

TUCSON WEEKLY 12/10/2020

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David Ley on sex addiction vs. kink.

SAVAGE LOVE THE CASSEROLE

By Dan Savage, mail@savagelove.net

Something is bothering me and I don't know where else to turn. I'm a bisexual man. I've been married to a great guy for the past six years. Despite COVID we gathered safely for an outdoors Thanksgiving dinner with my family. My mom, my brother and sister-in-law, and my adult nieces and nephews and their partners were there. Each household contributed to the feast and we had a wonderful evening. While my husband and I were snuggling in bed later he said that my casserole was a big hit thanks to the "secret ingredient." When I asked what he meant, he informed me that he had deposited my come from a blowjob

he'd given me earlier that day in my half-finished casserole. When I asked why he did this, he said he thought it was hot and he was aroused watching my family ingest it. To me, this seems a bit twisted and feels like a deeply disrespectful act toward my family. Now I cannot sleep and it is impossible for me to think of anything else. I wish he had never told me. I am writing to you as I don't know where else to turn.

—Confused And Shuddering Sleeplessly,
Entirely Revolted Over Loaded Entrée

Some letters you suspect are fake,
some letters you know are fake, and

some letters you hope are fake. I wish I could say this letter fell into the second category—a letter I knew to be fake—but I once got a letter from a man who would excuse himself at dinner parties, quickly rub one out in the bathroom, and then dip the bristles of his hosts' toothbrushes in his semen. (That was twenty years ago and I still secure my toothbrush in a secret, undisclosed location whenever we have company.) So as much as I wished we lived in a world where something like this could never happen, CASSEROLE, we sadly don't live in that world.

That said... some details don't add up. I've been in the receiving end of plenty of blowjobs in my time, CASSEROLE, and there are tells when a guy doesn't swallow. A man who's holding your load in his mouth has a certain look; his

AS USUAL, EXCELLENT ADVICE MR SAVAGE.

mouth and jaw are set in a particular and revealing way. There's also no post-blowjob kissing or snuggling. And if you were to say, "Thank you, that was great," and they hummed back, "Mmm-hmm," instead of saying, "You're welcome," you would immediately know the guy didn't swallow. And yet you would have us believe that your husband somehow gave you a blowjob and somehow didn't swallow your load without you noticing and then... what? He strolled around the house with a mouth full of come until the opportunity to defile your casserole presented itself?

Then again... impromptu blowjobs sometimes happen, CASSEROLE, and they sometimes happen in kitchens. So I suppose it's possible your husband interrupted you while you were making a casserole and then quickly leaned over

and spat your load into your casserole and managed to give it quick stir... without you noticing the spit or the stir? Sounds improbable... but I suppose your husband could have created a diversion that took your attention off him and that mouthful of come and your casserole long enough to execute the spit-and-stir maneuver undetected. Perhaps he pointed at something outside the window or tossed a flash-bang grenade into the dining room.

But even if he did all of this—blew you, didn't swallow, created a diversion, spat your semen into a casserole you planned to share with your entire family—would he tell you about it? The guy who was glazing his friend's toothbrushes didn't brag to his friends about it. He wrote to me about it, described it as a compulsion, and asked me how to stop. That your husband would be so clueless as to think you wouldn't be revolted and upset by this is, if you'll forgive me, a little hard to swallow.

Still... your nieces and nephews are adults... so it's possible you and your husband are getting up there in years... and he could be suffering from early-onset dementia; inappropriate sexual behavior and poor impulse control can be early symptoms.

So on the off, off, off chance this actually happened, CASSEROLE, here's my advice: If your husband spat your load into a half-finished casserole and then watched your whole family consume it and then assumed you would think it was hot, CASSEROLE, then you absolutely, positively need to divorce him. Let us count the ways you can't trust this man: you can't trust him with your semen, you can't trust him not to feed your come to your mother, you can't trust him around your siblings and nieces and nephews. You can't even leave him in the company of an unaccompanied casserole. So unless you looked into his eyes on your wedding day and thought, "This is a guy who would feed a woman her own son's semen and I'm fine with that," your

husband isn't the "great guy" you thought he was. He's a monster and what he did is unforgivable, even criminal. Divorce the asserole. You might want to consider calling the cops and pressing charges for sexual assault—here's hoping you saved some of the casserole for DNA testing—but you'll have to weigh involving the police against burdening your mother with the knowledge of your Thanksgiving casserole's secret ingredient.

P.S. A casserole is really more of a side dish at Thanksgiving, isn't it?

* C-VAN TRANSLATION - MASTURBATE + EJACULATE

CAUTION: HIGH ICK FACTOR.
READER DISCRETION IS ADVISED.

OH YEAH, I'LL SOON HAVE AN EPIC
RIFF ON THIS. PRAISE THE LORD FOR
SUCH SUBLIME SOURCE MATERIAL!