

***First EXTRACT from - (5 pages)***

**'OBSESSIVE SEX'**  
***by Drummond Marais***

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William Donald Fraser had always been different from the rest. A bit of a misfit, a societal outcast, who all too often seemed not to fit in, even within his own family blood group. He had very few friends as a child, and although he spent most of his youth and early teens secretly longing for social acceptance, he finally outgrew such a need. He was about thirteen when he consciously began to reinvent himself, much to the dismay of his family. His dourly distanced and disciplinarian Scottish father had very little time for Billy, the youngest member of his all male brood. It was his wife who had affectionately labelled their last son 'Baby-Billy', much to her husband's macho-masculine disgust.

'Ooch! Stop y'ur simpering, woman!' he would grumble in his gruff Glaswegian brogue. 'Ye'll turn the wee lad into a lassie with all y'ur oohing and aaahing over him!'

But Charlotte Fraser paid him little attention when he was in such moods. Of course she loved her husband, was devoted to him, but her love for Baby-Billy had seemingly surpassed that matrimonial love, which had previously been sufficient for her quietly contented existence. And although she had privately prayed for a daughter at last, her youngest son's birth had become the turning point in her life. With Baby-Billy's initial and complete dependence upon her, she had fully concentrated her gently loving nature upon the child, almost to the point of

neglecting the other three more aggressively independent males within her household.

Charlotte Fraser, nee Baadenhorst, was essentially exhausted with male company. She had grown up as a solitary female within the Baadenhorst farmhouse, an isolated sheep farm set in the rugged dryness of South Africa's Karoo province. Her mother had died not long after her birth and her Afrikaans heritage had demanded that she assume that maternal vacancy, from the earliest age. By the time she was six, she was competently equipped to cook simple meals and take care of the boer-ish needs of her father and her seven brothers. And although she had subsequently devoted most of her youthful energies to these male relatives, the day had finally dawned when she realised her desperate need to claim her independence from them, albeit with great resistance from their side.

At the age of nineteen, Charlotte had been granted paternal permission to visit an ailing distant aunt who resided in Pretoria. Mr. Baadenhorst senior had short-sightedly believed that a brief period away from the Karoo's bleak landscape might actually endear the old farm to his daughter's heart, creating a longing willingness to return home as soon as possible. But this was not to be. For within a few days of her arrival in the Transvaal, Charlotte had been socially introduced to a burly red-haired Scotsman by the name of Hamilton Fraser, and although he possessed few social graces and little in the way of romantic charm, he had soon captured her eager heart. She leapt at this potential escape from the familial restrictions of her meagre life at home. Against mounting family opposition, Charlotte had hastily and secretly married Hamilton within a month of their meeting and the couple had soon set off for Northern Rhodesia.

Back in the mid-1940's, with World War Two finally drawing to a close but with economic recession holding the western world to ransom, the attractive virginal British Colonies to the north of South Africa offered great hopefulness to many young couples in search of their golden futures. The newly married Frasers soon acclimatised themselves to the social mish-mash of young ex-patriots who inhabited the tiny northern copper-mining town of Mufilera. However, it was not too long

before Charlotte had discovered herself to be living out a mere echo-replica of her former Karoo existence. Within three short years she had given birth to two robust freckled lads, and her days were thereafter devoted to serving the demonstrative needs of the three flame-headed Scottish males in her household. Some six years after what she had believed to be her final pregnancy, the unexpected appearance of a blue-eyed, blonde-haired, angelic-natured boy, quite unlike her older sons and bearing very little resemblance to her husband at all, became the romantic blessing that Charlotte had been seeking all her life.

William Donald Fraser was born on the twentieth day of April 1954. It was the easiest birthing process his mother had yet experienced, which further confirmed her private belief that 'Baby-Billy' was her special gift from God. He would be hers and hers alone. So when Billy's father failed to show any signs of bonding with their newest son, Charlotte was secretly gratified. Hamilton Fraser maintained an overt preference for the two older boys, Robert and Ian, with whom he would privately joke: 'Billy Fraser.....Bee, eFF!...Bluddy Fairy!', when referring to the younger sibling, causing all three of them to laugh with loathsome ferocity.....

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The tormenting indelible memory of their cruel laughter now played havoc within Billy's head as he confusedly emerged from his fitful daytime sleep. It grew louder and louder, resembling a kind of crazed cat-a-walling. His heavy eyelids suddenly sprang open, only to reveal a reflective pair of hypnotically staring orbs, within centimetres of his focus. Cleo's cries of desperation, now mingling with purrs of gratified recognition, demanded Billy's fullest consciousness.

'Feed me...immediately!' she screamed, and for the second time that day, Billy Fraser dragged himself out of bed. Choosing to temporarily ignore the disastrous feline destruction within his previously well-ordered sitting-room, he plodded down the passage towards the kitchen.

'My life's a fuckin' mess anyway!' he muttered to himself, and proceeded to feed the starving cat who was

mercilessly clawing at his bare shins. 'Where will it end, Cleo? When will all this crap stop dumping itself on me, huh?'

The azure-blue eyes of the exquisite Siamese gave him a fleeting but penetrative glance, then quickly returned their focus to the far more engaging bowl of food before her.

'You couldn't care less, could you? ....spoilt little bitch! Nobody gives a damn about me! I could drop dead right now and not a fucking soul would be bothered about it....'

The hectic ringing of his cell phone interrupted his poor-me monologue.

'What the fuck now?!' Billy shouted, as he ran through the flat, picked up the phone, and barked: 'Hello, wha'd'ya want?' into the tiny plastic instrument.

'Uumm...hi!' came a feint and slightly effeminate voice from the other end of a satellite. 'Is that Bill Fraser?' it continued insecurely.

'Yup!...who're you?'

'It's...uh...James....from the other night, remember?....at the club?'

'James who?!' Billy said, simultaneously heaving an irritated sigh.

'Well, um...I don't think I told you my surname....Bill? Are you still there?'

'Yes, still here!...Look, er...James? I'm really not in the mood for guessing games right now. You'll have to give me more clues, okay?...I don't think I remember you, sorry.'

'That's alright....I suppose I am kinda forgettable....' the voice forlornly replied.

'Hey! I didn't mean it like that....it's just that I meet a lot of guys, y'know. So just remind me what we talked about....was this on Saturday night?'

'Yes, it was Saturday.....but we didn't really...er... talk much.... Anyway, you gave me your card when you saw me leaving, remember?'

'Shit it's him! The beautiful boy who gave me this unexpected love-gift! What do I say now?' Billy's thoughts whirled about madly.....

