

# Homecoming

A dark, atmospheric photograph of a prison cell. A barred window in the upper right corner allows bright light to stream in, creating a strong contrast with the deep shadows of the room. The light casts long, parallel shadows across the floor, emphasizing the isolation and confinement of the space.

Episode 2



Um, hello there, miss. No, I'm not a doctor. At least, not yet. I'm a medical student. Do you need me to call the police? Have you been assaulted?

I...I don't know. I need help. These two crazy bitches kidnapped me—

Okay. Everything will be okay now, miss. Why don't you come with me into the hospital and—



I see. I apologize. If you're trans and having a crisis, there's an LGBTQ center down the street. If we go inside, I can get you some clothes and we'll—

Listen to me, dammit! I'm a regular guy. Or, at least, I'm supposed to be! I met this girl off Tinder, and we went on a date. I got her back to my place, and when she took off her panties, she had a dick! Then she—*he*—says, 'I'm sorry,' and the next thing I know I, blackout—



Don't fucking move.

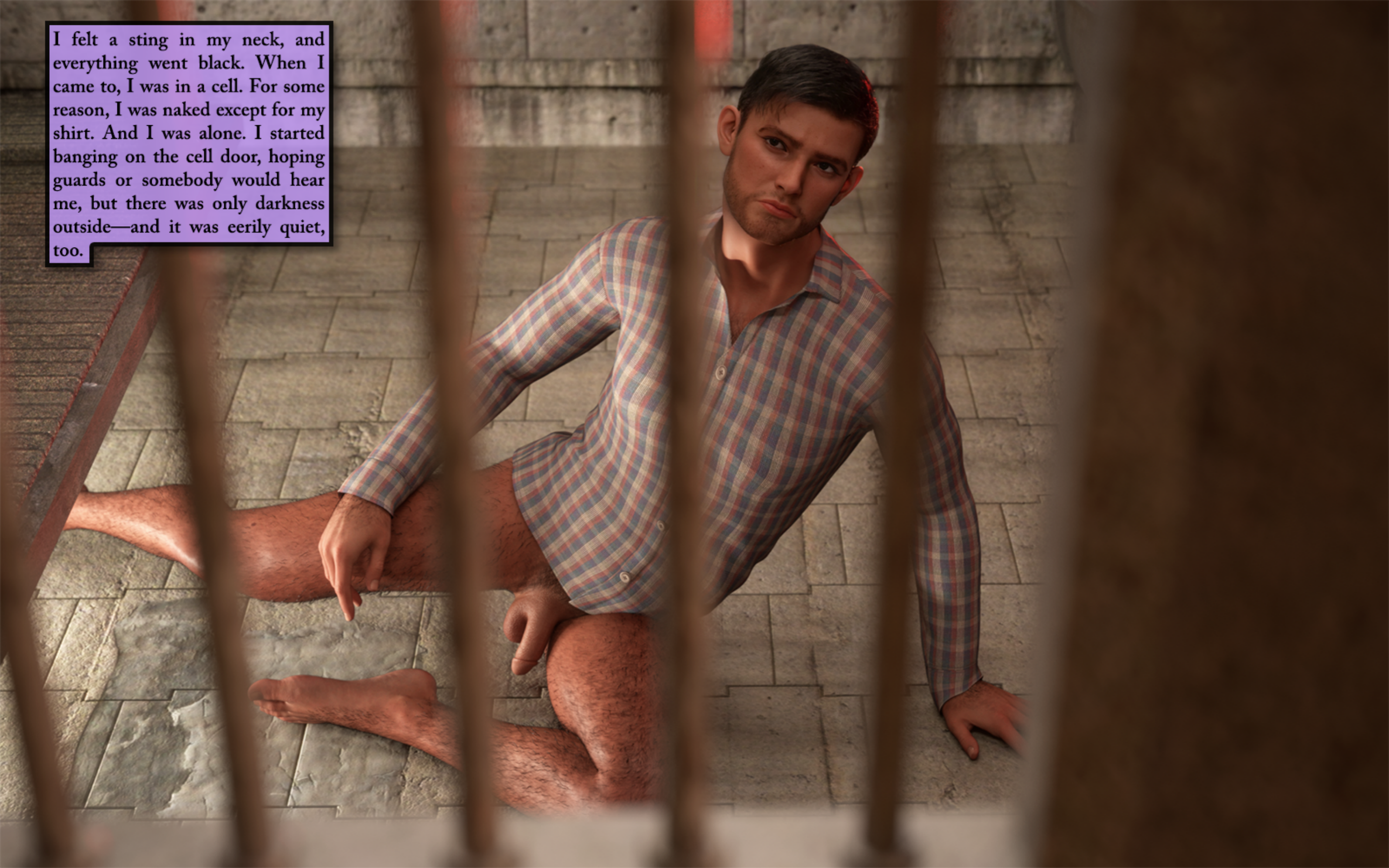
Oh, fuck! No, please, I can't go back. I won't!

You've been a bad girl, Cindy. Why didn't you follow our instructions? Find a man, have sex with him. That should've been easy for a pretty little thing like you.

I—I can't do that! I'm not gay.

And to think, we were going to let you go once you found us a new toy. Ah, well, I suppose you'll have to do, mister.


I felt a sting in my neck, and everything went black. When I came to, I was in a cell. For some reason, I was naked except for my shirt. And I was alone. I started banging on the cell door, hoping guards or somebody would hear me, but there was only darkness outside—and it was eerily quiet, too.



Suddenly, a speaker on the wall let out this burst of static, and a female voice began to speak...

Welcome, Chris. This is your new home. You will learn to obey all instructions or you will be punished. These punishments will consist of an acceleration of your transition. Do you understand? If so, nod your head.



A man with short dark hair, wearing a blue, red, and white plaid button-down shirt, stands in a prison cell. He has a confused and questioning expression on his face, looking slightly upwards and to the right. His hands are held out in front of him, palms up, in a gesture of uncertainty. The cell walls are made of grey concrete with visible paneling and some stains. To the left, there is a barred window. The ceiling has two long fluorescent light fixtures. A blue speech bubble with white text is positioned to the right of the man's head.

Understand? Understand what?  
That you fucking kidnapped me?



**You did not follow the simple instructions we just gave you. Now you will pay the price.**





I still don't know what that shit was that I was breathing. My throat felt like it was on fire, and my lungs were tight. Honestly, I thought I was going to die. Now I kind of wish I had.

I woke up days or weeks later...



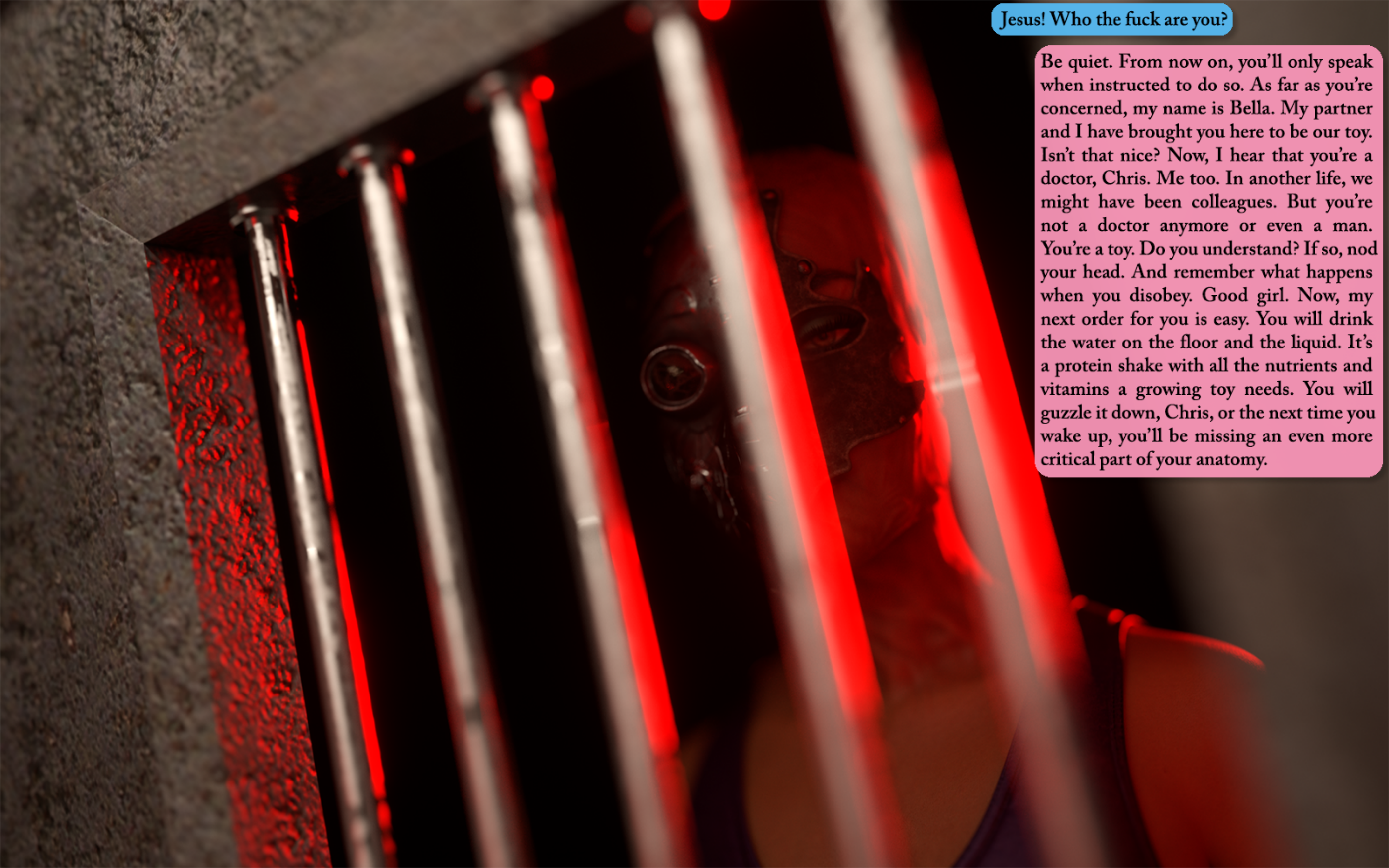
...and discovered what they'd done. I'd been fucking castrated. For a moment, I almost passed out again from the shock. I'd been robbed of my manhood, just like that. And any chance of you and I having kids was...was gone.



Suddenly, a bright red light illuminated the door...

Hello, Chris. Now that you've had your snip-snip, I figured it was time to introduce myself.





Jesus! Who the fuck are you?

Be quiet. From now on, you'll only speak when instructed to do so. As far as you're concerned, my name is Bella. My partner and I have brought you here to be our toy. Isn't that nice? Now, I hear that you're a doctor, Chris. Me too. In another life, we might have been colleagues. But you're not a doctor anymore or even a man. You're a toy. Do you understand? If so, nod your head. And remember what happens when you disobey. Good girl. Now, my next order for you is easy. You will drink the water on the floor and the liquid. It's a protein shake with all the nutrients and vitamins a growing toy needs. You will guzzle it down, Chris, or the next time you wake up, you'll be missing an even more critical part of your anatomy.



And so I learned to obey. I drank the pink stuff every day and prayed to a God I'd never believed in before to make it all stop. I had no concept of time down there, and I still had no idea what was going on. I thought maybe I'd been taken for ransom. And then, one day, without warning, the gas came again. When I woke up, all the hair on my body had been lasered off. That's when I remembered the girl's words outside the hospital and realized what they were planning.



I recall the day I realized I was developing breasts: I was lying on the cot, and when I stood, I felt a strange jiggling on my chest. My areola had darkened and puffed up, and there was a tender little bump behind each nipple. I sat back down and cupped my hands over my breasts. I'd still been trying to deny what was happening, but now I knew why I'd been castrated. They were transforming me into a girl.

And, obviously, those little bumps were only the beginning. D-Do you really want to hear all of this?

Of course, I do, babe. But only if you want to tell me.

I do. It feels good to get it out. After that, my boobs started growing pretty fast. I barely had any contact with Bella, and nobody else ever spoke to me. I just sat in my cell and waited for my tits to get bigger. And as they did, my muscles atrophied, and my skin got softer...

