

Leon Malin



# AGENCY AMUR

1 dozen stories

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**Agency Amur. 1 dozen stories**

«Издательские решения»

**Malin L.**

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In the Agency, Cupid, who deals only with love affairs, only two employees work — Oleg and Vika. But they can do any job. And there is no such thing that they can not investigate. Because they know what love is. Or they think they know. Riddles are unraveling, the agency is thriving, but the heroes do not stop there. Ahead of them are waiting for new peaks.

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# **Agency Amur 1 dozen stories**

**Leon Malin**

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## Agency Amur

### The first case

Once I decided to start my own business and opened the “Amour Agency, love affairs”. I took off a small office, posted advertisements. A week later I had my first client. His name was Vladimir. His request was unusual. Although now, at the very beginning of my activity, all the requests of customers were unexpected. Once Vladimir was riding a bus, an ordinary city bus. And next to him was a girl. He immediately liked her. He wanted to talk to her, but could not, was embarrassed. Then he had to leave, and the girl went on. And now Vladimir wants to find her, apparently, here love at first sight. It's all? All. He said: “Oleg, do you take on this business?” I replied: “You have to think about it. Let's do this. I'll give you a written response tomorrow (via the Internet).” On that and parted. What I did not immediately agree about was my right business approach to clients. It is necessary to sustain a pause and, as they say, to fill yourself with a price. And secondly, you just had to think if I could really help him.

After thinking hard, the next day I sent the customer an e-mail with the following content: “Dear Vladimir! I'll take your case. My terms are as follows. You pay for the time I spent, written reports will be provided to you periodically. In addition, I will include representative expenses, flowers, bills from cafes, etc., incurred by me. If everything goes well, I can find a girl and prepare her for the meeting so that she actually accepts the offer of the hand and heart on the first date, then you pay me the amount ... – And I printed a number with a lot of zeros. – The term of our contract is 1 month. If you agree, let me know. Yours faithfully, etc.” The answer came to surprise quickly, he agreed.

First of all, we had to draw up a plan of action. I could find a kopeck piece only in one case, if it was her regular bus route. I looked at the path of the bus. After leaving my client, he passed 3 stops to the “ring”. So I had to photograph all the girls leaving the bus, falling under the description, at intervals of an hour or two from the time when Vladimir was driving. At all three stops in front of the “ring”. I did it. Pictures of more or less similar (for description) of young women I sent to the customer. And, oh, a miracle! In one of them he recognized his stranger. Then it was easier to act. The next day I followed the path of the “object” and it turned out that she works as a waitress in a cafe and goes on this bus to work. It was necessary to get to know each other better. I went to the cafe as a visitor, sat down at the supposed table for the service of my waitress and opened the menu. She approached. On the badge was written: “Vika”. “Vika,” I introduced myself and gave her my business card, “I have a serious conversation for you.” – “On what topic?” – “You are looking for a man. He liked you and he hired me to find you.” “She was confused: “An interesting man?” – “Yes.” Vika promised to come to my office the next day. Just in case, I took her phone. After drinking a cup of coffee, I bowed.

Vika arrived at the appointed time. I handed her a large bouquet of roses: “This is from our customer. His name is Vladimir and, by the way, his photo. You can take it for yourself.” “We sat down and talked. I told Vika what a good man Vladimir was. “Now tell me what you like, what you do, how you spend your free time.” Vika began to tell. Nothing very outstanding. The average man, a woman, a girl, is pleasant on his face. A figurine is also nothing. How can I prepare her for a meeting with Vladimir? What can put a woman to her? Flowers, sweets, gifts, courting, compliments... But I'm not Vladimir. And work out a contract. I took Vika to the theater. We liked the play both. I said that Volodya is also a theater-goer. During the intermission, we drank tea with sandwiches and caviar. We both liked caviar too. Where else to go? Accidentally it turned out that we both love the operetta. And we went there. Classics, Imre Kalman, Violet of Mormartra, Super! Vika more and more I liked. Together we were easy and fun. I already began to think, rather than try to find out Vicki's preferences

in bed. Will this not be a breach of contract? In the movie Vika put her hand in mine. To resist feelings became more and more difficult. Reports on our meetings I periodically sent to the customer. One day, in correspondence, Vladimir asked, and how she treated other men, is she morally stable. It was a chance (as an answer to my wishes from somewhere above) and I decided to test this question thoroughly. I ordered a hotel room and a table in the restaurant downstairs. Vika and I had a good dinner, drank a delicious wine. “Do you want to go upstairs, I took a number here?” – “Do you want to sleep with me?” – “Yes.” – “What about the customer?” – “He asked me to test you for moral stability.” “Well, let’s go and check.” We went up to the room. In the middle of his only room was a large bed. On it, we spent the whole night. And we started with a shower. We climbed into it both and helped each other to wash and wipe themselves off. Then Vika laid her back on the bed and spread her arms and legs. “Come to me, inspector.” Vika had a slim figure, but moderately wide hips and full chest. From the summer sun her body was swarthy, only two white stripes crossed the dark body, emphasizing the tan. The brown hair of the Vicky fell over his shoulders, his dark eyes looked damp and inviting. I leaned over and kissed her body with kisses. It smelled of sun and freshness. I kissed two full and elastic mounds with grapes. Vinogradinki I crushed my lips and patted my tongue. From the mounds I went down to the valley. Then even lower, in the gorge. The stream had to flow in the gorge. And I began to search for him with my tongue. Vika began to worry. My desire and excitement were passed on to her. She moaned and wrapped her hands around my head. Then we kissed the lips with a long, endless kiss. Our bodies were entwined in strong embraces and something happened that should have happened. The ship entered the harbor. And the sea started rolling. And then a real storm. Then lightning struck, thunder roared and came... full of calm. We lay next to each other without clothes, holding hands, a man and a woman, who fulfilled their true destiny.

– Olezhek, take me to your work.

– By whom?

– I’ll be your assistant.

– And if Vladimir does not want you to work?

– What do you mean, do not want to? I’m not his slave. Moreover, whether we have relations with him, a big question.

– But after all, according to the terms of the contract, you have to tell him “yes” on the first date.

– How is this a “yes”?

– Well, like you like him and all that.

– Should not I sleep with him?

– I think no. Especially at once.

And I told her all the terms of the contract. Vika said: “Then I make a contract with you. If you take me to your workplace, I tell Vladimir “yes.” Bearing in mind that I liked it. And then we’ll see. “I said: “If you do not say yes, I will not have anything to pay you, because Vladimir is my first client.” On that and decided. Vladimir I wrote that Victoria is morally stable (just like a rock). My conscience was not tormented me for some reason. So I worked my first contract and got an assistant. Vika said “yes” on the first date. They met with Vladimir, then less often, and then I do not know, I was uncomfortable asking questions.

## Double Treason

Victoria and I spent time in the office waiting for the client. I looked through the Internet ads, she called (cold calls) to potential consumers of our services. We drank a cup of coffee, patted, then worked again. There was nowhere to hurry, we were waiting for new business. Finally, the customer came. A middle-aged man, well-dressed, self-confident. He sat down in an armchair, loosened the knot of his tie, refused coffee (he probably did not trust his quality). Here is his story. His wife, Lida, is slightly younger than her husband. They have been married for more than 10 years, there are no children. Lida is a teacher, a teacher, with a good experience. Suddenly, recently, less than a year ago, she left school and went to work in sales. He sells some expensive cosmetics. She works now a little, several times a week for half a day goes to the office. But now he earns a lot. "I think she has a lover, she goes to work instead of him." "How often do you and your wife have sex?" I ask. – "Does it matter?" – "Has." "Well, we already have a long history of married life. And we are both not quite young. One, two a month. "We agreed that tomorrow I will send him an email, whether we agree to take up this matter and how much the services will cost. "Well, what do you think about this case?" I asked Vic. "He's still a bug, probably walking himself from his wife." The client, Boris Lvovich, agreed to our terms and we started to work.

I took my branded camera Kodak, who was terribly proud and proceeded to watch. For 4 days Lida 2 times went by taxi to the office. The office was in a solid building and it was time to visit him. Security at the entrance, I introduced myself as a potential tenant and I was escorted to the manager. Having received several variants of the proposed premises from him, I said that I would think about it and call tomorrow or the day after tomorrow. And I asked to order a pass for myself and my assistant. Next was to wait for the bird in the cage. Victoria watched the entrance of Lida's house, I was not far from her office. The first day was wasted. On the second, in the afternoon, Lida left the house and took a taxi. My assistant immediately phoned me and I went to the office. Entering, I went through the security (on the ordered pass) and began to wander next to the elevators. Here came my object. It was a big interesting blonde. Lida approached, pressed the call button. I approached, too, and stood near her. One of the booths opened. I, as a gentleman, missed the lady and followed him. The woman pressed the button 7 of the floor, I pretended that I was there too. On the 7th floor Lida entered the door above which hung a sign "Studio Tax Video". I decided to wait 15 minutes, I had no plan. If anything, I say, they say, was mistaken. I was not afraid to enlighten, Lida already saw me in the elevator.

In 20 minutes I entered the Studio door. A man at the entrance (judging by his appearance, guard) asked me: "Are you an actor or shoot? Although what I'm asking, "- and pointed to the professional Kodak hanging around my neck. "Has Arthur Victorovich agreed?" The Guard asked. "Yes," I lied. In a large room near the wall there was a shooting. Against the background of a stretched advertising poster Lida stood with another woman and posed. Both were dressed in a kimono and showed some tricks. Lida's partner, too, was a blonde, but lower in height and more seductive. I shot a big camera, several photographers worked. I joined them. On the poster for women it was written: "Blonde-karateka", and below: "Studio Taks-Video". The scene was filmed, the equipment began to be shifted to the center of the hall. There was a large bed. Lida climbed naked to her, naked men approached the bed. God! This is the same shooting porno! The actors began to work. And we shoot. These are the pictures! Boris Lvovich will have a heart attack. Actors worked in the right rhythm, professionally, laying out in full. One Lida on the bed and 5 men from different sides. The actors who developed the resource left the stage. That's effectively finished the last one. At this point, I was at the bed, carried away shooting. The photos were already enough for the customer, but for some reason I filmed and filmed everything. As a true professional. Seeing that the actors have already worked, and I'm standing next to the bed, Lida decided not to stop the shooting and began to unbutton my

trousers. The crew did not seem to mind. I moved to the role of an actor, but continued at the same time to shoot. Photos (and videos) were very naturalistic. Lida was also a pro, and so I soon developed my resource. There was applause, I hurried to retire...

The next morning at the office we met with Vika. – “Where were you yesterday, why did not you come?” – “I was at the shooting yesterday and, by the way, saw you, you worked enthusiastically”. I blushed: “But I did not see you there.” “Too busy.” Well, we need to meet with the customer, present him with a report and the results of photo and video. But something embarrassed me about all this. Was Lida’s participation in the filming of a porn movie treason? It’s just such a job. No better and no worse than others. Naturally, the customer must pay for our labors, but... maybe Lida will pay more? And will it be ethical? No. Here it is necessary to think. After reflection, I decided not to break the terms of the contract and sent all the materials to the customer. Soon money came from him. Then on the Internet there was a porno film “Blondes-karatekas”, I watched and waited for him to come out. The film turned out interesting, with my participation. The fact that my face hit the frame, I was not particularly upset. On the contrary, it seemed to me that I fulfilled my role with dignity. But the most interesting was not it. I was shocked that he acted in it... Vika. Filming was, it turns out, also the bathroom, where the operator shot a second karatek. There were no other actors there. That is, the operator was shooting a naked blonde and part of himself. In the middle of the shooting Vika entered the bathroom. Without thinking for a long time, she knelt down with a kalatist and lured the operator with the one in turn. I was surprised by the depravity of my employee, but she told her version: “I came to the studio, as we agreed. From the threshold, I saw a stunning picture, and the manager (or guard) ordered me to go quickly to the bathroom. I went there and hoped to catch my breath. But it was not there. In the bathroom, too, were shooting. The operator immediately told me to get on my knees and do what the naked woman did. I was so confused that I fulfilled his command and participated in the shooting to the end.”

Soon, she came to our office... Lida. She looked tired and frustrated. “Perhaps you are condemning me for what I do. But I do not want to justify myself. I’m filming porn very consciously and seriously. For a long time I was engaged in pedagogical activity. And only recently I realized that this is not mine. But to act in porn films, this is mine. And I work there brings both pleasure and satisfaction, even if it sounds from the side it’s gone. And money. Earlier my husband kept me, I was in the position of a domestic slave. And now I get enough, now we are equal partners. And for me it is important. You see, as a housewife and a schoolteacher I was not interested in him, he always had connections on the side. And now our personal and sexual life has diversified, become richer and more saturated. Having received “compromising evidence” on me, Boris was furious. My arguments he did not listen to. While we live separately. But, I think, this is a wrong decision. Our marriage did not outlive itself, it just started, so to speak, blossom. And that’s what I thought. At 99% I’m sure that he has a mistress. If you help me to convict him of this, we will have equal chances. And then we can all forgive each other and start our relationship from the beginning. I then forgave him all his treason. And I saw your address in these “compromising” me papers. “Lida and I agreed and began to look for the mistress of Boris Lvovich. Whether Lida recognized me after those filming, I still do not understand.

The surveillance of Boris Lvovich has not yet yielded results. He led a very measured way of life. Home, work, home. There were no women near him. And what if you try to take it “on the bait”. But how, because he knows Vika in person? But even this can be used. A chance meeting or thoughtful occasion? No, it’s better to not trust fate. And what if we invite Boris to our office? Allegedly, there is some important information that can be conveyed only at the meeting. And there’s something to think of...

We did so. We agreed the time of the meeting, set up the cameras and waited. Vika wore a short skirt and a blouse with a deep neckline. I hid in a deaf little room without a window, like a closet. Through the keyhole I could see the “field of action” and something was also heard. Boris arrived

about an hour later. Vika told him that I should be about to come, but for now that he was settling down. She offered the guest coffee and cognac, but he refused everything. Victoria tried to talk him: “Are not you in such a hurry?” “Yes, I’m in a hurry.” “Well, wait a little. So you do not want brandy? And I would have had a drink today, but I can not do it without the company. She sat opposite the client and threw her leg behind her leg. Just like in the movie with Michael Douglas. Her short skirt barely covered her legs. “It’s hot today, there’s nothing to breathe,” Vika took a pack of sheets of paper from the table and began to fan them with her breasts. – And you are such an interesting man and parted with his wife (why did she tear about the divorce?). And we would be a good couple. Do you like me? "- Yes. " “I’m so hot, clockwork. But it is very amorous. As I see an interesting man, like you, I can immediately fall in love. And I can guess on the hand. Show me your hand, “Vika got up and approached Boris. She bent over to his arm, so that her large, almost bare chest, found herself directly in front of our client’s face. She stroked his arm, looked into his eyes, inviting him to further action. But he did not do anything. “And what kind of sex do you prefer?” Victoria asked directly. – “I like to watch”. – “Watch?” – “Yes, look, it excites me.” Vika looked in my direction, she obviously did not know what to do next. “And tell me,” asked Boris unexpectedly, do you have no sex with the chief? “My assistant hesitated. I realized that I will have to join the game. I (yawning) left my little closet, went to Boris and Vika: “Sorry, dozed, so many things, you know... I heard your last words. Yes, we have sex with Vika. Would you like to see it? “Boris nodded. There was nothing to do, it was necessary to have sex with an assistant. Moreover, perhaps he will pay us this too. We exchanged glances with Vika and I began to undress her slowly. She did not resist, apparently she also anticipated the approach of the prize. Having prepared Victoria for the act, I mastered it right on the table. Boris watched us closely. At first Vika and I played, joked, and then our feelings woke up really and we brought things to a victorious conclusion. I did not have time to leave my assistant, as Boris immediately took my place. Well, Vikul, work. Cameras, I’m sure they shot as it should. The contract was in our pocket.

A week later, I invited Boris and Lida to our office. The meeting took place on my initiative, which means, it’s free. The couple sat opposite each other, I was at the head of the table, Vika sideways. “I want to reconcile you,” I said. – Communicating with you, I realized that you both love your other half and are great for each other. These changes do not count, but this is not treason. For Lida, this is a job, and Boris was seduced. Moreover, it became clear that your intimate life will now be brighter and more intense. Boris likes to observe from the side before “joining the battle.” You, Lida, for some reason, he was afraid to admit it. And for you to have sex with other men, this is not work, it’s a prelude to the main thing, to a close meeting with your husband. So in fact? And it turns out that you are ideally suited to each other. Do you want me to prove this to you now? How? Very simple. I’m engaged in sex right now with Lida, and then I give it to Boris. Among those who are here now, is there anyone who objects to this? Raise your hand”. No one raised his hand. It was an invitation. “If everyone is satisfied with everything,” I continued, “then probably the Agency could expect some premium.” Again silence. And silence, as they say, a sign of agreement. I got up from the chair and Lida got up. Lida is a professional, it was pleasant to work with her. First on the couch, then on the table. Lying, standing, then lying down again. I went into rage and felt like a real porn actor. But Lida (which means the pro) did not let me make a fuss. She handed me to Vika, and she herself accepted Boris. Victoria also seemed to like to “watch”, because she was already completely ready to contact me. And we lit... We parted with our clients, as with old good friends. This was the case with “double betrayal.”

## Passions in a Rich Home

In the morning I pushed the door of my office with the sign “Agency Amur. Affair matters. “My assistant Vika sat at the table and was looking at something on the computer. I hoped she was busy with official affairs. And we already had many cases. Things were going uphill and I was thinking of hiring myself a second assistant. In my dreams, I was already sitting in the office on the phone and giving out only instructions to my zealous employees who, like bloodhounds, scoured the city, bringing the Agency (me) more and more money... I sat in my chair, opened the laptop and began to view the mail. Vika and I waited for the client, a certain Lilia Vitalievna. “What’s the name, Lilia?” I thought. From the corner of my eye I saw that the assistant “grazes” on the dating site. A young, interesting woman, but with the muzhiks she is not lucky (as she herself said to herself). Victoria was really pretty. Thick brown hair, large dark eyes, a good figure, made her very, very attractive. But at work we are “flints”, no shashnahs and novels, only if on business need, and it sometimes came out...

Lilia Vitalyevna also came. Victoria made us all coffee and we prepared to listen carefully. That’s what she told us. She lives with her husband and daughter in a big country house. Jan’s daughter, a student, and her husband, Anton (Anton Sergeevich), a real estate specialist. Lilia herself is engaged in business and, frankly, contains the whole family. She also has business connected with real estate, but unlike her husband, this is a “serious business”. “Just like ours, our business is also growing,” I thought. Lily is concerned about the fate of her daughter. She’s already a bride for marriage. There are good variants of marriage, it is possible to become related with decent and well-off families, but Yana does not want. Waiting for his “prince”. And then she waited. Lilia Vitalievna took a breather. She held confidently, looked well and was dressed very “decently”. In a word, it seemed like a completely successful person (woman). And well-groomed. So, she hired a worker, take care of the garden, clean the pool and so on. And it turned out to be a young handsome guy. His name is Stepan, he is a visitor, from somewhere in Ukraine or Moldova. And the daughter fell in love with him. And the one, as specially, teases her. He walks through the garden with his naked torso, smiling condescendingly. And why should he not smile, the girls fall in love with these to the ears. And for Yana, after all, a fortune. Do you understand? “That is, you want us to separate them,” dissolved”? I asked. – “Well yes”. “Why do not you just fire him?” “Well, first of all, he’s a good worker. And secondly, the fact that I’m firing it will not do anything. If they want, they can meet anywhere, not necessarily at home. “There it was necessary to think everything over. And I made my “proprietary” move. I told Lilia Vitalievna that we will all “grind” and I will send her my thoughts tomorrow.

The next day I made a preliminary calculation of our future expenses and sent it to the customer. In addition, I suggested to Lilia Vitalievna that Vika and I stayed at her house for a couple of days in the guise of some relatives or colleagues. Lily agreed. That evening Vika and I moved to her. The house was large and well maintained. We were allocated two guest rooms on the second floor, with one (between them) a bathroom. “It’s easy to use the bathroom,” Lilia Vitalievna told us. – When one of you is in the bathroom, he closes the bolt in the neighbor’s room. And popolzovavshis, leaving, opens the bolt. “In the evening we had dinner together all together. Served us at the table a cook (or cook) at an age. Everything was delicious. We were treated to quail in a wine sauce with boiled vegetables and tea with sweets. At the table, no one spoke much. Lilia Vitalievna introduced us as business partners from another city. She said that we will stay with them for a few days. Anton Sergeevich ate in silence. It seemed to me that he was attentively attending to my assistant. Yana was also silent. It looks like she was out of sorts. Jan was not a beauty, she could not have called her tongue a bad name. The apartment owners were like us, on the second floor. The servants, the cook, Stepan and others (if they were) lived on the first floor, they had their own separate, “black” entrance. Now there was no reason to go there and we got to know Stepan about it in the morning.

After a good dinner I fell asleep well. A knock on my door woke me. What? Where? Who is it? I opened the door, behind her stood in the dressing gown... Vika. "Vika, are you? What do you want? Or you ... " – I did not finish, I thought that she came to me to have sex. While I was puzzling in the stupor, Vika loudly and distinctly said: "Idiot, you did not open the latch from the bathroom to my room and now I do not get to the toilet." Then I could not sleep for a long time. I heard all the steps in the corridor and knocking. Then I dreamed a nude Victoria in the bathroom, she called me to her...

Breakfast in the house of Lilia Vitalievna was not regulated. That is, everyone had breakfast, as it is convenient, the kitchen is open from early morning. Nadezhda Ivanovna (cook, cook) met us with hot pancakes, just from a frying pan. Served pancakes were butter, sour cream, red fish, cut slices and jam. I lay down on the fish, Vick for sour cream. Nadezhda Ivanovna turned out to be a good-natured and talkative woman. Lilia Vitalievna has long since left, she has a big business. Anton Sergeevich did not get up yet, he does not appear in the kitchen before noon. Yana also left, she went to college, to classes. – "Well, you go for a walk. The garden here is beautiful. Swim in the pool, play billiards. In a word, have fun. Lilia Vitalievna said that it will be for supper. " – "Who else works or is there in the house?" – "Cleaners coming. Stepan only, the gardener, but the manager, Viktor Vasilievich. " – "And where are they?" – "They do not eat here, only the owners. Viktor Vasilievich has his own office, there is a house control point. And Stepan is in the street, in the garden. "We drank another cup of sweet-scented tea with chocolate candies and went to the garden. Stepan mowed the grass. He was a tall young guy with broad shoulders and narrow hips. Blonde with blue eyes, in this Ian is not a sin and fall in love. We with the assistant approached, greeted. We talked about the weather, about that, about this. Viktor Vasilievich approached. A young man, well dressed, wearing glasses, lean. We introduced ourselves to each other. "I'm going shopping. This responsibility for the house lies with me. If you need anything, say so. I'll be there in three hours. If you like, I'll show you the whole house. "And he took his leave. We went to the house ourselves. It was necessary to get to this very "control point". The room, of course, was closed. But the castle was not difficult. With a set of skeleton keys, which I prudently took with me on a "business trip," I overcame it quickly. In the center of the small room was a table with a monitor, on which all the cameras were withdrawn. But there were a lot of them. The cameras looked through the perimeter of the whole house. Inside, they were also on every floor. I decided to squander the cameras quickly at night, I was interested in the main entrance and the door for the servants. About one o'clock in the morning Stepan left his door and entered the house through the front door. Where did he go? I started scrolling the second-floor camera. Here Vika comes out of her room and knocks on mine. At one o'clock in the morning Stepan passes and goes to the room... Lilia Vitalievna. This is the number! We look further. About three hours from his apartment goes Anton Sergeevich (they have different apartments with Lilia Vitalievna) and goes... to Vika! He has flowers and champagne in his hands. Oh, Vikula, but she did not say anything to me. Anton Sergeevich leaves Vika in an hour, in the morning Stepan also leaves. All. "Olezhek, I'll explain everything to you now." "Why should I explain, I'm not your husband." "You see, he was drunk, he was all crying, that no one understands him. We did not have anything with him, just talk. " – "Why did you open it to him?" – "I thought it was you. Because of this bolt in the bathroom. " "Okay, let's go, let's get out of here before they spot us." I returned all the cameras to former regimes and Vika and I quietly retired.

We also dined in the kitchen. Anton Sergeevich has not yet got up (after yesterday), and the ladies have not yet come from the city. For dinner was soup-kharcho from lamb. On the second served dietary cutlets from carrots and cabbage (delicacy). On the third we drank a cup of coffee with cakes. The dinner was a success! But we did not just dine. Being in the kitchen with Nadezhda Ivanovna, we tried to learn more about the house and its inhabitants. It turned out that the owners have different bedrooms for a long time. Anton Sergeevich, sometimes, he does not spend the night at home. And Lilia Vitalievna always sleeps at home. But he does not lead anyone. How long has Viktor Vasilievich been here? Yes, a long time ago.

After dinner, we with the assistant went to my room to draw up a plan for further action. I sat down with my laptop on the bed, Vika with her settled in the chair... I woke up lying down dressed under the blanket. I lay on my side, hugging my assistant. She also slept, my back to me. I sniffed at the smell of Vicky's hair. The aroma reminded me of some flowers in the mountains or the sea... I pressed myself against the woman, she did not move away. Victoria was also lying dressed. But my hand quickly found an approach to her naked body. And I wanted something so... I unbuttoned my pants and did what every man would do in my position. Vika was ready for this. So our afternoon rest smoothly flowed into sex.

At dinner, the whole family gathered again. Plus two guests (me and Vika). Serve boiled fish (sturgeon) with fried potatoes. It's delightful! Then tea with homemade cookies. After lunch I talked privately to Lilia Vitalievna and asked her permission to invite Stepan to his room. She let me. By the arrival of the gardener, I put a bottle of cognac on the table, sliced lemon, took out a box of chocolates. There was a knock at the door, Stepan came. – “Come on, sit down. Will you have a cognac? “” I'll drink it. “We drank a glass. I poured more. “Listen, Stepan. Lilia Vitalievna asked me to talk to you, but do not worry, I'll tell her only what you yourself will let me tell her. How far are your views on Jan? “-” I do not have any species. “ “But the girl is in love with you, they say.” “Young, stupid. But she's not even in my taste. “ “But she's rich.” “It's not she who is rich, but her mother.” “You mean...” “I do not want to say anything.” – “But you can tell Jan that you do not like her?” – “I can.” “So say it now” – I took out the recorder, turned it on and set it on the table. “I do not like Jana, I do not like her,” said Stepan, leaning towards the table. Half the battle was done. We sat and talked for a while. I poured cognac to Stepan, trying to drink less. In between, I sent Vika a message. And five minutes later he asked Stepan: “Do not go into the service, but into friendship, go to the bathroom, put water in the decanter, and then the mouth dried from the lemon.” Stepan went to the bathroom. He returned in half an hour. The second part of my (our) plan worked. After inspecting the video of the camera installed by me in the bathroom, I appreciated the professionalism of my assistant. Here Stepan enters the bathroom, comes to the tap, picks up water in the decanter. Next in the shower (the door is transparent) is washed (naturally, naked) Victoria. Here she opens the door and says something to the gardener. In her hand she holds a soapy washcloth. Stepan comes to the woman in the shower and rubs her back with a washcloth. This is, of course, a prelude. Vika, smiling, says something to Stepan. Probably, asks to wash it down. And there is. The guy washes her already and the ass. Then she turns to him before him. He is soaping it all over. Then they wash in the booth together. And then, and then, and then... Oooooeeei!

After Stepan's departure, and he went through my door, as he had gone, I went to Yana. With me, I grabbed a dictaphone and a tablet with a video from the bathroom. I knocked. “Yes, come in.” I entered. Yana was sitting at the table and drawing something. “Yana, your mother asked me to talk to you.” – “Why does not she talk to me?” – “The topic is painfully delicate”. – “About Stepan?” – “Yes.” “Well, speak.” We talked with her for a long time. I let her listen to the recording from the recorder. I showed her a video (she turned 18 years old 2 years ago). I saw how unpleasant it all is to her. “What do you want from me?” “I want you to say loudly and clearly that you do not like Stepan, that you will not associate your destiny with this person,” I turned on the recorder on the table. “I do not like Stepan.” Yana turned to scream. “He went to hell!” I hastened to bow. At night there was a thunder, I heard a thunderclap through my sleep. Then it seemed to me that I heard the howling of a siren.

In the morning I went for Vikusa (through the bathroom) and we went to have breakfast. Nadezhda Ivanovna told us a stunning news: Stepana was taken to the ambulance at night. The doctor said it was poisoning. The ambulance called the cook, she saw a guy lying in the corridor at night. What yes how, she does not know. The hostess went to the hospital in the morning to find out how things are. Anton Sergeevich is still asleep, Yana went to college. We had a bite “what God sent.” Nadezhda Ivanovna baked pancakes. We dipped them in “roses” with cherry jam. Real jam! Soon

Lilia Vitalyevna arrived. We were sitting in the big hall of the house. The hostess was paler than usual. Stepan was poisoned by some potent medicine. He himself did it or was poisoned, until he is unconscious. But Lilia believes that he was poisoned. Who! Good question. “Yes,” I thought, “anyone could do it. And Yana and Lilia’s husband (out of jealousy), and Lily herself. Theoretically, we could do this with Vika, in order to fulfill the contract. ” “We must inform the police,” I said aloud. “Although the doctors probably will notify the police themselves.” The landlady’s phone rang. She said: “He regained consciousness, I’m going to him.” I asked to go with her. Lilia was driving her car too fast, somehow jerks. I sat with my hands clasped in the arms. The hospital was not far, we arrived there quickly. Stepan lay in a separate room (the mistress tried) and was pale as a chalk, but could speak. “Stepan, how are you? Lilia sat by the bed and took the sick man’s hand. “Nothing,” he croaked. – “Did you drink the tablets yourself or were you poisoned?” – “I did not drink.” “Listen, Stepa. Your life is not in danger. In a day or two you will be discharged. Do not say that you were poisoned, say that you drank the pills yourself. I’ll thank you, you know me. “She looked Stepan into the eyes. “And with whoever did it, I’ll sort it out.” Seriously I’ll figure it out. Have you agreed, Stepa? “He nodded. – “And then there will be an investigation, everyone will be dragged along by the courts. I do not need this publicity at all. “The door knocked on the door. “Hello, I’m an investigator. Let me talk to the victim privately. “Lilia and I went home.

In the house we went to the cabinet of the hostess. I sat in a comfortable chair, began to inspect the situation. Lily cooked us a cup of coffee in a vending machine and sat at the head of the table. – “Listen, Oleg, let’s go to you?” – “Come on, come on...” “Now I will transfer you money for the contract, you did it honestly. There will also be a small premium, “she snapped her fingers on the keyboard. A sheet of paper came out from under the table. “This is a copy of the payment about the payment,” she handed me a sheet. In the column “amount” on the right was an additional zero, the contract was paid tenfold. I looked inquiringly at Lilia Vitalyevna. “You see, Oleg, I’m a person with a position. All sorts of stories, rumors, I do not need. Come on, you’ll forget everything you saw in this house and we’ll part friends. Do you agree? “” Yes, it’s good. ” – “So that’s great. I have one more request for you. Stay with us for dinner tonight, and leave tomorrow. Good? “I agreed with gratitude.

We dined with Vika again in the kitchen, together. “Money was transferred to us, tomorrow morning we leave.” – “Finally. And then this house somehow presses on me. The only thing that pleases me is the kitchen and Nadezhda Ivanovna. “For dinner we ate a rabbit soup with noodles. On the second fish pie (home cooking). Coffee and cake for dessert. After the dinner meeting, we with the assistant decided to spend in the hall, and not in the “room”, not to fall asleep together on the same bed. Although, what was there to discuss? Our mission is over. Has ended successfully. True, there was a small question, who poisoned Stepan? But this did not concern us any more. Lily will figure it out herself. And if he does not understand, then let him attract the police. And yet, who poisoned Stepan? The obvious motive was for two people, from Yana and Anton Sergeevich. Could Lilia try to get rid of her lover? Could. To look at the cameras, what happened here at night. From me (and Vika) Stepan did not come out late, around 10 pm. Where did he go next? Did he go straight to his place or somewhere? Where did they poison him? And where is Viktor Vasilyevich now, have you gone shopping? Or do we not need to poke our nose in? After all, we have already been paid for silence. In order not to fall asleep after dinner and here, in the soft chairs of Hall, we went with Vika to the gym, was here and such. In the hall (among other things) was an excellent table for table tennis. I offered Victoria a party. It turned out that we both played well, somewhere even on equal terms. We happily waved the watch with a racket. Now, apart from the love of operetta, we were connected by the love of ping-pong. Dinner was held in a well-knit scheme. We ate shrimp meat in chili sauce with young boiled potatoes. Then there was tea with Domestic cookies of Nadezhda Ivanovna. After dinner, Lilia took me to her office to whisper.

Late in the evening, when all (probably) slept, I crept into the apartment mistress. In her large study, I installed two cameras. On the belt of Lily I attached a “bug”, a sound recording device. She

called Viktor Vasilievich (who was already on his territory) and asked him to come urgently. I went into the next room, set up Lilya Vitalievna's laptop and put on headphones. Now I saw and heard everything that happens in the office. Victor came. Lily invited him into an armchair on which hidden cameras were aimed. From the table she took two glasses of champagne, one of which was added the so-called "serum of truth", paralyzing the will. She forced the manager to drink to the bottom of the wine. Serum had to act almost immediately. Lilia approached Victor and with one movement of her hand... took off her skirt. It was not in our script. Under the skirt she had beautiful stockings on the garters, but was not there at all, sorry, panties. Lilia Vitalievna stood on her heels, while Viktor Vasilievich was sitting in a low chair. Therefore, when she put one leg on the arm of his chair, her intimate place was at the very face of the man. – "Do you want? I know you love it. " "I want, lady, I want very much." – "Tell the truth. If you tell the truth, let me kiss you. Tell me, did you pour poison on Stepan? "" I", – Victor answered without thinking. "Why?" She slowly led the basin, then bringing her charms closer to his face, then, on the contrary, removing it. Victor looked at the "dish" offered to him without stopping: "Then, that you slept with him." "But you could have killed him." "I wanted to kill him. And he did not leave any evidence. " "So you wanted to hurt me?" But now I will hurt you. Oleg! She cried. "Come!" It was not in the script either. I took off my headphones and went into the office. "Olezhok, my dear, you must have me." Right here and right now. "I stood there, not knowing what to do next. "I love such modest, shy boys. Well, you, bunny, relax and have fun, "– and she took matters into her own hands and also other delicate organs. And I relaxed and really enjoyed it. And from the touch of this experienced woman and from the realization of the amount that was received today in my bank account. We made love right in front of the nose of Victor looking at us with all eyes. And we tried and tested with Lilechka some very interesting poses. And, in the end, broke up, happy with each other...

In the morning after breakfast (omelet with hunting sausages and coffee with croutons), we left with Vika. I do not know what Lilia Vitalievna did with the confessions obtained that night from Viktor Vasilyevich. And I do not want to know...

## Disappeared mistress

Once a man came to our Agency (Agency Amur, affairs related to love relations). “I lost my mistress,” he said and told the following story. Sergey got acquainted with Irina (that’s the name of his “lady of the heart”) in the seaside resort, in Sochi. The novel flared with extraordinary strength. Mad hot nights, all-consuming passion. The time of rest flew instantly, but (fortunately or unfortunately) the lovers turned out to be from the same city, from St. Petersburg. They transferred their novel to their hometown, but here there were difficulties, Irina was married. Her husband (with her words) was very jealous, so they could not meet freely, like at sea, they could not. And the meetings became less and less frequent. And then Ira suddenly disappeared. The phone did not answer, it did not appear on social networks, our “Romeo” could not go to her home.

“It’s a trivial story,” I thought. – The lover was tired of a beautiful woman and she left him.

But Irina did not appear at work, Sergei watched for several days at her office. Maybe she was sick? No, she would have called. Maybe the phone number was lost? No, they corresponded and in contact, and the address of Sergei Irina knew. In my opinion, the story was very ordinary, but the Customer offered us good commissions and I agreed to work on this case.

The next day I called Irina on the mobile. The phone did not answer. I found the phone of her work and called there.

“You know, Irina is not there,” a pleasant female voice answered.

“And when will it be?”

– And you, excuse me, on what issue?

– On personal. You see, she left me her phone number, but she does not answer. And I really need to see her urgently.

“I’m sorry, but I can not help you.” Ira does not have a job at work, and when she does, I do not know, the subscriber has disconnected.

It was necessary to establish surveillance of the house of Irina and her office. I went to the house myself, and I sent Victoria to work for Ira, my assistant. A few days of observation gave nothing. Irina did not go into the house and did not go out. From the entrance from time to time (usually in the morning) her husband appeared, got into the car and drove off, returning in the evening. On the third day of observation, after my husband’s departure, I entered the entrance and went up to the right floor. I called the apartment door, no one answered. Means, Irina was neither at home nor at work. And where was she then? Maybe a crime has been committed? And then should he turn to the police? But he will not accept the application, because he is virtually nobody to Irina.

Victoria and I were sitting in the office and wondering how else (on which side) to approach the task of finding someone else’s mistress. Vika was sitting at her computer, I’m at my own. She threw her leg behind her leg and I involuntarily threw glances at her naked legs, much higher than the knees... We looked at Irina’s activities in social networks. We found several of its pages and tried to find out that it is possible to squeeze out of them. Irina did not answer any direct requests in the networks. Her friends? But we did not know which of them was closer to the wanted one, and who was next. To ask at random about Irina was meaningless. So far we knew only one person close to her, her husband. It was necessary to get to know him better. But from which edge do we approach? After reflection, I decided to act out of the blue. Through a computer (under a special program), I, wearing headphones, called Irina’s husband.

– Igor Viktorovich? Hello. You are worried about the investigator Mikhailov, the Central Department of Internal Affairs. We are looking for your wife, Irina Andreevna Alferov, who is a witness in the criminal case. How can I see her?

“I do not know where she is.”

“But you are her husband?”

– Yes, we are married, but rather formally. In fact, we do not live together.

– And where it can be found?

– I can not even imagine.

“Who can know where it is?” Girlfriends, relatives...

“I have no contacts.”

So the “thread of her husband” was cut short. And Irina revealed the first lie about his jealousy. But where do you still look for a man in a multimillion-dollar city? Although, there was still a clue about the work. We must go there.

Irina’s boss also introduced myself as investigator Mikhailov, waving red “crusts” of his alleged police certificate from afar.

“How can I find Irina Andreevna?”

“She has not been with us for more than two weeks.”

Is she on vacation or on sick leave?

– I do not know. The thing is that Irina Andreevna works for us on a free schedule, this is not her main place of work.

– And where is the main?

– I do not know this.

– Do you have any records about where she works, where she lives?

– I think no. However, now we’ll see.

But his search was not crowned with success. What the firm does and what Irina did here, I really did not understand.

Among the owners of urban real estate was listed Alferova Irina Andreevna, her property was a three-room apartment in the Vyborgsky district. I went there too. But the apartment turned out to be let out, its tenants of contacts of the mistress could not give me. My (our) searches have reached a dead end. It was even possible to call hospitals and morgues, but this also did not bring results. There was nothing to do, how to call the customer and to inform that we are powerless to help him...

What if? I had an incredible idea in my head.

– Vikusya, would you like to go on a business trip to the resort?

– On a business trip? To the resort? Want!!!

– Take us two tickets for tomorrow, we’ll go to a week in Sochi.

The next day, my assistant and I were already in the car of the SV (coupe for two) in the direction of the glorious Black Sea city of Sochi. I flew there, of course, and the plane, but I was afraid of planes and Vika knew about it. The mood was upbeat, vacation. In the end, maybe I have (and we have) a vacation. Outside the window stood a quiet beginning of autumn, it’s time to dip your warmed-up (hard work) city body into a fresh sea wave. I lay in my place, solving scanners, Vika on my own, flipping through the ladies’ magazine. In the evening we went to a restaurant, had a good supper and took a bottle of red wine with us in the compartment.

– Oleg, – said Vika, – just do not think to stick to me at night.

“I did not mean to.” After all, we are at work, and you are my subordinate. Why do we need this “service romance”?

I was already asleep when my naked assistant squeezed under me. Honestly, I secretly counted on it...

Arriving in Sochi, we first went to the hotel, where Sergei lived and met with Irina. Introducing investigator Mikhailov (I was given this investigator Mikhailov) from St. Petersburg, I presented a photo of Irina porter. He identified in it our “suspect”. And told the room number in which she was supposed to be. The bird was in a cage!

We settled with Vika in another hotel, more modest, why were we so glamorous? They put themselves in order, outlined a plan of action. In the morning we went to car dealerships, suits and jewelry stores. I chose a bright red cabriolet and a coffee-colored suit with milk. On the finger, I put

a ring from an incredible size with a red stone, and on the neck a thick golden chain. My watch was good, as were the shoes. Playing a finger with a heavy jewel, I settled down with a cup of coffee in the foyer of Irina's hotel. Before I had finished my coffee, an "object" appeared on the stairs. Irina walked by the arm with a young man. Our eyes met her. Her look, it seems, favorably took my costume and my ring with a chain. And maybe I myself, I did not want to exclude that either. When the couple came up to me, I got up and said:

– Girl, this is not you dropped?

And I gave Irina a small rose, which I had bought in advance. She blushed, smiled, and her gentleman gave me a contemptuous-angry look. A few minutes later Ira returned alone.

“Thank you, young man, you are very kind.”

– My name is Oleg, – I stood up.

– Irina, – and they gave me a hand, which I kissed.

– Irina, will you compose a company for me to ride around the city, see the local sights?

– If you wait for me half an hour, I will. She smiled coquettishly.

Half an hour later we were driving along the red beautiful car to Sochi. I did not know the city at all and moved at random. Riding, I invited the girl to the cafe. We drank a cup of coffee with cakes.

– What are you doing, Oleg?

– I have a small business, a network of gas stations throughout the country. I am also engaged in real estate, houses in Europe, the Emirates, the United States. And what are you doing?

– I? Nothing, I just live... I enjoy life, – Irina laughed. – And where do you live, Oleg?

“Tomorrow I'm flying to St. Petersburg, things, you know.” Here I stopped – here I called the brand of the most expensive hotel in Sochi. “But you can not come to me.” You see, Irina, I came here not alone.

I put the brush on her hand and looked Irina closely into her eyes.

“Could we meet tonight?” Let's say you have? Because tomorrow I already fly away. Or we can meet in St. Petersburg. Will you be there soon?

“All right, Oleg, come to see me this evening at nine o'clock.”

In the evening, taking with them flowers and champagne (all this will be included in the bill to the customer), I was at Irina's room. The woman was supremely luxurious. Spirits, linen, manners, everything was delicate, unobtrusive and at the same time beat on the spot with his class. Probably, Ira was a prostitute of the highest level. In a word, she gave me unforgettable impressions and pleasures. Saying goodbye in the morning, we agreed to meet in 3 days in St. Petersburg. I called her the address of my office, but did not say what it really is. For some reason, I was sure that she would come...

In the evening of the next day, we went back to Victoria. At night, she again naked fell to me under the blanket.

“I can not sleep, Olezhek.” Will I lie next to you?

“Let's lie down,” I pressed her closer to me.

– Olezhek, or maybe we'll get married? After all, we are good with you together.

– Vikusya, but what about work? How will we work together if we are married? Have you thought about this?

“Well, I can quit my job.”

“No, I will not let you go.” Such a good helper I will never again be.

So, embracing, we fell asleep.

On the appointed day and hour the customer came to us, Sergey. But Ira did not come. Apparently, she was gone again. And the contract was in jeopardy.

Why did not my plan work? Maybe she got to know me, somewhere I “pierced”? The customer gave us another five days. Irina was alive and well, but why was she hiding from Sergei? Does not love him? And why, in general, does he seek her out to explain himself? I dialed Ira's work phone number mechanically.

- Hello, Irina Andreevna did not appear?
- Appeared. Shall I call her?
- No, – I quickly disconnected.

So she is here, next. We must go, somehow hold her back, so she does not disappear again. In the corridor of her office we met with Irina, after that unforgettable night in Sochi, only a few days passed.

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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