

# Homecoming

A dark, atmospheric photograph of a prison cell. The walls are a deep, textured black. In the upper right corner, a small, rectangular window with vertical bars is visible. Bright light streams through the window, creating a strong contrast and casting long, parallel shadows of the bars onto the floor below. The overall mood is somber and confined.

Episode 8

I hate to admit this, Kayla, but as I stood waiting for some man to walk through my door, I... I had a preference. The lingerie purchased for me was risqué but tasteful, revealing more than it hid but still retaining a certain level of...classiness.

Now, don't mistake me. I didn't want to be anyone's sex worker—but some of the clients were just objectively better than others.



The guy who walked through my door that night *definitely* wasn't one of those clients. In fact, he was one of the absolute worst.



He never told me his name, but I called him the “Stinker” because he always showed up reeking of booze and cigarette smoke as if he’d just stumbled out of some local bar. I hated that motherfucker.



Hey, hey, hey, pretty girl. You look damn good in that little... what's it called? Lingerie? I don't fucking know. It looked great on your wishlist, so I figured, what the fuck? Buy it for her. She's your favorite whore, after all. But it's no big deal. I have money. *Lots*. Does that turn you on?



Mmm. Baby, is it just me, or are your tits getting bigger and bigger every month? They got you on some kind of special vitamins or something? Whatever it is, keep it up. I like 'em all big and natural, just like the rest of you.



Oh, see that? You're one of the only girls who can make me *this* fucking hard. I think it's because you have this... look... in your eyes. It's like you're actually thinking about something. See, most of the bitches just stare into space like zombies. But you? I can see your mind working, thinking of all the filthy, nasty things you want to do to me, no doubt. I fucking *love* that.



Ah, the blessed fucking quiet. Do you know what makes this my *favorite* cathouse in all of Chicago? I mean, besides the fact that you don't work with the cops? It's the silence. You bitches *don't talk*, and it's fucking beautiful. Now, want to start with a kiss? Intimacy is important, ain't it? That's what the shrink keeps on telling me.

That was the first time I realized we were still in Chicago. For some reason, that stung. I figured we'd been shipped off to some other country, some other continent even, where Bella could get away with having a basement full of sex slaves. But no. She could get away with it here, in the city I love, in the city I call home. Maybe, for her, that was part of the point. She wanted to show us just how little value the outside world placed on the kind of girls she'd made us into.

I couldn't help but wonder how far away you were at that moment. Five miles? Five blocks? You might have taken the L to work that morning and passed the building without a second thought.





No kiss? All right, I guess we're down to business. Fine by me. I have errands downtown, so let's get on with it. On your knees.

OBEY AND BE FREED.  
DEFY AND BE DAMNED.



I dropped to my knees, but my mind was racing. What the fuck was I about to do? Suck another man's dick? And not just any man, but this horrible, gross, disgusting *pig*? No way!

Now, I know I said I'd do anything to get back to you, Kayla, but there was something in how Stinker treated me that made my skin crawl. There's no way I was the only...person...he treated like shit.

I might not have been allowed to speak, but I had other ways of communicating.



What the hell? Do you know who I am? I don't have time for this shit. Get back on your fucking knees, slut.



He laughed. It was a low, guttural, mirthless sound. Something about it made the little hairs on the back of my neck stand up.

Okay, you got balls, I'll give you that. But you're starting to cross from reluctant slut—which is sexy as hell—to flat-out insolent, which is....annoying. So, the fun's over. Either get on your knees and get to work, or you're gonna make me do something you won't like.

Because if there was a bitch-slap Olympics, I'd win gold.

Ironically, it was Stinker mentioning my balls that gave me an idea.

Because although mine were long gone,  
I still remembered how much they could  
hurt.

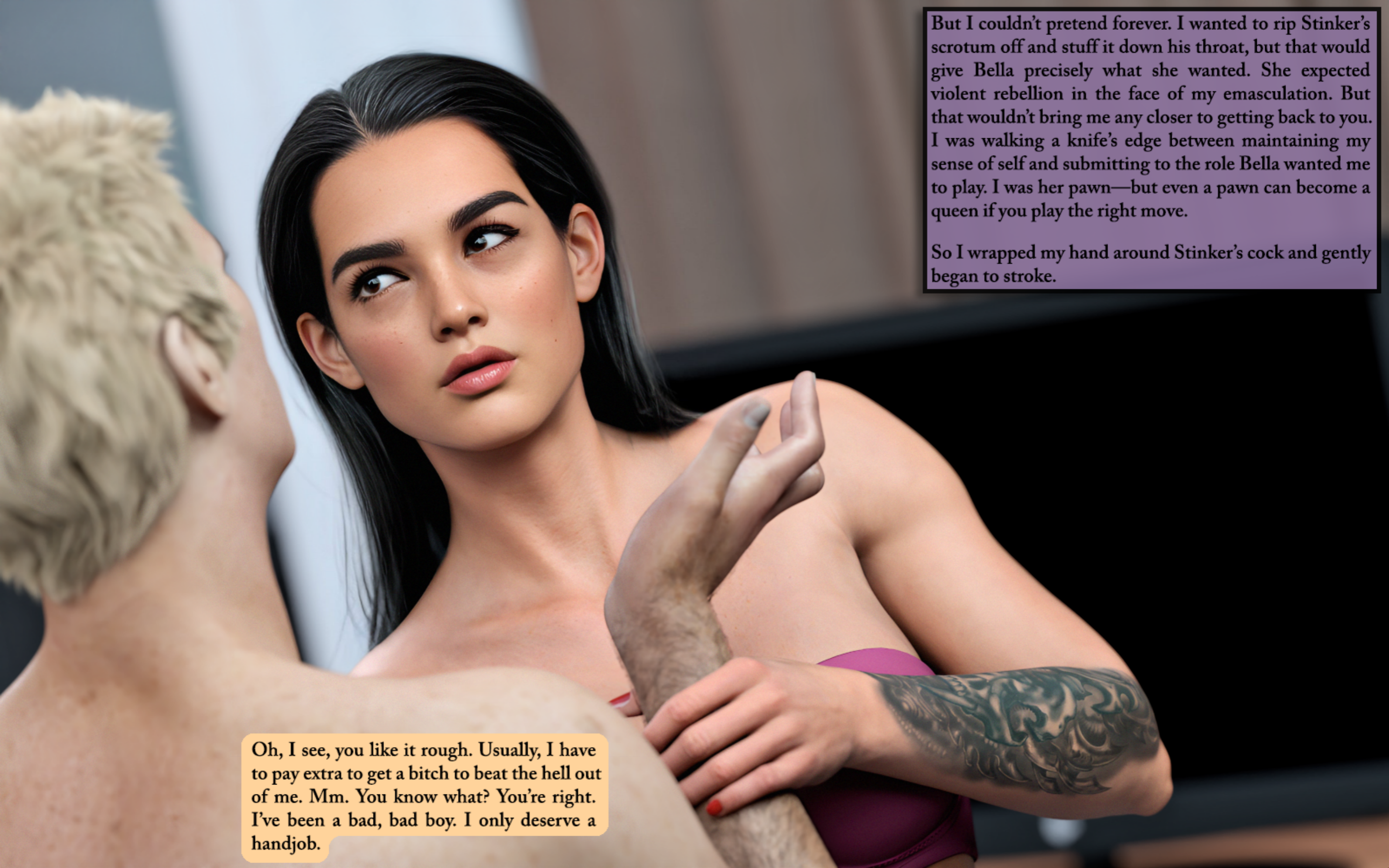
Unh! *Shit!*





F-Fuck! Bitch, let go!

I tightened my grip on his testicles. I wondered if Bella was watching all this transpire on a hidden camera. Would she step in? Would she send the one Cindy called the Cunt down to help Stinker and beat me senseless? Maybe. But, at least for that moment, I enjoyed the illusion of power.



But I couldn't pretend forever. I wanted to rip Stinker's scrotum off and stuff it down his throat, but that would give Bella precisely what she wanted. She expected violent rebellion in the face of my emasculation. But that wouldn't bring me any closer to getting back to you. I was walking a knife's edge between maintaining my sense of self and submitting to the role Bella wanted me to play. I was her pawn—but even a pawn can become a queen if you play the right move.

So I wrapped my hand around Stinker's cock and gently began to stroke.

Oh, I see, you like it rough. Usually, I have to pay extra to get a bitch to beat the hell out of me. Mm. You know what? You're right. I've been a bad, bad boy. I only deserve a handjob.



I could describe the next few minutes in detail. They're seared into my memory.



What I did, what *he* did,  
how he smelled and felt.





But I won't. Because you don't need to hear that, Kayla. I already can't imagine what you think of me, and I don't want to make it any worse. But I will say this: I felt nothing but hate and contempt as I stroked his dick, as he grunted and bucked like a rutting dog.



He finished all over my chest, grinning and groaning. Did Bella think that would break me? Humiliate me? I was a medical student and a hospital volunteer. I'd been covered in blood and worse. A little jizz was nothing.

Oh, *shit*, that was good. You stroke a cock like you know what it feels like, baby. I think I found a new favorite. Used to be Cindy, but her profile says she went to Thailand. That true?

After Stinker left, I decided to have a fucking word with my captor.

I know that bastard didn't get what he paid for, but I couldn't. He's disgusting. And I think he's a sociopath. So punish me, take away points, whatever. That's what you control. But *I* control what I'm willing to do with these people you send me.



Do you now, Chris? *Interesting.*  
As for punishing you...

That won't happen. In fact, I'm awarding you a substantial *bonus*. I will never punish you for putting a creep like that man in his rightful place. That is, under your spiky heel. The men I change have always capitulated to the more unsavory elements of their new role. They transform not from men into women but from dominant, independent people into meek, submissive sex objects. Why? Not because of anything I've done. It's because that is what they think a woman should be. And so, as I make them more woman-like, they respond accordingly. It's pathetic, and it's precisely what I expect.

But you, Chris? You took what little power I left you and used it to assert your independence. I'm...impressed.

Y-You are? This feels like a trick.

Well, technically, it was. Ha! Now, I've unlocked your door. Go to the end of the hall. I've decided you deserve a hot shower instead of the usual soap and bucket. When you return, a new icon will be on your laptop.

What for?



You're moving up in the world! You're actually the first man I've decided is worthy of progressing to the next stage. You see, you're being granted a new freedom. You will now be allowed to message potential clients and select with whom you wish to interact. There will be no repercussions for declining an appointment. But this freedom comes with a responsibility. No more refusing services. Understood? If you make an engagement with a client, you must perform to their satisfaction. At least, not unless they become violent. In that case, we will step in, but you're permitted to defend yourself through any means at your disposal. Oh, and I will, of course, be monitoring and approving all interactions.

So, get cleaned up. And then choose. I'm afraid it may take some time. Your inbox is already very, very full...