

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 22



This is really what you're into, Victor?


Yeah. Look, I know it's not... conventional. But like I said, I have specific tastes. It's a power thing – being vulnerable, at someone else's mercy. It's a rush like no other.

And you trust me with that kind of power?

Well, yeah. You're the professional here. Honestly, that's why I seek out the company of women like you. It's about control, but also letting go. With somebody I might have a... emotional attachment to, it gets complicated. Like, how do you explain that what you *want* is totally different from what they *expect*? Women see me, and they see a big successful man, someone who's supposed to be dominant in every aspect of life. But inside, it's different. I crave the opposite. It's freeing, in a way, to be dominated. To not have to be the one in control all the time.



I get it. More than you know. The need to be something different for the sake of someone else. The relief when you don't have to be who they thought you were – even though more than *anything* you wish you could go back to being the person they loved.



Hey... Sorry if this is out of line or too personal, but are you okay?

I- C'mon, you don't you really give a shit.

No, really. I do. See, I got this problem. I can't get hard unless the girl I'm with is into it. And you seem... I don't know, distant? Like your mind's on something else.



Well, I'm sorry, Victor. Sounds like you have a terminal case of empathy. But don't worry about me. It's just been a *long* day. Let's just focus on making tonight memorable for you. I'm no stranger to role-reversals, so you're in good hands. Although, I have to admit this'll be my first time wearing one of those.




You're safe with me. But...



...my intention...




...is to fuck you...



...until you forget your own name.

Jesus Christ. I think I already did.



Good. Now go stand over there and turn away while I get ready.

Should I take off my clothes?

Not until I tell you to.




Do you need help with the buckles and shit?
I know those things can be tricky.

I'll manage. Just give me a minute.



I'm just have a moment...

A woman is shown from the waist up, wearing a red lace bodysuit with black leather-like straps and a black harness. She has a tattoo on her left arm and is holding a red vibrator. The background is a modern interior with a white sofa and a black lamp.

...of nostalgia.

Okay, Victor. I'm... I'm ready. Turn around in exactly five seconds and come to the balcony.





Goddamn... you look... I don't have words.

Don't need words. Actions speak louder, remember?
Now, head over to the bed.

Yes, ma'am.

I just... I want to worship you. You're the most gorgeous, powerful woman I've ever met.

Whatever you say. But how about you worship me in the bed.

Hell, yes.





This is the best fuck I've ever had in my whole goddamn life. You... Oh, *goddamn!*

That's what I wanted for you. Hold on to this feeling... No matter *what* happens after tonight.

24 minutes later...

Why didn't anyone tell me guys could have multiple orgasms!?! Holy shit! That's... That's seven.

Ten. I've been counting.

You are... something else. I'm not just saying that. I need you to be my regular girl. I want to see you again. And again. I'll pay whatever you ask.

Shh, here comes another one.

Oh, fuuuuck!



Fucking sickening. That ain't natural.



Well, at least I caught *it* in the act. I'll send these over to Ben as soon as I get some Wi-Fi in the lobby.



The fiancée will be broken-hearted,
but it's better she finds out now than
later - there's not saving this one.

