

Fourth EXTRACT from - (6 pages)

'OBSESSIVE SEX'

by Drummond Marais

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Towards the end of 1979, our hero's life took an unexpected turn. William Fraser finally fell deeply in love. He was now twenty-five, with a fair amount of worldly experience under his belt, as it were! But not since his boyish infatuation with Barend Van Aaswegan had he experienced such emotional intensity of devotion towards another human being. For this was definitely a pre-destined soul mating on a grandly Universal scale. Coincidentally, or perhaps rather synchronistically, the matchmaker for this heaven-blessed union was none other than Richard d'Morgan. This current role as 'matchmaker' was so atypical for an actor who had never previously aspired to playing cupid-like roles! And for many years after the event, Richard would regularly remind the couple of his initiatory influence upon their relationship with a rather 'ham' impersonation of Barbra Streisand's 'Dolly Levi' character, that fictitiously infamous Jewish 'matchmaker':

'Hello....lovers! Well, hello....lovers!

It's so good to see you both where you belong.....!' he would tonelessly sing at each subsequent meeting with them, which was invariably accompanied by faked groans and mutual mirth from all three. But after introducing Billy to Paul, who was likewise an ex-RADA actor, now resident in South Africa and one who just happened to be paying an annual visit to his former student stomping grounds, Richard was seldom given many future opportunities for such displays of camp burlesque.

For within a few weeks of their meeting, the besotted couple had left London to take up residence in Cape Town, South Africa.....

If he was ever asked to define the reasons for his instantaneous falling-in-love with Paul Du Toit, Billy invariably found himself lost for words. It was impossible for him to describe or even label the inexplicable quality that exists between two true soul mates. It had been an immediate recognition, an intuitive knowledge, which both young men had realised and accepted without question, right from the start. It was not a mere physical attraction based upon preconceived images for either of them, although their initial meeting had certainly sparked undeniable currents of sexual energy between them. From the first moment their eyes had met, an unspoken communication had existed and it remained an integral part of the awesome partnership that bonded them together for the following five years. Theirs was a contact that thrived upon silence. Just being together positively facilitated their individual lives.

Paul was a large-boned, solidly built, thirty-year-old Afrikaans actor. His prematurely receding hairline allowed his broad unlined brow to claim the full attention of all eyes that looked upon him. That powerful forehead virtually throbbed with the concealment of the vast wisdom and knowledge contained therein, and this quality alone was what made the camera-lens so adore him. His other fairly nondescript facial features all but blurred in the presence of this magnificent dome and his audiences were usually hard-pressed to define his exact physicality after witnessing any stage or screen performance with anything other than astounding memories of having literally observed the actor's internal thought-processes at work. All of which had blessed him with an ever-increasing longevity for continual employment within his chosen vocation.

He was already a recognisable celebrity in public places, due to much successful film and television exposure, throughout South Africa, and national theatre managements were constantly courting his services. Paul Du Toit was certainly a young actor who was apparently destined for legendary fame within his own lifetime. Yet none of this had

seemingly affected his innate humility and maturity. And such were the human qualities that Billy Fraser had unconsciously been seeking within another man, all his life.

The Du Toit family had lived in the Cape for the past three hundred years. Francois Du Toit, the family's progenitor, had been amongst the first group of French Huguenots to inhabit the southern tip of Africa, during the late 1680's, and he had brought with him centuries of familial winemaking knowledge and experience. This had in turn been handed down through subsequent generations and the Du Toit wine-label was still very much sought after, throughout the world. Perhaps the social advantages of hailing from such noble and ancient stock, of being reared within a wealthy and powerful family establishment, had facilitated Paul's advanced maturity and solidity of character, especially when considering his mere three decades of life-experience. And upon meeting Paul's intimate family, Billy had quickly discovered that they all appeared to share similarly noble qualities. Pierre and Louisa Du Toit, Paul's erudite and sophisticated parents, were warmly welcoming of their son's new life-partner, for that is exactly how he was introduced to them:

'Mam-ma en Pap-pa....' Paul had quietly announced, with his beautiful bass voice echoing through the hallway of their ancient Dutch-gabled mansion. 'I would like you to meet William Fraser.....my new life-partner.'

There had been no hint of provocation to his words, for they were a genuine statement of fact, delivered with affection and conviction, and thus they were received in kind. Mrs.Du Toit instantly opened her arms and graciously moved towards Billy, saying:

'You are most welcome, William....to our home and our family!' and then she embraced him warmly. Her husband quickly moved in behind her, offering his outstretched hand in greeting.

'*Haartlik welkom by ons, my seun!*' he intoned, with a vocal resonance so similar to Paul's that an involuntary shiver tingled upwards along Billy's spine. He felt so at home and instantly at peace with these wonderfully accepting people. He had found his new family.

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Upon their arrival in Cape Town, at the end of November 1979, Billy and Paul had made a symbolic start to their partnership. Overawed by his first sighting of the magnificent Table Mountain, overshadowing the city, Billy had begged to ascend it as soon as possible. So within a day of settling themselves into Paul's cosy little cottage at Bakhoven, a twenty-first-birthday gift from his generous parents some time back, the lovers had set out to conquer the slopes of that enormous rock-edifice that looms ever-present above the glorious Cape Peninsula. Having opted for the long climbing-walk that begins above Kirstenbosch Gardens, the pair was well equipped with suitable clothing and provisions for the long journey that would last for most of that day.

Their ascent took almost four hours with occasional brief stops along the way, in order that the newcomer might fully appreciate his ever-diminishing views of the city below. It was a wonderfully warm summer's day with a gentle breeze to keep them cool, yet Paul frequently insisted that they pause to hydrate and refresh themselves. He wanted his lover to enjoy every beautiful moment of this journey, which, of course, he himself had so often experienced before.

'Just look at these amazing rocks, Paul. Such fascinating textures and colours!....and all this wonderful lichen, clinging and growing on it. I'll have to do some drawings, sometime soon....perhaps even watercolours, they'd be ideal to capture these intricate surfaces,' Billy expounded enthusiastically whilst they perched themselves upon a flat-topped platform of rock, during one of their breaks.

'It's granite, y'know....one of the hardest forms of prehistoric rock on this planet of ours.'

'Well I know of something equally as hard....and it's on that humpy body of yours, *meneer!*'

'You mean my thick skull, huh?' said Paul, chuckling provocatively.

'No you hairy ape!...This...!' shouted Billy, as he grabbed at his lover's well-endowed groin.

‘Hey, you sex-maniac! Didn’t you get enough at breakfast?’ Paul yelled, grabbing a handful of golden curls upon the gyrating head that was aggressively invading his lap.

‘I can never get enough of you...’ was Billy’s muffled reply.

‘Help!...rape, rape!’ his playful lover entered the game by leaping down from their platform and dashing along the path ahead, further and further up the steeping slope, and then disappearing behind an outcrop of enormous boulders. Billy immediately gathered up their bags and gave chase, vocalising his pursuit all the while.

‘Come back here, you yellow-bellied Afrikaaner!...You just wait till I get hold of your hairy virgin ass...I’m gonna fuck you senseless!...’

He swiftly negotiated his way to the outcrop and as he rounded the bend, his highly energised body suddenly came to an abrupt halt. All shouting ceased. There was Paul, crouched in a tight cranny with his naked hirsute protruding backside totally exposed, and all the while being observed by two elderly women who stood motionless, their mouths agape, upon the higher rocks above him. Billy burst out laughing.

‘Disgusting!’ one of old ladies cried and her partner countered with:

‘What’s the world coming to?...when perverts are allowed to roam the slopes of our Sacred Mountain!’ Then they both disappeared from view.

Paul’s embarrassment had Billy in fits of hysteria for the remainder of their climb. ‘If you could only have seen your face...what a picture!’ he kept muttering between uncontrollable outbursts of hilarity. Paul attempted to smile graciously, a couple of times, but his disconcertion was fairly long lasting.

Eventually they reached the summit and Billy was instantly mute. His body began to tremble with internal emotionality. The three-hundred-and-sixty degree vistas surrounding them were completely overwhelming to his senses. He could see to the very edge of the earth, the planetary curve of an endless horizon. Standing dead still upon what seemed to be the top of the world, Billy Fraser knew that he was in the presence of God. He was vaguely aware of his partner standing

close behind him, and as Paul's strong hands were gently laid upon his shoulders, Billy began to sob.

'I know....I know!' Paul's now husky voice whispered in his ear. Billy turned to face him, throwing his arms around his lover's neck.

'It's unbelievable! Darling man....you're unbelievable! God, how I love you.....thank you, thank you,' and Billy buried his weeping head deeply into the crook of Paul's welcoming neck.

'I love you, my dear Bill....and in this most beautiful place on earth, I now claim you as partner for the rest of my life.'

It was indeed a unique moment of symbolic union between two insignificant human beings, overpowered as they were by their surroundings of Universal magnificence. And with no thought or care for their actions being observed, these two young men passionately embraced, with the passion of their lips sealing their union.....