




This is cheating!

Yeah, but you didn't say I'd have to come like... this. Can't you see how everyone's staring at me!?

What? I promised we'd have lunch together, and we are. How is that cheating?

I also never said you'd come dressed as a man. That part's on you.



And how exactly am I taking advantage of you? Am I forcing you to strip? Am I hurting you in any way? Go on, tell me.

I thought I made myself clear. You agreed, no questions asked.

I've never met a more manipulative woman in my life. You're taking advantage of me.

No... you're not really hurting me, but all of this, I don't understand. What do you even gain by dressing me like a woman!?

Fucking bitch... she won't tell me anything.



Oh! important call.
Go on ahead, I'll
catch up.

Umm... okay.



Hey bro, check that out.

Seriously? That's your taste? Look at him, what a weirdo.

Nah man, people like that? They end up more beautiful than real girls.

Ohhh, thinking long-term, huh Damn, you're smart.




Fuck off, both of you!
Leave me alone!

Huh? What's wrong? I
thought people like you
liked that kind of
attention.

Yeah baby, come on,
We'll show you how a
girl really feels.

Oh shit. Sorry!
We're leaving!

What's going on here? Let me
call the police and report you
for harassing my trans
friend.



Umm... yeah. Thanks.
I don't know what would've
happened if you weren't
here.

Are you okay?

W- woman? Umm
thanks..


It's no big deal. Women
look out for each other,
right?

Maybe I'm worrying for
nothing...Maybe she's really
just helping me. God, I'm
so stupid.

A 3D rendered scene of two women walking in a city street. The woman on the left has short blonde hair and is wearing a white dress with a floral pattern. The woman on the right has long brown hair and is wearing a black long-sleeved top and blue jeans. They are walking towards the right. The background shows a blurred city street with buildings and a blue sky. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left with blue text and one on the right with orange text.

Oh... really? Okay,
let's go.


Let's go home. There's
something important I need
to talk to you about the call
I got.



What!? Are you out of your mind!? I'm not doing that! And what's the fucking reason anyway!?

Calm down. It's not that serious. As for why, there's a man coming in two days. You know how rich my mom was, right?

Before she died... she signed documents stating she wanted to donate all her money to an orphanage. Leaving me nothing.




You understand that pain, right? When your own mother chooses strangers over her daughter?

Simple. When that man comes, I want you to pretend to be my mother. You'll tell him she changed her mind and wants all her money to go to her daughter.

Listen, Taylor. You don't know what she was like as a person, or as a mother. So it's not your place to judge.

I... I get that, but I still don't understand what this has to do with me. What are you planning?

What!? That's insane! You're going against your mother's last wish! What kind of daughter does that!?




Just tell me will you help me or not? I'm doing so much for you, and you can't do this much?

If everything goes well, I'll forget about your rent completely. You won't have to act like a woman anymore. And I'll give you ten percent.

Don't worry. That man never met her. He's just an agent handling paperwork. And besides, I'm here. I'll do your makeup so well that even your own mother wouldn't recognize you.

I'm not judging, it's just... strange. Why would she donate everything when she had a daughter? And what do I gain from this?


R-Really!? You'll forget the rent? All of it? And this whole... thing? Plus ten percent!? But.. I don't even look like your mom. How would this work?



Th-That's... that's actually amazing.
I'm in! But, you promise, right? You'll
forget about my rent... and that ten
percent too?

O-okay.. I won't object to
anything you tell me to do. I
mean... it's already pretty bad.
How much worse can it really
get?

Yes. I promise. But only if you stop
whining every time I tell you to do
something. Test my patience even
once, and everything's off. I'll
throw you out without a second
thought.



Umm... is it really necessary to wear these? It feels so strange... There are flat-chested women too, you know.

No... I haven't. And there's not a single photo of her in this house. That's kind of strange...

Umm... they look incredibly real. Especially from this angle. If I saw someone walking around with these, the thought of them being fake wouldn't even cross my mind.

What? You're playing a mother, not a high school girl. Of course you need noticeable breasts, that's common sense. Have you even seen my mom's body?

I removed them all. Seeing her makes me emotional. Now forget that, how do they look?

A photograph of a person's torso and legs, showing a prosthetic vulva. The prosthetic is a light-colored, textured piece of material attached to the skin. The person's hands are visible at the bottom, one holding the other. The background is a plain, light color.

Now this is too much!
Why do I have to wear a
fake.. a fake pussy!?


Disguise!? You're acting
like someone's going to
look down there!

B-But... This view feels so
wrong... And I didn't notice
earlier, but my- Never
mind...

It's for your disguise,
you idiot.

No one's going to inspect you,
genius. But what if you get
hard? What if it shows through
your clothes? We can't take
that risk.

Good. Let's
move on.


A woman with short blonde hair is wearing a black, strapless corset with a zipper down the front. She is standing in a kitchen, looking down with a slightly pained or uncomfortable expression. The background shows a dining table with chairs and a living area with a sofa. There are four speech bubbles around her, containing text in different colors.

It's so tight... I can barely breathe in this. Can't you pick something looser?

But....

Girl, it's supposed to be tight. If it's loose, it's useless. you're so dumb.

Butt? Oh don't worry, baby. We'll worry about that later.




Umm... My name is Taylor. I came to this city for a new job.. I have an interview soon

I..I'm sorry. My name is Linda Olsen. I'm the mother of Amy Olsen.

Wow... Don't you look wonderful. There's still work to do, especially your face but later. First, we need to work on your speech. Introduce yourself.

Stop. I said your current self. Who's Taylor? Do you see any man named Taylor here?



I don't understand this... I wasn't born a woman like you or your mother. You're asking me to act like someone I've never even met.

Stop talking like a robot. You sound like someone's holding a gun to your head.

I know. Relax. I'll teach you everything, her way of speaking, posture, gestures, manners. Now repeat after me.

I'm Linda Olsen.
It's a pleasure
to meet you,
sir.




I hope my dear
daughter has explained
everything to you?



Oh haha... yes. I'm
an independent,
hardworking
mother.





Hmm... Not bad. Not perfect either. You've got a long way to go, but this will do for now.

Not yet, honey. We still have one more thing to do. Come on.

Umm... can I rest a bit? I'm exhausted.. this corset, all these things...



What the hell!? My eyebrows.. they look so weird!

There's more!? Enough! I just want to go home now.. this is too much!

Okay. Fine... Just... don't overdo it.

Oh honey... We're just getting started. Haha. Relax. Just lay your head back and close your eyes.


Fine. You're free to leave. But remember what I told you before you agreed to all this.

A Week Later

Hello? Is Mrs. Olsen home? I'm here from the estate and donation authority.

Oh yes, Mr. Terence!
Welcome, please, have
a seat.





Thank you. May I
know where Mrs.
Olsen is?

Umm.. She's just getting ready.
Mom! Could you come here? Look
who's arrived.

A woman is walking from left to right in a modern, brightly lit interior. She is wearing a dark blue, sleeveless, knee-length dress with a white and yellow floral pattern. Her hands are clasped in front of her. In the background, there is a staircase, a lamp on a yellow side table, and a window with black frames. A speech bubble is overlaid on the left side of the image.

Coming, dear.
What is it?

Oh... You must be
Mr. Terence. It's lovely to
finally meet you.

