



You here, Miss? Is
my son at home?

Ohh, that's sad. Any idea
when he'll be back? He's
not answering our calls. It's
been months now.

Yes, Fath- Sir... I
mean... Yes, I'm here.
And no, your... son is
not here.

Umm... Well, he's super busy
and... won't be back for a few
days. If you have any message,
tell me. I'll make sure to tell
him when he comes.



No, the same thing happened when his mom came. He didn't call us.

No, he didn't call. That boy must be thinking he doesn't need Mom and Dad now that he can earn. His mom calls him daily, but his phone is off. She's scared that he has abandoned us.

Umm, o-oh, he didn't call you? I told him everything in detail. I wonder why he didn't.



What!? No, I... I mean, he can never abandon his mother. Umm, he keeps talking about how much he loves her.

You don't have to worry. You may go. The next time he comes, I'll make sure to call you myself and give it to him.

Umm, it's hard to guess. Maybe a week? Or maybe 2 weeks?

Hmm, that's very generous of you. When do you think he'll come exactly?

A man with a grey beard and a blue and white leaf-patterned shirt is talking to a woman with blonde hair wearing a red top. They are standing in front of a wooden wall. The man is on the left, looking towards the woman on the right. There are three speech bubbles: one from the man at the top left, one from the woman at the top right, and one from the man at the bottom left.

Then I'll wait
for him here for
2 weeks.

W-what!? No!
Y-you can't live
here...

Why not?

Umm... We don't
have any rooms for
you...

A man with a grey beard and balding head, wearing a light blue shirt with a white leaf pattern and dark blue trousers, stands with his arms crossed. He is looking at a woman with blonde hair tied back, wearing a red short-sleeved shirt. They are in an outdoor setting with a blurred background of trees and a building.

Yes, b-but...

My son is not here,
right? That means
his room must be
vacant.

What? No... he
won't...

Then take me. I'm sure
he pays his rent on time.
Or are you trying to say
he'll get angry if I sleep
on his bed?



Oh my fucking God! What do I do now!? I can't let him live here, especially in my room! Where will I sleep if he's in my room!? I have no choice now. It's my own mistake.

I should have called and told them I'm alright. None of this would have happened then. Why does he have to be so stubborn!? I have no choice now except to wait and pray he gets tired and leaves.



You listening?
You're spaced out
again.

Good. Then... care
to show me my son's
room?

Umm, yeah,
I am...

Fine...



Wow, it's splendid.
You have quite good
taste, Ms. Linda. Looks
very expensive.

Ohh, thank you
for your service,
Ms. Linda.

This is his...
room.

T-thank you, Sir... You
must be tired. Rest for a
while. If you need
anything, call me.

A woman with blonde, wavy hair is shown from the chest up. She is wearing a red, short-sleeved V-neck shirt. Her hair is styled in a side braid that falls over her right shoulder. She has a serious, slightly annoyed expression on her face. A large thought bubble is positioned to her left, containing text. The background is a blurred indoor setting, possibly a living room with a sofa and a lamp.

Thank God he didn't ask me too many questions. I'm so embarrassed to even talk to him looking like this. That dumb little girl is resting. Now I'll have to make dinner by myself. I should start preparations.



Let's get a little
comfortable. What
should I make
toni-

Is this the
washro-

A man with short, light-colored hair, seen from the back, is wearing a light blue shirt with a darker blue floral pattern. He is standing in a grocery store aisle, facing a woman. The woman has long, wavy blonde hair and is wearing black pants. She is looking at the man with a surprised or angry expression, her arms crossed. The background is a blurred grocery store aisle with various products on shelves.

Uhh, ohh, I I'm sorry, Ms. Linda... I was just trying to find the washroom It's not like that...

What the fuck!?



Just fucking leave! Go
back, take a right, and
go straight. You'll find
the bathroom!

O-okay! Thank
you!



A-Amy, calm down... Let me explain... It's my father...

What the fuck Mom?
Did I just see a man in
my house!? Who the
fuck was it?

Your father is here
and you're telling me
this NOW!? Are you
kidding me!?

Please... let me
explain...

After Explaining

So now... he won't leave until he meets me. I didn't know what to do, so I just let him in...

Just a minute ago you were calling me Mom, and now you're directly calling me Taylor, huh? You know what? Yes, what if my parents come here.

Why do you get so angry whenever someone comes? They care for me, you know? It's only natural for them to come and check on their child.

Taylor, I have made it very clear, no family allowed in here. Why don't you listen to me!?



A digital illustration of two women standing outdoors. The woman on the left has long reddish-brown hair and is wearing a blue long-sleeved crop top and dark blue trousers. The woman on the right has blonde hair in a bun and is wearing a red dress with white lace trim on the sleeves and a white bow at the waist. They are facing each other in conversation. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with trees and a building.

I have clearly said that after this is over, you can meet whoever the fuck you want and I won't care! But you don't listen to me.

Taylor, I care for you. That's why I keep warning you, this is not a child's game. Your parents not being here is for your own good.

What about you, huh? Do you ever listen to me? You only talk kindly to me when you want me to do something.



Look, Amy. Please just go. I'm already pretty stressed out since he's here. Even I don't want him to be here, and I'm trying my best.

Just go. I'm tired of hearing your bullshit, telling me what to do.

I don't care. By the time I wake up tomorrow, he should already be gone. And I'm serious this time.

Huh, fine. But don't forget what I told you.

A woman with blonde hair tied in a high bun, wearing a red short-sleeved button-down shirt with white lace trim on the collar and cuffs, and a white skirt. She is looking down with a slightly pensive or determined expression. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

I need to man up more like this
in front of her and stop acting
like a scared sissy. She clearly
takes advantage of me.

Ohh... H-hey, Ms.
Linda... Are you free?
Sorry for what
happened earlier...



Ohh, no, it's okay...
I'm sorry for shouting
at you like that...

I feel so bad. I just swore at my
father... He was just trying to
find the bathroom. He's already
very worried about me

So much so that he's ready to
live in someone else's house, just
waiting to see how his son is
doing. He was never the type to
do something like this.

No, I completely
understand. If any
man had seen my
sister or wife like
that, I would've
freaked out on him
too.



Haha, yeah, right. By the way, are you hungry? It's almost dinner time.

Ohh, yes, yes!
I'd love to!

Perfect!

Later

Ohh yes, definitely. The food is just as good and tasty as you, Ms. Linda. Haha

How is it? Are you enjoying it?

Haha, ohh Mr. Summers.

Did he just try to hit on me? Surely not.





Why don't you try
this fish curry?

Ohh, sure,
Ms. Linda.

Did he just checked out
my cleavage!? Uhh, I'm his
son. What the fuck is
wrong with him!?



A man with a grey beard and a blue patterned shirt is smiling. He is the central figure in the image. Three speech bubbles are overlaid on the image, containing humorous dialogue.

The dinner was wonderful, Ms. Linda. You've got quite good hands. I wish you were my wife, haha! Just kidding!

Please stop talking, for god's sake, Father!

Umm... Haha Thank you, Mr. Summers. I appreciate your kind words. I'll get going now.

A man and a woman are standing in front of a red building. The man is on the left, wearing a light blue and white patterned shirt and dark blue pants. The woman is on the right, wearing a red dress with a white lace apron. Both have speech bubbles above them.

Uhh, umm... By the way, Ms. Linda...
Since I'm going to be here for some
time until Taylor comes... would you
like to... Umm... you know, go out with
me? To show me this beautiful city,
of course.

Ohh, yeah, sure.
Why not?



Ummm, what!?