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Treason willy-nilly

Agency Amur



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Аннотация

A wife secretly from her husband is going to file for divorce. And to profitably share the property, sends it (her husband) along with the staff of the Amur Agency to a resort in Egypt. Oleg and Vika readily take on difficult work, help the spouse commit treason. And they are helped, of course, by chance...

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Spring is late this year. It was the middle of April, and in the street there was still a typical St. Petersburg winter. Snow with rain, wind and sleet. Victoria and I were sitting in the office and doing business. She placed advertisement of the Agency in her computer (Agency Amur, affairs of love), I in my laid out solitaires.

– Now would be somewhere in Egypt, for a week. It's warm there, there's the sun, there's the sea ... "my assistant said dreamily.

"We have not earned a vacation yet," I growled.

A middle-aged woman came in at the door.

– Hello, I'm at the address?

– It depends on what you do.

– I have a very delicate and delicate business.

I sat the woman more comfortable and asked Victoria to make coffee.

– So, I have this order. My name is Natalia Vladimirovna and everything I tell you now should stay strictly between us.

“Grave,” I put a finger to my mouth.

“It’s about my husband, that is, my marriage.” My husband, Gennady Ivanovich, my peer. We have been married for almost ten years. We live like everyone, in general, not bad, but... But today a situation arose (it does not concern you in any way and does not concern the matter) that I need to get a divorce. Gennady does not know about it yet. And I have already begun to prepare documents, the court is going to be long and difficult. We will not just divorce, but share property. Which one? In principle, this does not concern you either. What do I want from the Agency? I need to get my husband’s documents compromising me. Make them (get) will not be easy. Because behind him, beyond Gena, there’s nothing reprehensible about that. But I came up with one combination and you will help me in this. How? That’s what this is about.

Vetch brought coffee. We took a cup and drank it. The guest paused, she was thinking (probably) the following words.

“I’m going to buy a ticket to my husband in Egypt right now.” And I suggest you go with him. One or two, as you prefer. That is, I will take three tours with one departure date (arrival) and accommodation in one hotel. Naturally, I’ll pay for all this myself. The hotel is five-star, all-inclusive. What do I need from

you? I need photos. Photos where my husband was photographed with other women. Or talking or flirting or something. This is difficult because my husband is not really a womanizer, for this he is not too sure of himself (like a man). I will be useful for court any photo. Now about money. I pay you the “base rate” right now, these are two trips to Egypt, where everything is included. Plus the running costs that you incur in your agency “actions”. If you manage to make a photo where there really will be something “criminal”, well, kissing or hugging, then I will pay you a good bonus. If there is really “explosive material”, sex scenes, then I promise to pay a super-premium.

And she wrote on the sheet a figure with a large number of zeros. Vikusei and I exchanged glances. It seems that her dream of Egypt comes true.

We are flying at a height of some thousand meters. To fly long. Behind the porthole there is a bright sun, the clouds are all below. The engines are buzzing smoothly, but I still listen to their work. I'm afraid to fly. Alcohol in the plane is prohibited, so I swallowed valerian tablets. They help, it seems, bad. Apparently they are released only for the moral comfort of patients. Vika is sitting next to me, she is absolutely calm, she wore headphones, listens to music. Her eyes are closed, maybe she's asleep, maybe not. Our “object” sits in front of us, behind several rows of armchairs, I see only the edge of his balding head. To fly us for a long, very long time. There is time to draw up a work plan. But the idea of “travel” in the head until they go.

Should we get acquainted with Gena or not? And in general, how to push him to the “crime”? The number of zeros of the “super-award” still stood before my eyes. In extreme cases, you can probably try to “put” under him Vic. But, firstly, it was unethical. Secondly, Gena was old for Vicky and not very cute (scary). And in the third, of course, I liked it myself. And I would be just jealous. I looked at my sleeping assistant. Cute young woman. Why is she not married? I remember she offered to marry me. But which of my husband... Here she fidgeted, began to look for a comfortable pose, put her head on my shoulder. Sleeping. Listening to the work of the engines, I dozed off.

At the hotel, we decided to settle with Victoria together, so it's more convenient to coordinate our work. We were given a good number, with a view of the sea, but how from here we will observe the object? By the way, where did he live? It turned out that Gennady was settled on the first floor with access to the inner territory of the hotel. There, where the pools are invitingly located. We had to move closer to him. One hundred dollars invested in the passport, it was easy to solve this problem and we settled near Gennady, also on the ground floor and with its access to the pools. The room was one, but a very large bed, as well as all the necessary amenities. At the door to the room was a small patio, fenced with flower beds, where there was a personal table and two armchairs. From the sun, the courtyard was covered by a large colorful awning. From here it was convenient to follow everything that happens on the territory of the hotel and, first

of all, for Gennady. While next to him and close there were no women. Although women were everywhere, there were many more men. I everywhere began to drag my camera and take photos of Victoria and the kinds of the resort, trying to make Gennady appear on the photo. But so far nothing interesting for the customer did not work. It was possible, of course, to click the object and yourself to have a good time (after having worked honestly the contract). But I wanted a bonus. Or are we not professionals?

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