

I don't like what's inside I just want the salmon...

What are you doing with that thing there?





I know it's good, I just don't like the stuff inside...

This sushi is really good... enjoyed it to the fullest... you don't know what you're missing...



I'm really full... ahhhhh

Me too man...

It's time for the most important thing...



I hope this time's message is less
bullshit and more truthful...



Let's see what it say...



An illustration of a hand holding a piece of food, possibly a dumpling or a slice of bread, with a small white rectangular note attached to it. The note has the text "Life can change in the blink of an eye" written on it. The background is a warm, orange-toned wooden surface. In the bottom right corner, there is a speech bubble containing the text "Always bullshit ugh...".

Life can change in
the blink of an eye

Always bullshit ugh...

Let's see what mine says... I hope it's not similar to yours...





(special ticket)
The next thing you
say will come true

Special ticket? Never read that
phrase before...



Let me see... wow, I've never
seen that before either!



Be careful with these things...
you know, strange things can
happen with special tickets...

What are you talking about...
who are you, my mother?



Dude, you've got to be careful... there are some weird stories about these fortune cookies...



By the way... I've never seen
your mother since we've been
friends... does she live far
away?

** SMOOTHER **



She passed away a few years ago now...

GROW

Oh, sorry... I didn't think before asking...

GROW





You must have been through a lot... I saw the photos, she was a very beautiful-

Don't worry, it's been a long time... but I miss her...

FEMININE

I was little when she died... I don't remember much...



What the hell... my hand... it looks bigger...



What's happening to me? My hand is huge...

*** GROWING ***

But I do remember a few things... and you know— Are you listening to me?



Oh, sorry... I felt like there was something strange on my hands...

You seem a little strange to me... your face is red... well anyway, I was saying-





Yeah, yeah, I'm fine, go on...
I'm listening...



What the fuck—the other hand too? It's all tingling!

I don't remember much, but I know Dad struggled on his own...



Sorry to interrupt, but
something is happening to
me... look, my hand is growing!

What are you talking about—
Oh shit... you're right!

*** GROWING ***



What the hell... they look strange to me... they aren't swelling up, but they are growing!!



What the hell could it be? They
look like such delicate hands...
I'm even sweating...

*** SWEATING ***

*** SWEATING ***



I can feel my bones creaking
and my nails growing...
MMMNNGG... it's pleasant, in
a way...

Bro... are you feeling okay?
You're all red... and it looks
like you're sweating a lot, too!





I don't know, this has never happened before... maybe we should ask for help?



Fuck... I can feel them
expanding... MMMNNGRRR

* TREMBLING *

We'd better go up and call my father!



Yeah, I don't know what's
happening to me... sorry
man...



I've never seen a reaction like that... are you sure you're okay?

I feel no pain anywhere... I only feel my bones growing... I don't know how...



What was that? I heard my
legs crack...

CRACK

My God... I'm growing... I'm growing taller!!! AAHHHHH

GROWING



But how is it possible... I'm becoming an adult... what the fuck...

GROWING



WHAAAAT???? You're even
taller than me now...

MMMNGGGG...
NNOOOO



I'm running to call my father
right away... you stay here!





I'll be right there! But what the fuck...

Fuck, you know, it's a great feeling, though... it feels like I'm cumming...



But why am I getting bigger
and older... for what-



Lucas said earlier, “who are you, my mother?”... those damn cookies... could it be that I’m actually turning into his mother?



gasp... I feel my legs growing again... actually no-

SWEET



WHAAAT?!?!? They're swelling
up... FFUUUAAAA

SWELLING

SWELLING

Fuck, maybe so... I'm really
turning into a woman...
MMMNGGHHH



My clothes are bursting... I
need to change before I hurt
myself...



There's nothing in this room...
I hope to find some larger
clothes...



I know I shouldn't do this... but
I absolutely have to change...





...I'm telling you, he's grown taller... it's crazy, I know, but you have to see him!

Ok...Ok... chill... *yawn* we'll take him right away-

Okay, at least these are soft
and stretchy... they seem to fit
me a bit **too** perfectly...





You- pppttff... wha... **WHAT!**
Your... hips... wht...your... uhu?

Wow he's actually taller...
but why is he wearing Jusy's
clothes?

AAAH!

Are these your mother's clothes? Damn, I'm sorry, I'll take them off right now... mine were getting torn... and-



Oh fuck, no... it's not over...
Mmmnnnnnn... I feel... hot...



No, please, not in front of
them... MMMNNNGGGG...
Fuck me...





I'm sorry, Mr. Smith... I
didn't mean to wake you...
but I think I'm starting to—
MMMNNGGGGG



I think I'm becoming your
wife... for some **strange**
reason... now I don't know if—
moans

FEMININE



AAAAAAHHHHH... fuck,
what's happening to me...
Josh, I need to— *moans*
GGGGHAAAAA

SWELLING



I'm sorry, I don't know why... I
called you that... I didn't—my
voice...

GROWING

GROWING



Jusy... how on earth... is it really you?

WHAT THE FUCK!!! She really looks like Mom!!!



*** JOSH ! ***

*** GROWING ***

*** DARKENING ***

A detailed digital illustration of a man with dark, slightly messy hair, a full beard, and black-rimmed glasses. He has a look of intense distress or shock, with wide, staring green eyes and a slightly open mouth. His face is covered in sweat, with several large droplets visible on his forehead, cheeks, and neck. He is wearing a grey blazer over a light blue and white vertically striped shirt. His right hand is pressed against the side of his head, fingers running through his hair. The background is a warm, dimly lit interior, possibly a hallway, with wooden paneling and several framed photographs hanging on the wall. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner of the frame.

Jusy... But what am I seeing?
How is it possible?



I... I don't know... *gasp*
Rudy's cookie...



...I think that was it... I can't quite figure out why, but... I'm starting to have strange memories...



What? What the fuck is she talking about?

I don't know... I didn't... I was just making a joke... but... what the fuck... it's not my fault...



Josh... Rudy... help me...
gasp

Oh no she's changing again
look!

I don't know how I...

PUSHING

***moans... oh MMMNNNNN
Yeeeeesssss!**

GROWING

GROWING

*** GHHHAAA ***

*** SPROUT ***

Mmm

A man with dark hair, a beard, and glasses is shown from the chest up. He is wearing a light blue and white vertically striped button-down shirt. His hands are pressed against his temples, and his face is covered in sweat droplets. His eyes are wide open in a state of shock or panic, and his mouth is open in a gasp. The background is a hallway with several framed pictures on the wall.

AAAAHHHHHH I can't believe it... you're growing her tits!!!



Me, what? Fuck... but it feels good... MMMNNNNNNNN

MM



Wow... MMMNNGGGGG... they
are sensitive just by touching
them... I like-

AAAAHHHHH... it feels so good... I can't hold it back...





All my body... NNGGGHHH
is... cracking... fuck...

TREMBLING



I thought... they were fitting
okay... HHHIIIIII... the pants-

GROWING



SWELLING

** MMMNNGGG **

** CRACK **

WNNNN



Jesus... AAAHHHHH... it feels so good... I'm seriously cumming...

GROWING



A woman with dark hair, wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt and black pants, is bent over a wooden dresser in a hallway. She is holding her head with both hands, looking distressed. The hallway has wood-paneled walls, a patterned rug, and several light fixtures. A doorway on the left leads to another room. A speech bubble above her head contains the text: "Fuck, my head... these memories... I remember living here...".

Fuck, my head... these memories... I remember living here...

A large, white speech bubble with a black outline is centered on the page. It contains three lines of purple text. The background of the entire image is a warm, orange-brown color with a subtle pattern of vertical lines, suggesting a wall or a curtain. In the bottom left corner, there is a small, glowing yellow light fixture. In the bottom right corner, there is a small, dark, rectangular object that looks like a piece of furniture or a shadow.

Fuck, I feel my chest swelling...
I feel like some weight is
missing... *gasp*

AAAHHH they keep growing...
GGGHAAAA... it's so
beautiful...

JIGGLE



A woman with dark hair, wearing a grey long-sleeved shirt and dark pants, is leaning against a wooden cabinet in a hallway. She has her head down and her hands pressed against the wall, appearing distressed or overwhelmed. The hallway has wood-paneled walls, a patterned rug, and several doors. A speech bubble above her head contains text.

Yes... please...
I can't control myself... fuck...
yes...

Just a little more...
MMMNNGGGG... keep
growing...

*
SWELL*
*





WWOOAAA... never felt a
sensation like that...

*
BURST*
*

Fuck... they're huge... it's the weight I remember... but these aren't my memories...

BOUNCING



Jusy, is that you... or is it
Francis? I can't...





I'm... I'm Jusy... I don't really know for sure...

A digital illustration of a woman with short, dark brown hair and bangs, looking directly at the viewer. She is wearing a black long-sleeved top and black high-waisted jeans. She stands in a hallway with wood-paneled walls and a wooden floor. To her left is an open doorway leading to another room with a lamp. To her right is a closed white door and a potted plant on a wooden surface. A speech bubble is positioned above her head, containing text. The lighting is warm and ambient.

I have memories of Jusy... and
memories of my own... it feels
like I've known you a lifetime...

You're still in there, Francis...
fuck, it's so strange seeing my
mum...





What kind of language is that,
Rudy... is this what your father
taught you?



What the hell am I saying...
I'm having an absurd identity
crisis...



All this memories...
are mine?

It really is you, Jusy... your voice... your... skin... you are beautiful...





Always the same sweet
talker... i feels so strange
being close to you, Josh...



* TENSION*

* cough* * cough*

Perhaps this isn't the right moment... I remind you of what just happened... restrain yourselves... we need to find a solution...





You're right, Rudy... You know,
I still have to get used to
controlling this body...

Sorry, Rudy, you're right...

What do you say if we cook something to eat while we think about what to do?

Ok... you cook





I feel fine... there's no point in
panicking; let's stay calm...
we'll find a solution...
In the meantime, let's go down
to the living room, please...



While your father is cooking,
come here, Rudy—sit down
with your mo-... with me...

We'll find a solution, Rudy... I'll go back to how I was before... those cookies caused the problem— maybe they can fix it...



For now, let's enjoy what your father is cooking for us and relax for a moment...

Ok Mum...

Dinner is ready...



Oh shit... Francis... I wanted to say... oh well, never mind...



Oh... you actually called me
Mom... wow... hehehe...





Judy/Francis's idea wasn't bad... we could keep getting sushi to try and find another special ticket...



Well, sure... eating nothing but sushi wouldn't be good for you at all... but we could give it a try... In the meantime, I could stay here and we could pretend to be a family... hehehe... if that's okay with you, Josh, of course...

Or we could do nothing and
just let you... you know... stay
like this...





A detailed illustration of a man with dark, wavy hair, a beard, and black-rimmed glasses. He is wearing a grey cardigan over a light blue and white striped button-down shirt. He is seated at a table, holding a fork with spaghetti in his right hand. His left hand is pressed against his ear, and he has a focused, slightly anxious expression on his face, with a small sweat drop visible on his cheek. A speech bubble originates from the top right, containing text. The background is softly blurred, showing a kitchen setting with a refrigerator and some plants.

I'm just saying that maybe, if Judy wants to, she can stay here with us... with me...

A young man with dark, messy hair and a plaid shirt is sitting at a wooden table. He has a distressed expression, with wide eyes, a slightly open mouth, and a small tear on his cheek. He is gesturing with his right hand. In front of him is a plate of spaghetti with meat sauce and a glass of water. A speech bubble above him contains text.

What are you saying, Dad...
you can't ask her to stay like
that... I want Mom back too,
but... that's not what she
wants!

A young woman with dark, shoulder-length hair and bangs is shown from the chest up. She has a bright red blush on her cheeks and is smiling slightly with her eyes closed. She is holding up her right hand with all five fingers spread, as if to say 'stop' or 'wait'. In her left hand, she holds a fork with a portion of spaghetti. She is wearing a dark grey long-sleeved shirt. The background is a softly lit kitchen with a refrigerator visible in the distance.

But I... well, you know... I want... ummm... let me think, don't pressure me... please.

A man with dark hair, a beard, and glasses is sitting at a table in a kitchen. He is wearing a grey robe over a blue and white striped shirt. He has a distressed expression, with his mouth open and hands raised. A pool of spaghetti sauce is on his chest. In front of him is a plate of spaghetti and a glass of water. The background shows a kitchen with a refrigerator and a stove.

Oh man... what a mess I am...
I'm a bit nervous... seeing
Judy again... sorry...

You really are a disaster...
never mind... I'll do it... ugh.



Wait... don't... Oh-

Don't move so much Josh... try
to stay still-



Oh shit, look... I'll just go to the bathroom and handle it myself, hehe...

*** BULGE ***



You... that is... you're
unbelievable...





Hey Rudy... could you clean up here for a moment? I need to have a quick word with your father...

Emmm ok Mu-... Ok... ok.

Hey Judy we can totally talk
here too-



Shhh, shhh, shhh... be quiet
and follow me...

SQUEEZE



.....

Wait... What do you want to do?... you're really acting too much like her...

I can't anymore...

SMOUCH





* SMOUCH *

Come on, come inside... take
care of me...



A digital illustration of a woman with long, straight brown hair and bangs, looking directly at the viewer with a slight smile. She is wearing a black, long-sleeved, form-fitting t-shirt and black leather pants. She is leaning against a dark wooden door with a silver handle. The lighting is dramatic, coming from the left, casting shadows on the door and her body. A speech bubble is positioned in the upper right corner.

Never been so horny... I
need... this body...



Hey Mum... Ugh...
Dad?

*** KNOCK ***

*** KNOCK ***



Rudy?

Oh shoot...



I've finished cleaning up in the kitchen... you need to talk to Dad... just the two of you?



You did a really good job, you know... Yeah, I need to whip him into shape... he needs to understand what I want...



Sure, sweetheart... it'll take a while, you know...

Ah, okay, then I'll wait for you downstairs...

A woman with short dark hair and bangs, wearing a black long-sleeved shirt and black pants, stands in a doorway with her arms crossed. A man with dark hair, wearing a plaid shirt over a grey t-shirt and dark pants, stands in front of her, looking up at her with a surprised expression. The background shows a hallway with wooden floors and doors.

Can I call you Mom while
you're... um... looking like
that?

Yes Rudy...

A woman with short dark hair and bangs is leaning against a dark wooden door. She is wearing a dark, long-sleeved, form-fitting shirt and dark jeans. She is looking back over her shoulder at the viewer. The room is dimly lit, with a lamp on a nightstand visible in the background. A bed with dark bedding is also visible on the left.

Ok Rudy i need to go...

*** SLAM ***

It feels more natural
to me... heh... I'll be
expecting you, then!

Getting back to the matter at hand...



I'm almost ready





Good Daddy... Come and get
me on the bed...

Even though it's my first time...



...I think I know exactly how
this works... let's dance,
darling...



Slide it in slowly... like that...
good boy...

*** INSERT ***

*** SQUEEZE ***



Oh my God... it's incredible...
please keep going... fuck me
harder!

JIGGLE

TWITCH



*** AAAAAHHHHH ***

*** SLAP ***





Fuck... fuck... fuck... it feels amazing... I'm a woman... fuck me...

BITE



You have such an incredible
cock... I feel like I've missed it
for a lifetime...

I missed it for a really long
time...

You're coming... it's so hot
AAAHHHHH... just like that...

*** CUMMING ***





* JIGGLE *

* JIGGLE *

GGGHAAAAA...
MMMNGGG...
You're getting me
pregnant... again...



Wait a sec, I just came...
hahahahah... you're a
vampire...



MMMNGGG...
GHHNNNGG

SUCKING

Jesus... again...
i can't....

I hope Rudy doesn't
hear us... Mmmngggggg...
fuck, that's so good...

TWITCH



I missed you terribly... I hope you'll want to stay here...

But what makes you think
that? Isn't fucking for hours
enough for you? I hope Rudy
doesn't take it the wrong
way...





Hey Rudy we talked for
a while and-



Talked? You **speak** very loudly, you know... ugh

Oh fuck...



A year later...



I'm going to crush you at this game again...

WHAT? How do you even... *grunt*

An anime-style illustration of a pregnant woman and a young man sitting on a blue couch in a dimly lit room. The woman, with long dark hair and a confident smile, is holding a black video game controller with red light bars. She is wearing a dark grey long-sleeved shirt and black pants. The young man, with short dark hair and a frustrated expression, is also holding a black video game controller with blue light bars. He is wearing a plaid shirt over a grey t-shirt and blue jeans. A speech bubble from the woman says, "You know, I haven't lost my skills... I just weigh a bit more..." and a speech bubble from the man says, "Ugh, I lost again...". The background shows a lamp, a bookshelf, and a nightstand.

Ugh, I lost again...

You know, I haven't lost my skills... I just weigh a bit more...



You know... I'm glad you decided to stay with us after all... I didn't realize I'd miss you so much, Mom...



Thanks, Rudy... I have no regrets... and soon you'll have a little sister, too... I couldn't have asked for anything better!



I'm happy too...
I love you...

Fucking sweet talker...



SMOUNCH

Again...
EEEEWWWWWW

