

VITALY NOVIKOV

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# Paparazzi

NOVEL



Vitaly Novikov  
**Paparazzi. Novel**

«Издательские решения»

**Novikov V.**

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His job was to hurt to the celebrities. He's a paparazzo. This is a business and nothing personal. He just lives and survives in the big city. One day he will meet her and...

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# Paparazzi Novel

**Vitaly Novikov**

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Oleg flounced into a prison cell, like a scared, confused rat caught in a cage rat trap. After standing for a few seconds at the small barred window, looking into a grey blur of the sky, he rushed to the door, which finally went to his bunk. A little after sitting on the hard prison beds, he got up and again rushed into the prison cell. His concern was not transmitted to the second prisoner, an older man with dried-up brown face in a red plaid shirt and old black sweatpants. The old man sat on his bunk, hands folded on his knees and thought about something else. He was so deadpan, and his gaze was so complacent, what looking at it, one would think that his thoughts are extremely bright and good. Oleg walked over to the gray cold wall, and fixed his forehead to it.

“God,” he said quietly.

“Do you believe in God?” The old man asked.

Oleg turned to the old man. His face contorted unpleasant grimace.

“What? God? What the hell?”

“Sorry, I thought you were praying.”

“Me? No. It flew by itself mechanically.”

“You feel bad and you can’t pull yourself together.”

“Yes. Bad. How, maybe, okay here in prison? In this cell? As you can be and to live out freedom? I don’t know. For me it’s certain death. I wonder how you manage to keep cool.”

The old man laughed.

“I do not feel, that I have lost freedom. I just lost some freedom of movement. I was a free man, and I’m a free man. And you, as was, apparently, not free, and remain in this state. And what now to worry and torment yourself? Nothing has changed.”

Oleg did not know what to say to the old man. Of course, he’s wrong. He doesn’t know what freedom is? He, who lived as they wanted, independently, and very interesting, he thought. The old man wouldn’t understand, so it’s better not to tell him not to explain. Oleg lay down on the lounge on his back, hands clasped under his neck. You should try to calm down. He is not yet convicted.

Alena had open gray-green eyes. Sometimes Oleg thought she was too naive. Is she involved in everything what it is happened to them? He chased that nasty black thought, but it from time to time came again to his mind.

She was detained together with him on the eve of the early morning. They were returning from a club in the car of taxi. A taxi was stopped by patrol of police. Police were asked to leave them out of the car. They went out. On the back seat a fat COP found the bag with the drug.

“Is this yours?” He asked to Oleg and Alena.

Whitened Oleg negatively shook his head.

“No,” scared Alena mumbled.

“It’s not mine, exactly,” driver-a Caucasian denied belonging bag him, actively gesticulating hands.

“Maybe, it was forgot somebody of the other passengers,” Oleg suggested.

“We will find out,” another big police captain said.

They were taken to the police station, were taken blood for tests.

Oleg and Alena were snorting cocaine in the club. Alena had inured Oleg to cocaine. She knew where to get this white evil.

After a short interrogation, Oleg turned to the camera. The cell was small with two bunks, set against each other. It was a good cell. In other cells, prisoners had to sleep in shifts, sharing a single bunk for two.

The physical condition of Oleg was normal. Breaking started in the morning. Then was a headache. Oleg suffered from bad thoughts. He was sure that it is his end.

Oleg lay on the bunk and thought about his situation. What will they have presented to him? He poorly remembered the questioning of inspector. He remembered only the snatches of conversation with the policemen and first Lieutenant inspector a cute brown-haired woman.

Alena, too, was a brown-haired, small in stature with a face of a doll, cute and very beautiful, like a toy. Did he only love her for her pretty face? No. It was something else – a coincidence, a chemistry, a mutual attraction. So Oleg calmed himself. She loves him. She said she loves him. How many times? Four exactly. A woman can't just throw such words. They met four years ago. Oleg sometimes photographed girls in the Nude. No vulgarity and lust. The ordinary job. Girls came to the Studio, and Oleg worked: helped to select comfortable postures and attitudes. Alena was one of many. He hadn't remembered her.

After some time, Oleg changed the field of activity. Now he worked in the tabloids, in a popular weekly paparazzi: shooting stars and famous personalities in piquant situations. The owner of the publication soon saw a real professional in Oleg, a man obsessed his business, who can give good results. He made good money, and then working began harder. Earnings decreased, something worthwhile was difficult to find: to catch some unwary star in a scandalous situation. Somebody of the stars themselves were ready to pay to have their pictures even with negative overtones appeared on the pages of the press. Now these customers are also rarely met. Oleg accidentally saw Alena on TV. She began to sing. Clip of girl group "Pistachio" was shown on the music channel. Alena was a member of this not very popular team in our county. Oleg rarely had to deal with big stars. His bread had scandals with a small fish in an ocean full of domestic show-business. The stars such as Alena, were usually became its victims. "What the hell. I once photographed her," remembered Oleg. One magazine published a few pictures of Her at various parties and concerts. On the two pictures, she was accompanied by an old fat man with a white bald head. "Probably, he is the sugar daddy, who promotes her", Oleg thought. The next day he brought pictures of Alena made them once in the Nude in the office.

"Ten thousand," the editor – a chubby man in a white shirt with blue suspenders, with unruly dark hair, holding pictures in hands said.

"You laugh, Mikhail Sanych!" Oleg protested.

"How much do you want?"

"At least forty. It's Nude! You know? This is a scandal."

"And why? Now those naked Asses and Tits in bulk on the Internet. What are you going there to impress people?"

"She is a popular singer."

"Popular? Who listens to these, as they are there, 'Pistachio'? Stupid redneck from the kolkhoz 'Red bast'? Or old daddies with big wallets, lapsed into senility and childhood? Seven thousand."

"Well, let it be at least ten."

"Eight."

Oleg earned eight thousand rubles Images for Nude Images of Alena, published in the weekly. At this time, he is very need of funds. Sometimes he lacked the money to pay for the rented room.

Three months later he unexpectedly met with Alena at the party, arranged in honor of arrival to Moscow the well-known American actor. Oleg performed the duties of a simple photographer,

looking for interesting shots along the way. Here popular singer put his arm around the unknown girl. Click. There is a good frame. Here the famous writer was half drunk and on his belly shirt unbuttoned on shirt his belly, so it seemed to the hairy part of the body of the engineer of human souls. Click. There is a contact. A good picture will be that it can be put on the cover. It seems Alena snuck up behind him.

“Hello,” she twittered.

Oleg turned around.

“Hi.”

Alena was in a beautiful red dress with a glass of champagne in hand.

“Do you no know me? Alain smiled warmly.

“Not learned? I have learned, of course, how much years, how much winters<sup>1</sup>.”

“You haven’t changed.”

“You’ve changed for the better.”

“Drink champagne with me’

“I’m at work.”

“Wow. So strictly.”

In Oleg’s brain something clicked. He had to work, but he thought he is all work and has long been with anyone so just sat at the table, at least for a Cup of coffee. Only one work. What happens, if he ignores for a case? He’s already made a couple of good shots. That’s enough.

“What? Let’s go sit.”

They found a booth near the entrance to the hall, where there was less hustle and bustle. On the table was the complimentary appetizer dishes and five glasses of champagne. “It’s good to be known; to go to any events where a lot of free food and booze” Oleg thought. For this he was not sorry of some of the victims of their work. Oleg took a sandwich with red caviar and bit it off. How delicious it is. His colleague from a rival tabloid bespectacled Ivan looked at Oleg with surprise. Oleg caught his eye. Well, to hell with him, let him amazed and envious. He himself would probably want to be in his place, only he was not invited to drink champagne charming girls.

“Come on drink up,” said Alena said, smiling widely.

“Come on.”

Oleg took a glass of champagne and clinked glasses with Alena. They drank. Oleg half a glass, Alena made a small SIP and erotically licked her lips. She smiled.

“You are strange.”

“Way?”

“You are anxious and nervous.

“It is such job.”

“It’s hard.”

“Yes? It is difficultly. Alena, you’re probably mad at me for those images that are printed. I’m sorry. Believe me it’s not my doing. I have uploaded some photos to the Internet on one site. Them out someone steal.”

Alena looked at Oleg.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t have to throw your pictures to the network,” again Oleg apologized. “But you must to remember, that we do not negotiate, how I’ll dispose this pictures.”

“I well remember that shot.”

“It’s throe?”

“You worked as a professional, as someone, who knows his business. I felt some unknown force in you. I had the feeling, that I was ready to execute any your order, that you have commanded me

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<sup>1</sup> How long we haven’t seen (Russian idiom)

at that time. It was a good job, and I have nothing to be ashamed for those pictures. It is beautiful as well-everything, that made by a great master.”

“Yes, I know a lot about the business. I brag, sorry.

“You are worthy of praise. Do you have someone now; I mean a girlfriend or wife?

“No.”

“Let’s we will meet; we will go for a ride on the boat on the Moscow river. Write down my phone number.”

Two days later they rode on the boat on the Moscow river. It was a sunny June day. Alena was glad every little thing, like a little child. Oleg wasn’t used that. He was acting reserved and serious. Alena told about their favorite places in Moscow. After a river trip Alena offered to walk around the city. It seems, she was attracted to the river. They walked along the promenade. Alena told funny stories from her life, and then loudly laughed. Oleg in response just smiled. The twilight already began to thicken.

“Why don’t you have a girlfriend?” Alena asked.

“No, because no.”

“Are you a misogynist?”

“No.”

“Are you gay?”

“No.”

“I want a champagne.”

“It’s too late.”

“I don’t care that.”

“Will we go to the restaurant?”

“We will come to me.”

“Where do you live?”

“There is Near Kievskaya metro station. Do we go? Or are you afraid of?”

Oleg thought. He hurt Alena, giving her pictures for publication. She could hold a grudge and take revenge on him; and all this walks and praises at the party can to be a cunning ploy. She is an actress. What if he was waited anybody at the apartment? Anybody can to do him anything: to beat, to rape tube from the vacuum cleaner, to lower the head in the toilet. Oleg walked over to the marble parapet of the embankment and looked at the dark green water.

“What’s wrong with you?” Alena like guessing his condition. “Are you afraid of me? You think, I want you to avenge for those pictures’.

Alena laughed.

“Well. You talk logically like a man. You will never understand woman. We love when we are hurting.”

Oleg looked in her eyes.

He was in a moment became serious.

“Kiss me,” she said.

Oleg not immediately performed her will.

Alena have a spacious apartment-Studio with the walls painted in a soft orange color. The furniture was fashionable of glass and metal. On the wall hung plasma screen. The bar was full of booze. Oleg preferred whiskey, which quickly became tipsy. He was inexperienced in love Affairs. In his thirty-two years he had never been in a serious relationship with a girl. Occasionally he enjoyed the services of prostitutes. Alena was willing to take the initiative in her hands.

“Be bold’ she demanded.

Oleg tried to be more assertive and impulsive. It was started him to like. In bed Alena was both a lioness and a voracious cat. She skillfully directed the actions of Oleg.

In the morning Oleg woke up first. Alena rhythmically snoring, lying on his stomach. Her slim leg and thighs stacked out from thin blanket. Oleg got up, walked to the bar, took out a beer fridge and took a few SIPS. On the windowsill his pack of cigarettes lay. He took out a cigarette and went out onto the balcony. Alena lived on the fifth floor above the treetops. The horizon was closed by a white, grey, red and yellow boxes of houses. The sky was a pure pale blue. The birds were chirping about something, their small business. Oleg listened to this conversation of winged, it was like as if a wife chastises her husband gone on a spree. They were like people. Oleg was smoke coming in the prickly air of the morning. He had never slept in such rich apartments. One room? And what? There is it is the center of the capital. For him, it was high level. He was more down-to-earth person than a dreamer. He remembered the truth: money to money<sup>2</sup>

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<sup>2</sup> The money attracts a money

## **Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.**

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