

# The Living Experiment

Figuring out life one educated guess at a time

## Flight home (SRS +20)

Being up at 3 AM sucked. I had a 24 hour flight ahead of me, which with travel time to/from airports meant about 30 hours between dilations at minimum. I wasn't sure how this would work. But whatever. Has to happen eventually.

### Bangkok -> Tokyo via ANA in economy

I had a person help with a wheel chair to take me between planes in the airports. He picked me up at the ticket counter and wheeled me to a holding area. He was very helpful, and offered to take me past the food area. I accepted, although sadly there wasn't much there. The Burger King they had didn't serve breakfast. So instead I skipped breakfast outside of some pistachios and water. He wheeled me over to a waiting area. So I just hung out on my laptop and charged my phone. I waited about an hour or so.

The last 30 minutes or so was spent talking to a nice guy that was originally sleeping in the airport. I'm sure he will never find this site, but he was a really nice guy. We talked about various things, but I hope he has fun doing his backpacking trip through Vietnam. It sounded interesting and like a unique trip. The guy who was helping me came by and took me to my gate. I was first to board.

Thankfully, it was an empty flight mostly. I got a row to myself, unfortunately somebody in front of me was in a fully occupied row so a woman moved to the aisle seat. The middle was empty though, which gave extra leg room. I slept for maybe an hour of the flight. Which was nice. This flight was long, and was crappy sitting on a pillow the whole time. But I made it to Tokyo and had an hour to get to my next flight.

### **Tokyo -> DC via United in business**

This was an amazing flight. Dinner service was 2 hours. This meant the first 3 hours of a 12 hour flight was eating and being distracted by eating. Then I slept for the next 4 hours or so. When I woke up I just kind of screwed around on my laptop and watched some more episodes of Person of Interest (great show BTW). Breakfast started about 1.5 hours out from DC. So all said and done a 13 hour flight felt more like a 3-4 hour flight, and was super comfortable thanks to the lie flat seating. I could adjust so my weight was off my pussy entirely. I got off that flight and it was less sore than it was when I got up that morning.

The trip through the DC airport sucked. I do not like that airport and will avoid it if I can moving forward. But I got to my gate and on my last flight.

### **DC -> Home via United First Class (CRJ-7 plane)**

This was the shortest flight ever. From gate to gate was maybe an hour and 15 minutes. With 45 min of flight time. That said it was super quick and relatively painless. Nothing really of note on this flight. Nothing really to make note of here. My metamour came to pick me up. The drive back to my house wasn't the best thanks to the shitty roads.

### **First dilation after 30 hours**

This sucked. Wasn't the worst dilation ever, but Jesus were things tight. It took about an hour and a half to get done due to the pain/tightness. But I made it through it. The next one wasn't the best either, but once again made it through it and wasn't the worst one ever. I took two tramol each time, the first time it hadn't kicked in. The second one I took at 330 AM when I woke up and dilated about 2 hours later after going back to sleep. It definitely had kicked in by that point.

Also, my partner who didn't join was fucking awesome and did a ton to get my house cleaned and staged for things. It was wonderful.

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