

Sixth EXTRACT from - (5 pages)

'OBSESSIVE SEX'

by Drummond Marais

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Upon his arrival amidst the sprawling sky-scrapered metropolis of Johannesburg, early in 1983, Billy experienced an all time low in self-confidence. He further aggravated this emotional vulnerability by condemning himself for his impetuous choice of coming to this place at all. Those inherent Scottish genes dourly played havoc within every new situation he found himself. And a certain negativity of attitude prevailed for some while to come. He could find nothing to place his hopes in. Everything about this new city appeared ugly and crass to his aesthetic sensitivities. For him, the multitude of chrome and glass buildings were ugliness personified and the inhabitants of that metropolis were, in his opinion, self-absorbed and inhumanly uncaring of others.

Then there were the extremes of weather conditions. The hot harsh Highveld sun was brash and exhausting, and as debilitating violent as the electric thunderstorms that occurred late every afternoon throughout his first summer there. The softer, gentler climate of the Cape soon became a nostalgic memory. Of course, securing suitable economy accommodation was another major problem, merely compounding Billy's general *malaise* of negativity. He loathed this city-of-gold.

However, during the course of the following year, a glimmer of light gradually began to glow towards the end of the darkened tunnel that our sad young hero had chosen to travel for far too long. It was not as if Billy had finally managed to

release all his painful memories surrounding the untimely death of Paul Du Toit. Such complete releasing and forgetting would probably remain impossible forever. Instead though, he consciously chose to store all reminders of his late-lover within a special corner of his being, a private safe-deposit-box within the very recesses of his troubled brain. Paul's love and positive influence would always remain within him. Although Paul was no longer physically present, he would ever remain a major part of Billy's continued life on earth. And with such knowledge as a future given, our hero gradually began to look forwards instead of back. Slowly, a realisation dawned upon him. If he now chose to remain alive, he would have to allow for the concept of a future. An unknown future, laden with endless possibilities. A new blank canvas now lay before him. What would this artist make of it?.....

'Hi!' the stranger shouted whilst extending his right hand. 'Aren't you William Fraser?'

Slightly taken aback to have been recognised in Johannesburg, of all places, Billy did not immediately reply but met the man's handshake automatically, nonetheless.

'Sorry...I'm Peter Hawthorne!' the man continued, determinedly raising his voice above the general hubbub of the bar. The background music was so loud that most other patrons were likewise having great difficulty in communicating with one another.

'I can hardly hear you...!' Billy responded, '...did you say Peter?'

With an enthusiastic nod of his head, accompanied by various hand-signals, Peter led Billy away from the bar towards a slightly quieter corner of the crowded room.

'God, I'll never understand why these places insist on bursting your ear-drums....most of us come here to talk, for fucksake!....Well some of us do, anyway! So!....how long are you gonna be in Jo'burg, William?'

'Well I'm actually living here now, um....Peter? You did say Peter, didn't you?' Billy articulated above the background cacophony.

'Ja, Peter Hawthorne....I met you about a year ago, I think it was...down in Cape Town....at the Nico. But you've probably

forgotten, it was a brief meeting....we all had a drink together after the show....."Swan Lake", remember?'

Billy could not remember but smiled and nodded anyway.

'So how's Paul doing?....great actor, hey? I've seen him do some really wonderful stuff on stage, over the years.....I presume you guys are still together?.....Something wrong?'

Billy forced himself to take a deep breath. He suddenly felt light-headed, dizzy, and slightly nauseous too. But this was the moment he had unwittingly anticipated for some time. The moment of reality that he had subconsciously been dreading. And now it had to be dealt with it.

'He's dead,' he replied simply, but the tears welling in his eyes said so much more.....

It was Peter Hawthorne who soon thereafter introduced our hero to the man with whom he would choose to share the next thirteen years of his life. Robert Pienaar....

They met at a dinner party in Peter's comfortable Yeoville flat, sometime towards the end of 1983. Robert was immediately attracted to Billy's slim blonde appearance and made his feelings quite apparent throughout the dinner-table conversations that ensued that night. Billy was not initially inspired to reciprocate and chose to rather engage with the other guests present, politely ignoring Robert's far-from-subtle attentions. However, as the guests were all preparing to leave the flat much later that evening, Robert somehow managed to corner Billy and gently cajoled him into committing himself to a private meeting between them, as soon as possible. And as it subsequently turned out, it was only during that second interaction that Billy allowed himself to recognise the admirable and highly attractive qualities contained within this older man.

For there existed an age-gap of some twelve years between them. Robert had unembarrassedly declared his age of forty-one years almost within minutes of their being seated at a secluded table, within the very fancy Sandton restaurant that he had chosen for their first date.

'I believe it's vital to get that age-stuff out of the way, a.s.a.p.!' Robert continued, '....I realise, of course, that you're

much younger than me. But, hey...if it doesn't bother you, it suits me fine!...I just happen to prefer the company of younger guys...much sexier than my peer-group!' Then he laughed jovially and ordered them a bottle of expensive wine.

After a most convivial evening, spent in the company of such a mature man-of-the-world, our hero had to admit that the attraction was mutual after all. Never before had he even remotely contemplated sex or emotional involvement with someone so much his senior. In fact he had previously spent very little time with older people, other than his parents and educators, and had seldom credited any generation, other than his own, with the personal benefits of sexuality at all! Older people had never really interested him before. And yet, in the course of one highly enjoyable evening together, he now found Robert Pienaar to be more than merely interesting. He was fascinating!

'So that's how it all started...!' Billy murmured into James' left ear, as they lay sprawled upon the messy bed.

'And did you know that you were in love with Robert, straight away...?' James asked, filled with curiosity and a minor hint of jealousy. 'I mean...was it...like with us? Instantaneous!'

Billy quickly and deftly adjusted their positioning so that he could look directly at his lover's irresistible young face. And whilst gently stroking James' well-structured jaw line, he declared with intense passion:

'My darling James...nothing has ever been as beautiful as this! The love between us is so different from any relationship I've ever experienced before...please believe me!' And the urgent resonance within his raised voice caused a frown to appear upon the silk-smooth surface of his lover's brow.

'I don't doubt that you love me, Bill....but surely you must have loved Robert too? In some very intense way, intense enough for you to choose to spend, what was it...fourteen years with him?'

'Thirteen, actually...with a couple of messy months of closure, towards the end...ah shit! Do we have to talk about it now, babe?'

'Of course we don't...if you don't want to. It's just that it's kinda important for me to understand everything about you...I

love you so much and...I dunno...I suppose, knowing more about your really important relationships helps me to understand the road you've already travelled...the road that's led you to here...being with me...now...'

'And always, James....'cos that's what I want with you - Always!...and Forever!'

Their lips interlocked with desperate loving fervour, which in turn inspired yet another session of extremely sensual and mutually satisfying copulation. So it was many hours before James was given another opportunity to remind his lover of that former request for old information....