


Umm... I'm not  
his wife...

No! I'm not his  
girlfriend either!  
Please stop!

Are you leaving,  
sir? I hope you and  
your wife enjoyed  
your time at our  
restaurant.

Ohh, then  
girlfriend?  
Sorry,  
ma'am.


A man in a grey suit and a woman in a purple dress are standing in a city at night. The man is on the left, looking towards the woman on the right. The background shows blurred city lights and buildings.

So... Linda, did you enjoy the night with me?

Umm... yeah... it was fine...


Please forget what I did there. I got... carried away... The wine must have gotten the better of me...

It's okay, Mr. Terrance. I completely understand.

A man with a receding hairline, wearing a dark grey pinstriped suit, white shirt, and striped tie, is looking towards a woman. The woman has blonde hair and is wearing a red, form-fitting, spaghetti-strap dress. They are standing in a city at night, with blurred lights and buildings in the background. Two speech bubbles are present: one from the man on the left and one from the woman on the right.


Absolutely,  
Linda. Don't  
worry, I'll hurry  
the process  
now.

So... Mr. Terrance... I  
hope you'll do your job  
faster now, what you were  
supposed to do...



Dad? What are you doing here? And who's this woman!?

Son.. I can explain!



Huh, I see. It's not even been a year since Mom died, and you're already bitching around.

Umm... yeah, son, it's not like that. This is Mrs. Linda Olsen. She's one of my clients, and I was just here to discuss work.

Watch your tone, boy!

When will everyone stop calling me Mrs



I see..

Son, can you drop Linda home? I have some matters to attend to.  
Can you?

What, are you crazy? A beautiful woman like you alone at night is like leaving fresh meat out for wolves. Son, give her a lift.

Umm...  
there's no need, Mr. Terrance.  
I can go alone.

A woman with blonde hair, wearing a purple spaghetti-strap gown, is shown from the chest up. She has a sad or frustrated expression, looking downwards. The background is a blurred night scene with city lights and a car's headlights. Two speech bubbles are positioned to her left.

Uhh, man, how the hell do I even sit on a bike with this large fucking gown!? I so wish this gown had slits! It's so annoying.

Everything I do keeps reminding me that I'm currently not the ideal man I thought I was. Guess I'll have to sit sidesaddle.

A man in a grey suit is seen from behind, talking to a man in a white flight suit and a woman in a purple dress. The man in the flight suit is holding a microphone. The woman is sitting on a motorcycle. The background is a blurred city street at night.

Are you comfortable, Linda?

Good. Son, I hope you'll drop Mrs. Olsen carefully. Take care, Linda!

Umm... yeah, Mr. Terrance. Very comfortable! Very... much.

Yeah... Bye, Mr. Terrance.




Huh?

I'm sorry...

No, it's okay. I know you didn't mean it.


I'm sorry for... calling you a bitch there. I shouldn't have...



No, it's not okay. I should have respected you. You're an elder, and I'm just a boy in his 20s.

I see... Forgive me, ma'am.


Umm... I'd like it if you avoided this young-old topic. It makes me feel... old...



So... are you and my father a thing?

Noo! It's... not like that. It was just a casual meet-up, nothing else.

Since Becoming A Woman, Why does everyone think I'm Someone's property!?

A man with short brown hair, wearing a white and grey motorcycle jacket, is sitting on a motorcycle. He is looking towards a woman with blonde hair, wearing a dark purple spaghetti-strap dress. They are standing outdoors at night, with a dark blue background and some blurred lights. The man is holding the handlebars of the motorcycle, which has a side mirror and a headlight. The woman is standing next to him, looking at him. There are four speech bubbles containing text.


We're here.  
Should I walk you  
to the door?

Thank you, Mrs. Olsen.  
You're a good woman too.  
Just don't fall for my dad.  
It'll be a nightmare for  
you.


No... it's okay.  
You already did  
enough. You're a...  
good man... good  
young man.

Haha... yeah, you won't  
believe me, but it'll be an  
even bigger nightmare for  
me! Good night!

Next day at office




Damn it, why haven't the records been submitted to me yet!? Whoever's responsible is extremely careless, they're about to get one hell of a professional dressing-down from me.



Ma'am, you asked  
for me?


Yes! Why  
haven't you  
submitted  
th-

A man with short brown hair, seen from the back, is wearing a light-colored checkered button-down shirt. He is standing at a desk, talking to a woman. The woman has blonde hair tied up and is wearing a white button-down shirt. She is sitting in a black office chair and looking at the man with a surprised expression. The desk is wooden and has a computer monitor, keyboard, and mouse. The background is a blurred office setting.

Yeah, ma'am, sorry about that. I was quite busy this week, so I didn't get the time to prepare it. I'll make sure to submit it by tomorrow. Can you wait till then?

Uhhh... Leo... I... I mean, Mr. Leo? I... I didn't know it was you

Ummm... yeah... sure... sure... Mr. Leo... I can wait.




Fuck! I tried so much to avoid him, but I guess I can't avoid him forever. I have to face him as his senior.

I just hope he doesn't see me like the woman he used to see in college and... just thinks of me as a superior coworker.

By the way, we never talked since you joined, Mrs. Olsen. It's nice to finally talk with you.

Ms. Olsen?




Thanks. I have too. When I heard a woman in her 40s was joining, I thought it must be some hag, but... God, I was surprised. You're so beautiful... so young.

If you don't mind, can I ask you a question, ma'am?

Uhh... umm... yeah, we both might be very busy with work, so we didn't get the time to talk. Haha. It's nice to finally meet you. I've heard many good things about you.

Haha, yeah, thanks. It's my daily routine now to get called young. I appreciate your compliment, Le- Mr. Leo...




Umm... noo? I don't know anyone like that... It's such a bad name. Umm... why do you ask?

Do you have any relative whose name is Taylor? Perhaps a son of your sister or brother?

It's because I have a friend named Taylor, and you kind of look like him. I don't know what it is, the eyes? Or the nose? I don't know. That's why I asked.

Haha, me? Looking like your young friend? You have quite the sense of humor, Mr. Leo.




Yeah, must be something wrong with me, I guess. I'll go prepare the files now. I'll meet you tomorrow, ma'am.

Sure, Mr. Leo.

Thank God he didn't recognize me. If he had, I couldn't even look him in the eye. I just hope he forgets that I look like... me. Even better if there are very few interactions between me and him until this is all over.






Ehh, no, it's not like that, Jessica. I was just talking work. With him.

Well, well... looks like someone's got a crush on the office eye candy.

Relax, I'm just joking.



Umm... really? I don't know. I didn't feel anything like that. You must be imagining things.

No, it's definitely not. That's just... umm... weird...

But seriously, isn't he hot? I mean, just look at him, he carries that strong, sweet aura that's very attractive. Don't you agree?

Ohh, c'mon. Don't you like it when younger men flirt with us? It's so much fun.




Now? Umm... I don't even have an outfit. Sorry, you may go alone.

Fine, if you don't wanna tell me, Mommy Linda. Btw, I'm going to yoga class right now. Do you wanna join me?

Ohh, c'mon, it'll be fun. I have some spare outfits in your size. Let's go, I won't listen to any no.

Okay... fine...



So you didn't tell me if you find Leo hot or not.

Ohh, so you admit that he's hot, right? And you'd do anything to get a pretty face like that to peg you?


Why would I answer you that? I mean, yeah, he's very good-looking, but everyone has their own preferences, right?

What!? No! I didn't say that! Stop putting words in my mouth!



Who, me? Yeah, I definitely find him hot. Hmm? What happened to your face? Are you alright?

What about you? Do you find him ho-



Umm... no... I... I...  
I'm a woman. Of  
course I've seen  
many tits...

You look like a young  
man who hasn't seen  
boobs in a while.

Well then, do you like mine?  
How about you remove that bra  
so we can measure who has  
better tits out of the two  
women?

Umm...  
what?

A woman with blonde hair tied up, wearing a light blue button-down shirt and a black skirt, is sitting at a desk in an office. She is looking towards the camera with a neutral expression. The background is a blurred office environment with windows and another desk.

**NOT**

**HER**

**MOM**