


A Week Later

Uhh... fuck. My head... Where am I...?

Doctor, the patient has woken up.





Why Does My Chest Feel-
what the Fuck!!? What is
this! Are these really
boobs!?

Are these big things
really real? No no no..
It can't be! Its
impossible!



No No No! What did they do
to my face! I look so weird! I
don't even look like myself
anymore!!!


Even My Voice.. it
sounds so... Feminine..
Amy Where Are You!!



You! What did you do to me!
Are these breasts?? What the
hell! Amy, what's going on
here?

Sure, Ms.
Olsen.

Ta- I mean, Linda... calm
down, calm down. Doctor,
can you leave us alone for
a minute?



Calm down, calm down, Taylor.
And no, you still have your penis.
These are breast implants...
I did this for you...

Don't you remember
what you used to say
to me daily?

What the fuck, Amy! I thought
you were only going to mess with
my face! But... what is this!? Why
do I have breasts!? Don't tell me
I have a pussy too!

Haha, did this for me??
Huh? And how exactly
does having real tits help
me in my life!?!?



That it's so annoying to wear these fake things every day for the office and then remove them so they don't get wet!?


Also, the fear of them falling off and everyone seeing you with just one breast?

Also, you kept saying you were having problems breathing because of the tightness. I did this for you and you're asking me why!?



I... I'm sorry. I didn't mean it that way. I'm happy that you care so much about me, but... me hating fake breasts doesn't translate to me wanting real ones, right?

Yes, I was aware, but we had to make this decision sooner or later. We can't risk you getting caught, remember? It's the whole reason we even changed your face.

A woman with pink hair styled in a bun, wearing a black lace dress with long black sleeves. She is looking directly at the camera with a serious expression. The background is a blurred indoor setting. There are four speech bubbles around her, two on the left and two on the right, containing text.

Also, as I've said a thousand times, I'll repeat it again, we can always reverse the changes back to how they were before.

Just trust me, Taylor... anything is possible with money

You keep saying that... but the more changes I see, the harder it gets for me to believe I can ever return to how I was...

Yeah... the only thing I can do now is trust. And I'd like to hold onto that hope.




Uhh... umm... How about we remove these bandages? They're annoying.

Good. Now let's go home. The doctor said you're ready to be discharged.


Fine.....

Not now. You just woke up. She said to wait some time. Maybe we can remove them by the time we reach home.



You two finished talking?

*Ohh, yes, doctor.
We were actually
preparing to head
out as you said.*



Hmm, I see. Fine. Take care,
and if you face any problems,
don't hesitate to call me,
okay?

Yes, Thank You.
We'll leave now.



Are you
feeling well
now?

Umm... yeah,
I think so.




Can You Please Give Me
Something To Wear? I'm
Annoyed Wearing This
Hospital Gown.

What? How's it
possible? Uhh What Will
I Wear Now!

I'm Sorry But
Currently We Don't
Have Anything Which
Fits You.

Let's Go Shopping And
Find Something Your Size,
You Desperately Need A
New Wardrobe.

A woman with pink hair styled in a high ponytail with loose waves. She is wearing a black, long-sleeved, off-the-shoulder dress with intricate white lace detailing. She is looking slightly to her left with a neutral expression. The background is a blurred indoor setting with greenery and a wooden table.


I'll See From Mom's
Wardrobe If There's
Anything Which Fits You
Temporarily For Now.

Haha Just
Trust Me.

Okay.. Please
Try Not To Find
Something Too
Revealing..



Ok i found
Something Your Si-
Woah Wow.. What
Are You Doing?




Uhh Umm...
Nothing.. I Was
Just.. Umm..

Umm Thanks... Can I
Remove These Bandages?
I wanna see them..

Checking Your New
Assets? Haha Don't
Worry I Won't Judge
You.


Yeah, Why Not?
Let Me Give You
A Hand



Wow, I'm
Impressed, You've
Gotten Very
Voluptuous..

Haha You Should Be Grateful,
Many Women Would Die To Have
Breasts Like Yours, Even Some
Men!

OMG! I can't believe
this is mine. These
Are Really Mine.. not
fake.. Fuck!



When I Wished I Want Tits
I didn't mean like this. And
Especially Not From This
View And Angle!

But Fuck.. They're So
Big! They're Even Bigger
Than Jessica's!



Even My Ass Is Bigger Than
Many Of The Girls From College!
Hehe I Bet all those bitches
Will Be Jealous If they Saw My
Cake!

My Hands Feel Like I'm
Touching A Cushion. I'm
So Caked Up That I don't
Know To Be Happy Or
Sad.

Uhhh umm.. yeah sorry
I got distracted.. I'll
go change Quick.

Hello Miss? Can You
Stop Admiring Your
Curves And Hurry
And Change?



He Doesn't Look That
Angry With All This. I
Was Worrying About
Nothing.



Umm How Am I
Looking? Is It
Too Tight? Or
Perfect?

Ok... What About
This Bandage On My
Face? Can I Remove
Them Now?

You Look Beautiful,
And Yes The Dress Is
Perfect. All You Need
Is A Wig.


Yeah Sure, Let Me
Help You With Both
The Wig and the
bandages.



But.. It Hurts
Ouch!

Don't Move
Too Much,

Good! Now Onto
Your Wig.



Umm Is It
Done?

There, Bob Will Do For
Now. Wow Just Look At
Your Face.



Gosh! I can't believe it! you almost look like mom's Twin Sister Now.

A woman with short blonde hair is standing in a teal dress with a white and pink floral pattern. She is wearing yellow high-heeled shoes. The background is a blurred indoor setting with a dining table and chairs. There are two speech bubbles: one on the left with pink text and one on the right with orange text.

I'm So Embarrassed Right Now. Except The Wig. Nothing About Me Is Fake now! I can't even Cope Now!

Are You Ready for Shopping Mom? Or Should I Call You Mom's Clone Haha!



Just Look At Me!
Wearing A Flow Dress
Which Has Flowers All
Over It!

I Look Like Some 70s
Retro Housewife! Who's
About To Say. "Hey Honey,
Dinner's Ready!"

No... Let's Go.. But..
Before That... I haven't
done Make-up.. Am I
Still..

Hey Are You Crying? If
You're Not Ok We Can
Go Shopping Tomorrow,
There's No Hurry.

Hmm?

Am I Looking
Pretty Without
Makeup?





NOT

MOM



HER