

MY HUSBAND'S

# Fiancé



Tom Reynolds

PATREON.COM/CAPS



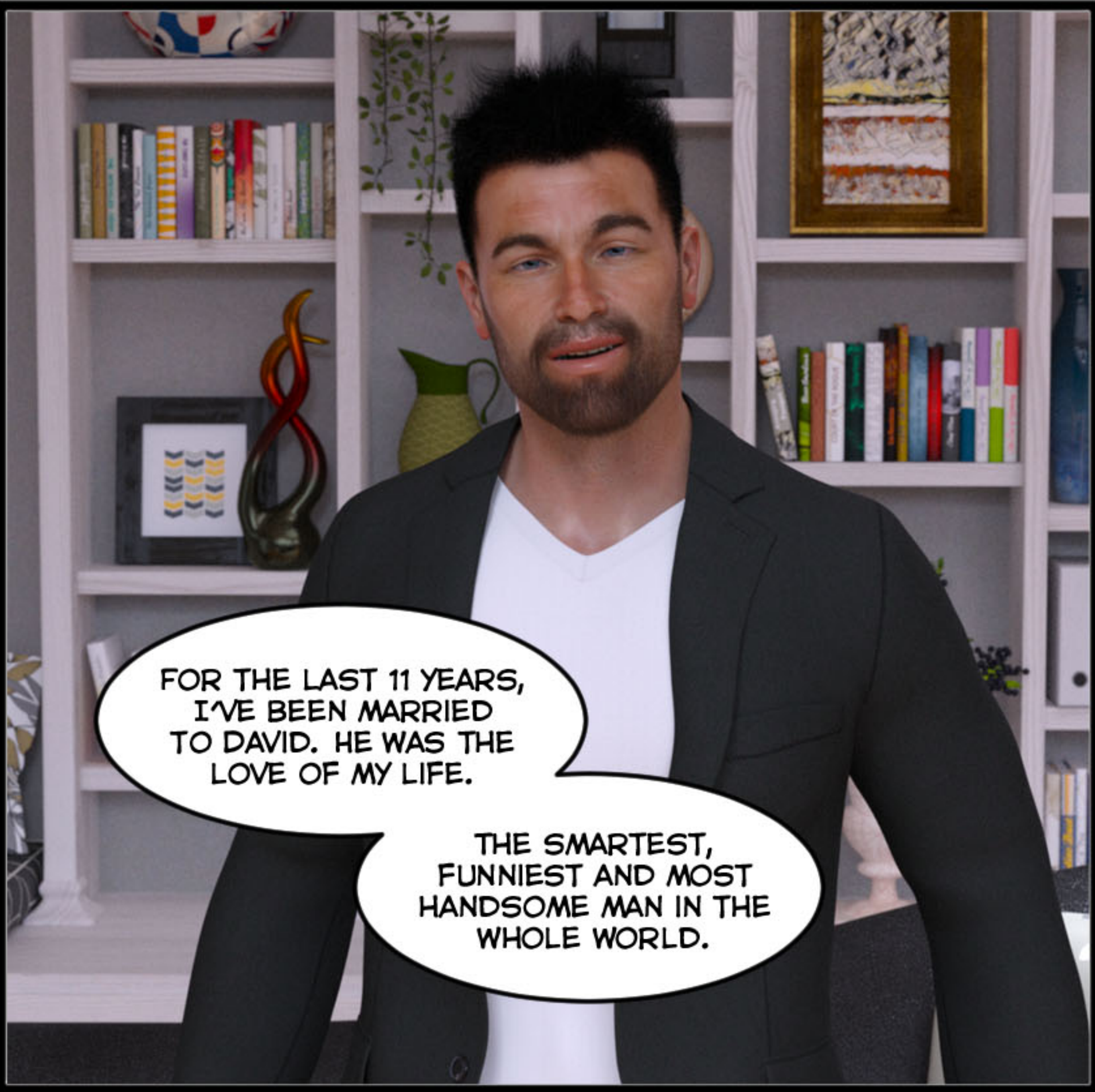


AHEM.

EVERYTHING I'M ABOUT TO TALK ABOUT IS COVERED BY A NON-DISCLOSURE AGREEMENT, WHICH I AM OBVIOUSLY VIOLATING BY MAKING THIS RECORDING.

I'M NOT SURE WHAT MY GOALS ARE HERE, IF I'M JUST TRYING TO GET MY STORY OUT OF MY HEAD, OR IF I REALLY AM GOING TO DO SOMETHING WITH IT.









I FELT LIKE THAT  
FOR YEARS.

UNTIL THE  
ACCIDENT.



DAVE WAS A  
SAFETY TECHNICIAN AT  
BUST COSMETICS.

HE WAS DOWN  
ON ONE OF THE TEST-  
ING FLOORS WHEN  
THERE WAS A  
LEAK.



THERE MUST HAVE  
BEEN A RIP IN HIS  
SUIT, OR THE ROOM  
WASN'T PROPERLY  
VENTILATED.



HE BARELY GOT  
OUT OF THERE  
ALIVE.



IN A LOT  
OF WAYS, HE  
DIDN'T.





I COULDN'T SEE HIM FOR WEEKS DUE TO THE RISK OF CONTAMINATION.



I THINK IT WAS SO THE COMPANY COULD GET THEIR STORY TOGETHER AND START DAMAGE CONTROL.



ALL THEY WOULD TELL ME WAS THAT HE WAS STABLE.



FOR WEEKS.



THAT'S ALL I GOT.

THE FEAR AND THE GUILT AND THE TRAUMA WERE OVERWHELMING.











THAT *STUFF*,  
WHATEVER IT  
WAS...

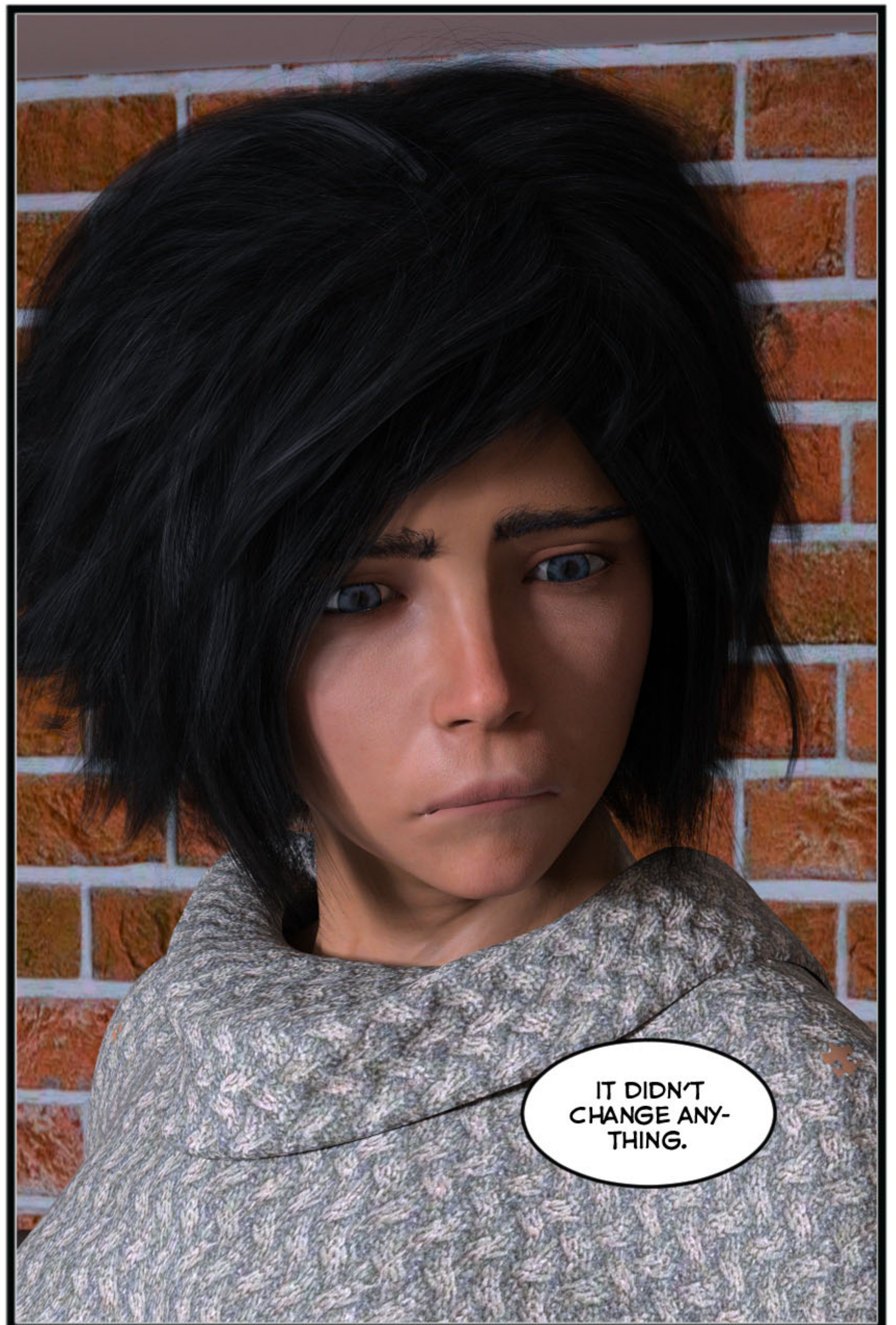
THAT *STUFF*  
TURNED HIM  
INTO...



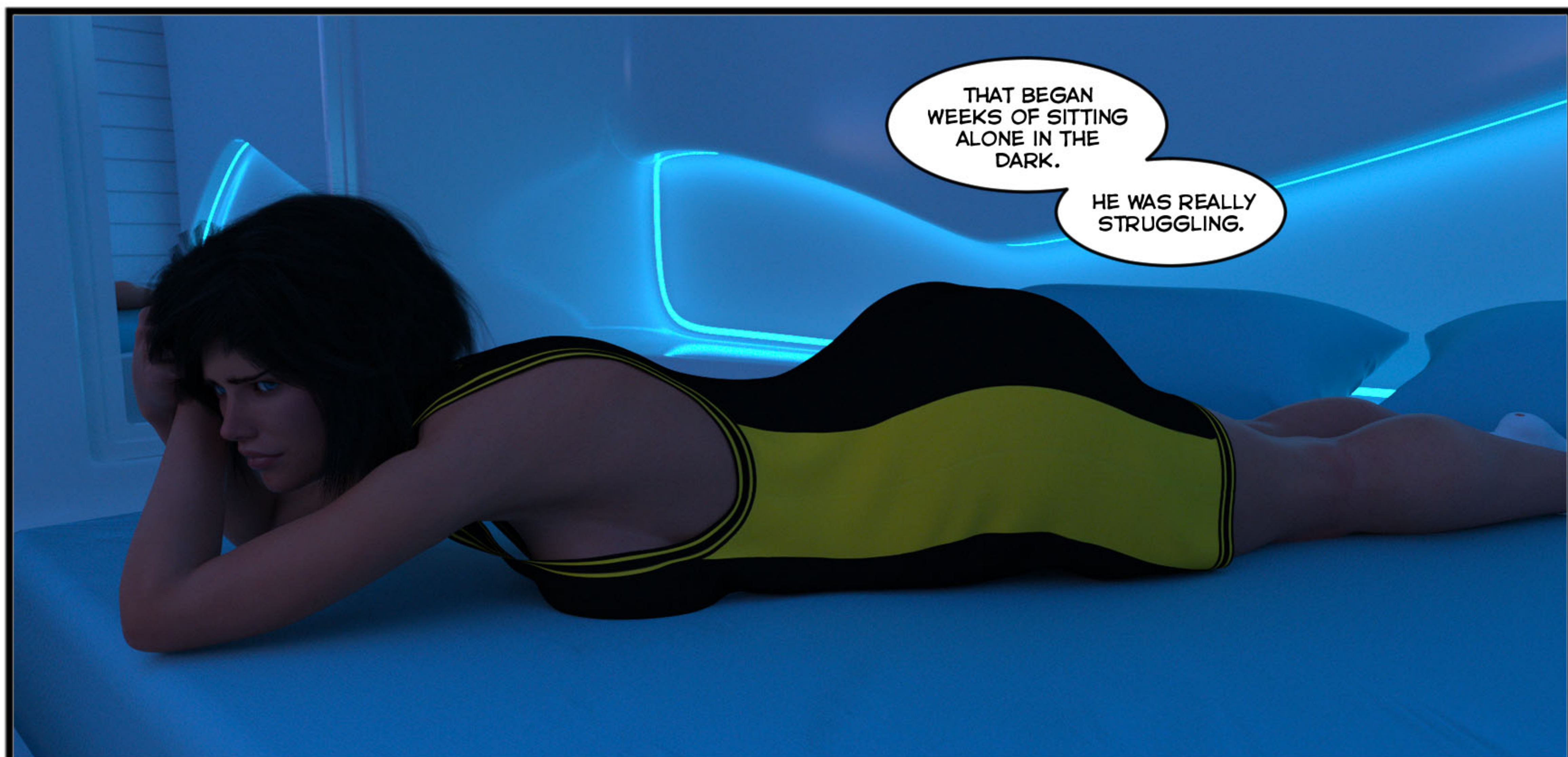
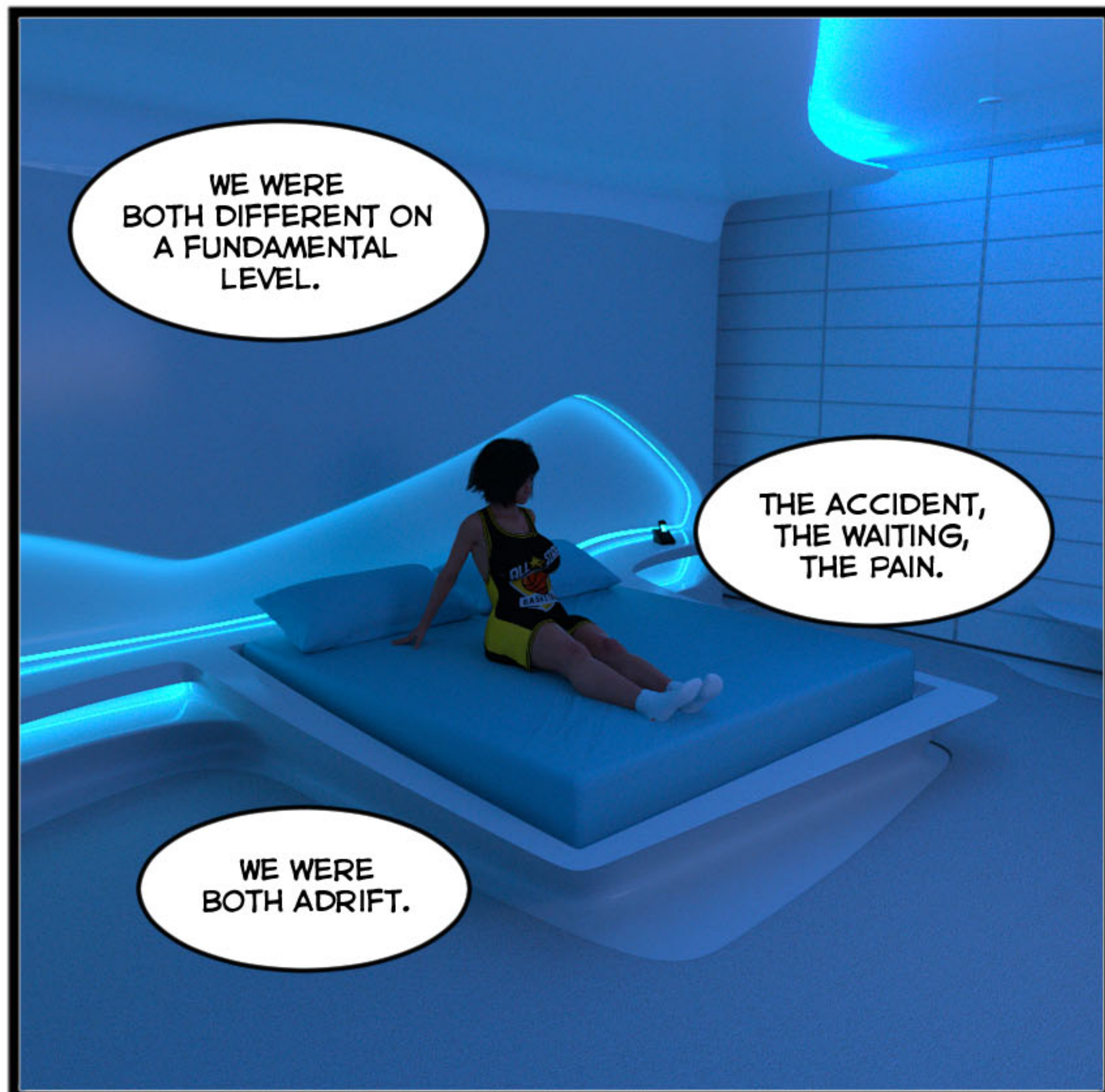




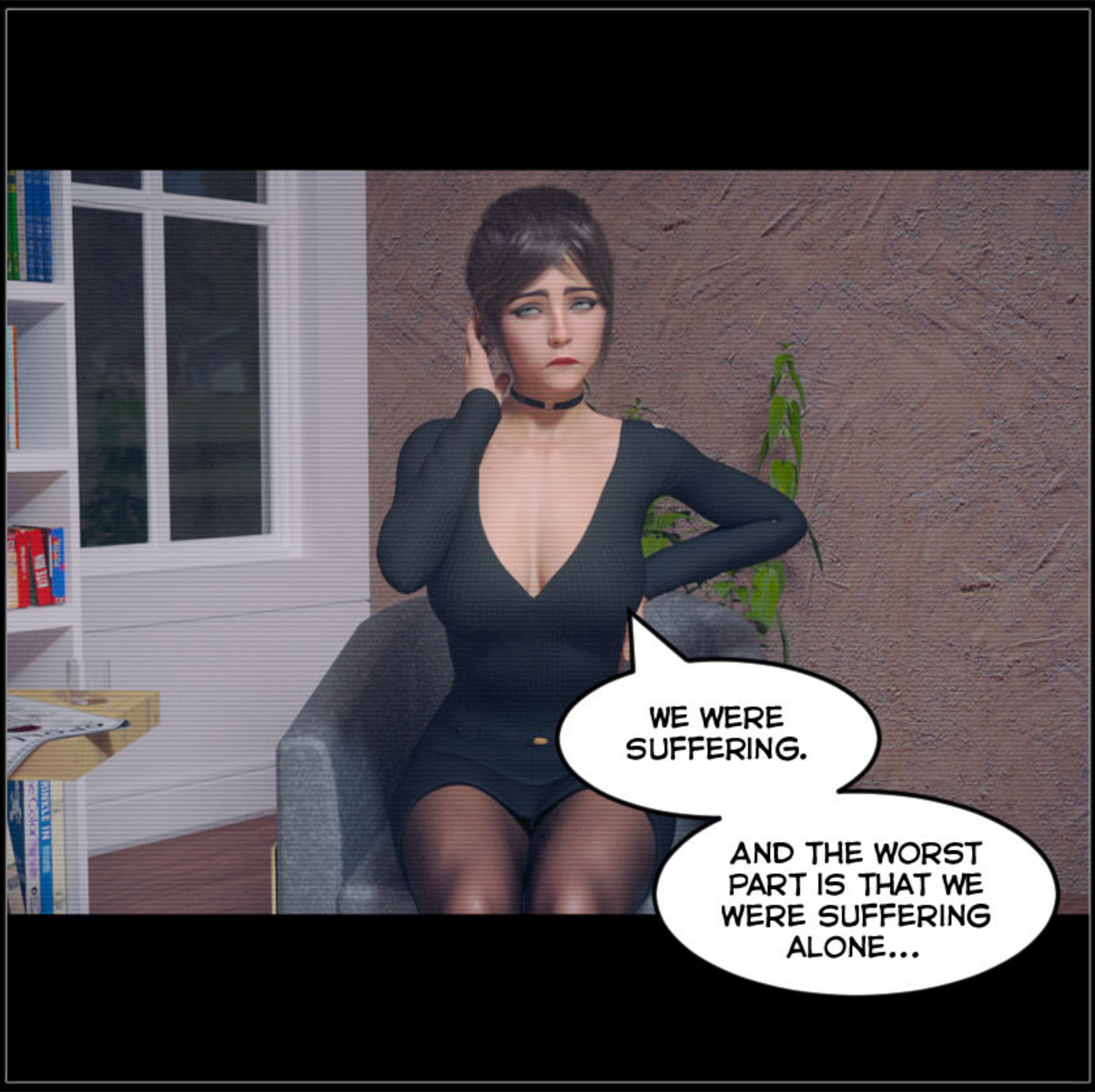




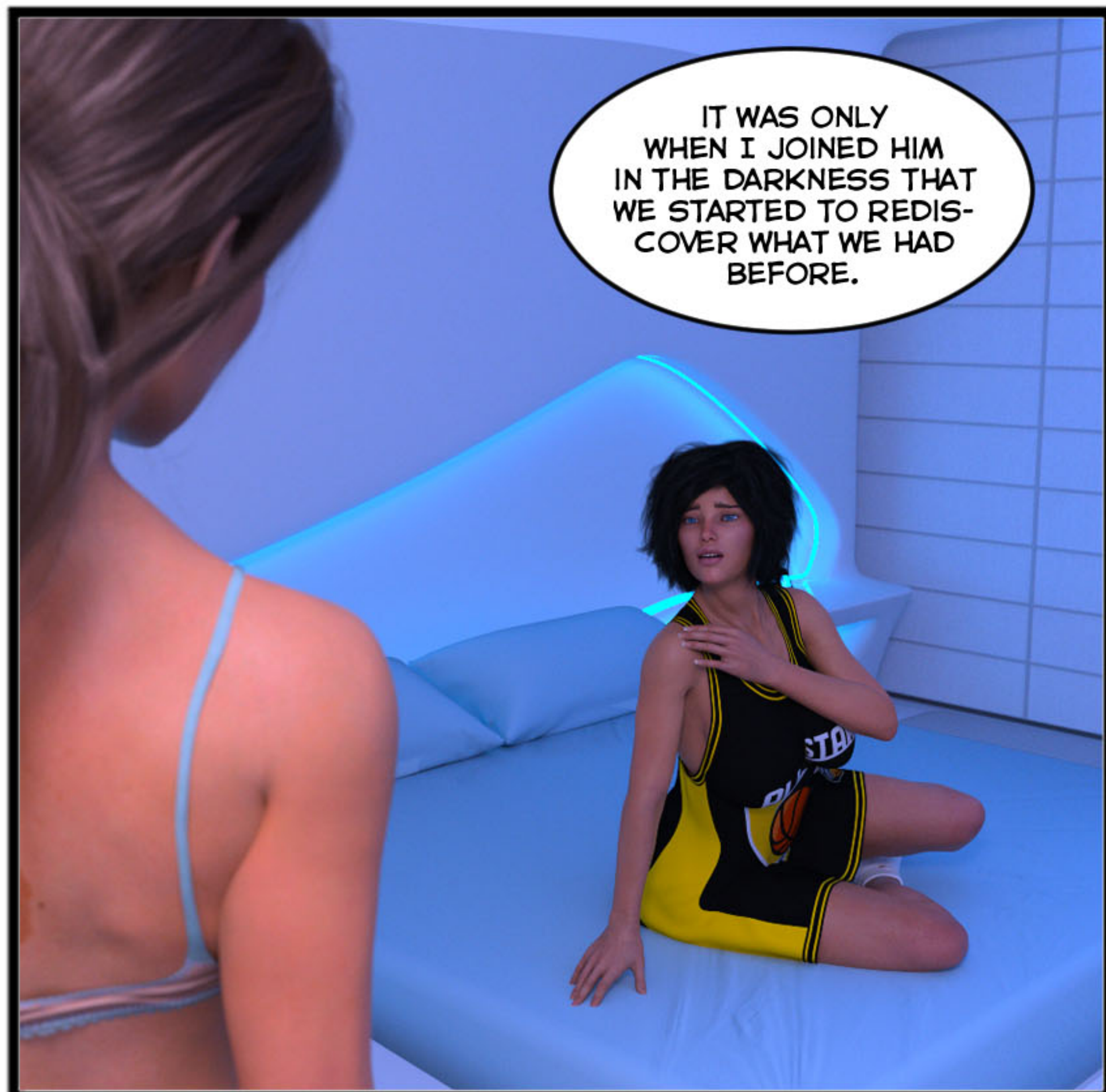












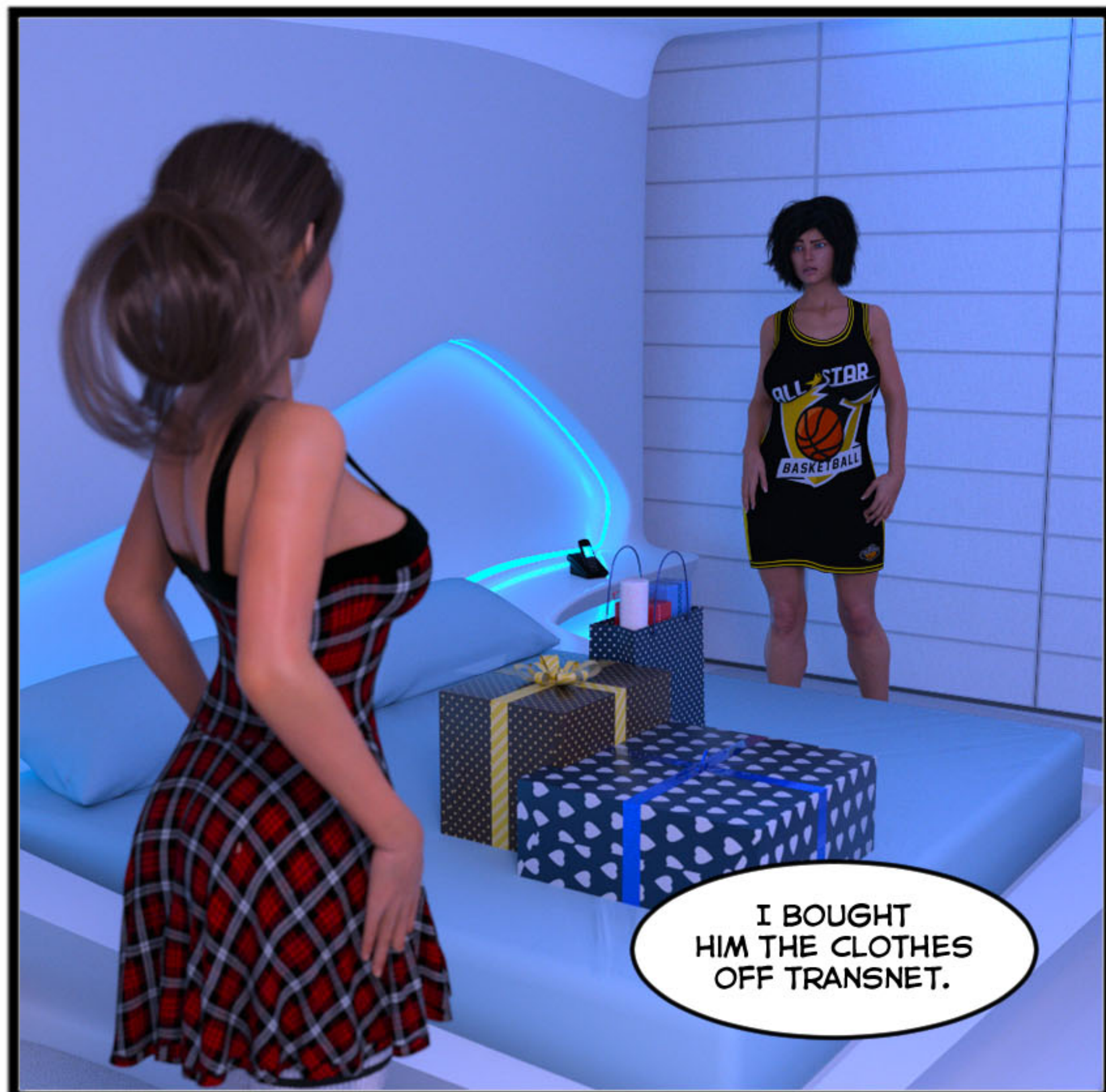




















HE WAS  
ACTUALLY  
BEGINNING  
TO ADJUST.



STILL HADN'T  
LEFT THE HOUSE YET,  
BUT HE WAS VENTURING  
OUT FROM HIS  
ROOM.



THERE'S ONLY SO  
LONG A MAN CAN SIT IN  
HIS OWN STENCH, LESS  
IF HE'S A GIRL.



IT FELT LIKE  
PROGRESS.



IT FELT LIKE HE WAS  
STARTING TO COME  
TO TERMS WITH HIS  
"SITUATION".





































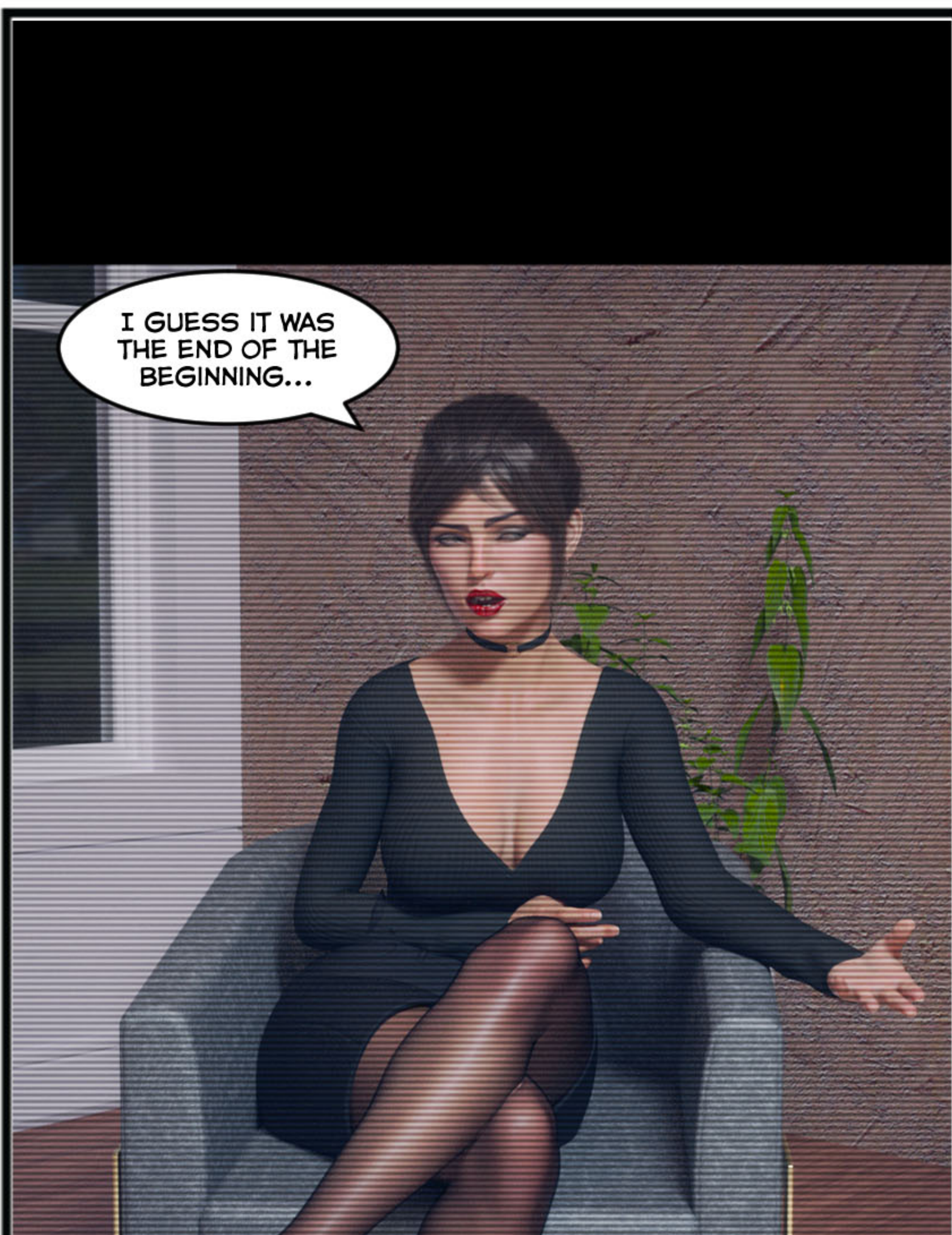








BUT IT  
WAS THE START OF  
EVERYTHING GOING  
WRONG...



I GUESS IT WAS  
THE END OF THE  
BEGINNING...



I'M NOT  
EVEN GETTING  
STARTED,  
YET.









BUT THIS STORY  
ISN'T CALLED "MY  
HUSBAND'S FIANCE"  
BECAUSE EVERYTHING  
WORKED OUT IN  
THE END...

UNTIL NEXT  
TIME.