

Open Marriage

Open marriage has many different meanings to many different people. Most commonly, it is when a married couple can have relationships with other people outside their marriage. These relationships are often sexual. In short, an open marriage is two people who are married, openly fooling around with others.

Note: The names used here have been changed to protect the guilty.

It is 1979. As the song said, “These times are definitely a changing.” Society was experimenting with new norms, rules, and pushing the lines of right and wrong. This was apparent with long hair, earrings, and tattoos on men. No bras, sexual liberation, and a more take-charge approach among women. I am just saying this so that as you read the story, you will define me more as champion of social growth rather than a sexed up hippie.

I had no idea what was about to play out for a short term in my life. But obviously, my friend Dom and his wife Pam had given this a lot of thought. Don was my age, close to 21 years old. His attractive wife Pam was 18. They had been married for about a year.

A weekend in the mountains on a camping trip was planned. It was to be me, my sister, Dom and his wife Pam.

Dom and I had many camping trips over the years. We started camping together when we were kids, as our parents used to camp quite a bit. So I didn't think anything special about this trip. I figured that we would just do a little partying and listen to music around a campfire, maybe a game of cards or something like that.

As it turned dark, with the fire blazing away and a good buzz, Dom pulled me aside from the women. He started telling me about how he had an open marriage. At first, I didn't really understand him, and as the conversation continued, I didn't really *believe* him. I didn't even know you could do such a thing when you were married. Shit, if this open marriage stuff catches on, the whole U.S. of A could turn into one giant orgy. **Yeah, now that's what I'm talking about!**

Dom had obviously spent some time working this one out in his marriage. I couldn't believe Pam or any other women would go for this, but Dom was a good bull-shitter. Maybe even a great bull-shitter. He started to tell me how I could screw his wife.

"WHAT? QUIT F-ING WITH ME," I said. I thought because we were both a little buzzed, that he was just messing with me. He continued trying to persuade me. We were inebriated, laughing and giggling about this. I just knew for sure that he was just joking because what he was suggesting was utterly off of the acceptable social standard.

He really made me laugh when he said, "If Pam doesn't have sex with you, you can have my car."

That still didn't cement the deal because Dom's car was an older model with many miles. I remember vividly telling him, "Dom, you are a good friend and there is **absolutely no way in hell I am ever going to have sex with your wife. Period, end of story.**"

Shortly after that, Dom took my sister with him to go get some ice cream. As he pulled out of the parking spot, his wife Pam was all up in my face, asking if Dom had talked to me.

I said, "Yes."

Within seconds, passionate kissing began, and clothes were nearly instantly being ripped off. I couldn't believe it. I was banging the bajesus out of Pam in less than three minutes after Dom pulled out of the parking lot. If banging the bajesus out of Pam is wrong, then I don't want to be right. Actually I was trying to spare Dom from having to buy another car.

When they returned from ice cream, I was a little worried, but all seemed fairly normal the rest of the evening, just the usual partying and listening to music around the campfire.

Dom had gone with my sister to get ice cream for a reason. He was hitting on her the whole time. So I guess that was the true plan that was concocted in their minds. Dom and my sister, Dale and Pam. Except only one pair got their wish.

If you think the above story was a little bizarre, wait it gets better, much better.

The open marriage continued. I was invited over to Dom and Pam's house on a Friday evening. I arrived about 8 p.m. I was warmly greeted at the front door. We drank a couple of beers and had pleasant conversation. To an outside observer, this would seem like any ordinary get-together.

About an hour later, Dom announces that he is going to go into town, hang out at few bars and try to pick up a woman for the night. It all sounded so naturally normal. Here is a married man telling his wife that he was going out to try and pick up a woman for the night. Here is the married wife saying have a good time and be careful. They had a brief hug and a peck of a kiss, and then he left.

It was like when a man leaves for work in the morning, and the wife gives a little hug and kisses, saying, "I'll see you for supper." Nonchalantly, Pam announces that he will not be back until the morning.

Within minutes, just like the camping trip, clothes were ripped off, and animal instincts took over. And over. And over. And over. All night long. Intense heat. No sleep at all.

Along about dawn, I heard a car coming up the driveway. I jumped out of bed quickly and got fully dressed. I mean open marriage or not, you still have to have some common decency. I did his wife all night long, but I still wanted to show proper respect. I mean nobody else in this

marriage was. I was going to take the moral high ground for what would surely be a trip to hell.

I greeted Dom at the door. He was clearly tired but not from any woman he had chased. He didn't have any luck picking up a broad and had spent most of the night sitting in his car after the bars closed.

I, on the other hand, was very tired but for much different reasons. His wife warmly greeted him with a hug. It was extremely awkward watching this, but Dom pulled out a Tequila bottle and all was well within minutes. Dom and I sat in the living room casually talking. I looked over into the kitchen, and Pam was cooking. She was cooking a good, big breakfast.

Dom and I were called into the kitchen and sat down at the table. Pam had cooked up eggs, bacon, toast, orange juice and a fresh pot of coffee. We were chowing down and exchanging pleasantries. Occasionally, someone would say, "Please pass the salt" or "These eggs are good; I should get your recipe, Pam."

I had one last cup of coffee and started to head on down the road. Dom and Pam asked if I would be coming by next Friday. I said, "sure" and started hobbling down the driveway. I was sore as shit as Pam wore me out.

After leaving their home, my head exploded. I can't believe what had happened. I had just had nearly six hours of mind-blowing sex and a nice, big breakfast to boot. If you were a fly on the wall, this would seem like this was perfectly normal. I expected some sort of fighting to be going

somewhere, either marital or Dom and me having it out. But nothing, everything was fine.

Maybe open marriages were a good thing and would soon be mainstream Americana. I was a trendsetter. A new moral compass for America.

This Friday night hook-up continued for several more weeks. The same scenario each time: all-night sexathon, big breakfast, hobble down the road, repeat.

Then something changed. Dom began finding different women to have sex with. This, for some strange reason, didn't sit well with Mrs. Pam.

It was okay to have an open marriage as long as Dom was closed down. I could feel the tension rise at the Saturday morning breakfast table as Dom and I talked manly-man talk about the women he was nailing. Pam wasn't happy to pass the "bacon," so to speak.

The final clincher to this bizarre story happened on the last Friday I attended open marriage night at the coo-coo ranch. Pam informed me that I needed to be "faithful to her" and that I couldn't see other women.

WHAT? Let me get this straight, you are a married woman who is openly cheating on your husband, and you want me, a single man with no commitments, to be faithful to you? The one who is supposed to be faithful is not faithful. The one, who is not married and can see anyone he wants to, is the one who is asked to be a monogamist. HUH?

Well, I could not pledge to be fully committed and faithful to a cheating wife.

Shortly after that, I heard their marriage was no longer “open.” A few years later, Dom and Pam were divorced. I still can’t figure out why.

I was deeply saddened that open marriages did not become common place ... that open marriage experiments had failed, but I did see some ray of hope years later, when I heard that threesomes had become a poor man’s open marriage.

One last tidbit, I don’t know if this changes anything, but all of this took place in West-By-God-Virginia.

– Dale McCombs, 2014

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