

Modern Malehood Dilemma

A short story

by

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My grand parents, aunties and uncles used to tell me when I was a young boy. Back then, I laughed it off and imagined it to be one big lie. A lie concocted by elders to drive home their personal preferences. After all, as a male child, I was expected to follow in their foot steps; for the most part at least.

Some spoiled children used to laugh them off. They said our elders are old fashioned. That they know nothing about love, or attraction. If you love a woman, it doesn't matter what she looks like, they argued. Maybe this was true, what the children said, but surely there must be some truth to what old people were saying?

My name is Lefa Bodibe and I live in Joburg. As a young professional, Jozi offers many opportunities, reason why I relocated as soon as I started working. My problems started soon after arriving in Jozi, that was five years ago. Initially, I thought maybe I could just ignore it. I thought in time things would work themselves out, they usually do. I was ashamed the first time it happened. Or maybe shocked is the right word. I have never heard of such a problem before, therefore I had no idea what to do. You see, I have tried my best to resist the temptation, but in time I gave in and went with the flow. Going with the flow is the common lingo in Jozi. So I was told to loosen up and enjoy life. After many temptations, I let my guard down and went with the flow. Ntshediseng was my first. My first in this go with the flow thing. She was doing grade six, had a great body. The model type. In short, she was very beautiful. She didn't mind the fact that I was twelve years older than her. She told me upfront that she was experienced in this matters, so I had nothing to worry about. And her sexy smile convinced me that I had nothing to worry about. Funny thing is, she had stopped me along the road. I was driving past a group of school girls on their way home from school. She waved at me and asked for a lift. I stopped and we started chatting. The next thing I was taking her home to my town house. Sitting there with here on the passenger seat was exhilarating. That sexy young gorgeous thing, me knowing fully well I was going to have her. She made my blood boil and rush to all places.

After the usual courtesies, drinks and all, I took her into my bedroom. We were both ready, no doubt about it. She looked eager to get it done and over with, she had no time for the teasing and foreplay. And for me that was the beginning of my nightmare. I tried everything I could think of, but I just couldn't enter her.

After much trying and improvisation, we sat there quiet. My mind was blank, she said nothing. She could not look me in the eye. I was ashamed that I had failed to enter a woman who was willing and ready for me. I was hard and all, but I just wouldn't go in. Penetration simply wouldn't happen. Even under the circumstances, she opted to stay the night. We were both secretly hoping that come night time things would change in our favour. Going away in this state would be a blow to her reputation. These young girls have a reputation to protect you know. And for me it would be a shame to my manhood that I couldn't enter a woman and satisfy her.

Night time came and went by with more embarrassment, I still couldn't enter her. Poor thing, she was exhausted from all the effort we made to get past our dilemma. Ntshediseng went home

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next morning with me still very much lusting for her sweet, warm and juicy body.

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Left in the solitude of my home, I argued to myself that perhaps she was too young for me to have even tried such a thing. What was I thinking trying to bed such a young girl. But in truth, my mind longed for her juicy body. To forget about Ntshediseng and the ordeal, I decided to visit my newly found girlfriend, Nhlanhla. Nhlanhla was a beautiful slender girl, with a body to rival that of Naomi Campbell. When I had first met her, we were both attending a discussion group for our course in Philosophy. I hated my body that day, the moment I saw her I wet myself. Just like that. Her body was a dream come true to a man. I could see myself wrapped in her doing wonderful things to her. She had accepted me instantly the moment we got talking about these matters. We have been going out for two weeks now.

Nhlanhla was the kind of girl who loved when she loved. She had love in abundance and I was lucky to be the one to receive her love. I was very much attracted to her as I learned more about her. Notice that I say attracted to her and not love her. Jozi is a scary place to go about loving people. Somehow she knew the reason I was there to see her. Somehow i knew she was ready for me. Somehow we both knew we wanted each other badly. This is it, my saving grace. The bedroom seemed to far, so the sofa would suffice. After a long passionate kissing and cuddling, it was time. With anticipation, I drove the point home. I was on the verge of tears to realise that I was suffering from the syndrome known as “it was happening again.” Despite our desperate attempts, I failed to penetrate Nhlanhla. God knows, I was going crazy with desire. Like she read my mind, she asked me to spend the rest of the day with her, locked in her flat. I was beginning to think I must be cursed. How else do you explain this occurrence one after the other? Was I being punished for something? Well, maybe not. I was too quick to judge. The rest of the day was a bliss. Nhlanhla and I had a good time, so much that she asked me to stay the evening too. The time we spent together, minus the embarrassing moment, was our heaven on earth. I can't remember the last time making love was this good.

But this does not take away my shame. Fact is I failed to enter Ntshediseng. I failed to enter Nhlanhla too, in the beginning at least. As happy I was being with Nhlanhla that evening, the thought couldn't escape me.

Am I the only man out here having this problem? How many brothers out there are in a similar situation? Medically, is there even a name for this problem?

What causes this problem in the first place? Is it grown ups doing what they shouldn't be doing with kids? It it kids doing what they shouldn't be doing with grown ups? Why do some men prefer these young girls to women their age? Does it mean they don't have the same problem I have? And for these girls, is the pain they go through justified by the status and gifts these men bring? Anyway, Nhlanhla is my age mate, only four years younger than me.

One of the girls I once went out with early on here in Jozi is Nthabiseng. The first time we made love, the whole night long, it was good. Except that in the morning poor Nthabiseng could not walk. So I was stuck, no she was stuck, with a girl in my house who couldn't even move as a result of pain. She kindly asked me to let her spend the rest of the day in-house so she could

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recuperate. I really felt sorry for her, she had let me have my way with her at her own expense. Perhaps Nthabiseng was the first sign that things were not going good for me on the sex side. I never saw Nthabiseng again after that. I guess she had had enough, and she had good reason too.

Which brings me back to the subject of our elders, or at least their advice regarding women. Slowly, I couldn't help but start thinking about what my elders used to say when I was a young boy. While city girls preferred the skinny figure, our elders maintain a woman must have bones with meat on them. They argued that a woman with a good figure could hold her own in matters of the love mat. A man never has to worry about what he is doing to her. Skinny girls have two problems in common to them. One, they find it difficult to carry a man. The weight becomes too much to handle. Secondly, a real man will have a tough time entering her. And this is the most irritating problem to have with a woman. No one has to convince me about these two issues, I have seen them myself.

And then there was Precious. An attractive Account Executive I met when I was leading our advertising campaign. It happened that our marketing campaign extended to my bed in my house. The first three rounds were hair raising. She was good, and it was good sex. I was in the mood and wanted more, but after three rounds she begged to be let go. She complained that her womanhood was too sore to handle any further bruising. Her composure told of a woman in great pain, and I had to be reasonable to let her be for the rest of the evening. What is it with skinny women, err model types?

I am getting tired of this. Yes, they do fascinate me a lot these model types. I know by just looking at them that I can have a really good time with them. But the frustrations associated with them are becoming too much for me. What man has to worry about entering his woman when the time comes?

The last straw came when I dated Mpho. Mpho is a Dietician by profession. Believe me, I have never seen a Dietician with ample skin on her body. But all look good. After the usual going out and getting to know each other stuff, it was time to cement what we had. She was ready, I was willing. She drove to my house that afternoon. She is the first woman ever in my life that I have shown the door. Such behaviour is regarded un-African in my culture, a man does not ask a woman to leave his house, no matter what. But in frustration I found myself showing her the door and telling her never to return. After much caressing and tenderness, I totally failed to finish the job. I just wouldn't enter her. I felt hurt and tears were gathering in my eyes, there and then my decision was made; never to bother a woman with a slender body again in my life.