

Exclusive Excerpt for the Straight Spouse Network

HOW TO LOSE YOUR WIFE TO ANOTHER WOMAN

BY James Oliver Chapman

Chapter 1

Obsessing Out Loud

CURIOSITY DIDN'T KILL THE CAT It castrated it. All men fantasize about a threesome, but are they prepared for what happens when that fantasy springs to life outside the safe pleasures of imagination? Are they ready to contend with the hot geometry of a love triangle, the addictive taste of sexual gratification, hiding in shame and fear, and the dangers of letting the genie out of the bottle? My guess is no—absolutely not. They have no clue.

Over the past twenty-three years, I can recall more than one occasion when my wife, Molly, pointed out a woman who was hot, shapely, and sexy. I teased her about it. It became a joke between us. One Saturday afternoon in 2003, the joke took a turn I didn't expect.

We were doing our normal weekend routine. We dropped our fourteen-year-old daughter, Rebecca, off at the barn where she took riding lessons and worked with horses. Molly and I then ran our usual errands. We rarely had much time alone, and it gave us the opportunity to have fun being a couple. We could hold hands and kiss without having our petulant teenager scream, "Would you two stop?"

That afternoon, Molly drove our SUV down Main Street toward our next errand at Target. We stopped at a traffic light, and a car pulled up on Molly's side. The driver was a very attractive young blonde, and she caught my attention.

"See something you like?" Molly asked.

"Yeah," I said, looking at the woman. I shifted my gaze back to Molly and said, "And she's sittin' right here next to me." I reached over and kissed her.

The light turned green, and a horn honked behind us. We both laughed.

"She's beautiful," Molly said, and resumed driving. Her tone had an enthusiasm about it.

"Yeah?" I leered at her. "Interested?"

"You wish," Molly said with a laugh.

There was a long pause, and then Molly broke the silence. "But I have to admit that I've been thinking about women a lot lately."

"Really?" My male brain perked up. We had been down this conversational path before. Every time Molly made a remark about a woman, I would follow up with, "Really? Do you like her? Does that mean we can have a threesome?" It always ended with Molly saying, "You wish," or "No!" This was the first time she didn't completely shut me down. I think I held my breath.

"Yeah," she admitted. She kept driving. After a moment, she spoke as though confessing. "Did I ever tell you about the time I was with a woman?"

It was as if everything froze, and I could hear her words echoing in my male brain...the time I was with a woman. Did the woman I had been married to for sixteen years just tell me she had once been with a woman? The world began to move forward again. I blinked my eyes and said, "I think I would have remembered that."

"I'm sure I told you about this before we got married," she said.

"No," I said with complete confidence, "you didn't."

"It wasn't that big a deal," Molly said.

“Uh, I believe it is a big deal.” I nodded my head.

“It was a long time ago. I was nineteen. Do you remember when I told you about that time I was on a bus and this big guy exposed himself to me?”

“Yeah,” I said. I didn’t expect this to be part of the story.

“Well, after all that happened on the bus, I just felt dirty. I went to a bar, and I got drunk. I got talking to this other couple. We all hit it off, and they invited me back to their house.”

“Yeah?” I raised my eyebrows.

“Well we went home and had tequila, and then they started making out with each other...” Molly trailed off.

“Yeah?” My eyebrows drew tighter.

“And before I knew it, we had a threesome,” Molly blurted out. She winced. Everything but Molly went out of focus. I saw her lips move, but my male brain processed the words as “blah, blah, blah...ménage à trois!” The seed for every man’s fantasy just germinated. I could hear the “Hallelujah” chorus from Handel’s Messiah. The world came back into focus.

“Do you think I’m a freak?” she asked.

“No, not at all,” I said with encouragement. “In fact, it turns me on.”

“I know, dear. You’ve made that quite clear,” she said as though she had heard me make that comment many times before.

“So what happened?” I asked.

“Well, it was all about me. That guy did it with me, but I mostly did it with the girl. I remember her saying to me, ‘I can’t believe you’ve never done this before.’ But that was a long time ago. And over the years, I’ve always wondered about being with a woman again.”

I thought for a moment. If she’d had a threesome with two strangers, why hadn’t she had one with me? She knew it was something I fantasized about. I confronted her. “You had a threesome with someone else? You can’t have one with the man who’s been married to you for sixteen years?”

“That was when I was nineteen, and I was drunk,” she snapped back. We were silent for a moment. I thought about her being with a woman.

“So...do you still like having sex with men?” I asked. After a second, I added,

“Do you like having sex with me?” She held my hand. “You ask that question after we made love like this morning?”

“You know how neurotic I am. You know I’ve had a fear of abandonment ever since my parents forgot to pick me up from daycare.” That event was the first emotional trauma I can remember. I was five years old, and it had an effect on me long into my adult years. My oldest sister had eloped, and my parents were trying to find her. I attended Mrs. Wilson’s home daycare in the basement of her house. After a couple of hours of not hearing from my parents, Mrs. Wilson brought me upstairs, and I had dinner with her family.

Afterward, I remember sitting by the window, watching for Mom or Dad to pull up in the driveway. I sat there as it got dark, wondering where my parents were. They did eventually come to get me later that night, but the damage had already been done.

“You need to get over that,” Molly said. She put her hand on mine. “James, you’re my man. You’re my soul mate, my best friend. My lover. I love it when we make love.”

I nodded with relief. “Good.”

“It’s just that I’ve been curious lately. I’ve been wondering what it would be like to be with a woman and not be drunk this time.”

I admit I had a completely selfish motivation for what I was about to say. I tried to sound as though it were thoughtful of me to suggest it: “I think you should explore it. I mean, if a person thinks they’re gay, they should explore that. If you’re bisexual, then you need to see what that’s like.”

“So you can watch me fulfill that side of my sexuality?” she said bluntly.

“Hey, I am willing to make that sacrifice for you,” I joked with a deadpan expression.

“What is it with men and threesomes?” she asked.

“You might as well ask a bird why it flies. It must be imprinted in our DNA. Every guy wants to see two women together and join in the lovemaking.”

“So they can do both women and finish the job to prove they’re real men?”

“Damn straight,” I said as I puffed my chest out, but it wasn’t only that. When men look at two women kissing, we immediately feel a rush of sexual energy. There’s softness. There’s tenderness. It is something extremely sensual. Men fantasize about being a part of that.

“It doesn’t work that way for women,” she said earnestly. “We don’t want to see two guys making out. Besides, this is about me right now. I’m not saying a threesome isn’t possible, but I don’t want you to pester me about it. I don’t want you poking at me all the time saying, When’s it going to happen? When’s it going to happen? When’s it going to happen? You’re getting way ahead of everything. I’m talking about something for me whenever it might happen. If and when I would be open to a threesome, I’ll let you know.”

“Okay,” I said to pacify her. But like all men, I would always have the hope in the back of my head. Every man in our culture grows up with the concept of a threesome. We’re inundated with sexual images of two women together. You see it in mainstream media, fashion photography, and even beer commercials.

When a guy opens an ice-cold Coors, he finds himself surrounded by sexy women ready to fulfill his every desire. They do not imply that he’s seeing them one at a time.

I grew up during the sexual revolution of the sixties and seventies, when people shed their inhibitions of the past. It became acceptable to explore your sexuality. This was before the days of HIV, when people could freely have unprotected sex without it potentially killing them. Magazines like Playboy and Penthouse not only had explicit pictorials of women together, but they also had detailed stories and articles. These magazines had dedicated forums where people wrote in to share their sexual experiences, and many of those stories were about threesomes. They made you feel like it was normal to have these desires. By today’s standards, the sexual revolution seems tame. Now images of two women having sex are far more graphic and readily available on every man’s computer or mobile device.

We continued down Main Street, and Molly said, “So you would be okay if I tried being with a woman if it’s right and I have the opportunity?” When I heard the word “opportunity,” a gong sounded in my head. We were heading right for the island of opportunity. We were going to Key West in three months. The yellow brick road to a threesome ends in Key West. It’s so far removed from the rest of America that people go there to party in anonymity.

I said, “Sure, I’d be open to letting you try.”

“And I’m serious about you not pestering me,” Molly said. “If it becomes a problem, then I’ll stop.”

“Agreed.” I nodded. Of course, inside my head I was jumping up and down like a giddy little kid who had gotten an excess of ice cream. Then a thought occurred to me. I said, “Hey, if you want to try it, why not just go to a prostitute?”

Molly shook her head and said, “It doesn’t work that way with women. Women have to feel a connection before they can have sex. Men will just go screw anything.”

“What about all those guys you had sex with when you were on the kibbutz?”

“That was different. I was young and on my own for the first time.”

“Yeah, you said you and your friend Sally had a contest to see how many nationalities of men you could sleep with.”

“And I won,” she said proudly.

I thought for a moment. “Hey, how about a strip club?”

Molly looked at me warily, but she didn’t say no.

“It’s not exactly sex,” I argued. “It’s just a lap dance.”

“And you’d be willing to take me there?” she asked sarcastically.

I shrugged and said, “I think it’d be a good place for you to test the waters.”

She was silent, but she didn’t rule it out. “Maybe,” she said. “But only when I’m ready.”

I tried to entice her. “The next time we have a night alone, you and I could go out for a sexy date.” I gave a flirtatious smile and bobbed my eyebrows.

“Maybe,” she said. “But if you pester me, it’s not going to happen.”

“Okay, okay,” I assured her. I felt that once I got her into a club, a lap dance would probably happen anyway.

We rode along for a few moments, and I began to think. We weren’t talking about a fantasy anymore. She had already done this. Why would she have a threesome with two strangers and never give me that option? Why would she withhold this part of the story for all these years? And if she were with a woman again, would she prefer it to me? I felt tightness in my chest, and I began to worry. I spoke up. “So what if you do have sex with another woman and you like it better than sex with me?”

Molly looked at me and sighed warily. “Now, you’re not going to obsess about that, are you? If you are, then I’m just going to forget it.”

“No, I’m good,” I said. “I’m not going to obsess about it.” But I was lying. I didn’t want her to call the whole thing off, so instead of obsessing out loud to her, I obsessed quietly and continuously to myself.