

THE NAKED WOMAN

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I had left the precinct early to head to the bar at the end of the street.

It had been raining all weekend and the downpour had finally ceased. But the streets continued to remain wet and shiny. I looked with contempt at the young couple who drove past me splashing the storm water at my tweed jacket.

Lousy sons of bitches.

I decided to leave my car at the station. I wouldn't be in any position to drive that night. I treaded gallantly despite the fact that I wore a dirty wet tweed coat over me.

It did not surprise me that the streets were empty at the peak hour. Times were such.

I lit a cigarette as I made my way through the townhouses. I could feel the warm smoke kissing my dry lips and I relished it with a smoker's lust.

The pub was in sight and my steps quickened at the thought of alcohol on tab. Nobody charges the town detective.

As I approached the bar, my phone buzzed to my annoyance.

It was from home.

I ground my teeth.

Of all the goddamn nights!

"This is Grant!" I shouted.

I would never forget how my tongue rolled up my mouth that night when I heard what I heard over the phone.

I listened to the quick call filled with short sentences.

"I'll be right there," was my only reply.

I really love my wife. But tonight, she had asked me to do something which was entirely out of my comfort zone.

THE NAKED WOMAN

Unknown to the rest of the world, it's a game which my wife and I played.

If anyone at the station came to hear of it, I would probably be locked away in an asylum with my wife in the room next to mine.

And the surprising thing was that even the two of us knew what we were doing was out right ridiculous and psychologically deviant.

And yet, we enjoyed it.

You see my wife and I were in a quest. We met during arts school. This was the time before I joined the police academy.

Back when I wasn't afraid of the artist within me.

She was my first girlfriend and I was her first boyfriend. It was kind of romantic how we met and connected. I was amazed to know that such a gorgeous and amazing woman did not ever date in her past. And she felt the same about me.

Now that I think about it, it's probably because no one could match up to our level of disturbing mental health.

This quest of ours began a little after we got married. To be precise, after we found out she could not conceive. All our dreams of making the prettiest babies were shattered in one single instant.

And then, it hit us. The idea that changed our lives.

It wasn't an easy one, however, it was aberrant.

We would call it THE NAKED WOMAN.

After I had first met my wife, she kept praising me about my pale white skin with rosy cheeks and blood red lips. She could not get over the fact that I looked a prettier woman than she did.

Although I felt this idea of hers to be ridiculously stupid, she continued to advocate my superior feminine physical characteristics.

Weirdly enough, I began to embrace them myself. However, we both agreed upon the fact that she had pretty features too.

It was then that the idea struck the two of us like lightning on a puppy.

THE NAKED WOMAN

We decided to create "the naked woman". Our baby.

She would be no ordinary woman. Oh no.

She would be our child. And she shall not be conceived in a womb either.

She shall be conceived through the tips of our brushes.

We narrowed down the features that would be selected from the both of us and we would try to create her.

Needless to say we failed over and over. Unlike making an actual baby, if we didn't find the creation pretty, my wife would be quick to cast it aside.

"She's not perfect!" that's what she would say.

It scared me the way she would react to the failure that we created. After all, the painting is still our child. It was created in our image and I would see her as my own daughter. The image of my very own flesh and blood.

I would tell my wife that I was getting rid of the portraits. But I would actually keep them in a storage locker that I had rented. They were my babies, and I'm never letting them go.

I had given up after we had failed for more times than I could count. But her frustration for the lack of a child transformed her passion into a psychotic drive.

I do not remember the last time my wife smelled of anything other than oil paint and thinners.

But I did not want to say no. That would break her. I watched my wife slip away from me every single day and I could do nothing about it. Or rather, I did nothing about it.

The process would always be the same. We would strip down of our clothes, me and her, and we would start drawing away on the white canvas. She would always start with the head and I with the feet.

It was probably a fetish of ours but we had bigger problems to worry about.

I had grown tired of this redundant taxation of my sanity.

Tonight was one night, when I would finally catch some breath.

I had made sure she was at her sister's, but now she's back home and she wants to do a fresh one.

I lamented my entire walk home until I finally reached my
doorstep.

I knocked with silent despair.

She was alarmingly quick to open the door which made me question
if she was in fact standing behind the door waiting for me.

But at this point, would that really creep me out?

She stared at me with cold eyes.

"Clothes off!"

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