

# 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 in the foreground. The walls appear to be a dark, textured material.

Episode 13



Chris, you don't have to sleep here, on the couch. The bed is large enough for both of us.

It's... It's not about the space, Kayla.

I know. But you can't keep isolating yourself. Not from me. Not if we're going to make this work.

I... I don't want to make you uncomfortable with... with all of this.

Uncomfortable? It's *you*, babe. My fiancé. The love of my fucking life. No matter what happened, or what changes you've gone through. You're still you. And I want you. *All* of you.


Okay, Kayla. Let's... let's try.

Good! Oh, and I know your...chest...has been hurting because of the ratty old shirts you've been wearing. I have something of mine to help. It's soft and should help with the soreness.

Are... Are you really okay with this? Me wearing this kind of stuff?

They're just clothes. You wear what's comfortable for you, and I'll wear what's comfortable for me. Besides...





*...you wearing that makes me feel less embarrassed about wearing this.*

Wow!

Yeah? I know I'm not as thin as I was three years ago, but it turns out your best friend, lover, and fiancé disappearing is really fucking stressful. I ate my feelings. And, God, were there *a lot* of feelings.

Hey, stop. You're gorgeous.

T-Thanks. Now, let's get in that bed. My nips are cold!



...and then, she had the audacity to accuse *me* of delaying the process! Can you believe that? I've been working my ass off on this case!

She sounds like a real piece of work.

Oh, you have no idea! Just yesterday, she tried to slip in a new witness - a week before trial! I swear, she's pushing her luck.

Oh, God. I'm sorry. I'm just rambling on about work. You must be bored out of your mind.

Not at all. I... I missed our talks. I missed listening to you.

Well then, get ready for a lot more stories about the law firm. Hey, um, I've been wondering...

Yeah?

Have you been thinking about going back to med school? You know, finishing your degree?

I've been thinking about lots of things.

Oh. Good. That's... good. And, um, what about seeing a doctor? You know, about maybe beginning to reverse some of the things that happened to you? I know you don't have insurance right now, but I could pay—





Honestly? It's not super high on my priority list.

...Okay. And is there a reason for that?


Kay, I know this is all very sudden for you, but I've been living with these tits and...the other changes...for three years. I won't say I don't hate them, but I've learned to live with them. For now.

Sure. B-But you *do* hate them. Yeah?

Why do I feel like I'm being cross-examined? Yeah, of course I do. Why would you ask me that?



Sorry, I'm just... awkward. You know that. Anyway, you don't hate *all* tits though right? Do you like mine?



No. I mean, *yes*. But... Kayla,  
what are you doing?

I'm trying to...to have sex with you, dammit!

But you were always the one to initiate and I'm so, so *bad* at this. My therapist said it might be good for us to try and... be intimate. I know it's a lot. And I know you're still dealing with... everything. But it's... it's important to me, Chris. To us. To reconnect... as a couple.

And we can take it slow, okay? We can stop whenever you want. I promise to be sensitive... to be patient. But... but I need this, Chris. Like I said, I need you. *Please*.

Alright. We can... We can try.






Kay, I... I need you to know, things... things down there don't work the same way anymore.

I know. And it's okay. We'll figure it out together. This is just a blowjob. Those used to drive you wild.

Well, yeah. You were like a sorceress with your tongue.

A photograph showing two women in a domestic setting. One woman is seated on a dark brown leather chair, wearing a red and black bikini. The other woman, with blonde hair, is standing behind her, wearing white lace underwear and touching the seated woman's buttocks with her right hand. The background features a light blue wall and a wooden cabinet.

Still am, babe. Now, just... lean back. Let yourself go. I'm here, and I'm not going anywhere.



Mm. Fuck, you taste good, babe.  
*Different*, but... but good!



I... Um...

How are you? Does it feel good?

Babe?








Chris!?





*Goddammit! Shit. I... We... We need to stop, please.*

Yeah, of course. Are you okay? Did I hurt you?

No. Honestly, I...I didn't really feel much of anything. I'm kind of numb down there now.

Oh. I... Oh.

Yeah. I'm sorry, Kay. I'm just not very good at receiving pleasure anymore. At least... Um... Anyway, yeah, I'm sorry as hell.



That's fine, Chris. This is my fault. I pushed us too far, too fast. I just missed you for so damn long and, I don't know why... I can't explain it, but...

What?

I...I still feel like you're not *here*. Not entirely. I hoped that maybe if we reconnected physically, I could help bring you back all the way. God, saying it out loud makes it sound so damn stupid.

It's *not* stupid. You're right, I'm not all here yet. But I promise, I'm working hard on fixing that. Give me a month.

A month? Why a month?

I...I have a plan. As for intimacy, it's hard. When I was locked away, it was easier to ignore my changes most of the time. But here, seeing *you* see *me*, it's giving me... Well, it's giving me dysphoria. But... But I think I know how I can fix that. At least for tonight.



You sit there, Kayla. Just give me a second.


Sure. But are you alright? Do you have a headache? I have Motrin.

...

Babe?




Okay, you're...you're starting to freak me out just a little. Can you say something?



You're pissed at me, aren't you? I always hated the silent treatment! Maybe it's because I talk for a living. Look, I'm sorry I listened to my therapist. She's an idiot, obviously. I'll—



Oh! Um. That's an...*interesting*...way to stand.




Babe, where are you going? That's my underwear drawer, but it's for my, uh, *special* underwear. If you need bottoms – Oh, no. Y-You're putting *that* on!?

Wow, you're *really* good with those straps.



Holy crap. I... Chris...?

A woman with short dark hair, wearing a red lace bodysuit, stands in a modern room with white cabinetry and a wooden bench. She has a tattoo on her left arm and is smiling. A speech bubble is positioned to her right.

Well, of course it's Kris, hun. Who else would I be?