

Homecoming

Episode 14



Chris, honey, w-why are you wearing that?


Why, don't you like it? I'd assume so, since it's yours. Sure, it's a bit small up top but the color suits me, don't you think?

I mean, yes, you look... you look beautiful, but... it's just... it's a little unexpected. You were just freaking out a minute ago. Not that I blame you!




And your voice sounds different. You're speaking in a higher pitch than you were before. Also your mannerisms... God, it's almost like...

This is my natural voice after the surgery. I guess once I got out, I tried to talk in a lower pitch to feel more like the old me. But, c'mon, do you really want to discuss the minutiae of my change now? Can't we just enjoy each other's company? I mean, isn't that what this night was supposed to be about? Time for you and me to reconnect?



Chris, c'mon. You were so upset and now suddenly nothing's wrong? That isn't like you... Or, at least, it wasn't. You're *acting*, honey. What's going on?



Oh. S-Sorry. Talking... talking's never been my strong suit. Frankly, I just don't see the point. Not when there's *so* many other things we could do together.



That's just not true. We used to talk for hours, remember? About everything – the future, our fears, how bad the Bears were playing. Chris, talk to me. *Please*. I want to reconnect but this feels like I'm with a stranger.




Tonight is about you, Kay. I want you to feel special. Loved. I want to give you everything you deserve. Let me take care of you.

We need to take care of *each other*. That's how it works, remember? It's how it always worked with us. If this is how you cope, then I'll try to understand.

But promise me that you won't lose yourself in this. You're here, with me, not stuck in Bella's hellhole anymore. Don't forget that. And don't forget I love you.

I could *never* forget that, Kay. I love you too.



A man with short dark hair, wearing a red bikini, is crouching on a light-colored tiled floor. He has a large, intricate tattoo on his left forearm and is smiling while looking at a woman with long, wavy blonde hair who is sitting on the floor in front of him. The woman is seen from the back, and her hair is the primary focus of the right side of the frame. In the background, there is a wooden bench with a dark cushion and a white cabinet with drawers. A white cloth is draped over a piece of furniture in the distance.

So, let's take care of each other, like you said. But just for tonight...



...let me make you feel special. Let me make you feel loved. Because you are. You're so very loved. Chris never—I mean, *I* never stopped loving you. Not for a moment. And I never will.



I... I know you still love me. I've never doubted that. And that's what makes all this so hard. I wanted to understand what you went through, and it's... it's so much more horrifying than I ever could've imagined. But I still want to understand. I *need* to understand. Because I still love you too, and I want to help you heal.

You *are* helping. More than you could ever know! But right now, what I really need—



—is you. Let's not talk any more for tonight. Let's just... *be*. Okay?

Mmm. God, I haven't been kissed like that in years.

That's a shame, sweetie. I guess we'd better make up for lost time.

Oh!



Oh, God! Your tongue and lips feel amazing!
Wow, you... you've gotten pretty good at this, huh?

Well, it doesn't hurt that I've got a pair of my own
to play with now. Gives me a better idea of what
feels good.





I also came to understand how differently men and women experience sex. For a man, the pleasure in the act is very... on the nose, shall we say. But with a woman, pleasure is an art. There's so much more to it than the primary act.




It's in the kissing, the touch, the gaze... And it's in all the little things... like the way your breath catches when I stroke your inner thigh just like this, or the way your eyes close in delight when I kiss your stomach like so.

Mmm. Go on.

Oh. Are you...? Oh! Fuck! Chris!
FUCK!





*Yes! God, don't stop. P-Please
don't fucking stop! Fuck!*