERE? I REALLY DON'T KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT GIRLS, HUH? I GUESS I SHOULD PUT ON SOME PAJAMAS. I'M SURE KYLE HAS SEEN ENOUGH OF HIS NAKED MOM.



MY GOSH,  
THIS IS SO MUCH  
HAIR! HOW AM I  
SUPPOSED TO-  
OH WAIT...



HMMM.  
THAT FEELS MUCH  
BETTER. I GUESS I'M  
STILL GAINING HER  
SKILLS. I'VE NEVER  
BRAIDED HAIR BEFORE.  
BUT IT FELT SO  
NATURAL TO-

\*KNOCK\*  
\*KNOCK\*



H- HEY,  
MARK? HOW ARE  
YOU DOING? LOOKS  
LIKE YOU FOUND  
SOME CLOTHES.  
OH, UH, YOU EVEN  
DID YOUR HAIR  
LIKE MOM DOES  
BEFORE BED.

WELL, UM, I  
J- JUST WANTED TO  
CHECK IN TO SEE HOW  
YOU'RE FEELING ABOUT  
TOMORROW. ALSO, I  
JUST LEARNED THAT  
THERE'S A LITTLE  
MORE TO THE SPELL  
THAT YOU SHOULD  
KNOW ABOUT.




HUH? OH,  
HEY SWE-KYLE!  
SORRY, IT'S LIKE  
THIS BODY CAME  
WITH MOTHERLY  
INSTINCTS.  
WHAT'S UP?



ACTUALLY, IT'S ABOUT THAT. THE LONGER YOU SPEND LIKE THIS, THE MORE LIKE MY MOM YOU'LL BECOME. I'M SURE YOU'VE ALREADY NOTICED SOME NEW MANNERISMS, RIGHT?

DON'T WORRY, YOU WON'T LOSE YOUR MEMORIES OR ANYTHING, BUT THE BOOK DOES SAY THAT TAKING ON AN OLDER LIFE CAN STRONGLY INFLUENCE A YOUNGER PERSONALITY.



EH, YEAH. I FIGURED SOMETHING LIKE THAT WAS HAPPENING. I OBVIOUSLY WOULDN'T NORMALLY KNOW HOW TO BRAID MY HAIR, OR WANT TO CALL YOU "SWEETIE" HEH.

I'M NOT WORRIED THOUGH. BECOMING MORE LIKE YOUR MOM SHOULD MAKE IT EASIER TO TALK TO MR. JONES. PLUS, YOU'LL CHANGE ME BACK TOMORROW, RIGHT?



y- YEAH! OF COURSE. MR. JONES WILL NEVER KNOW HE'S ACTUALLY TALKING TO MY BEST FRIEND, HEH. I'M PREPARING THINGS TO CHANGE YOU BACK TO NORMAL AS SOON AS YOU'RE HOME FROM THE MEETING.

*I tried to hide my concerns. I didn't want to scare my friend by telling him my plan was only half-baked, but I hadn't really figured out how to change him back yet.*




SOUNDS GOOD.  
OKAY, I'M GONNA  
LIE DOWN. TURNS  
OUT AGING OVER 30  
YEARS IN A FEW  
MINUTES IS PRETTY  
TIRING. GOODNIGHT  
SWEET-

EEP!  
THERE I GO  
AGAIN, HEH.  
G'NIGHT  
DUDE!

**\*SIGH\***  
KYLE REALLY OWES  
ME FOR THIS. I DON'T  
HATE BEING MRS. RONSON,  
BUT ALL THESE NEW  
SENSATIONS ARE SO  
EMOTIONS ARE SO  
CONFUSING! I CAN FEEL  
MYSELF GETTING SMARTER  
AND MORE MATURE, BUT  
MORE MOTHERLY AT  
THE SAME TIME...



A woman with long blonde hair styled in a braid is lying in bed, looking exhausted. She is wearing a white, low-cut top and white pants. Her eyes are closed, and she has a slightly open mouth. The scene is set in a bedroom with white bedding and pillows.

OH WELL.  
NOTHING WRONG  
WITH ACTING  
DIFFERENT FOR A  
DAY. \*YAWN\*  
WHEW, I'M  
EXHAUSTED.

JUST  
GOTTA...  
MAKE IT  
THROUGH...  
TOMORROW...  
ZZZZZZZ...

*I'd hoped Kyle calling me "Sweetie" was the most his behavior would change, but that night, Kyle's mind was flooded with my mom's memories.*

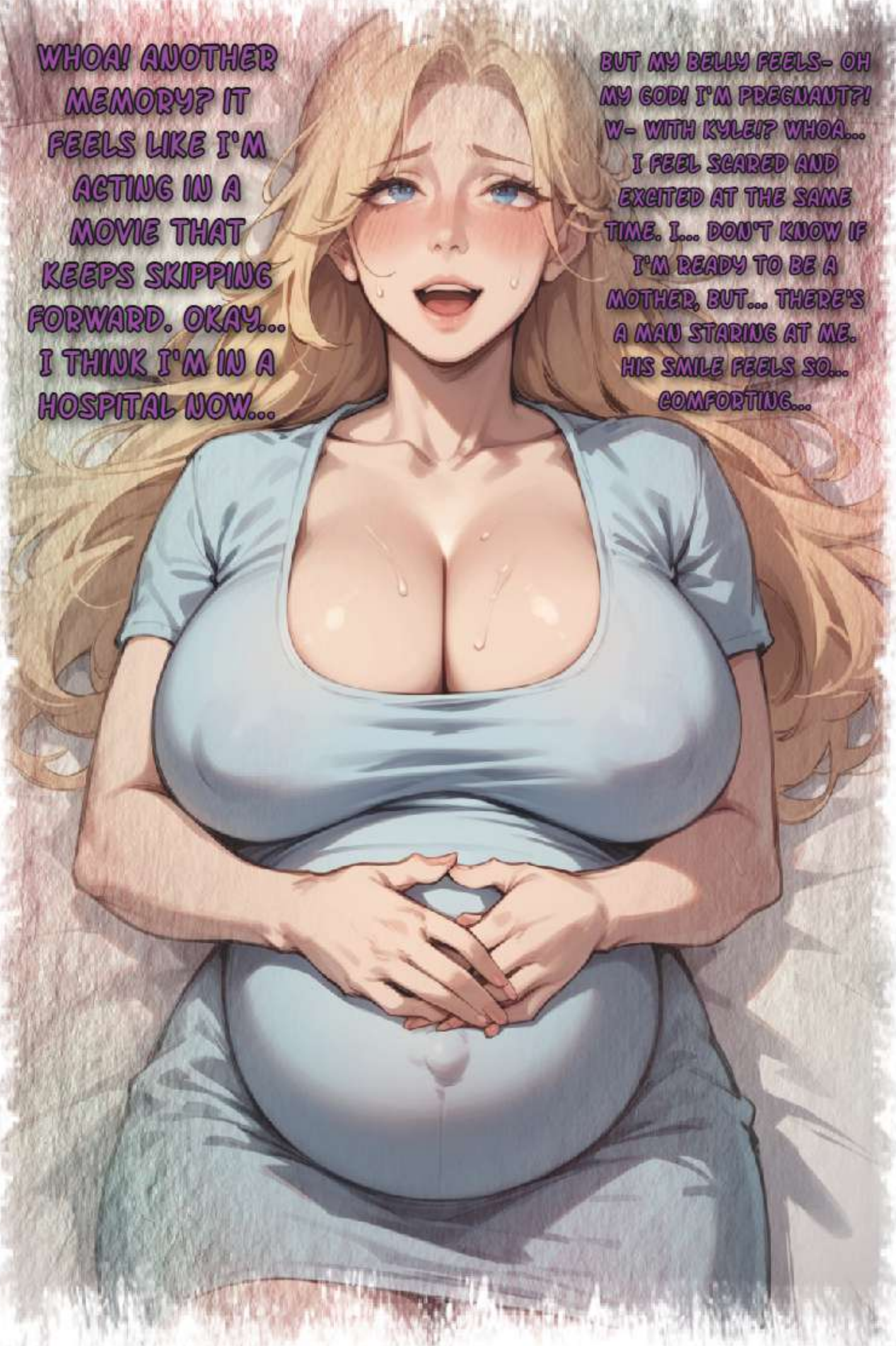
HUH? IS  
THIS A  
DREAM? IT  
FEELS MORE  
LIKE A  
MEMORY...

OH, THIS IS  
MY- MRS.  
RONSON'S  
WEDDING DAY!  
GOSH, I'VE  
NEVER FELT  
JOY LIKE THIS  
BEFORE!



WHOA! ANOTHER  
MEMORY? IT  
FEELS LIKE I'M  
ACTING IN A  
MOVIE THAT  
KEEPS SKIPPING  
FORWARD. OKAY...  
I THINK I'M IN A  
HOSPITAL NOW...

BUT MY BELLY FEELS- OH  
MY GOD! I'M PREGNANT?!  
W- WITH KYLE!? WHOA...  
I FEEL SCARED AND  
EXCITED AT THE SAME  
TIME. I... DON'T KNOW IF  
I'M READY TO BE A  
MOTHER, BUT... THERE'S  
A MAN STARING AT ME.  
HIS SMILE FEELS SO...  
COMFORTING...



I'VE NEVER  
SEEN THIS GUY  
BEFORE, BUT HE  
SEEMS SO  
FAMILIAR... W-  
WAIT, HE'S MY  
HUSB- MRS.  
RONSON'S  
HUSBAND! HOLY  
CRAP! I HAD NO  
IDEA KYLE'S DAD  
WAS SO  
HANDSOME...



AH! WHAT?! WHY AM  
I- OH GOD, THIS IS  
MR. RONSON'S  
FUNERAL. I DON'T  
WANT TO FEEL LIKE  
THIS! I DON'T WANT  
THESE MEMORIES!  
THE CAR CRASH, THE  
PHONE CALL, THE  
FEELING OF MY  
WORLD  
SHATTERING...

I...  
I MISS...  
MY HUSBAND...



OH GOD. THIS  
SADNESS IS  
OVERWHELMING. I  
DON'T KNOW IF I  
WANT TO BE AN  
ADULT ANYMORE...  
BUT WHEN I LOOK  
AT KYLE... MY  
SON... IT FEELS  
LIKE FINDING A  
LIGHT IN THE  
DARKNESS...





MOMMY! LOOK  
AT ALL THE  
BUTTERFLIES! I  
THINK DADDY IS  
FLYING WITH  
THEM NOW!

MY LITTLE BOY,  
I'D DO ANYTHING  
FOR MY LITTLE  
KYLE. WHEN I  
LOOK IN HIS EYES,  
I KNOW THAT MY  
BELOVED JEREMY  
LIVES ON  
THROUGH OUR  
SON.



I HAD NO IDEA HOW HARD IT WAS TO RAISE A LITTLE BOY. ESPECIALLY AS A SINGLE MOM.

I GUESS BOYS TEND TO GET HURT MORE THAN GIRLS.



I WANTED TO SHIELD HIM FROM THE WORLD.



BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO TAKE HIS JOY AWAY.

SO WE MADE SOME COMPROMISES.



I HAD TO START WORKING OUT TO KEEP UP.

I MISSED HAVING THE ENERGY OF MY YOUTH.



HE GREW UP SO FAST.

BEFORE I KNEW IT, HE WAS TAKING THE TRAIN TO SCHOOL ON HIS OWN.



I FELT NOTHING BUT PRIDE AS I WATCHED MY SON GROW UP. I KNEW THAT IN A FEW DAYS, HE'D MEET HIS BEST FRIEND...

HE'D MEET MARK... HE'D MEET ME...

THE NEXT MORNING...

ZZZ...  
AHH...  
MMM...



WOW. WHAT A BEAUTIFUL LIFE. ALL THESE FEELINGS, ALL THIS STRENGTH. I SUDDENLY FEEL LUCKY TO BE A MOM, EVEN IF IT'S JUST FOR A DAY.




A blonde woman with long, wavy hair is shown from the waist up, standing in a shower. She has very large, prominent breasts and is looking upwards with a blissful expression, her mouth open as if enjoying the water. Her hands are placed on her breasts. The showerhead is visible at the top left, and water is spraying down. The background consists of light blue square tiles. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of her head.

AHHH. IT'S  
A LOT TO HAVE  
ALL THESE  
MEMORIES IN MY  
HEAD, BUT AT  
LEAST MY BODY  
DOESN'T FEEL  
SO ALIEN.

A blonde anime-style woman with long, wavy hair and large breasts is the central figure. She is wearing a black, short-sleeved, button-down shirt that is unbuttoned at the top, revealing her chest. She is also wearing white underwear. Her hair is styled in a way that she is pulling it back with both hands, and she has a confident, slightly mischievous expression. Her skin is glistening with sweat, particularly on her chest and thighs. The background shows a bedroom setting with a window on the left, a bed with white sheets, and a wooden dresser on the right. The lighting is warm and soft, suggesting an indoor setting during the day.

OH HEY, I DIDN'T  
EVEN STRUGGLE TO  
PICK OUT CLOTHES! I  
KNOW WHAT I LIKE  
TO WEAR! I EVEN  
WANT TO DO MY  
HAIR DIFFERENT!  
COOL!

A blonde woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a black short-sleeved shirt and white high-waisted pants with a gold belt, is posing in a bedroom. She has a confident expression and is looking towards the viewer. The room features a bed with white linens, a window with curtains, and a framed picture on the wall.

WOW, THIS OUTFIT  
COMPLIMENTS MY  
CURVES SO WELL!  
THESE PANTS ARE A  
LITTLE TIGHT, BUT AT  
LEAST THERE'S  
NOTHING BETWEEN  
MY LEGS TO GET  
CRUSHED.

HEH, I  
ACTUALLY  
WOULDN'T MIND  
KEEPING THIS  
NEWFOUND  
FASHION SENSE  
WHEN I CHANGE  
BACK.

When I saw kyle the next morning, I knew he'd changed more overnight. He was dressing like her, doing her hair like her, and speaking even more like her. He was even wearing my mom's perfume.

GOOD MORNING, SWEETIE!



*I just wanted this all to be over so I could have my friend back. I was beginning to get concerned about the spell having lasting effects. I just had to find the right spell by the afternoon. At least Kyle didn't seem scared. He actually seemed pretty happy...*

M- MORNING, DUDE! STILL CALLING ME "SWEETIE" HUH? WELL, AT LEAST YOU'LL FOOL MR. JONES PRETTY EASILY. THE CONFERENCE SHOULD BE A BREEZE...





HUH? KYLE,  
WHAT ARE YOU  
TALKING ABOUT? I  
ALWAYS CALL YOU  
SWEETIE. WHY ARE  
YOU CALLING ME  
"DUDE?" I'M YOUR  
MOTHER!

AND WHAT'S  
THIS ABOUT FOOLING  
MR. JONES? IF HE  
TELLS ME YOU'RE  
FAILING, I'M TAKING  
AWAY YOUR  
COMPUTER!



W- WHAT?! OH  
GOD, MARK!?  
DON'T TELL ME I  
MESSED UP THE  
SPELL! PLEASE,  
THIS CAN'T BE  
HAPPENING!

C'MON, MAN!  
THIS ISN'T YOU!  
YOU'RE NOT MY  
MOM! YOU'RE  
NOT A GIRL!  
YOU'RE MY  
BEST FRIEND!  
YOU'RE-

A muscular blonde woman with her hair in a bun is laughing heartily. She is wearing a dark green short-sleeved button-down shirt and white high-waisted pants with a gold belt. Her hands are on her hips. The background shows a window with orange curtains and a bookshelf.

**BWAHAHA!  
OH MY-  
HAH!!!**

I'M KIDDING,  
DUDE! I KNOW  
WHO I AM.  
SORRY, THAT WAS  
MEAN, BUT I'VE  
NEVER SEEN YOU  
MAKE THAT  
EXPRESSION!



AH... HA HA...  
G- GOOD ONE.  
YOU REALLY  
GOT ME THERE.  
SO, UHH, YOU  
READY FOR  
THIS?

*At that moment, I wanted to find a spell that would make him bite his tongue every time he talked. Once my panic and anger subsided, I was just happy to see that I was still looking at my best friend... annoying sense of humor and all.*

**YEP! I  
PICKED THIS  
OUTFIT MYSELF! I  
BET I'LL HAVE MR.  
JONES TOTALLY  
SWOONING OVER  
ME.**



WELL, IT'S  
ALMOST TIME. GUESS  
WE'LL SEE IF I GAINED  
YOUR MOM'S DRIVING  
SKILLS LAST NIGHT. NOW  
C'MON, DON'T YOU  
WANNA GIVE "MOMMY"  
A GOODBYE KISS?  
MMWAHH!





OH MY GOD,  
DUDE. YOU'RE  
REALLY GONNA  
MAKE ME REGRET  
ASKING YOU TO  
DO ALL THIS,  
AREN'T YOU?

EUGH! I  
DON'T EVEN WANNA  
IMAGINE MY MOM  
DATING MY TEACHER.  
YOU BETTER HOPE I  
DON'T FIND A SPELL  
TO TURN YOU INTO A  
NEWT OR  
SOMETHING.

DON'T WORRY,  
AIN'T NO RINGS  
GOING ON THESE  
FINGERS. AT  
LEAST, NOT ON  
THE FIRST DATE,  
HAH! ALRIGHT, I'M  
OUT. SEE YOU  
SOON!




**AT THE SCHOOL...**

OH GOSH,  
WHY AM I  
SUDDENLY SO  
NERVOUS? THIS  
DOESN'T FEEL LIKE  
NORMAL NERVES.  
I'M NOT, LIKE,  
SCARED.

I KNOW WHAT  
MR. JONES IS LIKE,  
AND I HAVE ALL OF  
MRS. RONSON'S  
MEMORIES AND  
PERSONALITY  
TRAITS, SO WHY  
DO I FEEL SO-





*I can only imagine how confusing those moments must've been for Mark. I was at home, flipping through the spellbook and blissfully unaware of my friend's internal struggle. He was feeling something awaken in him, and it was making him nervous. Only after meeting Mr. Jones did it become clear that he'd gained my mom's tastes in more than just fashion...*

GOOD AFTERNOON, PARENTS. MRS. RONSON, MR. JONES IS READY FOR YOU IN ROOM 237.

UWMMM. O-O-KAY... I CAN DO THIS... I'M ALMOST DONE WITH ALL THESE CONFUSING FEELINGS...



AH, MRS. RONSON!  
PLEASE,  
COME IN!

UHHH,  
H- HELLO,  
MR. J-  
JONES...



OH C'MON.  
YOU'RE NOT  
ONE OF MY  
STUDENTS.  
PLEASE, CALL  
ME HENRY.

HOW'VE YOU  
BEEN? IT'S  
BEEN, WHAT, A  
YEAR NOW SINCE  
WE LAST  
SPOKE?



y- YEAH,  
SOMETHING  
LIKE THAT. IT'S  
GOOD TO SEE  
YOU AGAIN,  
HENRY.

I'VE BEEN  
GOOD! UM, LOTS OF  
CHANGES RECENTLY,  
BUT ALL FOR THE  
BETTER I THINK.  
AND PLEASE, CALL  
ME RACHEL.

A digital illustration of a young man with short, wavy brown hair and black-rimmed glasses. He is wearing a white, long-sleeved button-down shirt with the top buttons unbuttoned, revealing a well-defined chest, and light-colored trousers with a dark belt. He stands with his arms crossed, smiling slightly. The background is a classroom with a chalkboard and desks. Two speech bubbles are positioned around his head.

THAT'S GOOD  
TO HEAR, RACHEL.  
CHANGE IS  
INEVITABLE IN LIFE,  
BUT PEOPLE LIKE YOU  
REALLY KNOW HOW  
TO MAKE THE BEST  
OF IT.

HELL, I MIGHT  
HAVE TO GET  
SOME TIPS FROM  
YOU ON CHANGING  
MY ROUTINES.  
YOU'VE MASTERED  
THE ART OF AGING  
GRACEFULLY.



EEHEHE!  
OH STOP. YOU'RE  
TOO KIND. NOW IT  
LOOKS LIKE I  
OVERDID MY  
BLUSH THIS  
MORNING.


YOU KNOW,  
YOU'RE MUCH  
NICER THAN  
KYLE MAKES  
YOU OUT TO  
BE...

A muscular man with short, spiky brown hair and black-rimmed glasses stands in a classroom. He is wearing a white, long-sleeved button-down shirt with the top buttons unbuttoned, revealing a well-defined chest, and light-colored pleated trousers with a dark brown belt. His arms are crossed, and he has a thoughtful or slightly exasperated expression. The background shows a window with light streaming in, a chalkboard with some faint writing, and the tops of wooden desks and metal chairs.

AH, YEAH. KYLE'S  
HAD A ROUGH YEAR.  
I'M SURE IT MUST BE  
HARD GOING  
THROUGH PUBERTY  
WITHOUT A FATHER  
FIGURE.

NOT TO SAY  
YOU'RE NOT  
ENOUGH FOR YOUR  
SON, BUT I'M SURE  
YOU KNOW THE  
OPPOSITE SEX CAN  
BE STRANGE AND  
CONFUSING.

HEH, YOU CAN  
SAY THAT AGAIN.  
SO, YOU THINK  
HE'S STRUGGLING  
BECAUSE HE  
DOESN'T HAVE A  
MALE ROLE  
MODEL?



I'M A BIOLOGY  
TEACHER, NOT A  
PSYCHIATRIST, SO I  
WON'T MAKE ANY  
DEFINITIVE  
STATEMENTS OTHER  
THAN THIS: YOUR  
SON IS SMART,  
RACHEL!

HE JUST  
NEEDS TO LEARN  
SOME FOCUS AND  
DISCIPLINE.  
THAT'S WHY I GO  
SO HARD ON HIM  
IN CLASS.



Y- YEAH,  
YOU'RE RIGHT.  
MAYBE I'M SOFT  
ON MY LITTLE  
BOY. THANKS FOR  
"GOING HARD"  
ON HIM.

I KINDA  
WISH YOU'D  
GO HARD  
ON ME  
TOO...



UMM?!

OH MY GOD!  
DID I JUST  
SAY THAT?  
OUT LOUD!?



I'M SO SORRY! I DIDN'T MEAN- I'VE JUST BEEN HAVING THESE WEIRD DREAMS AND-

HAH!  
IT'S OKAY! R-  
RACHEL, I  
ACTUALLY, UHH-  
OH LOOK, NOW  
YOU'RE MAKING  
ME BLUSH!



RACHEL...  
MRS. RONSON...  
DO YOU FIND ME  
ATTRACTIVE?





WUUHH...  
UMMM, I...  
H- HEY, IS IT  
GETTING HOT  
IN HERE? I  
FEEL-

A full-page illustration of a young man with short, spiky brown hair and black-rimmed glasses. He is wearing a white long-sleeved button-down shirt that is unbuttoned at the top, revealing a very muscular, well-defined torso with prominent abdominal muscles. He is also wearing a brown leather belt and light-colored khaki pants. He is sitting on a wooden desk in a classroom, with his hands resting on the desk surface. The background shows other desks and a chalkboard, suggesting a school setting. The lighting is warm, coming from a window on the left. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left and one on the right.

YOU KNOW  
WHAT? I THINK  
YOU'RE RIGHT. IT  
IS GETTING HOT  
IN HERE.

DO YOU  
MIND IF I OPEN  
MY SHIRT A  
LITTLE  
BIT?




OHH MY-  
N- NOT AT  
ALL! EHH  
HEHEH...

A blonde woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a black short-sleeved shirt and white pants with a gold belt. She has large, prominent breasts and a wet, flushed expression. She is standing in a classroom with desks and a window in the background. Two speech bubbles contain text.

AHH- A-  
ACTUALLY, I  
THINK I MIGHT  
JOIN YOU. S-  
SAY, MR.  
JONES?

YOU'RE A  
BIOLOGY TEACHER,  
RIGHT? C- COULD  
YOU EXPLAIN WHY  
I FEEL SO WET  
AND STICKY?

A highly detailed illustration of a young man with short, spiky brown hair and black-rimmed glasses. He is shirtless, showcasing a very muscular physique with prominent pectorals, a well-defined abdominal core, and thick arms. He is wearing khaki-colored trousers held up by a brown leather belt with a large buckle. He stands in a classroom, with a window on the left and a chalkboard in the background. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left and one on the right. The lighting is warm, suggesting an indoor setting with natural light from the window.

YOU WANT A  
PRIVATE BIOLOGY  
LESSON, HMM? I  
LOVE WHEN MY  
STUDENTS HAVE  
INQUISITIVE  
MINDS.

LET'S BEGIN BY  
REMOVING THOSE  
PANTS YOU'RE  
SOAKING  
THROUGH. WE  
WANT A CLEAR  
VIEW.

EEYAHH!  
HAAH! B- BE  
GENTLE, O- OKAY?  
P- PRETEND IT'S  
MY FIRST  
TIME.

B- BUT...  
DON'T...  
DON'T  
STOP...

OH? OF  
COURSE, RACHEL.  
YOU'RE IN CONTROL. WOW,  
LOOK AT THAT. A PERFECT  
VULVA. IT LUBRICATES ITSELF  
DURING PERIODS OF AROUSAL.  
GIVEN THE VOLUME OF FLUID  
AROUND YOUR LABIA,  
I'D SAY YOU'RE QUITE  
AROUSSED.







AHH!  
AAAHA!!  
UWAAH!!!

THE CLITORIS  
HAS OVER 8,000  
NERVE ENDINGS,  
WHICH IS TWICE AS  
MANY NERVES IN  
A PENIS.

A digital illustration of a very muscular man with short brown hair and black-rimmed glasses. He is shirtless, showing a highly defined physique with prominent pectorals, abdominals, and arm muscles. He is wearing a brown belt and light-colored trousers. He has a thoughtful expression, with his right hand resting on his chin. The background is a classroom with a chalkboard and desks. Two speech bubbles contain text.

YOU KNOW, I'VE  
FANTASIZED ABOUT  
THIS SINCE THE  
MOMENT I FIRST LAID  
EYES ON YOU. I'VE  
WANTED TO TOUCH  
YOU. SMELL YOU.  
TASTE YOU.

AND NOW...  
MMM. I'VE GOTTA  
SAY. MMMPF. YOU  
TASTE EVEN  
BETTER THAN I  
COULD'VE  
IMAGINED.



SO, MY CURIOUS  
LITTLE STUDENT.  
ARE YOU READY FOR  
THE FINAL EXAM?  
DON'T WORRY, IT'S  
AN OPEN LEG  
EXAM...



y- YES, MR. JONES. YOU'VE DONE SUCH A GOOD JOB WARMING ME UP.

I'M THINK I'M READY FOR YOUR LONG, H- HARD... EXAM...



**HNNN!**

**HAAHH! YES!  
AHH! I CAN FEEL  
YOU INSIDE ME!  
GO DEEPER!!**



AHH!  
YESS!!  
OOAAH!!!



EHH?! ARE YOU TRYING TO STICK IT IN MY BU- UWAHH! Y- YEAH, KEEP GOING! AHH-

\*HUFF\*  
I THOUGHT YOU MIGHT LIKE THIS.  
\*HUFF\*

A muscular man is pulling the hair of a woman who is sitting at a desk. The man is on the left, and the woman is on the right. The man's hand is on the woman's hair, and he is looking towards her. The woman is looking back at him with a surprised expression. The scene is set in a classroom with a window in the background.

\*GRUNT\*  
H- HEY,  
CAN I-

FFAH! YEA!  
UNDO MY HAIR  
AND PULL! HA!  
AHH!!

EEAYAHH!!  
YOU'RE SO  
STRONG! OH GOD,  
YES! I- NHA!  
HHAAA!!

MMAHH- MR.  
JONES! I- AWAAH!  
I THINK I'M ABOUT  
TO MAKE A BIG  
MESS!





SQUIRTER,  
HUH? I BET  
YOU'LL SQUIRT  
MORE IF I  
SQUEEZE-

HAA! YES! I FEEL  
IT SPREADING!  
IT'S EVEN BETTER  
THAN LAST TIME!  
I'M- EYAH!!

AH!

A digital illustration of a young man with short, dark brown hair, shirtless and leaning over a wooden desk in a classroom. He has a shocked and overwhelmed expression, with wide eyes and an open mouth. His skin is glistening with sweat, with several large droplets visible on his chest and arms. He is resting his head on his hand. In the background, a chalkboard is partially visible with the word 'test' written on it. A speech bubble is positioned above his head, containing his dialogue.

HAA... HAAA...  
HOLY SHIT.  
RACHEL, THAT WAS  
AMAZING. YOU ARE  
AMAZING.



AHH...  
T- THANKS, BUT  
YOU DID ALL THE  
WORK, HAH...  
HENRY, I HAVEN'T  
FELT LIKE THAT  
SINCE... WELL,  
EVER...




OH? WELL,  
I'M GLAD TO  
HEAR I DIDN'T  
DISAPPOINT THE  
MOST BEAUTIFUL  
WOMAN I'VE  
EVER MET.

UHHM, I'M  
SORRY FOR GETTING  
DRESSED ALREADY. I WISH  
I COULD LIE THERE NAKED  
WITH YOU AND BASK IN THE  
AFTERGLOW, BUT I HAVE A  
FEW MORE PARENTS  
COMING IN ABOUT 10  
MINUTES.

A blonde woman with long, wavy hair and large breasts is sitting on a desk in a classroom. She is wearing white pants and a gold belt. She has a confident, slightly mischievous expression. The background shows a window on the left and a chalkboard on the right.

TELL ME,  
ARE YOU THIS  
INTIMATE WITH ALL  
THE PARENTS?  
HEHEHEH~

BUT I WOULD  
LIKE TO SEE YOU AGAIN,  
PREFERABLY WITHOUT  
HAVING TO WAIT A YEAR  
FOR THE NEXT PARENT  
TEACHER MEETING.  
MAYBE SOMEWHERE WE  
COULD "ENJOY THE  
AFTERGLOW..."



DON'T WORRY.  
YOU'RE THE ONLY  
ONE GETTING SPECIAL  
TREATMENT. AND  
ARE YOU ASKING ME  
ON A DATE? AREN'T  
BOYS SUPPOSED TO  
BE THE ONES TO  
DO THAT?

ARE YOU SURE  
YOU'RE NOT ONE OF  
KYLE'S FRIENDS  
PRETENDING TO BE  
HIS MOM AS PART OF  
SOME CONVOLUTED  
PLOT OF HIS TO AVOID  
TALKING ABOUT HIS  
GRADES?



IF THAT WERE THE CASE AND WE JUST DID WHAT WE DID, I'D BE- UHH, AND YOU BE- UMMM-

WEUH!? UM?! W- WHAT!? HAHA, T- THAT'S- WHAT MAKES YOU SAY THAT!?



HUH?! OH!  
NO, IT'S NOT THAT.  
IT'S JUST, UHH, I  
WAS TRYING TO  
BUILD THE  
COURAGE TO INVITE  
YOU TO DINNER  
TONIGHT.

I JUST  
LEARNED A  
BUNCH OF  
NEW RECIPES  
THAT I'D LOVE  
TO TRY WITH  
YOU.

WHOA, RACHEL?  
ARE YOU OKAY? YOU  
SEEM PRETTY  
FLUSTERED. IS IT  
SOMTHING I SAID?  
SORRY, I WAS JUST  
TRYING TO MAKE A  
JOKE...

A young man with short, wavy brown hair and black-rimmed glasses is sitting at a wooden desk. He is wearing a white, long-sleeved button-down shirt that is unbuttoned at the chest, revealing his chest. He is also wearing khaki pants and a brown leather belt. He has a wide, enthusiastic smile and his right hand is raised behind his head. The background shows a classroom setting with a chalkboard and a piece of paper pinned to the wall.

ALREADY  
OFFERING TO  
COOK ME DINNER,  
HUH? YOU REALLY  
ARE MOTHERLY,  
HEH. I'D LOVE TO  
JOIN YOU.



YEAH,  
I'VE BEEN  
GETTING THAT  
A LOT LATELY.  
SEE YOU  
TONIGHT!



HOLY SHIT! DID THAT REALLY JUST HAPPEN?! DO I LIKE BEING A MIDDLE AGED WOMAN!? I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT HENRY!

THEY WAY HE LOOKED AT ME, THE WAY HE TOUCHED ME, THE WAY HE SMILED WHEN I ASKED TO SEE HIM AGAIN! I FEEL LIKE I'M SEEING IN COLOR FOR THE FIRST TIME!

B- BUT...  
KYLE SAID HE'D  
CHANGE ME BACK AS  
SOON AS I GOT HOME.  
OH H MAN, WHAT AM I  
GONNA SAY? THAT I  
LIKE BEING HIS  
MOM!?

OH GOD, AND  
HENRY IS COMING OVER  
FOR DINNER! KYLE'S GONNA  
KNOW SOMETHING'S UP  
WHEN HE LEARNS I INVITED  
HIS TEACHER OVER. MAYBE  
I CAN DELAY HIM... JUST  
LONG ENOUGH TO SEE  
HENRY ONE LAST  
TIME...



**BACK AT  
THE RONSON  
HOUSEHOLD...**

**MAYBE HE'LL  
BE UP IN HIS  
ROOM AND I  
CAN SNEAK-  
OH, H- HEY,  
KYLE.**



A young man with short, spiky blonde hair and bright blue eyes is sitting on a tan couch. He is wearing a red t-shirt and blue jeans. He has a wide, happy smile and is blushing on his cheeks. A speech bubble is positioned to his left, containing text. The background shows a window with light coming through, a framed picture on the wall, and a green plant.

HEY, DUDE!  
WELCOME BACK!  
HOW'D IT GO?  
HOPE MR. JONES  
WASN'T TOO  
HARSH WHILE  
TALKING ABOUT  
ME, HEH.



W- WAIT, DID SOMETHING HAPPEN? YOU LOOK DIFFERENT. YOUR HAIR IS ALL MESSY, AND YOUR CLOTHES ARE ALL WRINKLED AND STAINED. WERE YOU RUNNING? YOU'RE ALL SWEATY, AND KINDA SMELL FUNNY... ACTUALLY, IT SMELLS LIKE THE STUFF THAT CAME OUT OF YOUR CROTCH WHILE YOU WERE CHANGING...

UHHH, M- MARK? I THINK WE SHOULD TALK. THERE'S SOMETHING ELSE YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT THE SPELL. I DUG THROUGH THE APPENDIX OF MY DAD'S BOOK AND LEARNED SOME THINGS THAT WE SHOULD-



W- WHA?!  
NN- NOTHING  
HAPPENED! I J- JUST,  
UHH, TRIPPED AND  
FELL INTO A STREET  
PUDDLE! YEAH! UM,  
I'VE GOTTA SHOWER  
NOW. WE'LL TALK  
LATER!



YOU CAN TELL  
ME WHAT YOU  
LEARNED ONCE I  
CLEAN UP. OKAY,  
SWEETIE? BE  
RIGHT BACK!

B- BUT-  
DUDE, WAIT! I  
THINK THIS IS  
IMPORTANT!  
WE MIGHT  
NOT BE ABLE  
TO-

*I knew he was hiding something, but I didn't know what. My childish imagination never even came close to the truth. Looking back now, I don't think telling Mark what I'd learned would've even changed anything at that point. Our fates had already been sealed.*


HRMM...  
THIS COULD  
BE BAD...





OH GOD.  
WHAT AM I DOING?!  
I'M JUST A KID  
PRETENDING TO BE MY  
BEST FRIEND'S MOM.  
WHY AM I GETTING SO  
ATTACHED TO HIS  
TEACHER?!

IS IT THIS  
BODY? THESE  
MEMORIES? THE P-  
PLEASURES OF BOTH  
BEING A WOMAN AND A  
MOTHER? I THOUGHT I  
JUST WANTED TO TRY  
BEING AN ADULT, I  
DIDN'T CARE ABOUT  
BEING A GIRL. BUT  
NOW...



I... I DON'T KNOW IF I WANT TO GO BACK. WE'RE IN A NEW TIMELINE, RIGHT? SO, IN ANOTHER UNIVERSE, I'M STILL A KID WITH A FAMILY, AND MRS. RONSON ISN'T TALKING TO HERSELF IN THE SHOWER LIKE THIS.

THE MORE I SIT WITH THESE MEMORIES, THE MORE THEY FEEL LIKE MY OWN. I DON'T WANT TO STOP BEING KYLE'S FRIEND, BUT NOW WHEN I LOOK AT HIM, I FEEL SO MUCH MORE. I SEE MY SON, AND I SEE MY... HUSBAND'S LEGACY...






EEEEK! WHY IS THIS SO HARD?! I THOUGHT I KNEW HOW TO COOK! DON'T MOMS KNOW HOW TO COOK?! S- SHIT, IS THE FOOD SUPPOSED TO BE SMOKING!?!



HEY, MAN. YOU TRYNA COOK SOME DINNER? LOOKS LIKE YOU GAINED MY MOM'S COOKING TENDENCIES TOO. MAINLY HER TENDENCY TO BE OVERCONFIDENT IN THE KITCHEN. WANT SOME HELP?



KYLE! OH,  
THANK GOD. YES,  
PLEASE HELP ME. I  
HAVE ALL THESE  
RECIPES MEMORIZED  
NOW, BUT I GUESS  
KNOWING A RECIPE AND  
ACTUALLY BEING ABLE  
TO COOK IT ARE TWO  
VERY DIFFERENT  
THINGS.

HEH, YEP.  
OKAY, YOU TAKE  
CARE OF THOSE  
FIRES AND I'LL  
SALVAGE WHAT  
I CAN.



JUST NEEDS  
SOME GARNISH  
AAAND... BON  
APPETIT!

YA KNOW, I  
SUDDENLY  
UNDERSTAND WHY  
THERE ARE SO  
MANY FIRE  
EXTINGUISHERS IN  
THIS HOUSE. I'M-  
WHOA! HOLY-



KYLE, YOU MADE THAT?  
OUT OF THE FOOD I SET ON FIRE!?

IT LOOKS AND SMELLS AMAZING!  
WHO CARES ABOUT YOUR BIOLOGY GRADES? YOU SHOULD BE A CHEF!



HAH, YOU  
THINK SO?  
THANKS,  
MOM.

IT'S NOTHING  
FANCY, JUST  
SOME POTATOES  
AND BEEF  
BOU-



W- WAIT...  
DID... DID YOU  
JUST CALL  
ME...





I'M SORRY,  
DUDE. I DIDN'T MEAN  
TO CALL YOU THAT. IT  
JUST KINDA SLIPPED  
OUT. YOU JUST SEEM  
SO MUCH LIKE HER. I  
HOPE I DIDN'T FREAK  
YOU OUT. I KNOW  
YOU'RE STILL MY  
BEST FRIEND.



EHH HEHEH...  
DON'T WORRY ABOUT  
IT, KYLE. I KNOW ALL  
THIS IS PROBABLY AS  
WEIRD FOR YOU AS IT  
IS FOR ME. UH, B- BUT  
I DID WANT TO TALK  
TO YOU ABOUT  
SOMETHING...



Y- YEAH, ME TOO. REMEMBER HOW I SAID I LEARNED SOME NEW DETAILS ABOUT THE SPELL? WELL, UHH, IT MIGHT BE A LITTLE MORE DIFFICULT TO GET BACK TO OUR ORIGINAL TIMELINE THAN I THOUGHT...

THE WAY I UNDERSTAND IT, THE MORE WE INTERACT WITH PEOPLE IN THIS NEW TIMELINE, THE MORE IT TAKES ROOT AS A "UNIQUE STRAND OF FATE" WITHIN THE MULTIVERSE. IF TWO TIMELINES DIVERGE TOO MUCH, IT'S IMPOSSIBLE TO MERGE THEM AGAIN. I DIDN'T TALK TO ANYONE OTHER THAN YOU, BUT...



A- ARE YOU SAYING THAT I'M STUCK LIKE THIS?! JUST BECAUSE I TALKED TO HENRY!?

ONLY UNTIL HE FORGETS- WAIT, HENRY? YOU MEAN MR. JONES? Y- YOU CALL HIM HENRY?!

UHH, Y- YEAH!  
O- ONLY BECAUSE HE  
ASKED ME TO. HE'S N-  
NOT REALLY MY  
TEACHER ANYMORE,  
AND I THINK I'M  
TECHNICALLY OLDER  
THAN HIM NOW.  
HAHA...

IT'S- UM,  
IT'S NOT  
LIKE I- OR  
WE- UHH,  
HEHEHEH...



ERRWMM...  
KYLE, THERE'S  
SOMETHING I NEED  
TO TELL YOU. I, UH,  
DIDN'T WANT TO COOK  
DINNER TONIGHT  
JUST FOR THE  
TWO OF US...




HUH? WHAT DO YOU MEAN? WHO ELSE WOULD BE COMING OVER? IS EVERYTHING OKAY, DUDE? EVER SINCE YOU GOT BACK, YOU'VE KINDA FREAKED OUT ANYTIME I ASK ABOUT MR. JO-

\*DING DONG!  
\*



HUH?! MARK,  
WHO IS THAT!?  
WHO DID YOU  
INVITE HERE?!

\*KNOCK KNOCK KNOCK\*

A blonde woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a black turtleneck and a white maid apron with ruffles, is sitting on a blue cushion in a kitchen. She has a blushing expression and is looking towards the viewer. The kitchen background includes a stove, a countertop with a bowl of food, and wooden cabinets. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left and one on the right.

OH! RIGHT  
ON TIME! HE'S  
SO PUNCTUAL.  
HEHEHE~

AWMM-  
MAYBE YOU  
SHOULD GET  
THE DOOR AND  
SEE FOR  
YOURSELF,  
SWEETIE...



HEY, KYLE! I  
HOPE I'M NOT  
TOO LATE FOR  
DINNER. WOW, IT  
SMELLS AMAZING  
IN HERE!

H- HELLO?  
CAN I HELP  
Y- HUH!? MR.  
JONES?!?

A young boy with short, spiky blonde hair and large, bright blue eyes. He has a wide-eyed, shocked expression with a slightly open mouth and a small sweat drop on his forehead. He is wearing a dark red t-shirt and blue jeans. The background shows a doorway or hallway with warm lighting.

UHHHH, M-  
MR. JONES?  
W- WHAT ARE  
YOU DOING AT  
MY HOUSE?!



WE HAD A REALLY  
\*AHEM\* PRODUCTIVE  
CONVERSATION  
EARLIER TODAY. SHE  
MUST'VE BEEN PRETTY  
SATISFIED WITH ME  
SINCE SHE OFFERED  
TO COOK FOR ME  
TONIGHT!

OH, YOUR  
MOM DIDN'T  
TELL YOU? SHE  
INVITED ME  
OVER FOR  
DINNER!

A blonde woman with her hair in a bun, wearing a black turtleneck and a white maid apron with large, exaggerated breasts. She is in a kitchen, looking slightly nervous with a blush and a sweat drop. A speech bubble is next to her. The background shows a kitchen counter with a TV, a door, and a potted plant.

EEEHEHE!  
UM, H- HIII~ HENRY! I  
DIDN'T TELL KYLE  
BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT  
HIM TO PANIC. PLEASE,  
COME IN! MAKE YOURSELF  
COMFORTABLE. I'M JUST  
SETTING THE  
TABLE NOW.



WOW! THIS  
LOOKS AMAZING!  
I HAVEN'T HAD A  
MEAL LIKE THIS  
SINCE MY MOM  
USED TO COOK  
FOR ME!



PLEASE,  
EAT AS MUCH AS  
YOU'D LIKE. CALL  
IT MY MOTHERLY  
NATURE, BUT I'M  
NOT LETTING YOU  
LEAVE THIS TABLE  
HUNGRY.

MMHHH...  
THE FOOD ISN'T  
THE ONLY THING  
I'D LIKE TO  
TASTE...



UHHHH, M-  
"MOM?" W-  
WHAT'S GOING  
ON? CAN I TALK  
TO YOU FOR A  
SECOND?

*It was obvious from the way they looked at each other, but I think I just didn't want to believe it. I didn't know if it was my best friend or my mom sitting at the table anymore, but whoever I was staring at was falling in love with my teacher.*



NOT RIGHT NOW,  
SWEETIE. WHY DON'T  
YOU GO UP TO YOUR  
ROOM AND FINISH YOUR  
HOMEWORK. THE ADULTS  
NEED TO HAVE A CHAT.  
WE'LL TALK IN THE  
MORNING.



W- WAIT!  
REMEMBER  
WHAT I JUST  
TOLD YOU?!  
WHY ARE YOU  
ACTING LIKE  
THIS!?

D- DON'T YOU  
WANT THINGS TO  
GO BACK TO  
NORMAL? DON'T  
YOU WANT TO  
BE-

*That was the moment the weight of everything began to set in. My best friend would never talk to me like that, but my mom would. I thought I was letting Mark down by not having a way to change him back, but it was becoming clear that he'd found his own reasons to stay like this.*



**KYLE JACOB RONSON! DON'T MAKE ME ASK TWICE. I AM YOUR MOTHER AND YOU WILL LISTEN TO ME.**



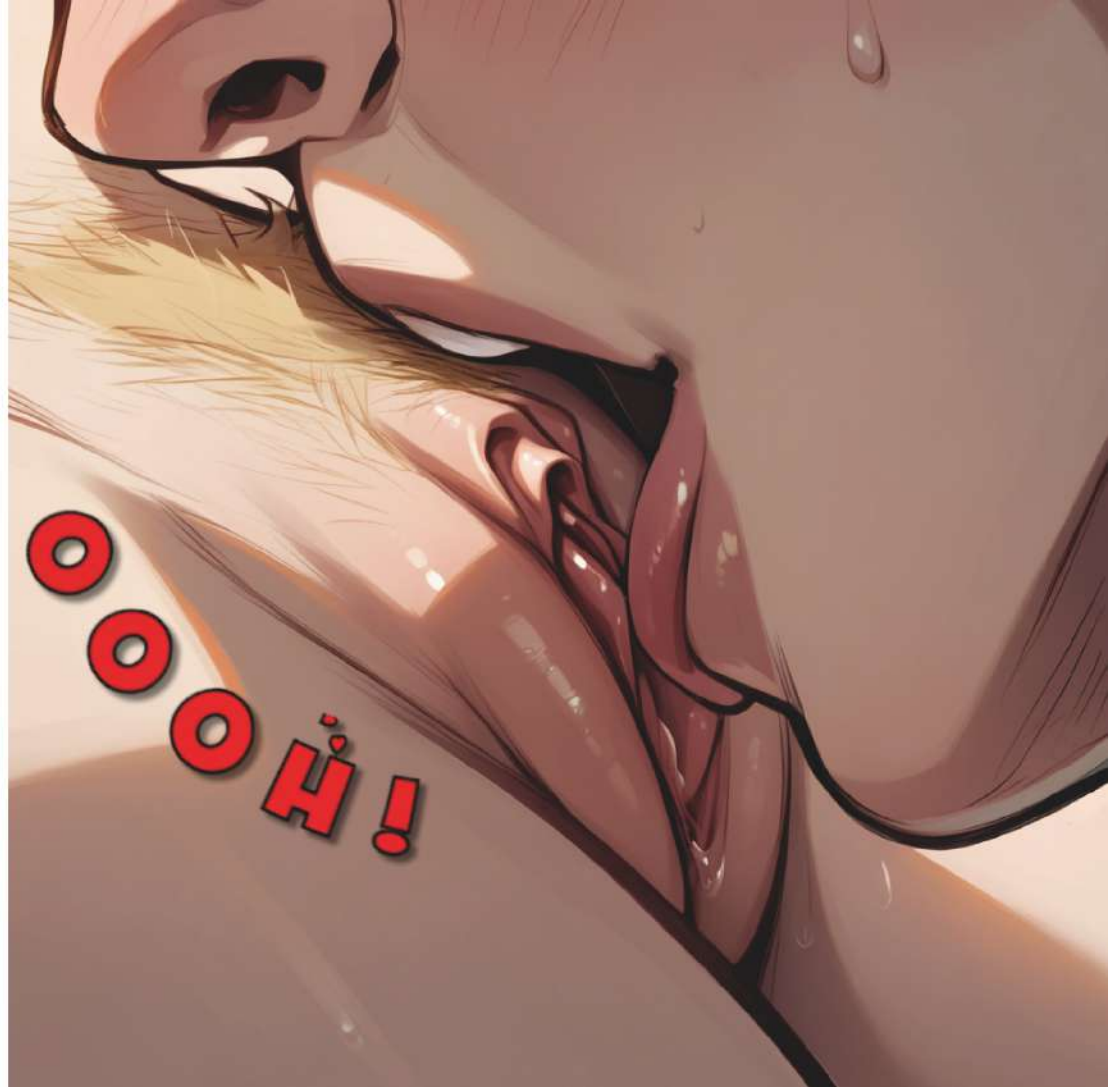
*The walk up to my room felt like a mile. I could hear them giggling as they finished their meals. Mark's speaking patterns even began to change. He sounded less nervous and more confident. Confident and sultry. I'd never even heard my mom speak like that in our original timeline. I reluctantly pieced the situation together and realized that I was stuck in the new future I'd created. I was going to have to live in the timeline where I turned my best friend into my mom.*



MY MY...  
YOU'VE GOT QUITE  
THE APPETITE.  
PERHAPS YOU'D BE  
INTERESTED IN  
SOMETHING FROM  
MY PRIVATE  
PANTRY...

A detailed illustration of a young man with brown hair and black-rimmed glasses, wearing a light grey suit jacket over a white button-down shirt. He is seated in a red leather chair at a table, looking towards the viewer with a slight smile. On the table in front of him is a white plate with two round, golden-brown dumplings or buns, each topped with a red sauce and garnished with a green leaf. To the left, a small white cup containing a dark liquid is partially visible. The background shows a tiled floor and a wall with a dark wood paneling.

WHAT CAN I SAY? I'VE ALWAYS BEEN THE TYPE OF GUY WHO LOVES LICKING PLATES CLEAN... ESPECIALLY WHEN THEY'RE AS DELICIOUS AS YOURS...







AH! NHAH!  
AHH- WAIT. I  
THINK IT'S MY  
TURN TO  
TASTE YOU,  
HENRY.

OOHHMMM.  
MMMHHMMM.  
MMMPFFF.

OHH MY-  
RACHEL, YOUR  
TONGUE FEELS  
SO- AH! I- I'M  
GONNA-






OH, I JUST WANTED TO LOOK AT YOUR FACE. YOU LOOK SO CUTE WHEN YOU'RE ABOUT TO CUM. HEH. YOU'RE ALREADY DRIPPING PRECUM ON MY TITS.

THIS ALL JUST HAPPENED SO FAST. I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD FEEL LIKE THIS, OR EVEN WANTED THIS, BUT I DO. YOUR TASTE, YOUR SMELL, YOUR SMILE, YOUR EYES. IT ALL JUST MAKES ME SO HAPPY. YOU MAKE ME SO HAPPY.

WAIT, WHAT'S WRONG? WHY'D YOU STOP?



S- SORRY.  
I DIDN'T MEAN TO  
KILL THE MOOD. I'VE  
JUST HAD A LOT ON  
MY MIND AND FELT  
LIKE I HAD TO SAY  
SOMETHING.

EHHEHEH~  
UM, D- DO YOU  
WANNA BEND ME  
OVER AND FINISH?  
I WANNA FEEL  
YOUR-

RACHEL,  
I...



AH-GRAHH!!

CUM INSIDE M-EEEAH!!!

А҃҃҃!

О҃҃҃!!

OH GOD,  
WHAT HAVE  
I DONE?!

I was harshly reminded of how thin the walls of this house were. The screams of pleasure echoing through the walls haunted me like a curse. I couldn't help but reflect on what Mr. Jones had told me in class: that I was smart, but brash. Maybe if I'd listened to him, if I'd been focused and disciplined while using the spellbook, he wouldn't be fucking my best friend turned mom.



HAAHH...  
I WISH I COULD  
EXPLAIN HOW GOOD  
THIS FEELS. HOW...  
RIGHT THIS FEELS...  
MWAAAHH...





I THINK THE  
EXPRESSION ON  
YOUR FACE SPEAKS  
VOLUMES MORE  
THAN WORDS EVER  
COULD. I'M GLAD I  
COULD MAKE YOU  
HAPPY.



IT'S MORE THAN JUST HAPPINESS. AS A KID, I NEVER THOUGHT I'D BE SOME 45 YEAR OLD SINGLE MOM. I DIDN'T THINK I'D EVER SLEEP WITH SOMEONE AGAIN AFTER KYLE'S FATHER PASSED, AND I DEFINITELY DIDN'T THINK I'D BE FALLING IN LOVE WITH MY SON'S TEACHER. SOMETIMES I FEEL LIKE MY WHOLE LIFE HAS PASSED IN A DAY, BUT MOMENTS LIKE THIS MAKE ME FEEL LIKE I'M EXACTLY WHERE I SHOULD BE.

LYING HERE, COVERED IN SWEAT AND CUM, AND WONDERING IF AGREEING TO THIS PARENT TEACHER CONFERENCE THING WAS THE BEST DECISION OF MY LIFE.



WELL, I'M CERTAINLY GLAD YOU CAME TODAY. YOU'RE A GOOD MOM WITH A GOOD KID, AND I FEEL LIKE THE LUCKIEST MAN ON THE PLANET TO BE SPENDING THIS TIME WITH YOU.

BUT ALSO... D- DID I HEAR YOU SAY YOU'RE FALLING IN LOVE WITH ME?! D- DOES THAT MEAN-

DID I SAY THAT? HEHE,  
OOPS. I THINK I'M JUST  
CUMDRUNK AND FANTASIZING  
ABOUT HAVING A SMART,  
YOUNG BOYFRIEND. BUT WHO  
WOULD WANT TO DATE AN OLD  
CELLULITE RIDDEN SINGLE  
MOM LIKE ME?





HMMMM.  
WELL, I KNOW A  
GUY IN HIS EARLY  
THIRTIES WHO  
TEACHES BIOLOGY. I  
THINK HE WOULD  
LOVE TO BE YOUR  
BOYFRIEND.


# THE NEXT MORNING...



SOOOO...


ARE WE JUST NOT GONNA TALK ABOUT EVERYTHING THAT JUST HAPPENED? YOU TWO WERE SCREAMING SO LOUD THAT I WAS TEMPTED TO CALL THE COPS! I COULD HEAR YOU ASKING HIM TO "COME INSIDE" OVER AND OVER AGAIN! WHAT DOES THAT EVEN- NEVERMIND. I DON'T WANNA KNOW.

WHAT I DO WANT TO KNOW IS IF I'M EVEN TALKING TO MY BEST FRIEND ANYMORE. ARE YOU STILL MARK? IF YOU ARE, WHY WOULD YOU THROW AWAY OUR CHANCE TO MAKE THINGS NORMAL AGAIN?!




UM, Y- YEAH. I'M SORRY FOR ACTING THE WAY I DID LAST NIGHT. I DIDN'T MEAN TO YELL AT YOU, BUT WHEN I LOOKED AT YOU INTERRUPTING DINNER, I FELT LIKE... WELL, I FELT LIKE YOUR MOM. I'VE, UH, ACTUALLY BEEN FEELING LIKE THAT A LOT RECENTLY. I SHOULD'VE TOLD YOU, BUT I THOUGHT IT WOULDN'T MATTER ONCE I CHANGED BACK. I WANTED TO IGNORE ALL THE NEW THOUGHTS I WAS HAVING, BUT AT SOME POINT I JUST COULDN'T DEAL WITH MY BODY AND MIND BEING IN CONFLICT.

IT'S NOT LIKE I AGREED TO YOUR PLAN BECAUSE I SECRETLY WANTED TO BE YOUR MOM THIS WHOLE TIME. I DIDN'T THINK I'D BE GIVING UP DECADES OF MY LIFE JUST TO HELP YOU AVOID AN AWKWARD CONVERSATION ABOUT SCHOOL. I WOKE UP YESTERDAY WITH A LIFETIME OF NEW MEMORIES AND EMOTIONS THAT I DIDN'T KNOW HOW TO PROCESS. I WANTED TO BE DONE WITH IT ALL AS QUICKLY AS POSSIBLE, BUT WHEN I SAW MR. JONES, I FELT SOMETHING I'D NEVER FELT BEFORE...




MY HEART WAS POUNDING. I WAS SWEATING THROUGH MY CLOTHES. I COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY MY BODY WAS REACTING THE WAY IT WAS AND I WANTED TO SCREAM. I JUST WANTED SOMEONE TO HUG ME. TO TOUCH ME. I THINK MR. JONES COULD TELL I WAS NERVOUS AND CONFUSED, BUT HE WAS SO KIND TO ME. KIND AND CHARMING, JUST LIKE-

GOD, PLEASE DON'T HATE ME. HE... REMINDED ME OF YOUR DAD. I HAVE SO MANY MEMORIES OF HIM, BUT NONE OF THEM FELT REAL UNTIL I, UM, "MADE LOVE" WITH THIS BODY. I'LL SPARE THE DETAILS, BUT I THINK IT CHANGED ME TO MY CORE. EVEN IF IT WERE POSSIBLE, I DON'T KNOW IF I COULD GO BACK TO MY OLD SELF AFTER THAT. BUT IT WASN'T JUST ABOUT HOW GOOD IT FELT. EVERY MOMENT I FEEL THE LOSS OF YOUR DAD GROW MORE INTENSE, AND THE DESIRE TO BE A GOOD MOM TO HONOR HIS LEGACY. WITH GREAT PLEASURE COMES GREAT RESPONSIBILITY.




BUT HEARING  
MR. JONES TALK  
ABOUT YOU GOT ME THINKING  
ABOUT THE FUTURE. I KNOW OUR  
RELATIONSHIP IS GOING TO CHANGE,  
AND I'M STILL REALLY NERVOUS  
ABOUT ACTUALLY BEING A GOOD  
MOM TO YOU, BUT I THINK HAVING A  
PARTNER FOR THE STRANGE YEARS  
AHEAD OF US IS A GOOD THING. HE  
ACTUALLY REALLY LIKES YOU. HE  
SAID YOU'RE SMART, RESOURCEFUL,  
AND ONE OF THE MOST CAPABLE  
STUDENTS HE'S  
EVER HAD.

HE JUST THINKS YOU  
NEED SOME HELP STAYING  
FOCUSED. HEH, WHEN I TOLD HIM  
YOU COOKED THE MEAL LAST NIGHT,  
HE EVEN OFFERED TO TUTOR YOU IF  
YOU TEACH HIM HOW TO COOK.  
LOOK, I KNOW THIS ISN'T HOW YOU  
EXPECTED YOUR PLAN TO GO, AND  
DEFINITELY NOT HOW I EXPECTED IT  
TO PLAY OUT, BUT I THINK THIS  
COULD BE REALLY GOOD FOR US. I  
PROMISE THAT I'LL ALWAYS BE  
YOUR BEST FRIEND, EVEN IF I'M  
GONNA HAVE TO BE YOUR MOM AT  
THE SAME TIME. SO, READY TO  
WALK THIS NEW PATH  
WITH ME?



I GUESS.  
NOT LIKE I HAVE ANOTHER  
OPTION. NOW I KNOW WHY DAD  
WAS SO CAUTIOUS WITH THE  
SPELLBOOK. HONESTLY, I'M NOT  
SURE WHAT DISTURBS ME  
MORE: KNOWING THAT MY BEST  
FRIEND NOW HAS INTIMATE  
KNOWLEDGE OF MY CONCEPTION  
AND BIRTH, OR KNOWING THAT  
I'M GOING TO SEE MR. JONES  
KISSING MY MOM.

BUT... YOU'RE RIGHT.  
I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT  
TRANSFORMING INTO  
SOMEONE ELSE IS LIKE. ALL I  
KNOW IS THAT I LOVE MY  
MOM IN ANY TIMELINE, AND I  
WANT HER TO BE HAPPY. SO IF  
DATING MY TEACHER MAKES  
YOU HAPPY, I WON'T  
COMPLAIN.

A pregnant woman with blonde hair tied up, wearing a pink long-sleeved shirt that is pulled down to her shoulders, is sitting in a kitchen. She is smiling broadly and giving a thumbs up with her right hand. The kitchen background includes a stove, a window with a view of greenery, and a cup of wooden utensils on the counter.

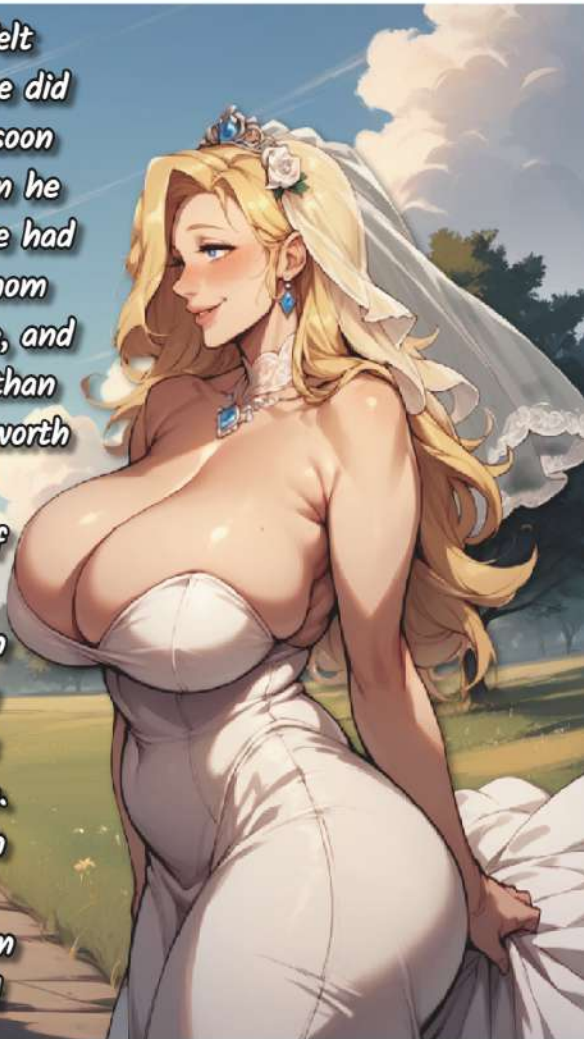
**AWEEEE!  
THANKS FOR BEING  
UNDERSTANDING,  
SWEETIE! I PROMISE TO  
BE THE BEST MOM EVER!  
THIS IS GONNA BE SO FUN!  
I GET TO WATCH YOU  
GROW UP, LEARN NEW  
THINGS, GET YOUR FIRST  
KISS, HEHEHE~**


**YOU'RE  
GONNA HAVE TO TELL  
ME WHAT IT'S LIKE TO  
GROW UP AS A BOY.  
MAYBE I'LL REGRET  
ALL THIS, BUT FOR  
NOW... I JUST CAN'T  
WAIT TO SEE HENRY  
AGAIN!**



*It was a long time before anything felt normal. Mark still enjoyed the things we did as kids, like playing video games, but soon learned that being an adult didn't mean he could do whatever he wanted all day. He had to get used to cooking since his old mom wasn't going to make him food anymore, and the stress of an office job was worse than anything he'd felt in school. It all felt worth it though, thanks to Mr. Jones.*

*They got married after a few years of dating, and the smile on my mom's face made me realize that the woman in the stunning dress truly was both my mother and my best friend. This life didn't feel like a mistake anymore. My regrets faded more and more each time I saw my mom smile. That is, until she told me Mr. Jones had gotten her pregnant during their honeymoon!*





HEY, MOM!  
COULD YOU  
HELP ME WITH  
SOMETHING?

*It's been quite a few years now, and I don't even think about my old timeline anymore. I thought being assigned this new fate was punishment for messing with power I didn't understand, but now I think it might've been a gift. I'm still growing up, a little slower than my friend did, but it feels like a blessing to get to watch my new family grow with me.*

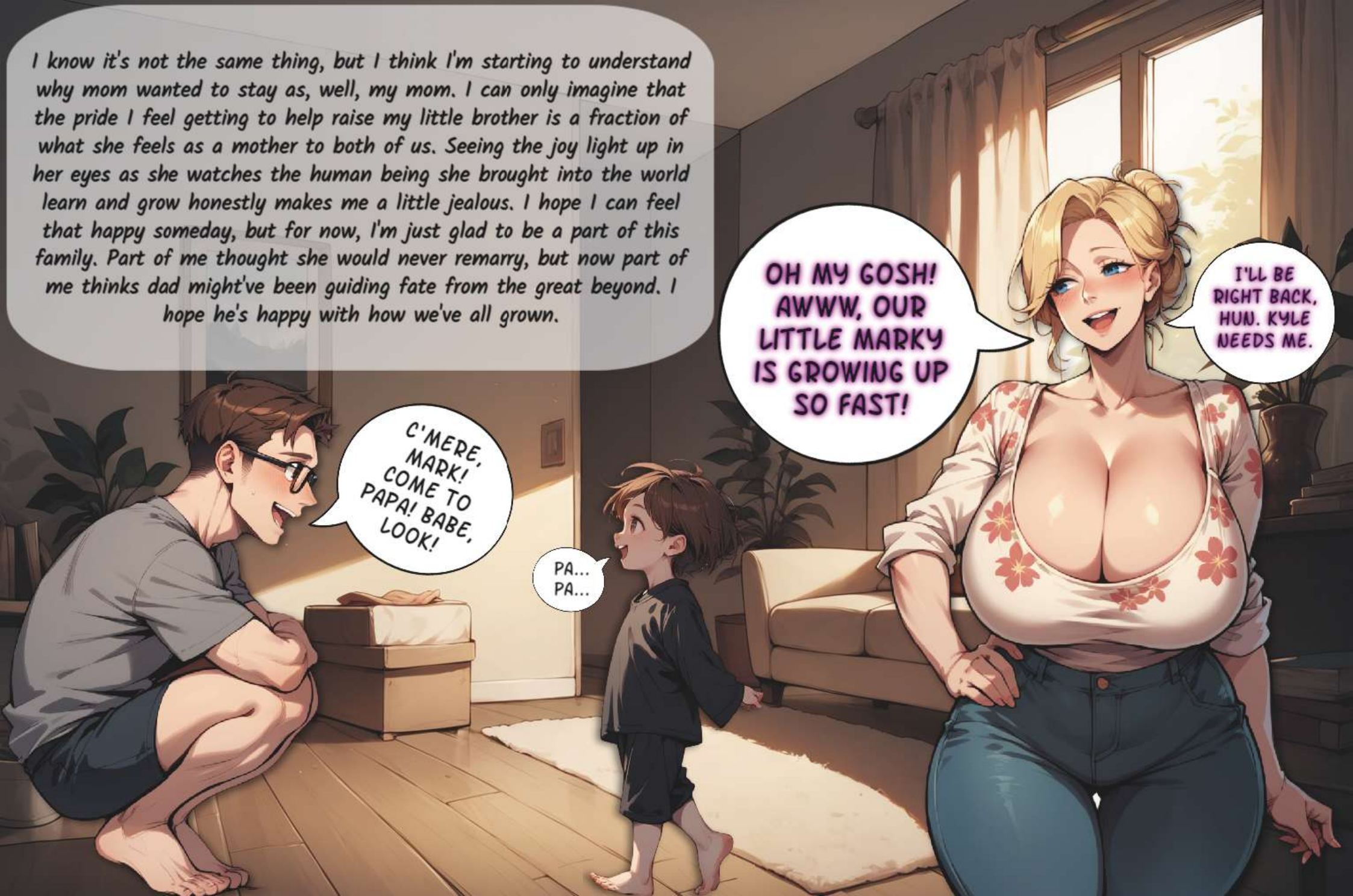
I know it's not the same thing, but I think I'm starting to understand why mom wanted to stay as, well, my mom. I can only imagine that the pride I feel getting to help raise my little brother is a fraction of what she feels as a mother to both of us. Seeing the joy light up in her eyes as she watches the human being she brought into the world learn and grow honestly makes me a little jealous. I hope I can feel that happy someday, but for now, I'm just glad to be a part of this family. Part of me thought she would never remarry, but now part of me thinks dad might've been guiding fate from the great beyond. I hope he's happy with how we've all grown.

C'MERE,  
MARK!  
COME TO  
PAPA! BABE,  
LOOK!

PA...  
PA...

OH MY GOSH!  
AWWW, OUR  
LITTLE MARKY  
IS GROWING UP  
SO FAST!

I'LL BE  
RIGHT BACK,  
HUN. KYLE  
NEEDS ME.





*They say some things change, and some things stay the same. Well, after all this, I'm just glad that I still have a mom...*

SURE THING, DUDE! YOU KNOW I'LL ALWAYS BE THERE FOR YOU.



*...and a best friend.*

SURE THING, DUDE! YOU KNOW I'LL ALWAYS BE THERE FOR YOU.

**THE END!**