



Confessions of a Closet Monogamist & Failed Swinger

by H. Kent Craig

Yes, I confess, I'm a closet monogamist, have been all my life; probably will be for the remaining years I have left.

Not that I wouldn't jump at the chance to be in a long-term committed relationship with two women who are in love with me and I them and they each other and they also being mildly "bi" with each other but not so much as to kick me out of our bedroom so they can "be private" with each other sans myself and send me off the couch to watch ESPN and sulk like a little five-year-old boy throwing a tantrum while they do things I know I would have seen and been with them while and what they do to each other during all the days we would have been together by then but that wouldn't be the point, the point would be – would be that well it was and is supposed to be a triad "marriage" at that point and not the occasional fucking lesbian lovefest at that point but since at age 46 I've made love to exactly 13 women in my life including the most recent wife my second one who wants to file for divorce now after two years of each of us's second marriage the prospects for me fulfilling what I always truly believed my destiny by using my hypersexual genetics and libido to keep two women/wives for lack of a better term blissfully happy in a more or less threesome-marriage seem more and more remote, the point would be that I should have unlimited sexual access to both of them whenever I feel like it, not whenever they would decide, ssheessshhhh!!!

Lord knows I've tried. Going through a precocious puberty at age eight and losing my virginity at age ten to a twelve-year-old girl, Kim V., and then the second time with her was also with her best friend eleven-year-old Cindy W. and for several months after that we three feel more or less in puppy love and had lots of great threesome sex, well, especially for The Year Of Our Lord 19 & Sixty-Six, I became damned spoiled early in my life.

After we three Kim and Cindy and I finally got caught and our deep and abiding emotional and physical friendship broken up by "the adults" I didn't make love to a human female (non-human alien ones aboard alien spacecraft during alien abduction experiences not counting) until I was eighteen and ran across Liz B. who had fucked everything that drove a Corvette in Cary but I didn't care because she fucked me too. And after Liz came the first wife, Cathy.

Cathy was five years and four days older than I at my age of nineteen then and had been through a very hard life for her years, including having lived in a lesbian threesome with her two best friends Barbara and Judy where they all lived together in one apartment in Durham and would be as lesbian as

saccharin-feed rats to each other within the privacy of the tolerant city of tobacco and Bulls as they wished to be and then would all go down to Ft. Bragg during the height of the Vietnam War and pick up young soldiers on their way to Nam and body bags and the three then temporary six of them would have the damndest orgies that even old Hugh H. couldn't imagine before releasing the guys to their ultimate fate and experience they could dream about within the confines of their eventual punji-stick deaths afterlife and then retreating back to Durham's fine carpet-munching tolerances. As much as they loved and screwed each other's brains out, the times were the times and societal pressures and a love for cock eventually drove each other to seek out boyfriends and husbands but the love for each other especially the deep in-love Cathy always felt for Barbara never really died.

Some months after fate was fulfilled we each having felt each other's presence psychically for years but never could pinpoint it and then discovering on our first date that we both were indeed truly hypersexual but no matter Cathy was still in love with Barbara even though Barbara had long since married and started having kids Cathy told me she was and would always be bi and if she couldn't have Barbara right then, then would it be okay if we tried to find other couples to swing with so she could have access to women? Not being able to wipe the smile so tight on face off with the proverbial shovel, I agreed.

I agreed to years upon years of trials, tryings, and failures of either she not having the looks or maybe personality or maybe it was her basic venomous nature of being so fucking hateful that seethed from every pore of her body to most people save me that must have come through even the distant attempted intimacy of nude photos that we sent out to hundreds upon hundreds of couples over the next years found through various swingers' contact magazines or hell maybe it was the fact that sans my now-present beard I sometimes looked like a 6'4" 240 pound cross-dressing woman with my boyish almost feminine face belying my intensely masculine straight hypersexual core who the fuck knows and it's not important now the point being that we spent the next two decades on a quest for consensual non-monogamy, a quest that eventually always failed.

Not that I was exactly non-monogamous by nature. Being deeply spiritual since the age of coming to consciousness at age five, I always had the belief that whoever you murdered or were murdered by and whomever you had sex with of any kind you were beyond-fucking-karmicly bound to for absolute eternity so I was damned determined to be extremely picky about whom I chose to add to my soul-group for all of creation by having physical sex with them in this lifetime. I was called "fag" a lot in high school because of my boyish face atop my very tall and large and all-man body because I didn't take advantage of the times in the late 60'd and very early 70's and stick my dick in every pussy that threw out its offer to me, but no matter, not picking up soul-hitchhikers on my bus of reincarnation was more important to me than the pain caused by the slings and arrows of those hurtful insults. And for some reason too, I always had a horrid fear of VD, even before anything more harmful than the clap was in the mix of things which at that time before the new clap became resistant to the new mycins was very easily curable. Combine a

somewhat curious view of the wheel of life and reincarnation from an early age and a powerful fear of when you stick your dick into some cunt that something will be hanging on it tightly when you pull it out and your own personal morals and ethics aside you have the framework for being basically monogamous for life.

Years into very frustratingly trying to find any other swinging M/F couples who often times were far less physically attractive, okay, flat-out uglier singly than Cathy and I were together took its toll, as did Barbara's continued refusal to leave her husband Jerry and her family made with him and come live with us as "our", Cathy's and mine wife. The two of them had some of the most mind-blowing lesbian and bi and mixed group sex possible when they lived together along with mutual friend Judy in Durham some years earlier, and yeah, damn right, I wanted some of that, some of that intimacy that only old lovers be they lesbian or bi or straight can have and share and wanted it mold into a triad relationship with my wife and hopefully other wife by then Barbara, but alas, no.

From 1976 until New Year's Day 1993 we, Cathy and I, courted Barbara by whatever means we could. Three times we three almost got "married" and three times it didn't happen. Three proposals and three beings left at the metaphorical altar. The last time was particularly devastating, considering that we had all new cheques printed with the three of our names on them, telling, no, shouting to the world that our triad marriage was indeed going to be a real polyamorous union and not just a fling. And like the previous two times, with wedding vows written and best men and women ready to witness our triangle union, it fizzled. And then the end came for us, us three.

With one phone call on New Year's Day 1993, Barbara told us from her home in Virginia that Jerry her husband of almost twenty years who had always been in poor physical health had died on the previous day New Year's Eve, but, she continued "I love you both so much, but Cathy, Kent, I won't be coming down to live with you." And with one fell sentence, Barbara effectively ended Cathy's and my marriage, though the formal end wouldn't come for another seven years.

Not that Cathy or I had been waiting as monks wait on God whispering vespers to please and break their own cycle of release either, we even after years of continual rejection by other swinging couples never finding a single one that wanted to share body fluids with us decided if the couples didn't want us for us maybe it was because of our expressed individual and collective hypersexual libidos so from desperation we did a desperate thing and created from a whole-cloth lie a swing club exclusively for other hypersexual couples only, "Circle Horologic", in 1988. Yeah, it was a fucking joke and the joke was on us and at our expense, something I didn't know and didn't find out until many years later.

Oh, it felt good to be seemingly be accepted into the pantheon of credible owners of actual swing clubs where couples actually swung, achieving a national reputation that eventually lead us to being named Staff Writers and Publicity Directors for "Loving Alternatives" national swinging and alternative

lifestyle magazine out of Calif-orn-I-a, but in the end our national reputation turned out the be we were the biggest fucking national joke ever to hit the American swinging underground scene.

Hundreds of tries, hundreds of shots, and not a single hit. Involuntary monogamy. Turns out that my now-ex was having lots of sex with other lesbians behind my back at that time but they didn't want threesome with me so she kept up the façade of being monogamous with me when and if until we could find other couples hypersexual or normal for us to swing with and she be with other women that way. Hundreds of hours spent creating the perfect sandcastle of a lie of a club for hypersexual couples that didn't exist and was washed away by the tides of ridicule.

To that, add Barbara, whom I never had sex with either alone or in a threesome with Cathy though in hindsight I think the two of them had sex sometimes behind my back and never invited me to join, finally rejecting not just us but again in hindsight primarily Cathy, adding to the weight of the burden on our marriage and you have a recipe for disaster, a recipe for "Linda T."

Cathy and I meet Linda in chat on an old-fashioned standalone computer BBS called "GLIE" for "Gay & Lesbian Information Exchange" in the pre-web days in the summer of 1993 when one had to call into a BBS for access and most only had one incoming phone line but GLIE being the exception had two incoming lines and a primitive chat feature that allowed real-time conversation between two otherwise anonymous users. Cathy was intrigued, no, fascinated with her. I uttered my most famous pickup line ever and told Linda speaking as Cathy anonymously in chat that she, Linda, was "so sweet and together" and that was it.

For the next three months the three of us had the most mind-blowing summer romance possible between a husband, a wife, and their insane girlfriend who merely put up with the husband to be able to get to the wife that was possible. Was every single fantasy re-fulfilled for me (remembering Kim and Cindy from when I was younger) and for and between an adult man and two adult women? You betcha. And then some. As my soon-to-be-ex-second wife is fond of saying, during that time I was expertly "trained by lesbians". Then balance kicked in.

Linda who had sought to explore her lesbian feelings because she had left her husband that month before meeting us dragged us into the hell of her divorce proceedings. The war of her divorce meant that we literally had to keep WWII-style blackout curtains on the windows to avoid process servers who were trying to shoot us with subpoenas, and for six months were prisoners of war within the walls of our own home. Never again, never fucking again, no amount of incredible pussy even with the two primary women who also do each other along with you is or will ever be worth that kind of living hell.

Which only reinforced my basic monogamous nature. Did Cathy and I ever swing with a couple before we got divorced? Nope. After we found out how big a joke we were in "The Life-Style" we just kinda let our phony swing club

“Circle Horologic” die a natural death and we also stopped placing and answering ads from other couples that after 20 years of trying and failing we finally figured out meant nothing but rejection anyway. Cathy became more and more bitter and hateful day by day after that which eventually led to my finally leaving her.

Now it's 2003 and I sit here typing this as a soon-to-be-single-again middle-aged man getting out of his second failed marriage who has been with exactly thirteen women in his entire life and whose extremely clean and provable sexual hygienic history along with my now more-handsome-with-age face and still tall six-four frame and soft eyes should make me a hot commodity for at least certain single ladies, but guess what folks? My lack of numbers of past partners and exposure to past opportunities for STD's doesn't mean fucking squat to any single lady! I have found out much to my chagrin the truth of the cliché' uttered by many black guys that I've heard over the years, of “no Lexus, no love”. Fuck it, literally. Can't win for fucking losing. Can't karmicly progress out of the wheel of this life for lack of variety of life experiences. Go fucking figure.

