


Mrs. Olsen, it's a pleasure to finally meet you. If you don't mind me saying, you look remarkably young to be a mother.

H-Huh? Oh.. yes. I've always believed in looking after my body.

Oh, she hears that all the time. She's always taken great care of herself, haven't you, Mom?

Haha, admirable. Now then... shall we discuss why you requested this meeting?



Yes. My mother has decided to reconsider her earlier decision about donating her estate.

Reconsider? But Mrs. Olsen herself initiated the donation. Why the sudden change of heart?

At the time, she was very upset with me. We had a serious argument, so serious that we didn't speak for almost a month. Isn't that right, Mom?

Y-Yes... I acted purely out of anger. As a mother, staying apart from my daughter was unbearable.

Eventually, we resolved our differences... and I realized my decision had been made in rage, not reason.

I see. It is... uncommon, but emotions do influence such decisions. Though it's not my place to judge.



Yes, It's Amy-Lee Olsen.

Since you wish to revise the beneficiary, I'll need to confirm a few details. You are her daughter, correct? Your full name, please, just to match the documents.

That matches our records. Very well. I'll need to ask a few more questions.

## After an Hour


Thank you for your patience. I've documented everything. I'll submit this report to my superiors and contact you regarding the next step.

Haha, if only it were that simple. First, this request must be reviewed by our legal department. Only after that can changes be authorized.

I'll inform you once the review is complete. Just wait for my call.

Wait, so we still have to wait?  
Isn't everything settled now?  
We explained everything.

I see... So when will  
the next meeting  
be?

A man in a white shirt and tie is standing and talking to a woman whose back is to the camera. The woman has short blonde hair and is wearing a dark blue dress with a yellow floral pattern. To the right, another woman in a blue top is partially visible. The background is a blurred indoor setting.

Mrs. Olsen, if you don't mind me asking... Would you care to join me for lunch sometime?

That's unfortunate. I was hoping a more... personal discussion might help move things along faster. But never mind.


W-What? Oh umm... I don't think I have the time, Mr. Terrence. A mother doesn't get much time for herself.



Of course she'll come, Mr. Terrence. Don't worry I promise she'd love to. Isn't that right, Mom?

W-Wait.. Amy, I didn't-

Oh? How wonderful. You truly are a caring daughter, Mrs. Olsen. And yes I'll do my best to expedite the process.



I should be going now.  
These documents need to  
be submitted for further  
review.

Naturally. And don't  
forget our little  
lunch.

Please try to  
handle it as soon  
as possible.

Haha, of course.  
Goodbye.




Relax, Mom. It's not a date, it's just lunch.

I said yes because of you.

What the hell was that!? Are you insane!? On whose permission did you just schedule me a lunch with that man!?

Don't call me that! I'm not your mother! I'm Taylor, a man not some damn middle-aged woman!

What!? Don't lie to me.




I'm serious. He said he'd speed things up if you agreed. What, you wanted to stay like this for even longer?

Were we in a position to debate? And be honest, would you really have said no if it meant staying like this for months?

Relax. I'll be there too. No date's been set yet. Now stop overthinking and get back to work. The dishes won't wash themselves.

W-Wait... no I didn't mean.. I just... you should've asked me first.

No. But still.. a lunch with a man, I don't know what he's thinking.



I don't understand...  
You said I wouldn't  
have to do all this if  
I agreed to be your  
mother.

Yes, keep washing  
the floor. Just like  
that.

I said if my plan  
succeeds. It hasn't yet.  
So until then, you'll keep  
dressing and working  
like a woman.


Now stop talking and  
keep cleaning. Honestly...  
even that useless maid  
Emily does a better job  
than you.

A woman with short blonde hair is sitting in a wicker chair, leaning back with her hands behind her head. She is wearing a bright yellow, long-sleeved, button-up dress with white lace trim at the cuffs and hem. The background is a blurred indoor setting, possibly a living room or dining area. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

Haa... finally I can rest a little-

A speech bubble with a black border and a tail pointing towards the right. The text inside is orange.

What do you think you're doing? Get up.




What now!? I did every chore you asked for!

Exercise!? It's already night! I'm exhausted, can't it wait till tomorrow?

And you're forgetting something. It's time for your exercise.

No. I'm not debating Right now, you look like a woman and women take care of their bodies every day. Go change.




Do I really need these fake breasts and the corset? Can't I remove them?

You keep forgetting I'm a straight man. When I look at breasts, I don't want to see them from this angle.

Are you crazy? You should be grateful. Plenty of women would kill to have a figure like this, even if it's artificial.

Relax. They're not real. No pain, no consequences. Once this is over, you can throw everything away. Enough excuses. Let's begin.



Yeah. I actually feel lighter. Healthier. But I'm losing muscle and I don't understand why

Have you noticed how flexible you've become? That's all thanks to me.

Is that really a problem? Why would a lady need muscles? Delicate looks suit you better.

No I don't want that! When this is over, I'll look strange. It'll take forever to get back to normal.

Don't worry. When this is done, you'll be rich. Then you can buy yourself a private gym and do whatever you want.



Umm... Why does this supplement taste different today?

Because it's not an energy supplement this time. It's a relaxant to help you sleep deeply.

Oh... I see. Thanks, Amy... you really think of everything. Yeah... I already feel sleepy.


Good. Go rest.  
Good night.

Later At Night

You just have to trust me.  
Everything's going perfectly.  
He doesn't suspect a thing.

Oh, you want to come see  
him tomorrow? Fine. I'll have  
him ready. Good night,  
sweetheart.





What happened dear Em. Why don't you go in your room and sleep my little Angel.



Good, That's My Girl,  
hmm? Ohh it's nothing  
I was just talking with  
Em.



What's happening to my body... It feels... strange.. am I horny?

Why does everything feel so sensitive all of a sudden...? Is this a side effect of that pill...?

Ohh fuck I can't control myself anymore.. there's no one here, it wouldn't hurt to touch myself..



But this isn't the time to worry about it. Ugh, I can't wait any longer.

Ah, there it is. I was so tired of wearing that fake pussy. I hope she doesn't notice I've taken it off. Otherwise, she'll start going on and on about it again.

I don't know how it's gotten smaller... I could understand losing muscle everywhere else, but my dick shrinking? I have no idea what's wrong.

After 30 Minutes

Why isn't it getting hard? I've been trying for the last 30 minutes, but nothing's happening. I've imagined every woman I know, every actress, everything. Still nothing.

I'm definitely horny; I can feel it. So why won't it get hard? Usually, just thinking about women is enough to get me going. But now... has my dick? No, that's impossible.


I'll... I'll try again. Maybe I'm doing something wrong.

Next Morning



I feel disgusting after what happened last night. I couldn't get hard no matter how hard I tried. And then, to make it worse, I woke up to a wet dream this morning, like some teenager again.

I'm so ashamed. What the hell is happening to me? Wait... that room... is that Emily's?



The door's open. I wonder why a maid has such a big bedroom.. Looks like she's not here right now. Wait, what's that hanging from the drawer? Is that...?



It's my ID!

