

“If he takes another wife, he shall not diminish her food, her clothing, and her marriage rights.”

- *Exodus 21:10*

It is a dream of every man. If not a dream, a desire. If not a desire, it is definitely a thought. It is something that has crossed every man's mind. At one stage or another, every man has asked himself: how does it feel to have a threesome?

He sat in his office thinking about it. He had originally planned to conduct research for his studies, but the thought could not leave his mind. Perhaps it was the exposure to R-rated websites that gave him this thought. Or perhaps, it was a battle of his masculinity that he struggled against. It was a Saturday morning as he was sitting in his office. In the life of an academic, Lufuno was accustomed to unpaid weekend work. But on this day, his mind was not on work. It was on the fantasy of being pleased by two women simultaneously.

As the thought intensified, he figured it best to take a walk to clear his mind. After all, the idea in itself was taboo. And he came from a pretty traditional family that would judge him for having such a thought and probably condemn him if he pursued it. But he did not care. The thought intensified in his mind, causing his body to be filled with intense sensual energy. So intense was the energy that he forgot he was on campus.

He decided to sit by the curb at the end of the campus. The thought was so vivid and intense that it was causing a tent to form around his pants. He sat down for a while. The cool breeze and warm sun felt good on his skin. For a moment, he felt alive. In the same breath, he knew that life was what he made it. If this thought

lingered so much in his mind, perhaps it was the universe telling him something. Or was it just the lust of man speaking? Yet this lust, the church calls a sin, has seen men transform into being kings.

While in his thoughts, his only friend on campus, Tau, came to him. He distracted him with tales of the plans coming up that weekend. The distraction helped him ease his mind and his groin.

While they were talking, Tau was called via the security walkie-talkie that he was needed at the gate. He bid his farewell, and he was once again alone with his thought.

“I think I should leave,” he thought to himself.

He walked back to his office. The walk was a quick one as his mind was battling between his fantasy and his reality.

His reality was that he was a mere academic. He was not a rapper. He was not a blesser. He was not a wealthy man who could entice women with wild fantasies.

No. He was a Mr. Price wearing, overweight, no style having nerd. Who was he to ever conceive the thought that he was able to perform such a feat?

Indeed, this is how he felt all his life. He collected his possessions from the office and headed for his car. A small Kwid was his chariot. It wasn't a beautiful BMW E30. It wasn't a slick Vrrr paa.

Oh no. He drove along in his Squidward because it was the most affordable new car he could afford. With his stock tyres and a 3-cylinder engine, who was he to ever believe he could achieve such? Achieve that only attained by celebrities and powerful men?

“Bra van my, I’ll see you Monday”, said Tau.

"Op se," responded Lufuno.

The security gate opened, leading him into the lonely road back home. He switched on the radio, but there was a game playing. It wasn’t Pirates or any of the other big teams. And so, he connected his phone via Bluetooth to play some music.

YouTube Music automatically played '90s Gangsta Rap. The hard lines and vivid pictures of the street life forced him to once again question his masculinity.

You see, Lufuno has always struggled with his masculinity. Even though he knew he was a man, he sometimes did not feel like he was. Multiple scenarios played out in his mind that triggered him.

A scenario from when he was a child emerged when he went on a Grade 7 farewell camp. That night, they were split into different groups. The task for each group was simple: build a fire and cook a meal. Everyone in his group contributed. However, when he tried to contribute, his members would laugh at him and tell him that he’s only good with books. What does he know about building a fire and cooking, the members would remark.

50 Cent bragging about his exploits on the streets filled him with hatred for those group members. Who are they to think he can't build a fire and cook a meal? Perhaps that's why in his adult years, he has taken it upon himself to cook at all family events and to be the one lighting the fireplace. Being able to build a fire and successfully braai meat was a feat only performed by the most noble of men. As trivial as the idea sounded, to him, it was the cement that kept his ego as a man intact.

As he continued his drive to his place, multiple scenarios from his childhood struck his mind simultaneously. Hatred and anger filled his veins. The frustration was fueled by every soul that looked down on him and belittled his masculinity. The tension built up in his body to the point that he felt squeezing the life out of his steering wheel. With a roar accompanied by Nas' "Queens Got The Money", he decided there and then, he would achieve what few men ever achieve: he would have a threesome.

Motivated by this energy, he parked his car by his apartment. The drive was quicker than usual due to the rage he was feeling. He got inside his apartment and immediately put the kettle on. Coffee was needed in his system for him to begin plotting his mission.

A lonely man, he sat at the edge of his bed. His apartment was as empty as his heart. It was a bed, a TV and a PlayStation, a Buddha mask on the wall with a mini bookshelf by the side of his bed. Patiently waiting for the kettle, his mind began to ponder how he'd achieve the impossible.

He ruled out meeting the women at a club. This would be impossible as he did not know the rules of the night game and how to approach women in clubs.

And besides, clubs are the most primal locations of courtship. The male who can confidently boast the most resources at the club would be the one to walk away with a mate. He knew he was not that male, nor did he have the finances to be that male, even for one night.

Clubs were out of the question. With this conclusion, the kettle whistled promises of sweet caffeine. For tonight's assignment, he needed strong coffee. And so, he opted for black coffee with one teaspoon of sugar. He returned to the edge of his bed to continue plotting his plan.

The fact that he could not go to the clubs to achieve his mission infuriated him once more. The fact that he was so weak as a man that for even a single night he could not be an alpha male to come home with two women made him mad. The energy was tantamount to the one he felt on the highway.

This was not the first time he felt like this. The last time he felt like this, he went on a dating frenzy. Each woman he dated, he merely wanted to prove to himself that he was man enough to pursue a woman and successfully seduce her. It was not about love. It was never about love. Love was one of the reasons he was a laughingstock among his friends.

The foolishness of young pride. As young men, we laugh at our friend's pain and call it being "a guy". Later, we learn that what we were laughing at left an unhealing wound that will forever fester. His wound was love. So he had no love to give. It had bled out with each laughter and joke made by his friends.

Thinking about the women he dated in that period of his life, he remembered one who, like him, had no love to give. Only lust. He pulled his phone out to see if she was still on his contact list. To his surprise, she still was. Also, by the look of things, she still viewed his statuses on WhatsApp.

"If I die, I die," he told himself. And with this, he sent her a text message.

"Babygal," read the text

Almost instantly, there was a response, "Hey, Daddy."

"That was quick," he thought to himself.

He was never one for small talk. And so, he cut straight to it.

"Tell me, do you still think about us?" he asked.

"All the time, even wondering when you'll call me over," she responded.

The response made him happy. Of all the women he had dated, she was in the top tier list. She was a short girl with a stereotypical Zulu body. Her skin was dark brown, rich with melanin. When she

spoke, her thick Zulu accent could not be filtered. As he was thinking about her, she sent a voice note.

“I’ll be done with my practicals this Thursday and I’m going home on Friday. You know I hate sleepovers, but I can come on Thursday evening. How’s that sound?” she asked him.

It was Saturday. Surely he could wait until then to ask her in person.

“Okay, sharp, I’ll see you then,” he responded.

“Sharp. See you soon, Zaddy”, she responded with a kissing emoji as a full stop.

“So now we wait,” he thought to himself.

Nandi was a student at a neighbouring university. He was glad this was the case. Because as a matter of principle, if she had been his student, he would have never given her the light of day. And in doing so, he would have missed out on one of the sweetest women he had ever tasted.

He finished the cup of coffee. The caffeine remained in his system. The joystick next to the TV called him by name.

"Two more games until I'm in Division 1," he thought to himself, "plus all I can do now is wait."

He reached for the joystick. Switched on the TV and PlayStation.

“We wait,” he said to himself as the FIFA title screen appeared on the screen.

“Kuyabanda bo, open!” Nandi yelled on the phone.

Indeed, it was cold that evening. He rushed for the door to let her in.

"Haw! You took your time," she said as she walked in. She was wearing an oversized black T-shirt with a large print of Kurt Cobain on the front and Nirvana written on the back. Accompanying her shirt, she was wearing thick black jogging pants with black sneakers.

“Buti, your heater?” She asked, her eyes desperately seeking for warmth.

“Let me get it for you,” he responded with a smirk on his face.

In the depths of his wardrobe, he pulled out a dusty fan heater. As cold as it was, it did not occur to him to use the heater. The vodka he was having was warming him perfectly.

“Haibo Lufuno, the dust!” she said with shock on her face as he blew the visible dust and not the dust stuck between the vents. He laughed it off and did as he was told. After all, he was about to ask her for more than a night together.

After much blowing and wiping, he asked her, “Are you happy?”

“Can I plug it in now?”

With an expression of approval, he plugged in the heater.

“That’s so better, thank you,” she responded. As the heater blew hot air into the apartment, Nandi started to relax on his bed. His bed and bookshelf were the only articles of furniture in the room.

"It's been some time," she said.

"Yes, it-“ Lufuno was interrupted. It was the Uber driver to deliver the pizza he ordered.

“Wait, let me go get that,” he said as he approached the door.

“Thanks,” he said to the Uber driver. As he got back in the apartment, he saw Nandi taking off her shirt. She had another black shirt underneath. It was thicker than the oversized shirt.

Perhaps it was the layering to protect herself from the cold.

“Here’s your pizza,” he told her.

She giggled and got up to thank him. In thanking him, she raised herself on her toes and gave him a deep kiss. His hand reached for her waistline. Her hand reached for his. They found themselves submerged in the covers of his single bed. She was still as sweet as the first time he met her.

After a while, he heard his watch alarm go off. It was the stroke of midnight. Nandi would be leaving soon. He was lying on the side of the bed that touched the wall. She was sitting next to him.

"This pizza is good. But please get me water, I need that more," she said as sweat trickled down her shoulders and along her spine.

He returned with a glass of water and a glass of vodka for himself. He looked at Kurt Cobain as he held the mic on the floor.

"I love vodka," he said, chuckling by himself, remembering an interview where the rock legend had said the same.

"I know," she responded. She finished the glass of water with one massive gulp and asked for another one.

"You finished me, as you usually do," she said.

The words went through his head. He did not believe her. He has watched many R-rated movies to know that women can fake pleasure. He has been with women faking their pleasure. This single statement triggered the insecurities he endures about his masculinity.

He remembered a passage from "Eleven Minutes" by Paulo Coelho. The protagonist in the story, in the passage, explained that her favourite clients were the Mafia bosses and powerful men who knew what they were paying for. They knew they were buying a moment in time, not a moment in space. Moments in space transcend time and can last forever. A moment in time is exactly that.

With this, he remembered why he texted her in the first place.

Nandi was not looking for love, nor was he.

“Here’s your water. Babygal, I am going to ask you something and I need you to be dead honest with me,” he asked her, with a calm yet stern tone.

“Ini?” she responded in the same tone.

“I want us to have a threesome.”

She could not hide her smile. It seemed as if this was a desire that lurked in her soul as well.

“Are you being serious?”

“Yes.”

“But how? I mean, we are both loners. I don't have friends. Well, I don't have those kinds of friends.”

“It’s fine, we’ll find them, or find her.”

“Zaddy, it’s getting late. Let’s talk about this when I get back.”

She kissed him on the cheek. There was no table in sight, so she placed the empty glass where there was enough space in between his books on his bookshelf. He took the last gulp of the vodka.

Nandi got fully dressed and waited for her Uber.

“Ithi Joseph is 3 mins away. Lufuno, I can't say I love you. I don't. But I do lust you. I crave you all the time. I've never thought of sharing that which is mine with someone else. Even if there is no attachment between us. But we only live once, neh?” she said to

him. Before she could finish her train of thought, there was a loud hoot outside.

“Yoh, this guy! Don't bluetick me again for three months. But don't bore me either with ‘how are yous’. We'll talk when I get back.”

And with that, Nandi walked out of the apartment.

2 months later, Nandi never mentioned the threesome. He would remind her, and she would laugh it off or create an improbable, embarrassing moment that could happen during the threesome. It was clear as day that Nandi was getting cold feet about the idea.

He had to think of Plan B.

One day while he was at Game, looking to purchase a side table for his apartment, he saw a pretty young lady in the same aisle. She was fairly tall, with skin that looked like caramel fudge. She was comparing the prices of two coffee tables down the aisle. The concentration on her face gave her a goddess-like appearance. Her eyes were small, her cheekbones slightly raised with the fullest lips that rivalled those of Angelina Jolie. Her lips rested naturally, forming a frown. Not a sad frown but the one you'd see on high-end fashion models.

“If I die, I die,” he silently said to himself.

A few steps later, he reached to greet her.

“Weirdly enough, I’m also looking for a table for my place. I’m Lufuno by the way,” he said, nervously.

She looked at him with the same look of concentration. The Italians call it being struck by lightning when a woman’s beauty strikes a man so deeply that he freezes at the moment. As if being struck by lightning was an anomaly, he did not expect to be struck twice when she smiled.

“I actually came looking for a table for my mom. She said there’s a special apparently for one of these,” she said.

“Her smile is the most beautiful thing I’ve ever seen,” he thought to himself.

“Mothers can’t live without them, but sure wish you can,” he responded in the driest form of humour known to mankind; drier than Ouma’s rusks without tea. But to his surprise, she laughed, showing a smile that the Heavens could never match in beauty.

“You’re weird, I like it,” she responded.

“Yeah, yeah. Well, let me leave you to it. But maybe we can go out sometime? Mind if you drop your tens?” he asked her. The nervousness was clearly visible as his knees began to wobble.

“No. Let me instead take your tens and I’ll text you,” she said.

And so, he gave her his numbers and bid her farewell.

Later in the evening, while engulfed in a promotion match in FIFA Ultimate Teams, his phone flashed a notification bar from an unknown number. There was no way he would break his flow state to respond to an unknown number. He had been relegated to the Second Division and eagerly wanted to restore his honour.

After a hard-fought victory, he finally reached his phone.

“Hi, it’s Jabulile, the girl you met at Game. You are weird, and I like that. But I’m going to sleep, so don’t text back. Goodnight,” the message read.

He made nothing of it. The only thing that mattered at that moment was that he was back in the First Division. Everything else came second.

A couple of months had gone by. Jabulile and he had been talking endlessly, every day since that late-night text.

He was not entirely sure about her. In some texts, it seemed she was looking for love with a man she could submit to. In other texts, it seemed she had been scarred so severely by love that she merely wanted the companionship of a man.

This created confusion for him, and so, naturally, he had his guard up. He concluded that she was just a girl. As beautiful as she was, she was just a girl. His Instagram feed consistently reminded him of this fact.

However, humans can never stop that which is supernatural. Love transcends space and time. We still feel the love of someone who has passed years ago. In the same breath, we also feel love for someone who has not existed, like the children the Lord gifts us with at later stages in life. As much as his guards were up, he could not resist the power of love breaking them down.

“Did I tell you?” she texted him one evening.

“What?” he responded with a popcorn emoji after the question mark.

"I always wanted to have a girlfriend. Like, date a girl you know," she responded.

This question reignited the desire he suppressed ever since Nandi gently rejected it.

“Well, that’ll be great,” he responded.

“It would be, but I don’t know. I mean, I’ve never tried it,” she responded.

“We only live once. You should get one,” he responded, timidly resisting expressing his desires to her.

“You think so?”

“Totally”, he responded. As he sent the send button, he remembered that she was just a girl, no matter how beautiful she was. She was still a girl.

“Can I let you in on a secret?” he quickly sent a follow-up text.

“What?” she responded.

“You should get yourself a girlfriend because I actually want a threesome,” he responded.

There was a silence as deafening as a rave party. 5 minutes felt like an entire setting of Seven Samurai. She finally responded.

“That would be nice.”

“That would be nice?” he thought to himself. He was expecting some rejection. He was expecting some backlash. In fact, he was expecting to be blocked. ‘That would be nice’ was the last response he thought he’d receive.

Noticing that the iron was hot, he jolted for some liquid courage. Three heavy shots of vodka later, he returned to his phone.

“It would be nice, so how about we do it?”

“Lufuno, I am just like you. I’m a loner. Where will I find a girlfriend?”

“We’ll find one.”

“Negro, where is what I’m asking.”

“We’ll find one.”

"And say we find this girl, what if you fall in love with her? What if I lose my love for lust? I am a woman, you know. We age like milk, unlike you men who age like wine."

He could not help but laugh at the phrase. He responded with several laughing emojis.

"It's not funny. Girls do not date younger, and guys do not date older. Well, they do, but bopapa ba ditender definitely do not date older. What if you find a younger girl for me and she takes me away from you, will I be ready for it?"

"Well, that's for you to decide. I know I won't leave you nor find myself falling in love with another woman."

"And that's the problem. You told me that love died in your heart, and I'm the one resuscitating it back to life. What if once it has life again, it leaves me with its death?"

He never thought of that. He never thought of the possibility that he'd love two women. Jabulile was right. Indeed, over the last months, she was awakening a love that was frozen. Slowly, she was chipping the ice away, warming to her embrace. He never conceived the possibility of loving another woman again, more so, loving two at the same time.

"I don't have the answers for you. But we only live once. Rather, we enjoy the regret of having tried than the regret of having never tried," he responded.

“This is a bit too much for me. I need to sleep. Goodnight,” she responded. They had communicated long enough for him to notice through the text that she was upset. He let it be. The vodka slowly leaving his system took the last bit of energy he had. It knocked him into a peaceful slumber.

The following morning was a Friday. It was also a public holiday, aka, no-bathing-straight-gaming day. Whilst on a mission to collect supplies for his club business on GTA V, he noticed a notification pop up on his phone.

“Let’s do it. Get me a girlfriend and you’ll have your threesome. But promise you won’t leave me”

A smile stretched along the corners of his face. He was on the verge of achieving that which only the realest men achieve. He responded with a single word, ‘promise.’ He put the phone down and gleefully continued his missions.

“I think I found someone, well, someones”, he said.

He was amazed at how many girls actually desired the same fantasy. Like Don Vito Corleone once said about the casino business. Some people do not indulge in certain vices because of the powers that be. Many people resist themselves from enjoying life because of the judgement of others. Whether it be the church, friends or family, the possible disapproval of these forces prevented many from living their lives.

And without a shadow of a doubt, the same can be said about sexual desires. Most restrain themselves from their deepest desires because of the powers that be.

He remembered how one pastor went on a rant about how she had never known a man, all in the name of serving the Lord. However, in her rant, it was clear that her choice of chastity was not of honour. It was not of pride like a monk who has gone silent for years to hear the voice of the Earth.

No. It was of pain. It was the regret of having lived a life that brought her no joy. But because of her life as a pastor, that's a pleasure she'll never experience.

A miserable life that one. For him, the quest to learn about this pleasure started when the church could not offer him the answers he needed. It was like reading Psalm 82 for the first time and learning that God has a council of other gods. No member of the church provided him with a satisfactory answer as to why sexual desires are frowned upon.

The rappers he listened to, the writers he read, and the movies he watched – including the R-rated ones – confessed to sexual pleasure being the highest form of pleasure humans could ever experience. This pleasure is the reward that the Lord gives to humans for creating life.

And to attain this pleasure, a boy needs to be a man. He thought of the club scene again. He hated the clubs. One of his friends once summarised, perfectly, that the club is a place to find women, period. Only women would go to a club to have fun. Not men.

As advanced as we are as a species, we are still animals. Like the lion with the richest mane gets the most lionesses or the bird with the fanciest dance moves gets all the birdies, the same applies to humans. A perfect showcase of human courtship is seen at clubs.

He recalled how, as students, his friends would be eager to go to the clubs. The mission was always clear: try to get laid. But every time they were at the clubs, the girls he desired were with the grootmans and big boys in the VIP sections. The bottles they were consuming costed more than his entire family's yearly income.

They would have to settle for the rotten apples that floated to the top. The rejects that the blessers paid no mind to. He was never interested in these women. He only reserved his sexual energy for women worthy of it.

A text message from Jabulile brought him back to reality.

"Hello! Where did you find them so quickly? Lufuno, are you cheating on me and using this to come clean?"

"No, I'm not. I just went on dating apps and stated my case. Kinda wild how many girls swiped right, really," he responded.

"Let me see," she texted.

He took screenshots of the various girls that he had been chatting with.

"I don't like you chatting with other women," she responded.

"Mara, why are women so possessive?" he thought to himself. But he quickly remembered that so are men. Worse with men because their jealousy can lead to physical abuse.

"I know, but you know?" he jokingly responded.

"All these old girls, cancel them. I'm not going to compete with them. They must submit to me, too," she texted back. The tone of the text was extremely stern.

"How about this one then? She's quite young for my liking, but it's just an experience, so it's okay," he texted along with a screenshot of a young woman.

"Hmmm, she's fine, I guess," she texted.

"Cool, we'll go with Lerato," he responded. Jabulile did not respond. He could sense that even though she was open to the idea, she was not comfortable with it. The wise thing would be not to discuss the matter any further that night.

But in any case, he was happy. In fact, this single fact strangely enough intensified the love he had for Jabulile. The fact that she was allowing the experience to occur made him want to give her the world. Something unexplainable was happening inside of him.

Whatever it was, he knew it was because of Jabulile. He had never experienced such an intense love for a woman.

"Hi, Lerato. I'll find you at the coffee shop there by the entrance.

I'm driving a green Squidward," he said via a voice note to Lerato.

"You are driving a what?" she responded, her voice cracking in laughter.

"Kwid," he responded in the same light-hearted tone.

3 weeks had passed in which he texted Lerato about his aspirations for a threesome. She did not seem bothered by it as she said that she was bisexual. In their texts, she stated that she preferred polyamorous relationships as they allowed her to enjoy her sexuality without judgment.

It was the first time he had heard of the term. He only knew of polygamy, which did not interest him. But a polyamorous relationship was a new concept that made perfect sense to him.

From him merely wanting a threesome, he realised he was searching for something deeper. Like most things in life, when we are fixated on the destination, we do not realise that what we desire is actually in the journey.

Like someone trying to lose weight. The end goal is to be summer-ready. But the journey to get there is the mental fortitude and physical discipline to attain it. The journey is actually what we

want from the destination. Like our weight losing friend, if they happen to gain weight again, they would have learnt the lessons to ensure that they will lose it again.

In pursuing a sensual fantasy, he began to learn more about himself as a man. Firstly, he understood why kings of most tribes in the world, from East to West to Africa, had more than one wife. Yes, indeed, like King Solomon, women can be the downfall of men. But women can be the chief cornerstone of a man's strength and power.

By dating the two women simultaneously, leading to the night of the threesome, he felt more confident than he had ever been in his life. He likened the feeling to Goku going Super Saiyan for the first time. The women in his life unleashed a hidden power in him that he never knew existed. The feeling must have been what the Trekkers experienced when they reached the Witwatersrand ridge. They were merely trekking for survival, away from the British. Only to find they have stumbled upon one of the richest deposits of gold in the world. That was how he was feeling.

And he knew that it was Jabulile who allowed it. This feeling, he had never experienced. How women always confess how they want to be their man's everything. How women always confess how they want to be everything their man needs.

Words are vines that bear no fruit. Actions are the stronger vines that bear plenty. Jabulile acted on her words. She was his everything. And he wanted her to know that.

Even though he regarded Jabulile as his queen, the mother of his empire, Lerato had also managed to carve out a portion of his heart for herself. She was like him in a number of ways. What he appreciated the most about her was her focused intent to love and respect Jabulile. So much so that he joked that Lerato might knock him with a brick. However, in the same breath, inasmuch as Lerato respected Jabulile as the queen mother, she too demanded her attention and love from him.

At first, he thought it would be impossible. For indeed, how can a man love two women? He quickly realised that the concept of love he had learnt was from women, not men. It is easy for a woman to love one man. Even when she cheats, she will fall out of love first before entertaining another one.

Not with men. And he was learning the possibilities and truthfulness of what a man's love truly is.

But in any case, today was not the day for philosophy, he told himself. Today was the day that he would meet Lerato for the first time. Later that day, he would pick up Jabulile to go to the guesthouse he booked for the three of them.

As he was driving into the mall. He could see Lerato at the coffee shop where she was waiting. She was a short lady, every short lady with a darkish fawn skin tone. She was a cute, petite young girl. And here he was, an overweight nerd looking like a beached whale on the sands of Norway.

“Hey, Lufuno!” she greeted him loudly. She seemed more excited to meet him than he was to meet her. Or perhaps she was being friendly and looking for a way to ditch the situation. His inferiority complex was beginning to strike him again. Then he remembered that he was loved by two women, with one ready to lay her life for him. His inferiority complex dissipated with the winds.

“Hey Lerato, how are you doing? Finally getting to see you,” he responded. He unintentionally lifted her from the ground. Indeed, she was petite.

“I am great, thank you,” she responded.

That’s what I say, he thought to himself. He noticed how much deeper her voice was in person. The phone did not do her any justice. Her voice carried a sense of authority that enticed him even more.

"You know, I'm glad you're not a skinny guy," she said to him. Her cheeks were slightly flushed pink. It seemed she was being genuine in her remark. But he did not believe her.

"Well, thank you. But I want to reduce a bit, I feel heavy," he responded.

“Nonsense, Lufuno. You are not overweight. I’m a nutritionist and deal with overweight people. You are not overweight,” she said. She said the statement, unintentionally, with so much authority that he never brought the conversation about weight up ever again.

“Well, in that case, while we wait, which cup of coffee do you want?” he asked her, unfazed by the tone of her voice but in respect of her being.

“Whatever that you're having, it's perfect,” she responded.

“Sho, please hook me up with two moccacinos,” he asked the barista. Roughly 12 minutes later, they received the cups of coffee.

While they waited for Jabulile, Lerato further elaborated on polyamory. The more she explained it, the more it made sense to him. Whereas, polygamy, he feels that's a man's greed to merely have more than one wife.

In cases where the wife cannot have children, maybe it makes sense. But in the same breath, what if the issue is not with the wife but with the husband himself? What if he is the one who cannot have babies? To him, polygamy is a patriarchal system that serves no benefit other than the interests of the husband.

Not in the case of polyamory. Well, more accurately, in the way that it was explained to him by Lerato. As a bisexual woman, she gets to enjoy the benefits of being with a woman and being with a man. She enjoys the best of both worlds. And for himself, as a heterosexual man, he gets to enjoy the love of two women simultaneously.

He once read a tweet by a celebrity clinical psychiatrist that said that one should be honest with oneself in all his affairs. As he read that, he realised that in every relationship that he has been in, he

has, without fail, cheated. Maturity taught him that cheating is not merely having intimacy with another woman. Merely giving another woman time, with the intention of being intimate with her, is cheating. And this he has done in every relationship, without fail.

He learnt this lesson when he was with a young Zulu girl from the hills of KZN. The young girl loved him with all she was. He had come from a messy breakup and was a raging tornado. The pain he caused her still haunted him. Pain caused by leaked texts he was having with a classmate of his. Texts of lust that promised no love.

But even after breaking an innocent heart to that degree, he could not stop. And so, he realised that perhaps he was a two-woman type of man. That perhaps, like losing weight, in pursuing the threesome, this was a reality he had to discover; to confirm whether it was true or not.

Indeed, he realised it was true. He learnt that two women were enough for him. Anything beyond that, he felt it was greed. Instead of moving in darkness, his ways were visible for all to see. The two women knew of each other's existence. And he could freely express how he felt about them without the fear of being caught. He could freely love them without the crippling guilt of moving in the shadows.

This experience opened a new door into his masculinity. The experience allowed him to confront the buried insecurities and

multiple mazes of his inferiority complexes that rendered him mum to his being. All this he was experiencing because Jabulile said yes to his request.

“The universe moves in strange ways we do not understand,” he told Lerato. He began to explain how he had originally wanted the experience with Nandi. As she was reading his mind, she replied:

“It would not have been the same. From what you describe of her, Nandi satisfied your body and your body alone. She did not satisfy your soul. And I doubt she would have satisfied mine either.”

Indeed, she was right. Nandi was the physical attraction he found pleasing. But that’s all that she pleased. He could never have a serious conversation with Nandi. He still did not know what her surname was.

Nandi represented his lustful being. Like pure gold that glistens, that was Nandi. And like gold, it is cold to the touch. It has men dying over it. It does not love any of its conquerors. It will watch each conqueror fight and die just to hold it. So was Nandi to him.

“Come fetch me,” a text appeared on his phone.

“Let’s go, Babygal. Jabulile has arrived,” he said as he took the last sip of coffee.

“This is such a nice song,” Lerato said. She sat shotgun while Jabulile sat in the back. On her way to the rendezvous point,

Jabulile fell ill. More accurately, she got nauseated by the smell that was in the cab she was in.

“Thando-oooo-o-o, dala ngifuna na nawe bo,” the singer sang on via the Bluetooth system in his car. It was a song he had from a friend. His friend never realised the song, but he liked it.

“But I’m not sure whether it is Zulu or Xhosa that he is singing. Jabu, my Love, how are you?” Lerato asked Jabulile.

Jabulile merely groaned. Seeing Jabulile in that state made him feel conflicted. On the one hand, that was her queen. And her queen was not feeling okay. Indeed, he was worried about her.

On the other hand, he was worried about his night. Today was not a day to be sick.

“Ndikuthandile bo, Thando-ooo-ooo dala ngifuna na nawe bo,” the singer continued to sing in broken Zulu slash Xhosa.

He had booked a place pretty far from his place. His single bed would not be able to facilitate the events that would unfold that evening. In his Squidward, there he was. There he was with two women. Two men who were not like Nandi aimed to serve only his body. But two women who loved him. Two women who seemingly found harmony between themselves to serve him.

What was meant to be mere pleasure turned into a transformative moment for him.

“Ndamkela kuphela uthando olunyulu oluvela emazulwini, wena Thando-oooo-o-o, dala ngifuna na nawe bo, nawe bo-ooo” the singer began to conclude the end of his song.

Indeed, it seemed that what he was experiencing was love from the heavens. This love that he has been searching for. This love that was murdered by his first girlfriend, who found it fit to give it to someone else. This love who the woman he vowed to marry, left him to marry another man. Love had forsaken him, and he had cast it to the shadows, deep into the depths of Calypso's heart.

Tonight was not a night of philosophy, he thought to himself.

“Tonight, I have a threesome.”

The guesthouse he managed to book was beautiful. It was a neat house with a beautiful garden. It was a loft with the main bed located up the stairs, situated above the kitchen. On the ground level was an open plan area with the TV room blending in seamlessly with the kitchen. The host had left board games under the TV.

Inasmuch as he was aware of what was going to happen, the idea no longer excited him. Yes, it made him happy. He was able to prove to himself once more that his masculinity was not set on sandy shores. This satisfied him greatly. However, the evident of the threesome itself no longer promised the joy he had hoped he'd experience.

At that moment, he wanted to enjoy the night with his two women. He wanted to bond, laugh and create more memories with the two women beyond that night.

Jabulile was feeling better at this point. They entered the guesthouse and sat in the TV room. He went to the kitchen to place his cooler box. Inside was the brown nectar of the gods that he hadn't enjoyed in a while.

"Ladies, amantombazane, do you guys want your poison?" he asked two women.

"Yes, Nani," responded Jabulile.

"Yes, Lala," responded Lerato.

With a swift motion of the hand, he opened the two respective bottles of Bernini.

"There you go," he said, giving each lady their respective bottle.

"Thank you, Baby," responded Jabulile.

"Thank you, Love," responded Lerato.

He went back to the kitchen to pour himself a glass of the brown nectar of the gods. He did not measure and eyeballed his pouring. When the golden liquid reached the desired level, he topped it off with a few ice blocks. With a glass of Henny in his hand, he was ready to enjoy the night.

“Oh, no loadshedding,” he said as he sat next to Lerato. The power cut roughly 30 minutes after they arrived.

"Look, they have Monopoly," Jabulile said. Without waiting for confirmation from either him or Lerato, she pulled the board game out. She set the game up and invited him and Lerato to join.

“I’m the car,” Jabulile said.

“I’m the hat,” Lerato said.

“Ke Titanic,” responded Lufuno.

"So wait," he added, "Kasi rules, right?" The two ladies laughed.

“I think no one knows the real rules,” Jabulile responded while chuckling at his statement.

“Noh, fede, let's get it,” he said as he rolled the dice.

The game continued for the rest of the night. For two hours, under solar-powered lights, the trio enjoyed a friendly game of Monopoly. Lufuno ended up going insolvent trying to buy every property he landed on. Jabulile ended up winning the game by buying out his properties.

“But that’s not fair, I don't think that’s allowed,” said Lerato, jokingly. The third bottle of her poison was starting to make her more relaxed.

“Kasi rules and I win!” Jabulile proudly exclaimed.

“And as the winner, Lerato, I want you to kiss Lufuno,” Jabulile said. She said it with a sternness and strictness that contradicted her mood during the game. It was not intense, but the command carried weight to it.

He looked at her. A smile unwillingly stretched along his face. She was living up to her name, for she made him happy by reawakening the love he thought was done. This love that Lerato personified.

The Henny was well within his system at this point. He did not wait for Lerato to kiss him. He held her by the nape of the neck.

He kissed her deeply. He was finally about to have a threesome.