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## Freud Had Not Said – Prose

Sam Rapth

She came like an Angel.

Is this sufficient to say? Considering her beauty precisely, these five words are very less. She was tall to five and a half feet. Slim physique. But, someone naughty like me might just ask, 'couldn't she get a better place to keep those two tennis balls?', on looking at her. She had a waist that might get comfortably into the fist of an adult guy. The jeans that she wore hugged tight around her waist and there was a Pepe T-shirt that stood on it.

'At-least now you came' he said.

'I need to send him off, Martin' she said.

'Katherine, I need you always' Martin said.

'We will see. what now?' she asked.

'First thing, tell me, where is your husband?'

'By now, he must be in one of his seven companies, giving autographs to his secretaries. Why do you ask?'

'We can use your home, if he would be late'

'No . Not at home Martin'

'Ok. I have set up my friend's Garage. lets go there'

Martin, opened the back door of the car that was already on. Katherine jumped into the car and closed the door. Martin looked around for a moment. The car parking area belonged to a mall, therefore, there were hell lot of cars in different shapes and sizes. Martin walked around the car, opened the door at the other end, jumped into the car and closed the door.

'Hey crap.. you are going to do the Yoyo here?' Katherine said.

'Yes...you sweet devil' saying so, Martin lip locked Katherine.

The Car, a Honda Sedan, spurted in, cool air slowly, steadily. The Sun control film, that stuck on to the windows helped them hide. The cold air, spurted in, did its share of hiding them by settling on the window glasses.

Martin's fingers now, climbed on her thighs, above her lee jeans and slipped into her t-shirt. She didn't attempt to negotiate. Her eyes went drowsy. Her cheeks turned red. Warm bodies inside the car overcame the chillness, that was spreading inside the car. Martin's hands clasped the two tennis balls, inside her t-shirt. Katherine helped him, raising her t-shirt to her neck to reveal the balls. The balls were pressed. The balls were squeezed. The balls were licked. The balls were sucked. Katherine moaned in ecstasy.

She pushed Martin away, saying,

'Maaaartinnn... not here please..it is risky' in a feeble voice. The Honda jerked a bit.

Katherine noticed a security, in tight uniform, approaching the car from a distance.

'Oh Martin, We are caught' said Katherine, adjusting her dress. Martin, quickly wiped Katherine's lipstick from his cheeks.

It would be clear to notice none, in front seats, to anyone who looked from out. The very fact that, London's Richest man's wife seated with a strange guy, in close proximity, at back seats, made Martin feel the grip of the situation. Martin knew that, they would become a feast to paparazzi, if they were caught.

The security, now, knocked on the back door windows. Martin used the power window buttons to pull down the window.

Katherine felt like shouting at Martin for pulling down the window but having realised that the things now, had already gone out of control, gone speechless. The Cop now looked at Martin and Katherine.

'My Driver!! We are expecting him any time now' said Martin.

Katherine felt ignited almost immediately.

'Where did he go? He is just annoying. Its the right time to replace him' Katherine said.

'O..Yeah... Drivers always sucks.. Parking here is my responsibility. There are many cars waiting in a Queue for parking. Its a busy Sunday, you know. If you are done with your shopping, you may consider making a move now sir' said the security, standing away from the car.

'Yeah, I will move it myself' saying so, Martin jumped out of the car and took the steering.

The Honda was soon on the road.

'Martin!! I must appreciate your presence of mind' said Katherine.

'This world, in today, doesn't need innocence, Katherine. In reality, there is no scope for one. All you have to be, is one, who is both, imperfect and uncaught' said Martin.

'Well said Martin'

The Honda was running fluently on the roads of London, with absolute silence inside.

Moments later,

'Katherine, you and silence, not good bed fellows' said Martin.

'.....'

'I know, Katherine. You are a married girl but you are with me now.. guilty feeling and all that.. I can understand' said Martin.

'No no... Marriage, husband, brother, sister and all that, are terms invented for the humans by the humans.. I too have read Sigmund Freud, Martin'

'Oh... so what are you thinking about then?'

'What do I get with you, Martin?'

The Honda, pulled over immediately.

'What?'

'Just answer, Martin, What do I get with you?'

'Love and Sex Katherine..I love you so much'

'Cut that crap, Martin.Even my husband tells the same. Just a difference. He tells once in a week. But you daily.. what else do I get Martin?'

'What do you want dear?'

'I love paintings..you know that right? I want paintings Martin'

'Oh.. That's easy to get Katherine.. There will be scheduled painting expo at Trafalgar Square.. I will get you one dear'

'No Martin. Not that. I don't want one, done by a random painter, on a random model. I want the painting to be done on me'

'But, I am not a painter Katherine'

'But, your friend Cyril Alex did not say so Martin. He has done so many sketches on me. If my fate is to derive my kind of happiness in only an extra-marital affair, let me get it from the one, who is my kind'

Martin seemed to have ran out of words.

'Don't you call me any more, Martin. What we shared, thus far, was all fine. But, there are things that Sigmund Freud had not told the world. Understanding is the key here. When my husband ignored me, I didn't go in search of my favourite, the paintings. You came into my life and we got into this affair. But when I came across Alex, I discovered my true self. Had he come into my life earlier than you, I would not have even met you, in first place. Sexuality might play a vital role in making relationships but, a good understanding leads us in the right direction, takes us to the right people, with whom we would be more inclined to make a relationship, than with the ones, without the understanding. The best example is none other than us, Martin. I feel better with Alex with better understanding rather than with you and no or lesser understanding. From now on, it could only be Alex in my life other than my husband and not you any more Martin. We shall be friends Ok.. take care...' said Katherine.

Speechless Martin, without a blink, looked at Katherine who, by now abandoned his Honda and began to walk on the road all by herself.