





**NOT HER MOM**



So this is the house I'm going to live in... looks pretty good. New city, new job, new house, it might actually be fun.


I even heard the landlady is supposed to be really hot. Heh, can't wait to meet her.



Umm... hello? Are you Mrs. Olsen? Damn, you're pretty young, miss..

Oh sorry, miss. You look kinda annoyed that I'm here... I came here to rent a room, so I was just looking for your mother...


No. I'm her daughter, Amy Olsen. What do you want with my mother?



She's dead. She passed away last week. I don't remember her mentioning anything about some guy renting a room. Are you sure you're not a thief?

Fine. You can stay here. Emily! Come take this man's bag.

What!? She's dead? But... the man told me she was completely fine a couple of days ago...

A man with short brown hair and a light beard, wearing a blue and white plaid button-down shirt over a white and black striped t-shirt, stands on the left. He has a slightly confused or questioning expression. To his right stands a woman with blonde hair tied back, wearing a black and white maid uniform with a white apron and a white bow at the neck. She has her hands clasped in front of her and a neutral expression. The background is a blurred interior of a house, possibly a living room or dining area, with a television and some furniture visible.

What? Umm... thanks for trusting me. May I know where my room is? And where I can shower?

Sure. Follow me. I'll show you your room. Emily, take care of his bags.



Man... I can't believe the landlady died right before I got here. That's sad. Rest in peace, ma'am.

Heh... but her daughter is pretty hot. A little bitchy, but whatever, I like girls who are hard to get.

Her mom was super rich. If I could get close to her daughter, I wouldn't even have to work, haha.



So... where's the  
advance payment?

Oh right, I almost  
forgot. Where's my  
bag?

A man in a white and grey striped t-shirt is leaning over a wicker basket, looking down with a concerned expression. A woman in a purple long-sleeved top and blue jeans stands behind him, looking at him with a questioning expression. The background is a blurred outdoor setting with trees and a building.

What the!? Where's my money? My documents? My ID!? Everything's gone!


What!? No! Why would I do that!? I came to this city for my job, not to scam anyone!

No! I didn't say you stole anything

Oh, I see. So this is your plan, huh? You pretend your money is "missing" so you can stay here for free. Not happening, mister.

So you're saying I stole your money? Do you hear yourself?

Then where is it?




I..I don't know, This... this girl took my bag! I'm sure she stole it! You thief where is it!? Why aren't you speaking!?

No! I swear I'm not a scammer.. please believe me! It has to be her, she-

No! Please don't... I.. I'm sorry. I believe you.

Shut up! She's mute. She can't speak. And I trust her more than some random scammer.


Say one more word blaming her and I'll call the police. I don't care if you lost it outside or wherever.



But please... trust me. I'm not scamming you. Someone must've stolen it at the airport.

No, please... I have nowhere else to go. I promise I'll pay you when my salary comes. I'll pay double, trust me.

Fine. I'll believe you. But I still want the advance and the monthly rent. Otherwise, you're out.



You'll pay later... but what about now? Why should I trust that you'll pay me at all?

Anything, huh? Fine. You'll do whatever I say, and you will obey. If I hear even one "no"... you're out. Got it?

Please. Trust me. I'll... I'll do anything you say. Just trust me until the salary comes. Please...

Th-Thank you! And... yes, I'll do anything you say. But... what exactly do I have to do?




You'll work here as a maid. You'll wash dishes, take care of the house when I'm gone, clean everything understood? Like a woman.

Oh. I see. Fine then, the door's right there. You're free to leave.

You're not in a position to negotiate. This is my house, my rules. If you accept, you stay. If not... the door's open.

What!? Like a woman!? You want me to act, dress, and work like a woman!? No! sorry, I won't do that. I'm a man!

W-Wait! No! Can't I do something else? I mean, I can do the housework as a man too!



And don't worry it's only for a month or two. Once you get your salary, you can pay me and stop. Last chance. Yes or no?

Good. Don't worry you'll enjoy being a woman.

Oh, don't worry. We'll begin tomorrow.

Fine. I don't have any other choice. I'll... I'll do it. Until I get my salary.

Yeah... yeah. So... where do we start?

Day 2

Why is it necessary to shave my beard!? Do you have any idea how long it took me to grow this!?

What? No that's just... weird. I can't even imagine that.

Huh!?

Have you ever seen a woman with a beard? Or hair on her legs... or her chest?

Exactly. Now let's begin.



Day 3

I..I can't do this... I'm not that flexible.

I'm not a woman! My body isn't flexible like yours! I can't bend into every position you want!

What!? No I didn't say that! Don't put words in my mouth!

Come on, it's not that hard. You'll have to do this every day from now on if you want to stay in shape.

Oh? So you're sad and jealous that your body isn't as flexible as a woman's?

Don't worry. We'll fix that too.





**Gulp\***

Umm... was there something in the water?  
I felt like I swallowed something.

Oh... I see. Thanks, Amy.  
You're... surprisingly caring.

Oh, that? Just a vitality supplement. It helps with stamina and keeps your body active longer.



B-By the way... do you have a boyfriend?

Umm... just asking. You're all alone in this house now... except for a mute, useless maid.

Oh really!?  
Th-Thanks, Amy...  
You should've said that earlier...


What? Why would you want to know that?

You don't need to worry about that. Just do what I tell you and pay your rent. Maybe then I'll tell you.

After A Week

Well, well, well...  
Someone's changing,  
aren't they?






I don't understand...  
How did I lose so much  
muscle in just a  
week...?

What!? No.. no, never!  
I'd never think something  
like that about you! I'm  
sorry!

What? Are you saying  
I did something to  
you?

Good. Now put on  
some clothes. We're  
going out.



Can you at least  
tell me where we're  
going?

What's wrong with my  
hair now!? Why do you  
have a problem with  
everything!?

Guess what. I'm  
not a woman.

To fix your  
hair.

Why are you always so  
aggressive? Women don't  
talk like that.



Sit here quietly. I've already explained everything to the stylist. Close your eyes, I'll be back.

You'll find out soon. Just relax... take a small nap.

Wait, what exactly did you explain to her!? And where are you going!?

What the hell is happening!? I don't understand anything!

Later

Are we finished, ma'am?  
Oh wow... Taylor? Is that  
really you?





W-What!? My hair,  
what did you do!?

No it's terrible! I look like  
a.. like a.. I'm too ashamed  
to even say it!

What do you mean what did I  
do? I wasn't even here. And  
honestly? It looks way better  
than whatever you had  
before.

Stop whining. I know deep  
down you're loving this new  
hairstyle. Now come on I  
bought you something very  
exciting.



What the hell!? I'm not wearing this!

No! I won't! This is too much! I'm a man! It's so... weird!

R-Really!? You mean it...? Fine. I'll... I'll wear it.

You are wearing it. That's an order.

Oh... that's a shame. I thought if you did, we'd go out for lunch together. Just the two of us.



Well, well, well I wonder  
who this innocent  
woman is.



Excuse me,  
ma'am... Are you  
lost?