


# Homecoming

A dark, atmospheric photograph of a prison cell. The room is mostly in shadow, with a small, high window featuring vertical bars. Bright light streams through the window, creating a strong contrast and casting long, parallel shadows of the bars onto the floor. The walls appear to be a dark, textured material.

Episode 15



Chris! I haven't felt like this – like *really*  
felt like this – since... since you left.  
God, *yes*, keep going!



I missed you so much. Fuck, you're good at this! No offense, but you used to be, well, kinda clumsy with your fingers.

Remember, take deep, slow breaths. And, well, while most of my clients were men, a few women did find their way in. And from them, I learned some things. My pleasure didn't matter, but there's did. I earned extra points if the ladies booked me again.

Chris, please, d-don't—

Sorry, yeah. No shop talk.



Oh, *fuck*. You're so deep! This... This may sound strange, but you seem even more passionate now. Not that you weren't before that bitch took you, but now it's... different.



When you're objectified, stripped of your identity, forced into being something you're not, the only thing that keeps you anchored to the human world is passion. Passion is an emotion so tangible... so *visceral*. It's the one thing that reminded me that I wasn't just a *thing*. I was a human being.



I love you, Chris. Like, truly, deeply, and hopelessly. I'm so happy to have you back in my life. It was...empty without you. Hollow. Thank you for putting your fears aside for us. I had an *amazing* time tonight.



Me too, Kay. You're... Well, you're the only constant in my universe. I love you so much.

Mmm. H-Hey, babe, do you think you could, um, switch back to your *other* voice? I know it's not totally masculine because of the surgery but...

Sorry, I... I can't. But it'll be back in the morning. Speaking of which, I'm sleepy as hell. Can we turn in?

Oh. Yeah, sure.



Chris wasn't thrashing or moaning. Hell, he wasn't even snoring. For the first time since he came back, he was sleeping peacefully. No little cries, no mumbled words, no night terrors. It should've been a peaceful night.

But I couldn't shake the feeling that I was in bed with a stranger.






I was lying when I told Chris the night was amazing. That's way too simple. It was *lots* of things: Fun, sure... But also really confusing... and even a little scary.

I mean, yes, he knew how to give me pleasure, but that's no surprise. Chris was always the best lover I ever had – no offense – and now he's even better, but the logistics of it all were just *wrong*. The Chris I knew had this gentle roughness, a sort of primal energy that was both protective and savage. Now? His sensuality is...precise, like an artist. And he's *entirely* focused on the pleasure of his partner.

On the one hand... Yay? But I can't help but feel left out, even if I'm the one getting all the attention.

A woman with long blonde hair and bangs, wearing a blue two-piece bikini, stands in a modern, dimly lit interior. She has a serious expression. In the background, there is a bar area with three high stools and a potted plant on a counter.

I don't really know what I expected. I guess I thought that despite the physical changes he was still the same guy I fell in love with, just with boobs. No big deal. The best people I know have boobs.

But he *isn't* the same old Chris. Not entirely. It's like there's a piece of him that's been cut away, and I don't know if it'll ever grow back.



I don't know how to help him. I want to try, really I do. I love him! But I feel so fucking helpless. I'm not the most nurturing person in the world – I've killed every damn houseplant I've ever owned – and I certainly don't know how to deal with this. Or maybe just a coward.

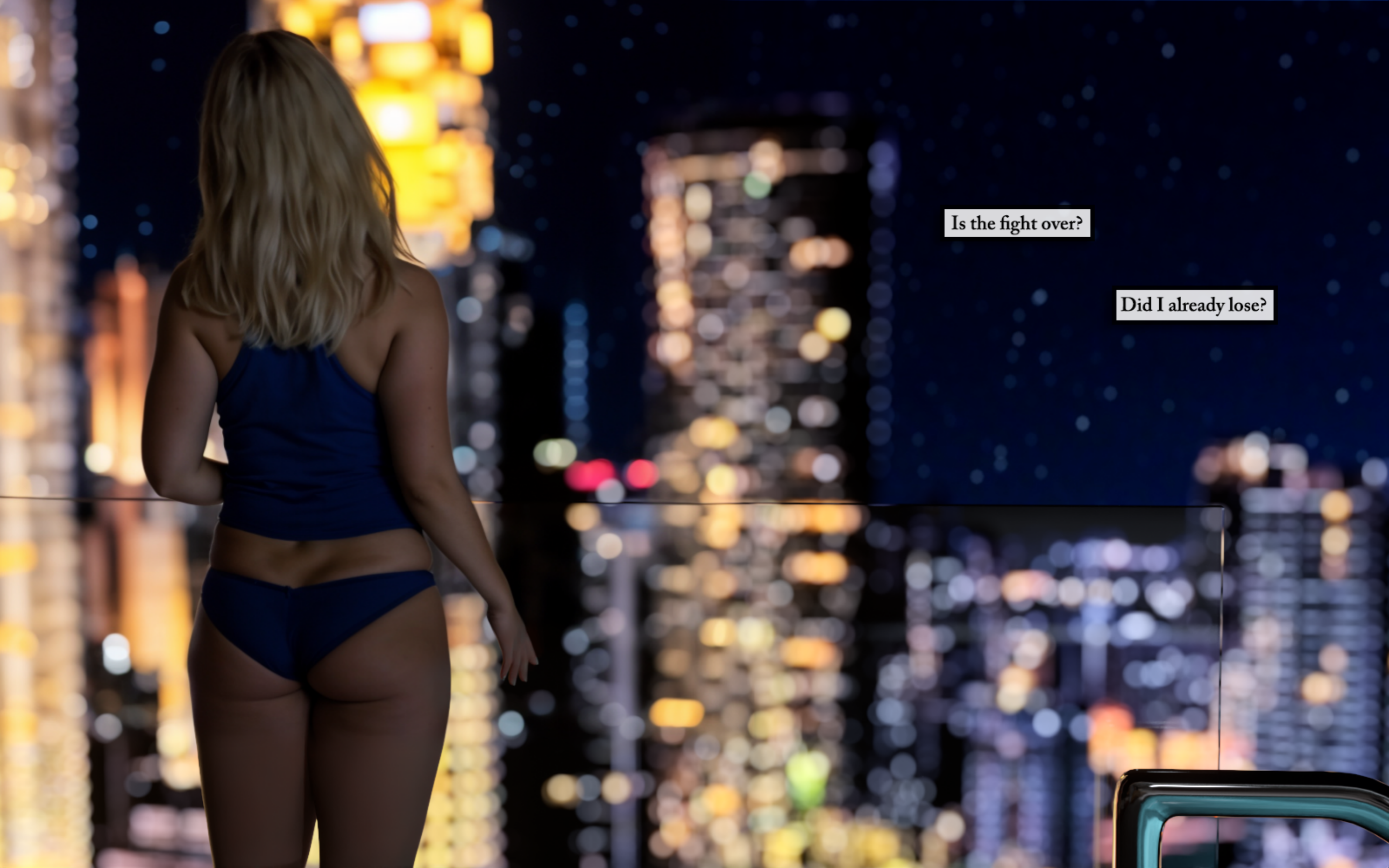
I became a lawyer because I like rules. I like arguments I can win. I like when every situation has a clear answer, even if it's one I don't agree with.

But this – this isn't like that. There's no easy answer here. No formula. No winning.

That's the truth, isn't it?

My fiancé was taken from me, turned into a fucking woman, and forced into sex slavery. Sure, we can try to pick up the pieces, but we can never go back to the way things were.





Is the fight over?

Did I already lose?

*The next morning...*







P.S. This email is personal and should remain confidential. Since what happened to Chris is all hush-hush, I can't talk to my friends. You're my confidante.

So, Ben, if I see this email in an official police report, I'm coming for you and all of your assets.

Best,  
Kayla

Poor girl. Still, sounds like she's beginning to see the truth. Chris was an amazing guy before all this happened. But something broke in him, he went crazy, and fucked up his body and his life. Now he's come crawling back, desperate to make it all right again. Not gonna happen, buddy. At least, not with Kayla.

Still, there's definitely more to the story. Let's see if I can find out what *really* happened...





Oh. Good morning, sir. I'm sorry, this isn't a unisex salon. We only serve female clients here.

I ain't lookin' for a haircut. I'm here on police business.

Police? Uh, what can we help you with?

I'm trying to find a man named Dave McBride—



—who may be *disguised* as a woman named Cindy.