

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 below. The walls appear to be a dark, textured material.

Episode 17



Yeah, okay. So, it all started in a tiny shithole of a room. But hey, it was free, right? At least for the moment. And we had a beautiful view! They got us started on the hormones right away. And it was... Well, it was like breathing oxygen for the first time. I know, I know. Every trans person will tell you that. But it's true! It's like you've been drowning your entire life, but you didn't realize it until you got that first breath.

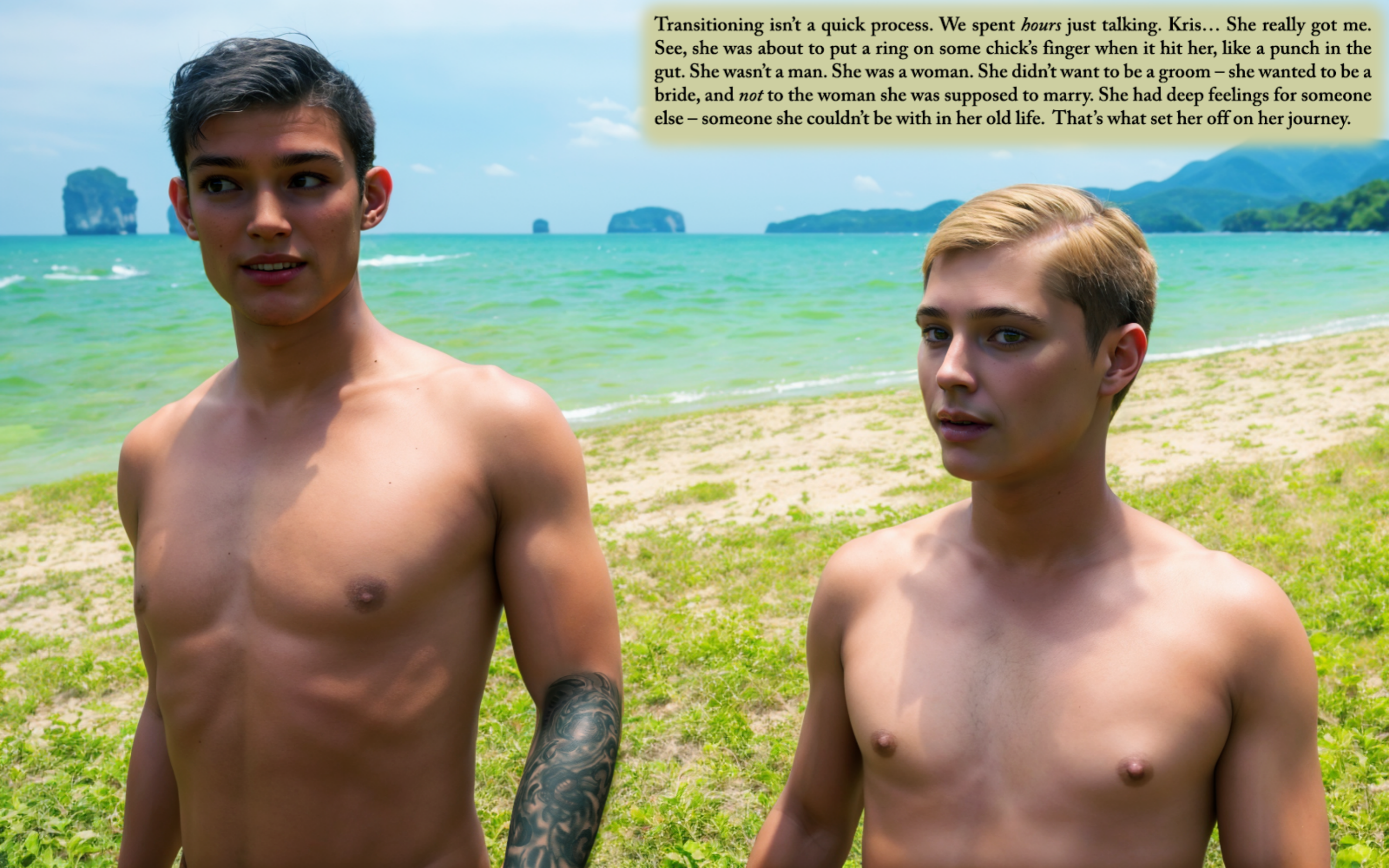
That's when Kris and I met. Just a couple of scared Gen Z baby trans women depending on the kindness of a business. Smart?



Fuck no! *Desperate*. Have you seen how horrible trans healthcare is in the United States? Or anywhere else, for that matter? Obviously, Kris and I bonded fast. We were just two lost souls diving into a fuckin' sea of estrogen in a foreign country, signing our lives away for a few years, and hoping for the best.

I mean, what could go wrong?

Transitioning isn't a quick process. We spent *hours* just talking. Kris... She really got me. See, she was about to put a ring on some chick's finger when it hit her, like a punch in the gut. She wasn't a man. She was a woman. She didn't want to be a groom – she wanted to be a bride, and *not* to the woman she was supposed to marry. She had deep feelings for someone else – someone she couldn't be with in her old life. That's what set her off on her journey.

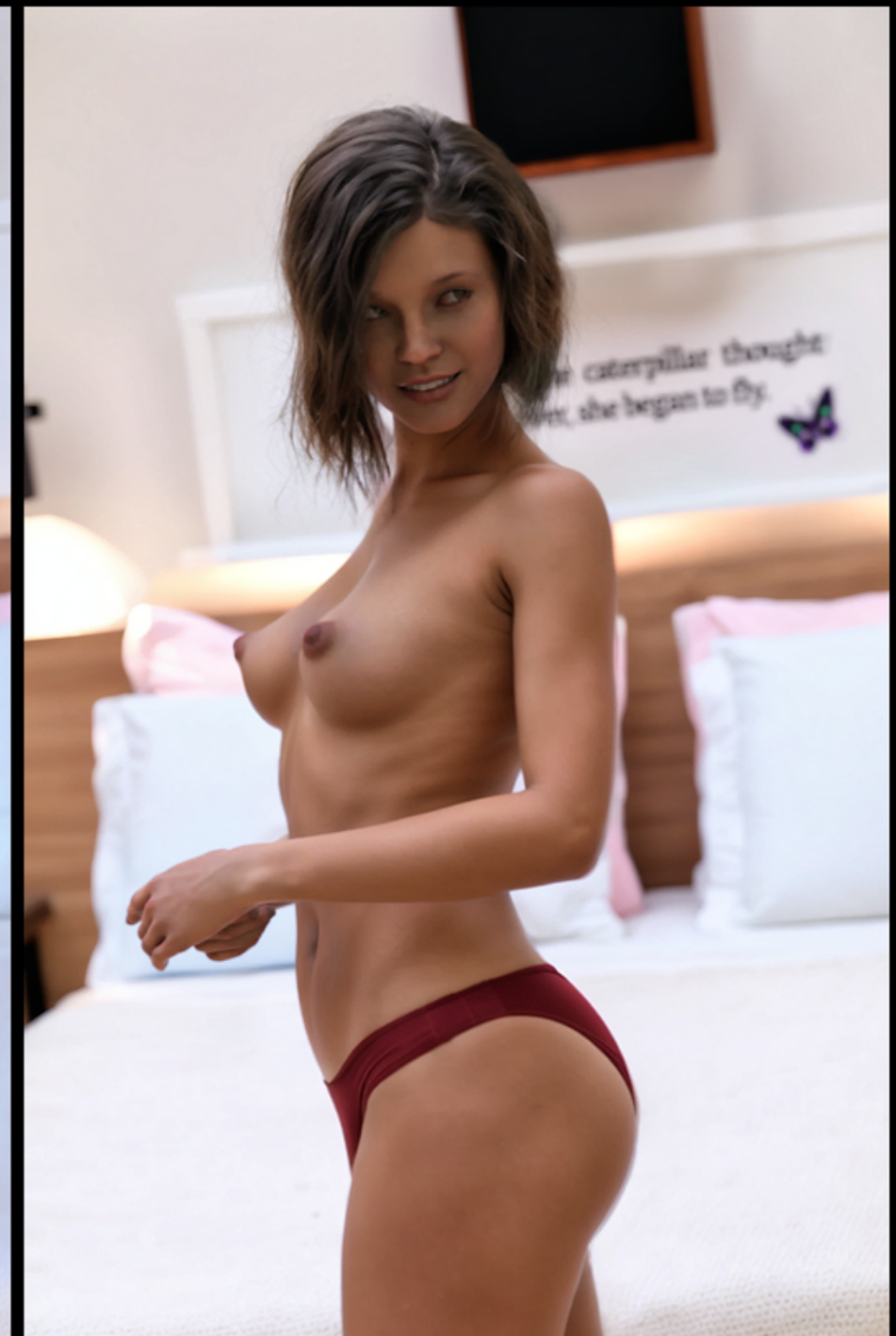


I remember, one day I was looking down and I saw these little things poking out of my chest. I mean, they were so small you could hardly see 'em. But I knew what they were. They were the start of my breasts. I literally jumped for joy! It felt so fucking right. Like all the pieces were finally falling into place. For the first time in my life, I felt like I was on the right path. No more hiding, no more pretending. Just me, being me. It was the happiest day of my life.





And Kris, that lucky bitch, she was a natural! I mean, her body took to the hormones like a duck to water. I remember one day at the pool, she was laughing and comparing her boobs to mine. I mean, we'd only been on the hormones for a couple of months and she was already bigger than me! She was definitely winning the boob race.




Kris always had me beat in the tits department. I never caught up, and I was okay with that. I was happy with my body. I mean, I always felt I had the better ass. Don't you agree, detective? I could give Kim K a run for her money. But yeah, once we were transitioned enough, they moved us to a nicer room. It was no five-star hotel, but it was way better than that first crummy room. But of course, that's when the bill came due. Nothing in life is free, and we were about to start paying Butterfly Beach back for our transitions.



They started giving us all these fancy clothes and makeup. I mean, damn, I felt like a princess or some shit. It was wonderful. Then the men started showing up. Or, more specifically, we were brought out to be...selected...by them. These were men who love trans women. And you know what? I loved it. I loved every second. I felt desired, I felt seen. It was like I was living in a dream.

But Kris... Kris had a harder time with it. Her dysphoria started getting really bad. Worse than ever, she said. It was like no matter how much she changed on the outside, there was still a part of her that felt... wrong.




Cindy ❤️

For me? Different story. When the men started choosing me... I can't even describe how ecstatic I was. I've always loved men. I mean, I loved being around them, I loved being *desired* by them.

I was in my element. The attention, the lust, the desire... It was intoxicating. I felt like I was finally living the life I was always meant to live. All the pain, all the struggle, it was all worth it, just for those moments.



A woman with long brown hair is lying on her stomach on a bed, facing away from the camera. She is nude. A man with dark skin is standing behind her, with his hands on her buttocks, appearing to be massaging her. The woman has her eyes closed and her mouth is open in a state of pleasure or relaxation. The room has a white headboard with a light strip, white pillows with pink trim, and a white bedsheet. A black camera on a tripod is visible in the background.

Being with them as a woman...
It was a dream come true.

Just when the caterpillar thought
her world was over, she began to fly.

Oh, and – of course – each client
was going toward my ‘repayment’
fund. But talk about a win-win,
you know!?

Kris didn't really find her niche until Al showed up. That guy, he was into this whole forced fem role-play thing. And Kris? She was always his first pick. And, hell, she loved it! Al was her favorite. But, you see, he was playing into her dysphoria. Not intentionally, mind you. But that's why I think she was weirdly comfortable with it.





Kris still wasn't comfortable with the woman she was on the inside, and she still felt all this guilt about the privileged life she'd given up. So, this forced fem thing? It was like it gave her an excuse, a way to justify becoming herself. But it was a double-edged sword. That shit was messing with her head, big time!

But then, something changed. Al was always into this psychedelic shit, right? He said he had connections to these big pharma companies, always on the cutting edge of something new. One night, he brings in this new drug. I don't know what it was, but Kris... Kris took it. And after that night, she was different. She started acting like she was living that forced fem role-play, but like, in real life. And even Al, he was freaked out by it. I mean, we were all just playing, you know? But Kris... Kris started living it, and it was... It was scary, man.



Kris started having these nightmares. She'd wake up in the middle of the night screaming, sweat pouring down her face. She'd talk about being kidnapped, about being forcibly feminized. She even started saying we'd *all* been brainwashed into being trans. It was nuts! I mean, I get it, we were doing some heavy shit. But we chose this path, you know? We weren't victims. We were just... trying to be ourselves. And it was just... it was just heartbreaking, watching her unravel like that.

Al felt terrible. He tried to get her some help, but she refused to see anybody. The poor bastard even offered to fly her back to Chicago. She refused. She was convinced that if she left, "they'd" come for her.




I tried to talk some sense into her, but it was like she was stuck in this loop of paranoia and fear.

I mean, I'm not a shrink or anything, but it was clear something was going on with her. Something *way* deeper than gender dysphoria. And, believe me, that's saying something! But Kris... She was battling something dark and relentless. Some... I dunno... some other part of herself. And it was tearing her apart.

I kept trying to talk to her, but it was useless. She insisted that I'd been brainwashed. That I was really a man. You can imagine what that did for my sense of self! And she started isolating herself, stopped seeing clients, barely ate. It was like she was wasting away right before our eyes. And the worst part was, there wasn't a damn thing we could do about it. Kris had to fight this battle on her own. I felt like I was losing a sister.



A woman with long dark hair and a large, intricate tattoo on her right arm is shown in profile, leaning forward and smashing her fist against a wall. The wall is cracked and shattering, with the text 'Just when the caffeine brought her world was over, she began' overlaid on the cracks. She is wearing a red bikini bottom. The background shows a wooden headboard and a bed with pink and teal pillows.

Just when the caffeine brought
her world was over, she began

Eventually, Kris... she started getting violent. There was this one time when she just went berserk and started smashing the walls. Butterfly Beach got really concerned, I mean, not for the property damage but for Kris! She was a mess. Al stepped in, again. He was always looking out for her. He took it upon himself to get her back to America.

You see, Al wasn't just a client. He was a friend. To both of us. He cared about Kris, and he wanted to get her the help she needed. So he arranged for her to be taken back to America. We all thought that would be the end of it... that Kris would finally get the help she needed and start living her life as the woman she was meant to be. But, if what you're telling me is true... then, I guess, we were all wrong.



As for me, I stayed until I achieved my ultimate goal. I... I was able to *complete* my transition. I was... I mean, I... I... I...



Well, what's the point beating around the bush? Ha! Get it? *Bush!* Because... Well, anyway, I have a custom pussy now. Kris could've had one, too, if she hadn't gone crazy. Poor girl.



Alright, story is almost over. But you should know that Kris really loved the little quote we all had in our rooms about a caterpillar becoming a butterfly. Because, *fuck*, dude. Like, I didn't expect the level of transphobic bullshit from you. That's just fucked up. Especially since...

Just when the caterpillar thought
her world was over, she began to fly.





Yeah? Since... Since what?

Oh my god! You don't know? You're the reason Kris transitioned! Well, the reason she got the courage to transition, at least! Kris is in love with you! Always was since college! She used to talk about you all the time. That's how I knew who you were as soon as you said your name. You were her best friend... The one who saw who she *really* was, even if you didn't know *what* you were seeing.

God, how she wished she could've been with you! But she knew she couldn't. Not as a man. And so, she was hoping that if she became the woman she knew she truly was inside, you'd fall in love with her. It's tragic, really. She gave up everything for a chance at love, and in the end, she lost herself.

And you, I guess.

Right, Detective?





Hold the fuck on. Y-You're saying...
Kris is in love with me!?