

A close-up, artistic photograph of a woman's face. The focus is on her right eye, which is a striking, vibrant blue. Her lips are painted a bright pink and are slightly open, showing a hint of her teeth. The background is a soft, out-of-focus warm tone, possibly her hair or skin. A solid blue rectangular box is overlaid on the right side of the image, containing the text for the book cover.

Leon Malin

Theft of the wife

Agency Amur

Leon Malin

Theft of the wife. Agency Amur

«Издательские решения»

Malin L.

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Leon Malin's story «Theft of the wife» is a continuation of his work «Julia, my love, where are you?», As well as two stories by Vitaly Mushkin «Digitized sex» and «The ideal wife.» All these stories are united by a common plot. The programmer creates two damn attractive women and moves them to the real world. Then all the adventures begin. Detective, love, erotic.

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Monday morning. New working day, a new working week. Time to sum up the previous week's schedule, schedule the event for the future. Agency Amur (affairs of love) gathered in full force, it's me and Victoria, my assistant.

– Well, how. Oleg, have not you forgotten your beauty from a computer game yet? Do you miss her?

– Yes, I remember.

– Do you think it will be found?

– I do not know. It's been six months already, and no news from her. Where did she go? Probably, there was a failure of the computer program.

“But the second girl moved here, into our reality?”

– Yes, Lena married the author of the game, for Alex. He made her documents, registered to her.

“And how do they live, okay?”

– I do not know, we're talking to Alex now.

“And maybe Julia does not look for you, not because she was lost, but because she found another here?”

– Yes, I already thought about it. But she could not forget that she was between us.

– Was there a very big love?

– Yes it's big.

We fell silent. I remembered the beautiful Julia, as we were good with her there, in a computer game. How we made love to her on our honeymoon.

But today is Monday, we have to work.

– Do we have anyone for today?

– Yes, we expect a certain gentleman about... In general, on what occasion, I still do not understand. But an important person.

And the visitor did not force himself to give. A prominent, middle-aged man, well dressed, entered the room.

– Can I speak freely here? Everything should stay between us.

– Oh sure.

– My name is Anton Vladimirovich, you can just Anton. I hold a major post in the city government, I solve serious questions.

– We listen to you, Anton.

“Do not rush me, I want not to miss anything.”

“Maybe tea or coffee?”

– Yes, you can have a cup.

Victoria went to make coffee.

After a pause Anton Vladimirovich continued.

– About six months ago I got a call from an acquaintance. He works as a head physician at the Aleksandrovskaya hospital. In some way this doctor is indebted to me. He knew that at that time I was alone and was interested, let's say, in the opposite sex. He called and said that the ambulance brought a woman to the hospital with a memory loss. The patient is unusually beautiful, but her personality can not be established. This message interested me and I told the doctor that if she does not remember anything and does not know who she is, then let him call me again, after a while. And he called. The woman had to be discharged from the hospital, and where she went, it was not entirely clear. The police and social protection agencies are slow to make a decision, but offer to treat it further, until the memory is fully restored. But the hospital can not endlessly treat a person, there too, their norms and limits.

The longer Anton told, the more I inclined to think that it was Julia. Was she found?

“Tell me, Anton, forgive me for interrupting me, but where did the city find this woman?”
Where did her ambulance come from?

– I do not know. Yes, what does it matter?

“Excuse me, continue.”

The client fell silent, apparently wanted to catch the elusive thread of the narrative.

Vika brought coffee, put a cup in front of us.

– So, I went to the hospital to look at this super-beauty. And indeed, the doctor did not lie, the girl was dazzling beauty. She did not remember her name or her past life. Nothing at all. The doctor introduced me to her as a philanthropist, philanthropist. As a person who helps patients in different situations.

“But is it not so?”

– What's wrong?

– Well, you do not help other patients? Is it just to get to know her?

– Yes, the doctor played along. We talked with the girl, I offered her help. To move to me, under the supervision of a visiting doctor, to live. Absolutely free.

– That is, you were not going to enter into a relationship with her?

Anton looked at me attentively.

– What do you mean?

“Sorry, I interrupted you again.”

– So, I outlined her perspective. Or be thrown out of the hospital or moving to a psychiatric hospital for a long time.

“And what did she choose?”

“She agreed to stay with me.”

Here's the bastard! I took advantage of Julia's lack of memory to lure her to me. Scoundrel!

“I settled her in my country residence.” We began to “meet”. You understand what I mean.

My breath was overpowered. Of course, I understood what it means to “meet”.

Gradually, memory began to return to her. Julia (Julia, it's you?!), so the girl's name, says now that she remembers everything. But he tells some nonsense. About a computer game, virtual love and all that.

I blushed, but Anton did not notice it.

I noticed Victoria. She rounded her eyes and looked at me point blank. I made her a sign to stare at me.

Julia's memories troubled me. I invited a psychiatrist for a consultation. He said that there are no special reasons to worry. Her invented life story will crumble like a house of cards, it is only necessary to find one of the links of her real, pre-hospital life. That's why I turned to you. I can not

go to the police, Julia is practically nobody to me. Contact the detective agency is also not with the hand, no crime here. So I came to your agency Cupid, love affairs. Will you help me?

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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