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In still water



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Каримбаева Р.

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The tormented unfortunate woman was chained and hung from a damp, moldy wcomplete horror from what was happening. She wanted to scream so hard to break this oppressive, gloomy silence, to scream to wake up, to escape from the clutches of the sticky nightmare, because everything that happened to her seemed like a wild dream, a fiction, unlike the truth. She screamed as loudly as she could, but her scream got stuck somewhere deep in her throat, and only a soft, stifled...

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In still water



Karimbaeva Raisa

Chapter 1

The tormented unfortunate woman was chained and hung from a damp, moldy wall in a dark, closed stirring. Being in a semi-faint state all this time, she began to come to her senses. Her whole body ached, bleeding. Cuts and abrasions made themselves felt. In her eyes there was complete horror from what was happening. She wanted to scream so hard to break this oppressive, gloomy silence, to scream to wake up, to escape from the clutches of the sticky nightmare, because everything that happened to her seemed like a wild dream, a fiction, unlike the truth. She screamed as loudly as she could, but her scream got stuck somewhere deep in her throat, and only a soft, stifled wheeze came out through the dirty, disgusting-smelling rag that was bandaged around her mouth. She jerked, trying to free herself from the chains, but the chains were strong, and the shackles severely chafed her delicate, snow-white arms and legs, not spoiled by backbreaking work. Thin as a reed, in a dress torn to shreds, she was like a feather grass, swaying in the direction of a strong, stormy wind, dangerous for her, capable of tearing her out of the ground by the roots and carrying her away.

Suddenly footsteps were heard behind the wall. She again tried to scream, calling for help, swaying even more and beating against the wall to which she was attached, but when the heavy iron door boiled open with a screeching sound and through the bright, painful light she saw her tormentor, she shrank with fear, trying to run away into the darkness, into the very depths and hide.

Entering, he fumbled for the switch and a dim little honey lit up a small basement-type room in which here and there hefty, impudent, unafraid white rats were running around. Taking a bloody ax that was lying in the corner, he went up to her before she could scream with one blow and cut off her head. The head rolled like a soccer ball, and red hot blood poured from the open wound like a fountain. Sucking on it, he began to greedily drink it, as they drink life-giving water during thirst in the desert. His face instantly lost its human essence, began to look more and more like the face of an animal, covered with thick, black hair, and from the grown wolf's mouth, ... fangs appeared. Grabbing the body with them, he tore it to shreds, greedily eating it and making disgusting sounds like a champ. Having satisfied his insatiable hunger, he felt his heart suddenly pinch, and wiping away a tear... threw the rest of the meat... to the rats. Sensing food, they ran from all corners to the center of the room and gathered a whole horde of greedy rats, which surrounded him, running around in blood-splattered clothes. He lovingly took them off, kissed, admired, calling them by female names. Each rat had its own name. And if for others, they seemed the same, then for him they were completely different personalities and shook their character. Here, the rat, the one that hid in the dark and stuck out only its nose, very shy and timid, nicknamed Masha, and that graceful one in dazzling white and with black big buttons-eyes – Magdalena. She is very fond of music. And he always plays his violin for her, but not now. Now is dinner time. And you can't be late for it under any pretext.

Having played enough with all his horde of rats, he took off his bloody clothes and, putting on a clean, expensive three-piece frock coat, left the room, not forgetting to turn off the light.

Chapter 2

A graceful, beautiful lady of a splendid socialite drove up in her equally magnificent Ferrari in southern night color to a dazzling, bright, tall skyscraper that housed the most expensive restaurant in the world, which was now hosting a stunning social event on the occasion of the opening of the season. Yes, in this southern city by the blue warm sea, on the velvet, gentle coast, the season opens. Only her legs in expensive stilettos barely touched the red carpet, when two men in red coats ran up to the car and, bowing, gave her a hand, helping her out of the car.

An exquisite dress, black as night, swayed in the warm wind, emitting the quiet rustle of the surf. Her head was adorned with an exquisite little peacock feather hat with precious stones. And the same ring: massive and with an expensive stone flaunted on her thin finger.

Magic, enchanting music flowed like the sea, beckoning to itself. A no less graceful violinist met his mistress right at the entrance, playing especially for her alone.

Her heart was beating faster and with each beat, she understood that it was love.

– Oh, you are beautiful, my Georges! Your music captivated me! It is excellent! she said smiling, holding out her thin, graceful hand to him.

– There is no one and nothing more beautiful than you, madam. – He answered, touching his lips to her hand. And she felt heat all over her body.

Upon entering the hall, she was even more surprised, since there was no one inside. Seeing her, the orchestra began to play Strauss, whom she loved very much. And in the very middle of the hall there was a richly set table for the two of them. The light went out, and immediately the romantic candles were lit, which gave the music even more magic.

– Oh, my dear! It's so beautiful! – she exclaimed. – Have you booked a table just for the two of us?

– Yes, my dear. Today the restaurant is open only for the two of us. Tonight is a special evening, «he replied, pulling her to him.

– And which one? she asked, dodging the kiss.

– I want to confess my love. Marry me! – He knelt down in front of her and bowed his head as in front of his queen.

«But you know. – she sighed, – it's impossible... I'm married and I can't answer you... But don't cry ... – she hugged him and touched her lips to his face, – I will love you as before...

He pushed her away, jumped up from his knees and walked briskly to the exit.

– Wait! Stop! she shouted to him. «You know how much I love you, my dear cat. – she fumbled to him. – Well, don't be angry... Wait a little ... – She looked at the ceiling. – He is already very old, this husband of mine, and sick. Soon... very soon we'll be together. Wait a little, huh? – she begged him, looking at him with her wide-open eyelashes and, noticing a hitch on his face, immediately covered him with her hot lips, leading him to that distant, unknown paradise.

Chapter 3

The mansion of old Belich, this oil tycoon, was dark and empty. It seemed that there was no one in the house, only the wind was walking between the rooms, opening and closing shutters and slamming them, making noise. But that was not the case. There, in the farthest room, full of expensive collectible paintings of the Renaissance, on a wide bed lay the same old one. Like the mansion itself, old man. HE tossed and turned from side to side and could not fall asleep. A thousand thoughts swirled in his head. He sat up. There was a bottle of lemon cocktail on the table near the bed, and after drinking a little, he wanted to get up and leave the room, but felt severe dizziness and lost consciousness.

The next morning, he found himself in a ward with a bunch of sensors, which are thin transparent tubes, as if bloodsuckers had grown to his body. Tearing them off, he wanted to free himself, but then his sweet and charming wife, his Magdalena, calmed him down, explaining that he had lost consciousness and that he was now in the hospital and that he should not be very worried.

– Magdalena. You ... – began, it was, he, but she interrupted him, not allowing him to utter a word.

– Hush, hush... I'm near, I'm here.

– You... You... poisoned me – it seemed to him that he was screaming, but his voice was not heard and only his eyes were burning with such a fire of anger that Magdalena involuntarily turned away and took a pillow... put it next to it, like a small toy. Then she got up and left the room.

A minute later, a wild, bursting ringing broke out across the entire squad, announcing a catastrophe in one of its chambers.

And when Magdalena got into her car, the doctors ascertained the death of Belich, the great oil tycoon. According to the will, all his property went to her alone, despite the numerous relatives and nephews who were ready to challenge the will and even sue her, accusing her of premeditated death, but she was not afraid of them. As she expected, the jury took pity and took her side, the side of her ardently loving, grieving wife, now, unfortunately, a widow. And a month later, having sold the old wreck, she drove off with her Georges in an unknown direction. They only saw her. This mansion was bought for nothing by the most ordinary clerk of the most ordinary office of one outstanding, small company.

Chapter 4

Several years passed... Old, but still quite in good condition, Renault rolled along the sloping, hilly terrain, jumping from bump to bump every now and then. In his back seat were two teenagers, the oldest was about 16, the youngest 11. The mood was absolutely not.

– You will see, – began the father of the family, – you will definitely like it.

– How much longer? – Liza asked with displeasure. She was very tired from a long trip and did not like this unexpected move at all. However, she did not hide her claims. – And you had to move so soon? Why didn't you like our old little house?

– I understand, you are tired. – Mom reassured, intervening in the conversation, – but be patient a little more... We have almost arrived..

– No! You do not understand! There ... «» she paused for a minute, restraining herself, `` all my friends Max, Jane, Gulya... all...

– You will find new friends ... – Dad did not give up.

– Friends don't change like gloves! – snapped Lisa.

And then the car braked sharply, hitting another bump and was completely exhausted, and smoke, black in soot, floated out of the carburetor, and began to smell.

– Well, everyone has arrived ... – issued the silent one all the way, the younger. «You're always whining and you're unhappy with everything.» She jumped out after him. The fuss began.

– Stop both! – shouted at them mom.

– Why does he imitate me all the time?

«Be-be-be!» Serik made a grimace again and hid behind his mother's back.

– Here I am! – Lisa tried to catch him again and almost grabbed his T-shirt, but he dodged again.

– Enough! I said enough! They will drive me crazy ... – my mother sighed and turning to her husband asked – How long is there left?

The father of the family rummaged in the carburetor, realized that he could not do anything. His face and hands were completely covered in soot. Then he took the map and looked at it, smiling broadly:

– We have already arrived. But the father of the family seemed to read their thoughts, adding:

– All looked around, there was an impenetrable forest. And where is Home?

«There's a house around the corner.

Everyone took their bags and walked a little along the broken asphalt and really saw a turn and then a huge, old mansion and gasped, some from surprise, some from despair...

– Cool! – said Serik admiringly, whistling.

«Utopia,» Liza said almost crying.

– Well, come into the house! – suggested the father of the family and walked forward.

The dull, neglected castle created a gloomy impression, and the garden overgrown with nettles and weeds did not paint it at all. The huge black eye sockets of the windows seemed to follow them wherever they went, wherever they hid. The ugly, time-cracked windows were visible from everywhere. Lizzie, as she liked to call herself in the English manner, even saw in one of them the outlines of a thin girlish figure hiding behind an old, velvet curtain on the second floor.

– Does someone live here? – asked Lizzie

– No. – the owner sold the castle long ago. It has been empty for some time. There is absolutely no one here. «» An elderly, but rather sweet madam answered, meeting them at the very entrance. – there is only an old gardener. – she smiled sweetly. – But he comes here early in the morning. You

see, he has been looking after this garden all his life and now it is simply a pity to throw him out into the street. But don't worry. He is completely harmless, albeit sullen in appearance.

Digging at this time at the other end of the overgrown garden gloomy. a hunched, bearded old man suddenly emerged from its depths and, muttering something in their direction, passed by.

Alexey Ivanitch, stretching out his hand to say hello, awkwardly pulled it back and was embarrassed.

– Y-yes ... – he mumbled.. – Well, please, our new home – he smiled as if nothing had happened, trying with all his appearance to make it clear that nothing in general had happened and offered to enter the house. Although the house was old, it still retained its splendor: ornate marble staircases climbed to the second floor, marble, Italian tiles, albeit battered in places and faded, high ceilings depicting mysterious paintings of the Renaissance, doors made of turtle shells, beautiful sculptures of paradise maidens with bowls, meeting them at the very entrance and a boy with a gold fish at the fountain, in which there really was no water now. And the whole mansion itself was covered with a thick layer of dirt and dust, and in some places mold was in full bloom.

– A little repair and it will shine. «» Father encouraged him enthusiastically.

– yes ... – said Lizzie. – it only slightly touched the plaster and it crumbled almost all over, covering the entire space with itself.

– That's all we have. – the father answered quietly.

– He's just super! – said Serik in delight and quickly with the speed of lightning flew up the stairs to the second floor to look for his room.

Chapter 5

The old dilapidated castle was not at all happy with the arrival of new owners, rather, on the contrary, he resisted this with every particle of it, every creaking board underfoot on the second floor, a dark attic impenetrable to light, where, in addition to the old, thick cobwebs and black, fat spiders, yes bats have never existed and nothing. After the first owners, a little more than a whole century passed. This is quite mature enough for a castle of this type, which contains many secrets and ghosts. And now, as soon as Serik entered the house, he sighed heavily in a gusty cold wind that burst through the suddenly opened shutters of huge, gloomy eye-sockets-windows. He worried and hesitated, staggered slightly to the side and creaked with each of his floorboards, and impressive cracks appeared on the clean, polished marble. These cracks crept from top to bottom on the walls of the upper floors, and through them seeped black, smelly, like oil, slurry, which seemed to boil with rage and indignation at those who disturbed their peace. But all these changes have remained unnoticed by the new owners. As it remained unnoticed, that disgusting suspension also leaked from the pantry located under the first floor and tightly locked by a weighty old lock through the crack and followed the boy. Chasing him on his heels, and where she crawled everything washed away a little bit preserved white and colored patterns on the walls were covered with black and green mold with a corresponding damp stench for her. For a minute the boy stopped, feeling someone breathing behind his back, as if someone was standing quite close to him and breathing Serik right into the back of his head. He turned sharply, but he saw nothing but old mold on the walls and a beating cobweb on the high ceiling. «Strange,» the boy thought, «I thought there was definitely someone here, but where is he?» He walked a couple more steps back and looked around, but saw no one. On this floor he was completely alone. He shrugged his shoulders and a minute later forgot about this incident, jumped up and ran on, humming an unpretentious song: «Yoh-ho-ho!»

Lizzie didn't care what room she was in. She was depressed and just slowly climbed up the old, creaky stairs. Then she walked along the dark, long corridor, looking now and then into her smartphone. But he's dead. Wi-fi did not catch here. When she reached the first room, she entered it and sat down on the bed without even looking at it, without unpacking her suitcase.

The next morning, everyone sat as usual in the spacious kitchen and at a modest breakfast. Everyone was in good spirits, except for Lizzie. She was indignant:

– There is no wi-fi here. There is still no light and hot water! And nothing at all! Why did you have to move here!

Mom tried to calm her down, but Lizzie got up and left the kitchen, and then completely out of the house.

She stood in the street and shivered from the cold. It was early morning and the sun had not yet risen high enough to warm the entire earth. Her father left almost immediately after her, and together they left for school.

Chapter 6

When Lizzie entered the classroom, the class was silent for a moment. Thousands of eyes were fixed on her. To the smallest detail, they evaluated her appearance. This made Lizzie a little embarrassed and shy. One red-haired girl sitting on the windowsill noticed this and went up to her. She was lively and cheerful, bold, in contrast to the quiet Lizzie, who only at home could swing a license, but was completely awkward on the street.

– Hi! You're new? You can sit next to me. Oh yes. I am Tiffany.

– I am Lizzie... I mean Lisa... Nice to meet you Tiffany. – Lizzie shook her hand and walked with Tiffany to her place.

The class roared again and took on a life of its own until the loud voice of the teacher burst into it:

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