



NOT


HER

MOM

Next Morning

Uhhh, fuck! Morning already? Feels like I barely slept.






I can't believe I actually jerked off imagining a man last night. What the hell happened to me? Even thinking about last night makes me want to puke, but I guess that's what lust does to people.

Uhh... my brain feels so heavy. I wonder if it's because I jerked off last night? Whatever, I should go take a shower.




I hate this new routine so much! I have to remove those fake breasts and pussy before I shower.

And on top of that, my nipples actually feel very sensitive whenever I run soap over my... chest, which shouldn't be possible because I'm a man Right!?



Then I also have to dry this hair every day! It takes half my time compared to when I was a man.

If there's ever a competition for getting ready, my male self would be completely ready to head out while I'm still drying this hair or struggling to wear a bra!

A woman with blonde hair in a bun is wearing a dark brown bra with floral patterns. She is standing in a store with shelves of bras in the background. A speech bubble is positioned to her left, containing text about her experience with bras.


But I'm relieved that now I actually don't struggle much with bras like before. For the first few days I spent half an hour just hooking the straps!

Hmm... this is the first
time I'm wearing stockings.
I definitely used to get
aroused seeing a woman in
them.

I mean... I'm already acting like a
woman, right? So it won't be like I
like it or anything. I'm just wearing
them for comfort, right?

Look at me, used to get
aroused seeing women in them,
and now... ohh, look how the
mighty have fallen.



A woman with her hair in a bun is standing in a store, looking down at her chest. She is wearing a brown bra and matching high-waisted underwear with a floral pattern. Her right hand is on her chest and her left hand is on her hip. The background is a blurred store interior with shelves.

Though, I have to admit, they do feel nice and are giving me a more professional look. I never understood why women wore them before.


But now... yeah, I get it. They're so comfortable, feel like a second skin. Just hope those fetish guys on the road won't get the wrong idea.



I still can't believe how much I've gotten used to wearing a skirt. Like, I don't even realize I'm wearing it anymore. Which is so scary,

because as a man, the longer I keep wearing skirts and bras, the more used to it I'll become, until one day it becomes second nature to me.


Though it still annoys me because of so many restrictions. I can't sit however I want, can't run, hell, I can't even pee like the old times!

A woman with blonde hair in a bun, wearing a light pink long-sleeved button-down shirt and a white high-waisted pencil skirt, stands in a room with blurred shelves in the background. She has a thoughtful expression and her hand is on her hip.

Finally ready! Haaa... living as a woman is so tough! I don't know how women do all this their whole life! Luckily, I don't have to. I can leave this lifestyle when all this is over.

Then I'll buy my own private ship and invite girls as hot as I currently look Hehe.

God, I'm getting late! I still have to do makeup. Amy! Help me out with makeup, will ya!




Yeah, yeah, I'll think about learning, but I have you. What's the problem with that? You're my daughter, aren't you?

Uhhh, fine! It won't hurt to learn some new skills. But not now, I'm getting late for the office.

God, how long am I gonna do your makeup, Mom? You're a woman now, you should learn how to do it yourself.

Ohh, using my tricks against me, huh? But sorry, it won't work. You're going to learn how to do makeup.



Ohh, so you actually have a social life outside just annoying me? How surprising. So when are you introducing me to them?

Okay, we're done. I'm just saying, imagine if my friends find out that my mom doesn't know how to do makeup. I'll be a laughing stock.


Aren't you getting late? So c'mon, leave fast!

Huh, as always, not telling me a single thing about your personal life. Fine, I'm going.

Later

Okay, sir, I understand. Umm...
yeah... I'll look for someone who
can accompany me.






Hey, can I ask you
for a favor?

Sure, what
happened?

I have a meeting where I'll have to do a
presentation in a few days. So the boss
has advised me to have someone with me
So can you come?


I'm really sorry, Linda, but I
have some personal work, so I
can't come. But what happened,
can't you go alone? You're
experienced, right?



I see, but I'm really sorry, Linda. I wish I could, but I can't... maybe you shou-

Umm... yeah... uhh, I am, but... it was a long time ago, you know? It's been years since I've been working, so I'm a little nervous.

Ms. Linda!




Uhh... umm... I hope I'm not disturbing you too, but the records... it's done, ma'am.

Umm... wow, Mr. Leo, that was quick.

Hey, Leo darling, come inside. I have a job for you which I'm sure you'll really enjoy, hon.

Umm... what is it, Mrs. Jessica?



Noo! Uhh... umm... haha... I mean, Jessica, he must be very busy, y'know? He's very hardworking. I don't think he has time fo-

Mee?? With Ms. Linda... that'll b-

Well, your superior right here needs a partner to accompany her for her presentation to the company superiors. I'm a little busy, so can you go with her, Leo hon?

A dream come true, right!? Yeah, I understand, darling.




No, I'm definitely in!

You're clearly under a lot of stress, I understand. But I can't see a beautiful woman like you worrying like this. Worry not, ma'am, I'll be with you. Everything's going to be alright!


W-what?

Haha, see? He's perfect for you. I have some work, so I'll get going now. You two continue.



Ohh... umm... yeah, sure. Let's go. It's almost lunchtime, let's discuss while eating, Mr... Leo.

So... umm... here's the report, ma'am. Should we discuss the plans then? When we have to go and all.



Btw, you're as always looking very young and beautiful for your age. I'm so happy to talk with a woman as beautiful as you...

Ohh, Mr. Leo, I'm not a young girl your age, you know?


I know what you're trying, bro. I've seen you do this all my life, but this won't ever work on me.

later at home

Hmm... gosh, Grey's so old already but doesn't look the part. I wonder if they'll recast her one day. Heh, maybe they should cast me, we both have the same hair.

Fuck! Did I seriously just wish to play myself as a female character? God, what's happening to me? I should be wishing to play some young boy... not some middle aged woman.

Fuck. Who's at the door now?


A woman with blonde hair tied up in a bun, wearing a red long-sleeved button-down shirt and black pants, stands next to a brown wicker sofa with white cushions. The background is a blurred indoor space, possibly a living room or office. A speech bubble is positioned to the left of the woman.

The world won't let me
have a little fun. I was
watching a very intense
scene!



Ohh, hey, Miss.
You must be Mrs.
Linda Olsen,
judging by the
nameplate.

Who's it!? What
the.....



I'm Barbara Summers. My... son
lives here on rent. Is he home?
He's not picking my calls... I'm
worried about him... Hmm... are you
listening, madam?



Is My Little Boy
Taylor Summers, My
Son, Here Mrs. Linda
Olsen?

Mother...