


Hello, Mr. Terrence. How's the process going? Can you speed it up a little? You said you'd move things forward if my mother agreed to dinner with you.

I'm trying, Ms. Amy Olsen... but there's a problem. The senior officer handling the approval says your mother's face doesn't match the ID. He thinks something's off.

Personally, I don't see the issue... Ms. Linda looks beautiful to me.



Can't you just say she had some cosmetic work done? That's why she looks younger?

No, that's not what I meant. Just tell him her appearance changed slightly due to surgery.

Wait... really? I thought she naturally looked like that...

I can't push explanations like that. It'll make me look suspicious... and then everything falls apart.



So there's no way to speed this up?

Unless your mother looks exactly like her ID records... they won't approve anything.


...I'll fix it.

What? How are you going to do that?

Leave it to me. I'll call you in a few days.

I tried avoiding this... but I
have no choice now. Looking
similar isn't enough anymore.
This time... it has to be
perfect.






We don't have a choice anymore. They're already suspicious that you don't resemble my mother enough.

Terrence is blinded by love. The authorities won't be that careless. The moment they see you up close... we're finished.

What!? No, this time I mean it, NO WAY! I'm not doing surgery! I'm not ruining my face just for money!


But I thought I looked like her! Even Mr. Terrence believed it!



B-but what if
it's still not
enough?

Please, Taylor. This will be
the last adjustment. Just
small refinements your face
your structure. enough to
match her records.

Then we show proof she
had cosmetic procedures.
This time, everything will
align.




What about me? How do I go back to my old life looking like... like a middle-aged woman!?

I've never even heard of that working...

You won't lose yourself completely. We'll preserve your base features. Later, you can reverse it.

It's 2026, Taylor. Anything Is Possible.



So what do you want? A lifetime of struggling... or a life of luxury?

Money. Freedom.
Anything you want.

Of course. We're not touching that. Not now.

I'll still have my dick... right?



Thank you,
Taylor. We're
close now... very
close.

Fine. I'm in. But this has
to be quick. I don't want
to live like this any longer
than necessary.

Get some rest. We're
visiting a plastic surgeon
tomorrow morning.



Okay. See
you


Sleep well.
Everything will
be fine.

Next Morning

Why am I dressed like this? Shouldn't I already be trying to look like Linda?


No. The doctor needs to see your real features first.






Alright. But why
the makeup?

Stop overthinking.
Let's go.



Hello. You must
be Amy Olsen,
correct?

Yes, doctor.
We spoke on
the phone.




And this is the patient?

It's Linda. Doctor... may I speak with you privately? The situation is complicated.

My name-

Of course.



What are you going to say? Should I come too?

No. I'll explain everything properly. Trust me.



Umm.. ok...


Sit here. I'll
be back.



My brother... is transgender. He's struggled with his identity for years.

He wants to transition, but not just into any woman... a mature one.

So, Ms. Olsen... what's going on?

A digital illustration of two women in a conversation. The woman on the left has pink hair styled in a bun and is wearing a blue, long-sleeved, off-the-shoulder dress with buttons down the front and a small pink bow at the hem. She has a concerned expression. The woman on the right is a Black woman with her hair pulled back, wearing a white lab coat over a black top. She is gesturing with her right hand as if explaining something. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

He's ashamed. He thinks people will judge him... especially for wanting to look matured.

I see. But why didn't he tell me himself?

That's not uncommon. It takes courage to accept yourself.



Yes. He admires her elegance... her presence.

Not yet. Please preserve his current anatomy, for now. What if he Changes his mind later?

I just want what's best for him.

You mentioned he wants to resemble your mother?

And what about full transition?


That's... a careful approach. You're very supportive of your brother.

A man with short brown hair, wearing a blue and white plaid shirt, is seen from the back. He is looking towards a woman standing in front of him. The woman has reddish-brown hair and is wearing a blue, long-sleeved, off-the-shoulder, form-fitting dress with a row of buttons down the front and two small pink bows on the hips. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

...Already?


You're ready. The doctor understands everything.

Go on. Let's not waste time.




We've come too far to stop now. Trust me. Now Go!

I'm scared... are we sure about this?



You'll feel a little strange at first... then you'll fall asleep.

Please don't mess this up.



And.. There, When
you wake up... things
will be different.

What do you
mean...?



Rest now.

Uhhh..