

# When no longer a fool

story

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«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

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I was once as silly as most girls are when they're seventeen. A pretty figure and a pretty face – it seemed that nothing else was needed for life, everything else life would present on a platter. But, if only I had been given a little more brains in addition to external data...

## **Nikolay Lakutin**

### **When no longer a fool. Story**

Hmm... but it's fun to remember your past. No, really. And the funny thing is that a lot of mistakes were made in my youth. There are a lot of mistakes that I would certainly not have made right now.

Now I am a smart, life-taught lady. Two marriages are over. One of them is relatively successful. Everything would be fine, but everything is fine. Just tired, decided to rest – broke up. And they broke up both in practice and on paper. However, I fully admit that we will get together again... and then we will separate again.

But... it's all gray everyday life, where there are certain laws, certain sequences and quite predictable moods. Boring. Then, in adolescence and youth, everything was different. God didn't offend me with my figure, and He didn't offend me at all with my appearance, the guys competed so ridiculously for me... So many years have passed, and still causes a pleasant smile that state of non-system. No, of course, I was in the same system anyway. I studied, very abstractly pictured my future and did not think at all about how my fate might turn out.

Val took care of me from the school bench, sometimes gave me flowers..., field flowers, plucked here from the school flower bed. Well, yes, it is understandable, where would he get the money to buy them. Sasha always tried to help with his studies. I admit, sometimes... I used it often... And I wasn't the least bit ashamed. Or rather, it was a little shameful then, my conscience tried to remind me of myself from time to time, but it quickly passed. Right now, I'm not completely ashamed of myself. I didn't ask for it, I offered it myself. I was right not to say no. Both he is pleased and I am comfortable.

I've always liked older boys. When I was still in school, I fell for those who studied at a technical school, and when I entered the institute myself, as a first-year student, I had affairs with guys who were already in the third or even fourth year. I remember celebrating someone's birthday in the dorm. And a friend of my boyfriend came to us "for a light". All the girls had turned their hawkish eyes on him, and I was one of them. It's not good, I know. But I now understand that there is a passion, and there is a love... and there is love. Then I did not share any of this, I did not ask myself how much this or that boy responds inside. I judged her by her appearance, by her ability to speak and keep company. Well, if anyone showed signs of attention on his father's car, then God himself ordered to be with such a boy together. That's what I thought until I saw Maxim, my boyfriend's friend, at the birthday party. I saw him and everything inside turned upside down. And when he said hello, he introduced himself and smiled... Oh, Heaven..., his voice, timbre, smile... A light, pleasant fragrance of perfume and a well-chosen outfit... I could no longer think of anything or anyone but him.

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