



WOULD YOU TELL YOUR SIGNIFICANT OTHER IF SOMEONE CAME ON TO YOU?

BY CONSTANCE DUNN

The answer is *No, Nay, Negative*. Unless, of course, I wished to release a mild case of hell on the homefront. I'd make an exception, though, if the *coming onto* was initiated by someone well-known to both of us, plus was of the out-of-hand or reoccurring type.

But even then, I'd definitely think twice before spilling.

That's because I know this type of situation prompts a gentleman to take action on behalf of his lady. It *impels* him. This usually involves approaching the offender about his trespass. Yet the male who is dim-witted or demented enough to boldly, unequivocally come onto the wife or girlfriend of a man whom he knows personally is usually not the type to 'fess up to his transgressions humbly or rationally. So far none of this adds up to a peaceful or satisfactory outcome.

I realize there are probably some women who relish the reporting to her guy of each incident of a man smiling at her in the grocery store, perhaps for reinforcement she's really an in-demand dish. Not me. I'd avoid calling in the troops unless it was truly warranted.

Not long ago, I was at a party with my significant other, a gathering of solid, mostly married folks. We were introduced to another couple and after a few minutes of chitchat, I was left standing alone with the man. He asked where I lived and, at my response,

launched into a monologue of how he had once come to the area looking for a massage parlor where he could receive a particular kind of service. He was graphic and gross, and the whole time I could see his wife standing steps away and out of earshot, a lovely gal whom I had just had a discussion with about cotillion. *Cotillion*.

I quickly cut in with something along the lines of a flat, "Yeah, well, that's not really the area for that kind of thing," excused myself and glided away at a pace somewhere between a moonwalk and a jog.

For a nanosecond I thought about sharing this with my guy because it had been such an oddball encounter. Detailing the challenges of finding a satisfactory brothel is a pretty clear-cut, whopping social *Don't*. Doing so to a woman whose escort is a sturdily built gent standing steps away heaps a peculiar layer of stupid atop the faux pas.

However, there loomed the very real possibility my guy wouldn't see it the same way. It might ruffle his chivalry antenna into approaching the brothel-seeker, which might lead to said brothel-seeker being tossed into the nice turquoise pool nearby, red Hawaiian shirt and all. So I nixed the idea and returned to my guy with a little smile, with the knowledge I had his backup in any *truly warranted* kind of situation.