

STORIES OF 9 WOMEN

18+



EROTIC FANTASTIC

ANASTASIYA LISITSA

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«Издательские решения»

LISITSA A.

STORIES OF 9 WOMEN / A. LISITSA — «Издательские
решения»,

ISBN 978-5-44-987411-5

Stories are always alike. Fetishes and fantasies intertwine slowly but surely, just like epidemics. Only someone who can read between the lines can see them. The author wants to pierce the reader with the depth that each of the 9 women possess. These women are beautiful, but not in the public eye. Frankly, they shun society by creating their own worlds in tiny cradles. Frankly speaking, they shun society by creating their own worlds in tiny cradles. These cradles are filled with passion...

ISBN 978-5-44-987411-5

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ISBN 978-5-4498-7411-5

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Stories are always alike. Fetishes and fantasies intertwine slowly but surely, just like epidemics. Only someone who can read between the lines can see them. The author wants to pierce the reader with the depth that each of the 9 women possess. These women are beautiful, but not in the public eye. Frankly, they shun society by creating their own worlds in tiny cradles. Frankly speaking, they shun society by creating their own worlds in tiny cradles. These cradles are filled with passion, love and gentle erotica. Each page smells like desire and sex. Enjoy the moment...



ESTA

ESTA

The celestial Buick Apollo 1908, the irrefutably gorgeous MAN, and she with her black glasses slipped down the puny-tiny streets of the past. She proceeded to this place feeling pride and exciting memories, she was the very one Esta who had conquered the heart of the inconspicuous Rabbi. Everything – sounds and rituals – were in their places, as they were before, sounds and rituals. The same benches, whispers, and tight groups of females with baby buggies and strollers. While their adult sons and beloved husbands were hard at work. Mentality transmitted its psychological pains to children from generation to generation. The generation resisted, broke and denied, but it was only a small percentage. All the rest, organically fed on cozy bacteria of the masses and turned into a space reflecting the history, which every mortal would have to learn by heart later.

She did not know what remains to be seen, she did not know whether she would catch him or find out about death, whether she would hear sad notes and feel disapproving gazes of avoidant guardians of «holy thoughts». These neural connections caused insults in her body, but at the same time they allowed her to look down on the facts that she had passed a long time ago, and which she certainly never dares to return to.

She opened the door, forgetting to cover her head. Very fortunate for her, the hall was completely empty.

Esta went deeper into the hall and listened to the bewitching silence. The silence of the virgin hall, the aura of which no one had ever spoiled or subjugated. At the same time, fragrances of memories came into her head, his features came back to in her memory, crazy charisma and hidden sexuality wrapped in the darkest black, secret robe.

This ambiguity excited her, just as before, and it happened here, right in the middle of a great community.

She sat down on a bench, took off her purple headscarf and spread her knees a little. Her light skirt opened naughtily, her legs freed from all the rules. Esta returned to the world of vicious childhood. Then everything was different, there were no contracts, conditions and masks. All this rainbow of thoughts was caught by a light breeze that invaded without permission through the open doors that the girl forgot to close. She wanted to surrender to the stream, to the prayerful aura and its spirit, which was absorbed into these walls, so frankly.

«Today is Tuesday, and I don't know anything about his schedule,» Esta whispered, her shiny eyelids were half-closed.

She looked so bizarre among everything that surrounded her.

This eclecticism, in her presence, had a smack of a light psychological archaist, written by someone on the brink of a psychotic meltdown.

«Esta, are you crazy?»

«What are you doing in the city after the scandal?»

He bawled his eyes out. Mr. X. Anyway, I will continue my story in order not to shake the feelings of those who dare to recognize themselves in this story.

«X», sweetheart», Esta tried to get closer, but he backed away.

«I asked you never to return to the city. I gave you everything for this.»

«You gave me a one-way ticket and a shelter. I do not regret anything. It's been 15 years, believe me, I should have seen you.»

«Esta, I'm diseased. My life is sliding down the slope that has bent completely in the wrong direction, and now it is confidently falling down. To be honest with you, I do not remember what happened once. This is a taboo.»

The sun was shining so brightly that t «X» closed his eyes, his hat was slipping from his sweaty hair, and the smell of sweat literally pierced young Esta. Ovulation, young firm breasts and slender legs, unconsciously discouraged the elderly Rabbi. They were so different, they stood against each other, and wished each other, more than ever. They belonged to different social strata, their professions did not intersect, even in their dreams, which sometimes arose among those who lived under a thick layer of lies.

Nevertheless, these two mixed up together with the sacred scents of almost died out candles, their desires, their memories and the very memory of bodies erasing of which is beyond time's power were also mixed up. And to the hell with your rung on a social ladder.

«X, I came for you. I want to be with you. Now I have ample opportunity and money. You have no idea how many opportunities creates porn— business...»

«Esta...» He looked as though he didn't respond to words and sounds.

«Come with me, the driver is waiting for us. It's time to leave all this what you don't belong to...»

Esta took off his hat, pulled down a black jacket, ruffled his hair and laughed, free-and-easy. He was silent and quietly enjoyed the moment. It seemed that he was waiting for her to grow up and accept the fact that she was different now. Of all the children who came to the service, of all the girls who suppressed their nature, Esta was the one who looked up, above all the people and houses and structures they had built. She had a target painted in the same color as the celestial, sky blue Buick Apollo.

«I beg don't you stop, follow me, we're going where you don't have to be someone you are not. But you have to accept that I am an adult movie actress with a decent annual turnover. The idea that you can be my welcome distraction, a fantasy from childhood, spurs me to perform and to love... I want to forget about the past and start doing something totally new. Why all these statuses, masks and marges...»

All along, Esta talked a blue streak leading Mr. X by the hand to the car. Esta, as usual, decided to spit right in the face of all morals and rules. She finally felt complete, once having promised herself that when she became rich, she would take her beloved rabbi out of captivity of people to which he did not belong. And so it happened today, February 19, 1999.

At 5.15 p.m. the celestial, sky blue Buick whooshed flying by the crowd devoted to the place, leaving attractive smells of secrecy covered with a sexual color of a light plume. At a speed of 120 km / h, non-traditional love of eclectic personalities rushed along the Pacific Coast Highway...



VILORA

VILORA

Now the city is empty. No animals, no plants, no cars, no voices. Nothing human eyes and ears are used to. Most have never succeeded to save their souls. The lifestyle was to blame, and also consumer attitude and gluttony, which led to the current situation.

Now the rest had to survive on their own. No more hierarchies, no presidents, no great minds. People were locked in their houses. The vaccine was never developed, and doctors working for the good of society just died out.

Humanity played a game with the planet and suffered a catastrophic defeat, but those who survived did not lose hope. They invented entertainment in their small spaces, played endless games with their crazy mind, which was on the verge, and periodically looked out the windows, waiting for salvation.

«Belle, please don't stick your nose out,» Vilora said to her reddish-white Akita. The Akita-inu was the only faithful creature that the girl managed to save. She saved it from people, from this damned plague and her own loneliness.

Belle went crazy as progressively as her mistress.

Vilora was helped by her own sketches, Belle supported young Vilora's love. So, 99 days within four walls, miraculously saved creatures were brightening up their leisure time being on tenterhooks. The food was slowly running out, the tap water was yellowish, of unnatural in color, but there was no way out. Vilora sieved liquid through cheesecloth, boiled liter by liter, and so forth and so on, until the water looked at least a little like potable one.

«Today is March 5, 2044. I am writing in my favorite notebook to realize that I am still capable of thinking. Today the sun is shining brightly, outside the window there is dead silence, I do have no phone, no internet, no TV. I am dreaming of ice cream and strawberries.»

Then Vilora stopped writing and turned to drawings again. Each of her sketches displayed forms, outstanding female forms. She drew young, elderly, transgender people, but none of them had faces. Attention was drawn to poses and bends, in which the girl took a particularly keen interest. Perhaps, since her body was certainly not perfect, nature awarded Vilora with talent. She accepted this gift, fell in love with herself and the world around, until all this happened. For twenty-eight years, she learned to cope with herself and with her suicidal thoughts arising out of her appearance. And in a flash everything ended, now there was no need for anyone to prove something, there was no need to live in a system and go by generally accepted rules. Each day was built on the principles of her own choice, albeit in a little space. When the general disaster went down, Vilora could finally breathe and relax, slam the doors and forget about the constant responsibility to the world. 99 days gave her the opportunity to find herself, forget about the stares and people who always left deep wounds in her. At the same time, ambiguity and a desire to speak her mind appeared. Indeed, now Vilora means something, and above all, she means something to herself. There was a stupid feeling which, it seems, can only disturb a person. When you have everything, you are still unhappy because you want something extra.

«Well, why wasn't it good enough? Food, money? Greed and avarice have destroyed the whole fragile world, it has been just wiped away. Why play poker when you have already won, won the moment for living,» the girl reasoned, glancing at the dog.

The wall clock kept ticking, night torn space and silence. Vilora finished drawing an old woman. She got it into her head that each of the illustrations had its own story, its own spirit. Vilora drew for a good reason. Some people knew how to express themselves through letters, some did it through a crowd, and some did it through a visual interpretation of feelings.

She fell asleep by the artificial fireplace. Bella curled up in a ball, and the dark side of the world captured them in a dream.

The close contact of two living creatures erases all the facets of the restless brain and lulls to sleep. This is the magic of symbiosis.

«Open up. Hurry. Open the door.»

It's a dream or reality – you cannot tell.

But human perseverance, emotional aggression and the talent to upset your applecart are equally felt in any state. Only we humans have this gift to infiltrate someone else's space.

Vilora opened her eyes, held her breath. Dream or reality, what kind of glitch is in your head?

«IS THERE ANYONE ALIVE?» male voices shouted loudly.

This is reality? After 99 days, someone knocked on my door?

«Seems like, there's no one here either.»

Vilora got into her sweater, locked the basement, and ran toward the door.

«WAIT!!!!!!!!!!!!!»

They turned around. People looking like white moths. Two men wearing masks protective armour headed toward the girl holding some huge box in their hands.

«Take it, this is a new protection. We distribute it to everyone who is alive. It is delivered from the laboratory this morning. Manuals and other stuff are inside the box.»

The guys handed the packed box with a serial number.

Before opening the door, Vilora had locked the dog in the basement. If these guys noticed it, they would burn it. After all, as stated in the instructions, any animal is a potential carrier of the virus.

Five minutes passed, Vilora with a box stood at the Italian window. She watched the departed people with interest. Her last encounter with the survivors happened a few months ago in the hospital, when Vilora tried to get a mask and another recommendation. It was this day that became her last outing, and then countless deaths began, the blocked city and strict prohibitions on leaving the house.

Curiosity didn't nag her too much, Bella locked in the basement was much more important now. She wanted to open this box together with her. What if in this very wooden box the possibility of a new life is hidden? For the two of them.

Holding the box in her hands, she proceeded to the basement door. Vilora opened it and let the dog. The girl eagerly tore the box out and saw the manual. Four packages peeped out from under it. A small one, smaller, even smaller and completely tiny one. Vilora began to unpack them, like a child. She had not experienced such happiness since the grief fell on the fragile shoulders of mankind, who believed itself to be all high and mighty. And so, in front of her eyes appeared an outfit similar to the one the guys who had come a few minutes ago were wearing. A mask, gloves, an astronaut-like shoes, and the most interesting thing was a square contraption, like a diving mask. It was all very surprising and laughable.

«Bella, how can that save us?»

The dog sniffed everything, and then she lost interest in the contents of the box and ran to handle her own dog's affairs. Vilora continued to examine things she received, she sniffed every item, then tried on everything except the suit and glasses. The suit evoked a feeling of isolation and enslavement in her. The glasses seemed to be a sublimator of reality. Fear, interest and at the same time the desire to leave the vicious circle strangled her with might and main. Vilora wanted to run out of the house naked and send the whole situation to hell. I wanted to run over the corpses and shout: «It serves you right!» But the manual, the manual lay right in front of the eyes of the agitated girl.

The first thing that was visible was the «GREETING».

This greeting automatically invigorated her, because someone alive wanted to help her remotely. The paragraphs told about each life-saving item, its reliability and importance at the moment. The instructions also included a map indicating which areas you can go to and which cannot. And so, Vilora got to the most interesting part.

«Why GLASSES?» she squeaked in surprise.

Belle reacted immediately and sat down in front of her. It seemed that the dog also saw some sense in this.

Vilora ran a finger over the paper, rounding the complex instructions, and reached the words about the glasses.

«GLASSES are given to you as a bonus to protect your eyes from bacteria floating in the air, they are equipped with a virtual reality system so as not to lose the memory of what accompanied you from birth to death. With these glasses you will again feel yourself in the familiar world. These glasses make it possible not to lose the colors that the virus took from us. Through them you can rebuild your world, remember the environment and feel the long-lost emotions. With the help of glasses, you will begin your life anew, having managed to become what you did not have time to become in reality.»

At the end of the manual there was a postscript, printed in bold:

«Do not try to take them off, otherwise there will be an urgent evacuation. Remember, you can become a potentially dangerous virus carrier. **SENSORS WILL BE AUTOMATICALLY ACTIVATED IF YOU TAKE AN ATTEMPT TO TAKE THE GLASSES OFF OUTSIDE THE HOUSE!**»

Excitement, like alcohol, seeped through the girl's veins. That invitation was driving her crazy, like a tempting lottery.

Belle wagged her tail.

Vilora put on her glasses.

«Oh my God...»

Her body froze. This happened either from happiness, or from fear of the unknown.

«Belle, now we have a choice.»

A blue panel flashed on the glasses. Menu. Selection:

- Choose your image.
- Choose a status (who you want to be for the others).
- Choose the background and time of year.
- Set the time.
- How can you be useful to the rest.
- Place your fingerprint.

Vilora began to answer in an orderly fashion:

- White hair, chaotic styling.
- Great artist of own thoughts.
- Sunny background, everlasting summer and many trees on which fruits grow.
- 07.00.
- Develop creative impulses for those who have lost themselves.

Everything was changing rapidly with the help of voice and virtual assistant.

Vilora, without thinking twice, put her middle finger on the screen and launched a new world.

A welcome sign appeared on the glasses: «Welcome!»

Vilora looked at the dog through the glasses, Belle was not visible in them. She was surprised. She restarted the glasses and tried again. And again there was no dog on the screen. Vilora thought that maybe these glasses were imperfect in movement, or for the reason that people destroyed all the animals, they had no one to take as a sample. Vilora gave a command to the dog: «DOWN!» Then she aimed her glasses back on Belle. Empty blue space. Then she put out her hand and looked at her through the glasses. A peculiar spectacle, a hand, like an X-ray, you could see the bones, nails growing, and the blood flowing through the veins.

She threw off her glasses and screamed.

«Belle!!! Now you are free, we can walk with you, and no one will even notice. Vilora hugged the dog, and she licked her with a rough tongue, wagged her tail and whined with happiness. Belle seemed to understand everything...

Springtime aroma hit her nose, Vilora wearing her astronaut rig with gloves and cumbersome glasses stepped as if in the surface of an unknown planet. Within a radius of several meters there was no one. The nose felt a little warm air. Within a few meters there was no one. The nose felt a lukewarm air. The picture installed by Vilora through the program appeared before her eyes. Total eclecticism, but the girl was very amused. She walked, feeling her legs tensing with effort, many days without movement had taken their toll.

The horizon was filled with programmed images, she desperately wanted to take off her glasses and see what was really happening in reality. Suddenly, the sensor vibrated, and Vilora saw an image on the horizon. A green lush mop. The body was the same for everyone, self-expression was only on the head, the hair other attributes that the girl did not touch. She could also see how many points a person had.

«Hi!» a woman's voice said sweetly.

«Hi!» Vilora waved her hand in return.

She did not know who it was. But Vilora got her 10 point from the system for being polite and for greeting.

Everything was woven anew, it was possible to recognize the neighbors only by following each to the door they were going back to.

The first day, fresh rules, it seemed that no one had yet realized anything, but was already beginning to move.

Getting used – just like the first day in kindergarten.

It's like the world was rebuilding itself anew. Vilora walked 4,000 steps and felt pain in her legs, most likely for want of habit.

Belle was delighted to welcome the girl back, Vilora closed the door, went down to the basement and brought a leash, the dog began to bark loudly with happiness. Vilora decided to take a chance and took Belle out into the yard, not releasing her from the leash, as before. Now the girl controlled every step of her beloved pet.

There was no one around, Vilora again carefully examined the territory, sensors registered nothing. Ten minutes of happiness, and satisfied friends returned to the house.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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