


Next Day



Okay, we are all
set! Remember
what I taught
you. Understood,
Mother?




Stop calling me Mother after every sentence. And yes, I remember, I have to act like an elegant lady with etiquette who's 40+ years old.

There's nothing for me to enjoy with him.

Good. Hope you enjoy your time with him.

We'll see. Oh, look Mr. Terrance is here.




Welcome, Mr. Terrance.
Come inside. Mother's
almost ready.

Why don't you go
inside and find out
yourself?

Thank you. So where's
Mrs. Olsen? We're getting
a little late.

Okay, fine. Mrs.
Olsen, are you ready
to head out-




Whoa, Mrs. Olsen... You look magnificent. I mean... you've changed so much just in a week. Not that I mind.

Haha, yes, right, men won't understand. But they can at least admire. And I'm doing just that. You're so beautiful, Mrs. Olsen. Shall we head out?

Thank you, Mr. Terrance. A lady doesn't stay in the same look her entire life. Men won't understand that.

Sure. Take care, my dear daughter.

A man with a balding head, wearing a grey suit, white shirt, and striped tie, stands on the left. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple spaghetti-strap dress, stands on the right. They are both looking towards the right. The background is dark with some blurred lights.

I've booked one of the best restaurants in the city for you, Mrs. Olsen.

Don't worry, Mrs. Olsen. The owner of the restaurant is one of our clients, so he won't charge me much. Let's go pick up a taxi.

So, Mr. Terrance, where are we going?


What? You didn't have to do that, Mr. Terrance. I can't imagine how expensive it must be for you.



I can't believe someone would book a restaurant just for me just because I'm a woman. It's so bizarre what men do just to fuck a woman.


I mean, judging by how I look, any man would do anything to fuck a woman who looks like this. Hell, even I would have done the same.

But unfortunately, I'm the one on the opposite side now. Instead of doing things for ladies to fuck them, it's other men doing things for me!

A screenshot from a video game showing a man in a grey suit and a woman in a red dress sitting in the back of a car. The man is on the left, looking towards the woman on the right. The car's interior is dark with red leather seats. Two speech bubbles are overlaid on the image.

We're here, Mrs. Olsen. Stay still just a second.

What? Umm... why? I guess... okay?


A man in a dark grey suit and white shirt is seen from behind, opening the door of a yellow limousine. A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple spaghetti-strap dress, is sitting in the back seat. The scene is set at night with blurred city lights in the background.

After you,
Mrs. Olsen.

Oh my god, Mr.
Terrance, you didn't
have to do that,
really.

It's my responsibility to take care
of an elegant lady like you, Mrs.
Olsen. Which includes a man like me
opening the door for the woman
he's with.


T-thank you, Mr.
Terrance. You're such
a gentleman.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple spaghetti-strap dress, stands on a red carpet. To her right, a bald man in a dark grey suit, white shirt, and striped tie stands looking towards her. The background is a blurred red carpet event with warm lighting.

Just when I thought I couldn't feel more like a woman, he pulled this stupid gentleman shit. Not that I mind though... I mean, it's kind of good? A man opening a door for me? Feels like royalty.

But... he's opening it because I'm a woman... which makes me sad and happy at the same time. Being a woman has so many benefits. I kind of feel jealous.






I hope you're enjoying the food and the wine, Linda. May I call you Linda, Mrs. Olsen?

Thank you, Linda. I'm glad you liked the food. So... how's your love life going since the death of Mr. Olsen?

Hmm... oh, yeah, definitely. I can see why this place is so applauded. And yes, you definitely can call me Linda. I prefer it more than the "Mrs." tag.



I see. May I ask why you divorced Mr. Olsen in the first place when he was alive?

Umm... I'm currently not in a relationship. I prefer to live alone with my daughter... umm, it's a peaceful life.

Umm... because my... husband... was very busy with work and... couldn't find time for me and Amy. So we both thought it was the best decision for both of us.

I won't go into details, it's a very complicated matter. Maybe I'll tell you in the future. Haha.




Ohh, I'm so sorry, Mr. Terrance. I can't imagine what you must be going through. Let's have a drink, for being a failure partner.

As a former married man, I completely understand you, Linda. Married life is not easy. I have a similar case, except my wife died while we were in a fight.

I have a son almost your daughter's age, by the way. He's quite a pain to deal with. He hates me because he thinks I killed his mom. I guess he's kind of right.


Haha, sure.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple spaghetti-strap dress, is seated at a table. She is holding a large, round, clear glass to her lips and drinking. To her left, a bottle of clear liquid with a blue cap is on the table. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with greenery and warm lighting. Three thought bubbles are present on the right side of the image.

I'll have to admit, Mr. Terrance is not a bad guy. I shouldn't judge people based on their appearance. He's in so much guilt, I can't imagine.

Same goes for Linda. I'm living as her, but I know so little about the woman who brought such a big change to my life. Even if I don't actually want to live as her...

Maybe I should let myself loose a little and enjoy her life until I'm a man again.

A man in a grey suit and tie stands at a restaurant table, holding a glass of blue liquid. He is looking at a woman whose back is to the camera. The table is set with wine glasses, a bottle of wine, and a plate of food. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with warm lighting.


Linda, would you like to have a dance with me? Please?

D-Dance? Here?
Umm... I...

Is it a good idea? It won't hurt to enjoy myself a little, even if it's with a man. At least he's a good man.

I'll take that as a yes.



A man in a dark suit and tie is standing behind a woman in a dark, backless dress. He is looking at her with a slightly concerned or intense expression. The background is a gradient of purple and blue. There are two speech bubbles: one on the left containing the man's dialogue and one on the right containing the woman's internal thought.

You're so beautiful, Linda. I mean, I've seen many beautiful women, but you... I don't know, you don't look like an average woman. There's something different about you. Something... unique.

Yeah, it's because I'm not a woman, you dumb fuck!

A man in a dark grey suit and white shirt is dancing with a woman in a black, spaghetti-strap gown. The man is balding with dark hair on the sides, and the woman has blonde hair styled up and is wearing makeup. They are in a dimly lit room with a blue and purple background. Three thought bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing text in a purple font.

This is all so weird. Just some months ago I was a man happily wearing pants, shorts, whatever I wanted, and having fun with girls.

Now look at me, wearing a long gown with long hair and makeup, acting like a woman in her 40s and dancing with a man who's supposedly my age!


It feels so weird and embarrassing that he's the one leading the dance instead of me. I can feel his hands on my waist. Why did I even say yes?

A man in a dark grey suit is seen from behind, looking towards a woman. The woman has blonde hair and is wearing a dark, low-cut dress. She has a surprised or distressed expression. The background is a gradient of blue and purple. Two speech bubbles are present: one on the left containing the name 'Linda!' and one on the right containing the text 'Ohh no fuck! My heels!'.

Linda!

Ohh no fuck!
My heels!



A man in a dark grey suit and white shirt is holding a woman from behind. The woman is wearing a red, low-cut, spaghetti-strap dress and has a surprised or embarrassed expression on her face. The background is a dark blue gradient.


Umm... yeah,
thank you, Mr.
Terrance.

Oh my god, I can't believe it, he
caught me. This is so embarrassing.
I've never felt more like a woman
than now. I hate this feeling!

I'm feeling so feminine right now,
but why? I... I don't even have
female hormones, right? I should
despise the idea of a man holding
me like my saviour.


Don't worry, Linda,
I caught you. Are
you alright?

Just call me
Terrance.

A man in a dark blue suit and white shirt is leaning in to kiss a woman on the cheek. The woman is wearing a red dress and has a surprised expression. The background is a gradient of purple and blue.


Huh? What's
happening to me... Is
he about to?

Linda, you're
so...



Uhhh fuck,
no!

Ohh no, I...
I'm sorry,
Linda!



No... I... I didn't mean that... it's... getting late. I should go home... Amy might be worried about me... I'm sorry...

I'm really sorry. Ohh, I shouldn't have done this.

Fine, Linda... if you say so. Let's go...

To Be Continued...