

Weapon of AREHOW Full version



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Weapon Of Olegov. Full version

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Аннотация

Time for change... How few people understand what this means, and what is happening under the colorful masks of people, communities, countries... worlds'... It's time to reveal the cards, remove the masks and expose the essence! All the events, organizations and characters are the author's invention. Any coincidence of names, surnames and positions of the characters with the real names of living or deceased persons, and took place with anyone in life events is purely coincidental and completely unintentional.

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Weapon Of Arehow

– We have discussed this option with all of You, colleagues – sounded calm voice, creeping soft wave for all areas and steps of a closed space, having neither Windows nor doors. All here was strange or more accurately say – other. Other forms of interaction, other forms of life, other matter, if you can even call it matter... Even the location of this room was difficult to determine, because – nearby hovered only emptiness – while we thought, reasoned, planned and expected, the situation on Earth has worsened significantly. It is not a secret for any of you that time has changed its course, given that a day some hundred years ago, now fits a little more than three days, and then this dynamics will grow rapidly-we have almost no time left. Now there is simply nowhere to retreat, it's time to act.

The room is clearly something began to happen. Voices were not heard, but the color scheme of the space has changed. In a closed room felt the excitement and tension began to appear countless images, mixing with each other, incredible colors and even muffled inaudible human ear sounds filled the space.

– We are launching the project on the Ground...

Artem was on the bus home and was thinking about what to do tomorrow. After all, tomorrow he had to go to two interviews in related areas in the field of it-technologies. Its advantages were

there and there, but how will communication with the authorities, what a team, pitfalls. There were many questions. Imagination drew countless scenarios. Anything that plays in the head guy, but one of the most banal variant of the rejection of his candidacy. Artem knew that he would successfully pass the interview stage both there and there, because he was really a rare specialist and a Pro in the intricacies of software.

Suddenly his thoughts were interrupted by sitting in front of the drunk young boy. He strangely smiled and tried to reach out a hand to her left cheek Artem.

The situation looked quite ridiculous and obscene, but curiosity about the further development of events took up. Tom, completely forgetting about work and related experiences, began to watch the silent boy, still oddly smiling at him, the word old friend. How difficult it was for this black-haired shaggy guy to catch the right focus in a shaking bus, and even in a state of not light intoxication in tandem with something Smoking potent, a state that has already passed into the next more aggravated stage. And finally, having gathered all the attention, skill and God knows what else, he finally managed to bury a few fingers in the cheek of Artem.

Curiosity and attention next to seated and standing passengers was entirely confined to this ridiculous situation. Artem was not less surprised, but still kept calm and did not interfere, watching what is happening, as if these strange machinations do not produce with him.

The black-haired boy squeezed the left cheek of Artem, then smiled more than before and suddenly said quietly:

– Almost.

Many questions now wandered in the head of Artem, but he did not have time to ask them, because a strange neighbor in the seat immediately provoked another dumb question, pointing now on the wrist of his right hand, saying at the same time:

– And I, you see, will not last, so live – he swept carelessly forefinger some area on his right wrist, clearly showing the oblong and quite wide scar from the canteen cutlet. However, the strange thing was that neither Artem on the cheek or on the wrist of this strange passenger, nothing happened.

And here's what happened. The guy riding in the bus under strong intoxication weakened the vigilance of the controlling brain structures, in turn, the Smoking mixture briefly activated the memory of the epiphysis of his past life, seeing in the bus Artem, or rather his essence, he instantly remembered how in the early 90's being forty-year-old Alexei Vorontsov was making his capital in one of the gangster groups.

Things didn't go according to plan that time. The firm that he ran into with his brothers, was not as harmless as expected. Guys pretty battered, their leader almost lost his hand, badly injured wrist. Needed backup. For a substantial percentage were invited to shreds of "Oskolkova". He was famous for the fact that instead of the usual at the time style of solving problems – waving his legs and gunshot, calmly conducted dialogues. I

came to Strelka alone, but always came back and came back as a winner. No one knew why Tolik was not afraid to die, which gave him confidence and peace. But the rumor was not in vain. Thus, Anatoly arrived to the rebellious firm, by prior agreement. He waited a few armed ruffians on the threshold of the building and fifteen people scattered across the organization, ready at any moment to erase it into a powder, if it take not the desired turnover.

In the Director's office he was accompanied by two men. They closed the door behind them and stood ready at arm's length from the visitor.

– So here you are, Tolik. Of you legends go among the lads, and mind you're not really cool – sounded haughty voice of wide seats that belonged to a balding middle-aged man fad physique.

Indeed, the appearance of Anatoly, in contrast to the tall, broad-shouldered belly-interlocutor did not stand out from the gray mass of citizens. Average height, slim build, age a little over forty. Man and man. Only his eyes were different. It was difficult to say what, but they clearly attracted and even somehow beckoned. In short, to look away was difficult, if not impossible, at least as long as the Anatoly did not let the sight of the opponent. This view, despite its openness and rather pleasant light surroundings, made it clear at some subconscious level of any danger that a person can not cope with it. It is difficult to understand and explain. The feeling didn't explained what it is to be feared, look, or that particular someone or something, it just

manifested the opponent's non-verbal level.

Can we talk about me, but actually I came here not for this, I propose to go straight to the point – raised his gaze Anatoly and rested them like a sniper scope in the eyes.

– What we have to be the case, face, you who is there? began "bykovat" one, but then faltered and changed slightly in the face. Sharply increasing aggression was suddenly replaced by repentance. The body went limp at the heavy man, the gift of speech somewhere was gone.

– Don't need to nervous, talk quietly, only not with you, and with... – barely managed to talk Anatoly, as sensed a resounding blow in the back of my head and lost consciousness.

Company "Anima" in that came visitor, was is by no means ordinary. Things have been dark around here. The company supplied to the territory of the country and exported – wood and black metal. Under the guise of wholesale deliveries of wood to the Central part of the car several hollow logs which space was stuffed with chemical weapons and drugs were placed. To reveal such a Scam could only under one condition – if someone learned about it outside a narrow circle of initiates. Scored top to bottom in the compositions with tons of metal, the same passing through the border undetected batch of firearms and bladed weapons. The scheme worked not the first year, at customs of questions couldn't be. Nobody will think to brake structure, to unload cars and small slices to chop off each log in search of something.

Or pour tons of rusty metal structures collected in the most unenviable, often unsanitary areas.

Money in the "Anime" spun more than you could imagine, which is why it attracted attention from various structures. "Guest performers" made the attacks on average three-four times a year moreover local didn't sit "idly by". This forced the management of Anima to employ the best specialists in the field of security, surveillance, listening, specialists in the field of information technology. All these specialists know the staff and competitors, this is no secret. But there were also such experts about whom very few knew. Among the "shadows" was the liquidator of the highest level, a native of the "non-existent" unit, filer, sleeper and Stalker-not a beginner. This set is not every government intelligence could boast, "Anima" all this had. Of course, the head of the company was not a mere "mortal". He was a member of the Kremlin, had connections at the level of those that lead the top officials and knew the structure of the world's governance firsthand. It is these relationships and kinship gave access to true professionals.

But because of the presence of such professions, the majority of the hijackers were unaware, not to mention the fact to avoid the idea about their work on the "Anime" in the year absolutely without any problems suddenly lost 15-20 people who showed their appetite for this company.

Anatoly woke up in some dark shed. His hands were tied

behind a hook sticking out of the ceiling beam. All talked about the fact that it is knit such knots repeatedly. The walls of the shed were scuffed, through the cracks of the walls was visible endless expanse. It was some remote place, not even a suburb, a completely different uninhabited area. Bad headache, eyelids felt like leaden, his eyes opened with difficulty, was very sleepy, rolled up the feeling of nausea.

– Woke up, poor guy – he heard the voice behind – hike today in your career misfire, brother. Exit the winner in this situation will not work. And yet the big question is, can you generally walk out of here the speaker moved on to sarcastic laughter, which picked up two more votes.

– What the back-it is hiding, scared of me even in this state? – restraining the pain in the head at every word, Anatoly said.

– Who's afraid of you, Scarecrow? the speaker's voice began to approach, but was immediately heard.:

– Where, a Grey, is a master said from this zone not exits.

Yes, I know – said the first and went back to the place.

Anatoly began to realize that he faced serious guys. Not the ones behind him in the barn, but the ones holding anima.»:

– If these guys were given the order to be out of my field of vision, then they know what my opinion is capable of, moreover, they knew it already when I came, and as soon as I began to influence – I was immediately knocked out-Anatoly reflected to himself.

The picture began to clear up. The guys themselves did not

take any action and did not try to learn anything, but if he was not interested in the one who gave the order for his delivery here, the picture would at the moment have a more sad outcome. Obviously, everyone in this barn was waiting for someone higher up. Twenty minutes later he heard the growing hum of helicopter blades. He sat down somewhere near the barn. The propellers slowed down, the engine was switched off and the approaching voices began to differ in the decreasing noise. Several people entered the barn, but only one silhouette appeared in front of Anatoly. The man put the chair opposite, turned around, sat down. Ten seconds silently studying the prisoner. The person sitting opposite was of a strong Constitution, with wide black eyes and a large hood over his head, so that his appearance could not be defined and described, nor could his eyes be seen.

– I think you already understand, Anatoly, who is sitting in front of you and why.

The prisoner nodded, lowering his gaze.

– What do you say to that?

Anatoly was silent.

– Went all out and fifty feet away from the barn – ordered the man with glasses.

They remained together. For a minute both were silent.

– My sleeper took a lot of work to get inside your head.

Anatoly was silent, not raising her eyes.

– He found a lot of interesting things.

Anatoly didn't react.

But the most interesting was not out to get you, and I know you're not such a simple guy you know. You couldn't help but understand where you were going and what was waiting for you here. You didn't expect to have a peaceful conversation in the office. What are you doing with this bunch of degenerates? Shrapnel isn't your level. To resolve issues of who is competent to dissolve, the counter is put, the business press, under his team to pull up. This is getting old, Tolya. I have a better offer for you. You're going to work for me. You will earn at least five times more than now, we will help you to realize your gift of controlling the subconscious, in less than a year you will discover new opportunities that you do not yet guess, they are in you, just asleep. I have a strong team, solid organization and solid business.

– To promote murder of people-Anatoly for the first time answered.

The hooded man pondered for a while.

I'm not a murderer, you should not think about me in this format. What to take in hand, a Bible or a weapon is the choice of everyone. But for faith and religion, believe me, people were killed many times more than all those who took up arms. Yes, I produce and supply it, and not only here. Do I contribute to genocide? You see, I specialize not so much in mass-produced weapons as in exclusive ones. Bullets, they stop someone who destroys people with hundreds and thousands. Those who destroy the earth, air, harm not only man, but the planet as a whole. I have, you see, principles. I will never sell a shipment of weapons

to a gang of bandits to Rob and kill civilians. No one can reproach me for selling weapons to military points so that brothers shoot at their own brothers set upon each other by the government. But for such just rulers who for the sake of their interests in the oil deposits, territory and so have no qualms about sacrificing people and my bullets are cast. I build the world, not destroy it, Anatoly. Do you still see me as a terrorist?

After a pause, Anatoly said:

– Decent work, for this reason issues I do not have. My question is addressed to the drug trade.

– I feel like I'm on trial – joked the man with dark glasses – well, here's your answer. Indeed, the issue of drug trafficking is much more serious.

The man suddenly stopped talking and hesitantly tilted his head to the side.

– Grisha-loudly commanded an he.

Someone ran into the barn.

– We have guests. The helicopter does not run, shoot down, they have an arrow MANPADS. Mobile all to disconnect the battery to throw away right here. We disperse on foot in different directions. Go back to base by Thursday and take a closer look, can graze every step.

The man turned to Anatoly and, seeing an undisguised kind grin, spoke:

Thought you were the only one?

Anatoly looked.

Are you in?

– I need to think, weigh everything and make the right decision. I would not like to have an excuse then that I simply had no choice.

– Fairly. A couple days?

– Quite.

The man got up from his chair, snapped his fingers and at the same moment the ropes on Anatoly's hands fell to the floor, then disappeared, as if they were not there. Then he turned, took a step and disappeared into thin air....

Long fled Anatoly unfamiliar terrain. The road did not know, but intuition is, as always, did not disappoint. Approaching the track, he saw four gray cars with black Windows rushing by, holding one after another. The feeling gave to understand that these are the "guests" mentioned by the man in the hood and dark glasses. When the cars disappeared out of sight in the oncoming lane seemed a red spot, it is rapidly approaching. Anatoly went to the track and raised his hand. Flying for a hundred meters, red car stopped. Catching up with him, Anatoly saw behind the wheel of a beautiful girl.

– In the city?

– Yeah.

Jump, drive.

Anatoly sat in the front seat and the car, squeal of tires, raced in the open spaces, cutting the distance.

– Julia-girl stretched out a man's hand in a white driver's glove.
– Tolya, very pleased.
– Where did you come from, Tolya? No houses, no streets, no villages within a radius of kilometers in commercials since thirty to forty.
– I'd like to know that myself.
– In terms of? Do not understand, you don't know how I got here?
– You remember that movie. Fell, lost consciousness, woke up – gypsum.
– Something to do with the smugglers? As interesting...
It seems so. I haven't quite figured out what's what yet. But you really helped me out by picking me up on the road. I don't know what I'd do without you.

– Good words, I like them. Tell them often – the girl sheepishly smiled.

Anatoly didn't answer. He was not in a romantic mood. In my head scrolled episodes of recent events, on top of the track on which he raced the car looked unfamiliar. Then came the first parcel in the village with an unknown name. It became obvious that on this road Anatoly never passed earlier though from the hometown he knew all directions...

– Listen, friend, what city are you taking me? the passenger asked, expressing genuine interest.

Here is one way to Novosibirsk, and where you need? – Julia began to slow down.

– Go there if along the way, while I don't care where, just away from here. I'll think of something in town. Novosibirsk so Novosibirsk.

Julia did not specify the details, knowing that her companion will not be able to really satisfy her curiosity, because he is confused. Anatoly tried to understand how he ended up in another part of the country where the aircraft to fly four hours, out he was no more than twenty minutes, the behavior of his body he knew well in such cases, after all- not the first time.

– Yeah... not a simple man – he reflected, gazing at the panorama from the car window – not a simple company, and not a simple mission they had assumed. To appear before the customer now would be unwise. All the lads know what I was missing. Let them draw conclusions, especially since they are, in General, fair. In the near future, no one should enter Anima, at least until the circumstances of my disappearance have been clarified. So there's still time. The plan is to get lost somewhere on the outskirts of the city, a place to stay for the next couple of days and all carefully to consider. The closest concern is what these couple of days to live for? Need to rent a house, something from the products...

Here Anatoly suddenly understood that he had no money with him at all when he went to Anima's office. He sits and makes plans for the next two days, when it is necessary to pay for transport services with this lovely girl for an hour or two, maybe three.

– Yul – began, was, Anatoly – I probably will drop and maybe even rightly so, I do not think that I have nothing with you Russ.... in that moment, he instinctively patted the pocket of his jeans and beneath my hand something suddenly felt. Immediately put the coin in his pocket and took out a stack of brand new bills, the nominal value of which allowed to live comfortably for a month and a half or two in the most expensive city in the world.

Anatoly with misunderstanding has looked at the beginning of the stack of bills in his hand, then at Julia.

– Yes, it's hard for you, buddy, what's the calculation here, even on the smallest island off the coast of French Polynesia is not enough. I'll take you, don't worry.

– Taak-held out the passenger. He put one bill in the glove compartment of the car. This amount exceeded the average tariff for such carts ten times. While Anatoly was thinking about how the money ended up in his pocket, the paper of a different composition and density was felt at the bottom of the stack, which he still held in his hands. He took out his card. It was a very expensive business card, high-quality, iridescent colors. But there was no printed text on it. No signs, no emblems, nothing that business cards are made for. Anatoly several times and turned it, examining both sides, but found nothing except playing iridescent colors. Suddenly, in the center of the business card appeared large letters of purple, as if written by hand:

You have two days, Tolya.

Think about it.

the text has vanished, but emerged the other:

...

I hope so,
you'll make the right decision.

...

the text is again changed:

...

and over time,
I answer all
your
questions.

...

the last that appeared on business card – signature:

...

Eldar.

After that, nothing else appeared on the card, the text disappeared.

– Pretty-distracted his Julia, who from time to time stroked at how her strange companion as if reading something on a business card. She, too, viewed it, but no letters, words, proposals not seen. So it seemed pretty strange that Anatoly, as if riveted gazes into the shimmering glare and trying something for yourself to see. And judging by his expression, I saw something.

– Ever seen anything like this before? he turned to Julia.

My friend keeps a small printing house, I've seen a lot of business cards. This is not the most original, believe me, but also

nothing.

– No, I mean the writing.

– Julia looked at him, then at the empty card, then back at him, then returned the gaze to the road with the words:

– Something I do not understand? What writing? There's nothing here.

– Nothing... muttered in thought Anatoly.

The girl again glanced at his companion, then at the glove compartment, which was more than decent payment for carting and for a moment, making doubtful, partially a sympathetic grimace, he continued the journey in silence.

At the entrance to the city, the passenger asked to drop him off. After exchanging the standard pleasantries, and a wish of good luck they said good-bye. The car has again changed the tire and quickly disappeared around the corner.

Anatoly rented a modest apartment on the outskirts of the city for two days, because he was not a spender and led a rather restrained way of life in all respects.

– Apparently, money was thrown to me together with a business card at that moment when I was still unconscious. So, events developed in one way or another according to the scenario. I don't think all that happened was a play. He's too serious a man to play Comedy in front of me. It is clear that he wants to get me in his team, money is a banal move to bribe and show further comfortable life. Only now, way back then will not I

also understand. And apparently, he already has more interesting specialists. He is also a very simple type. Why would he want me? And this card. It seems to me that this is not technology, this is something else... quite another-rushing thoughts in my head.

These two days Anatoly spent without any thoughts and confusion. He was well aware of the FSB methodology used in special forces to make a particularly important decision where there are many variables and to come to a logical solution of the issue is simply impossible. In such cases, the installation is given to the subconscious-to give in a strictly allotted time period the answer, a hint, a sign, unambiguous and atypical on the subject of how to proceed. Anatoly established term, according to the instruction – day. Just had to wait.

Head has finally stopped hurting when noon Anatoly was awakened by a scream outside the window:

– What are you doing here, son? When did I say we were leaving? Come home, everything would tell my father, let him decide what to do, it just stopped working, now hold on – I shouted some shrill lady.

Anatoly smiled widely, knowing every cue, reached his ears in the original for him. For him, this phrase meant the following:

"You sat up on the spot, it's time to move on. The way you indicated, obey, be obedient, but very attentive and careful, because in front of God then in any case you will have to answer. Godspeed.»

Now the only question was how to find the Eldar. To get

to it the same route through office and a bruise of area of a nape extremely it was not desirable. Moreover, it is all gone, the situation now was very convenient. To change in this respect anything, and to think up some fable would be unwise. He again took out an empty business card, turned it in his hands and was about to put it back in his pocket, when he saw her familiar handwriting purple, which gradually appeared in the following words:

On the card

not to distribute

...

text changed:

...

and don't lose her,

still useful.

...

and the last:

...

I'll find you,

just wait.

...

the text disappeared.

Yeah, funny thing – in my head flashed – don't know how they'll be looking for me, however, that there is to know, again, try to get in the head. But then they knew where I was, clearly followed, calculated, and now no. Okay, I will wait, time will tell

– Anatoly summarized and went to collect something to a table.

In the brigade there were various rumors about the disappearance of Tolik. Someone rejoiced, envious he had a lot, someone quietly drew conclusions. The group of Alexei Vorontsov, who asked Tolik for help a few days ago, was confused. Alexey was tired to lift communications in search of the person who received a solid advance and still never, not failed business. He, of course, heard that the firm "Anima" – is not a cowboy firm and a financial issue with her to resolve as desired, but Tolik was decided in the past task and more difficult. To think that it is stupid to have disappeared with the advance – did not want to. Nor was he a poor man. Advance, of course, was impressive, but for Tolik he could not be the reason for the disappearance.

Alexey could not these days think of anything, except one:

– What happened in Anima's office after all? Why is there no news about Tolik, and is it worth looking for another negotiator...

This morning met Novosibirsk bright sunlight and cloudless sky. Anatoly already went for a morning jog, took something in the convenience store for Breakfast and, coming out of the shower, suddenly heard some movement in the kitchen. He rented the apartment alone, didn't bring anyone here. With the tenant agreed to meet today, but closer to dinner. The time on

the clock was a quarter to nine.

– Good morning, Tolya. The coffee is almost ready, now I will make sausages, and it will be possible to have Breakfast. Still, you should not smoked are not taken, so have Breakfast what we have – he heard a girl's voice from the kitchen.

Anatoly froze on the spot from such an unexpected turn of events. In addition to all that would be surprising, there was another factor that only he could know – in the store, forty minutes ago, he really thought about taking a smoked sausage or an ordinary doctor's. Chose the second option. What kind of guys put it in circulation? There were many questions...

– Well, how long you gonna stand there? Not dressed?

Because of the angle looked the red-haired girl, glanced at the robe of the tenant and once again disappeared behind the jamb.

– Come on, Breakfast is ready, please to the table – as something outrageous thriftily she said.

Anatoly did not utter a word, dutifully went into the kitchen, sat down on a chair and began to observe further events.

Girl put a glass of hot coffee Anatolia, then himself. Removed from the stove scrambled eggs, laid on plates, as well as the hostess put them. The end of the pickles was a saucer with sliced sausage and triangles cut loaf.

– Katya – she said sitting at the chair opposite, completely out of place.

Anatoly held five fingers in the face for a few moments with his eyes closed, then took a glass of:

– How much sugar did you put in?

– Two.

Anatoly nodded in approval and took a SIP. Judging by the expression, he was quite pleased. In the course went scrambled eggs and sandwiches...

Had Breakfast in silence, only from time to time, exchanging glances. When dishes were empty, Katya asked:

– I take it you're with us?

– I take it that's true.

– When are you ready to start?

– Probably, at first it would be nice to understand what exactly to start. I don't really know what kind of job they want to offer me, no terms, no ... no.

– I know, I also got into Anima. Knew not what, or who, or where, and especially why...

– You can start to talk about how they got into the apartment? I didn't notice your shoes in the hallway, you're barefoot now. Did you go to the landing? As the door opened?

The girl stared at Anatoly, then smiled, silently gathered the dishes from the table, shifting them in the sink. Started to wash the dishes.

– Interesting... very interesting, what does he see in you?

– I'm just as interested. With him I had little contact, but it was enough to conclude that he is not a fool. And if he's doing something, then that makes sense.

The girl turned with a pleasant surprised smile.

– Good point.

So, how did you get into my apartment.

– Let's start with the fact that this is not your apartment!

– So this is your place? Holy crap, and I'm racking my brains, so you're the landlady? Who's the woman I was paying off?

The girl turned off the water, put the dishes in their places and turned to Anatoly, crossed his arms.

– Are you serious?

Anatoly, catching a serious look, and he doubted the logical conclusions that he had just voiced.

I don't know anymore. You don't answer my questions, what should I think?

– The guys say you're good at subconscious? You get into other people's thoughts, you can control them ... why haven't you done that to answer your questions?

– Because I prefer to be myself. Work is work. Besides, I don't do anything. In the heads of honest citizens, I do not climb.

– Thank you for the compliment. Still, take a chance, I'll allow it.

– That's another question.

Anatoly suddenly changed and in a split second the eyes had penetrated into the bowels of the eyeballs Katya. It only took him a few seconds, after which he said, :

– So you're a Stalker.

– Not bad.

– Well, what are you, Dinochka, Kate-presented?

– Well, that's good now. That's why I introduced myself to understand what kind of fruit you are. Well, where did I leave my shoes-do you already know?

Anatoly closed his eyes, rubbed them again and gave five:

– Far. Evo as you here with Baikal the skidded, youthful teleport talent. Don't you worry about the shale on the coast? Drown somewhere, while the hostess for thousands of kilometers?

– Slates are really cool, but sometimes you have to sacrifice the most expensive. The work we do is serious, you know so, will lead – so lead.

– I was ordered – she continued, exchanging smiles urgently to be here, just bathed, went to the Bank, thank God, managed to dress, not to oil shale was. Slipper our you control, waited a convenient time when you're in the shower and here I am.

Anatoly has just noticed that Dina's hair is wet.

– Nice team you have there. And so much attention to my humble person. Flattered.

– Stop playing the fool. Roofing, I understand that you have many questions concerning the activities of "Anima" in particular underground activities, in fact it was there you invited. We really need you and need either a one-time, but constantly. I can't tell you everything right now, but we are dealing with very serious issues that essentially boil down to one big task. To a noble task, really worthwhile. Up to date to introduce you will I and Stas.

– The one that's slipper, that lives in my head more than in his?
– Well, you know, stop – go thought something to read, and that I feel is unnecessary. Yes, he is. Nice guy. If all in force, then pack your bags, us in General already it is time.

Anatoly for a moment he sat, finishing his coffee. Then summed up:

– Okay, I need ten minutes.

Ten minutes later, Anatoly was already suited and booted. In a hand he held a small bag with things which managed to get also keys from the apartment.

– I need to arrange an urgent meeting with the hostess, give her the keys.

– There's no time for that. Leave the keys on the table, the hostess has a spare, she will come to dinner, as you agreed. Go into a flat – pick.

– Here the door itself is not closed at the exit. Leave it open?

– Trust me.

Anatoly put the keys and money on the kitchen table, checked all electrical appliances, Windows, lights, water. The results were satisfied.

– Are you ready?

– That's right-the tenant reported.

– Hand.

Anatoly reached out to Dina and in a moment saw a completely different layout of the kitchen, different from that which had been. Other furniture, other area. I felt a slight nausea

and dizziness.

Usually in these moments, people are very amusing thoughts, love to read, but still share the feeling of nausea in General does not appeal. Or did you do it on purpose? a young voice was heard behind him.

Anatoly turned around.

– Stas, the guy held out his hand.

– Tolya.

Yeah, I know. Welcome aboard, Tolyan.

Alexei Vorontsov is finally exhausted in search of Shred. It took various attempts to learn anything and through the "Oskolkova" and through their and even through secret friends in "Anime". All he learned is that Singh entered the room unharmed. As he went out – nobody had seen. Access to the upper Alexei was not, the consequences could only guess. He decided not to take any action regarding Anima. Too much has happened behind the scenes here and, remarkably, nothing of this shady life promised success to Alexei. The more he probed "Anima", the more convinced that this company is "too tough for him." Eventually, he abandoned the idea and focused on the "smaller fish". He recovered the lost funds for an advance Fraction in less than a month. His life went on as usual.

The day was in full swing in the city. People hurried about their business. Someone sold something, someone signed

contracts, someone unsuccessfully tried to imitate the first and second. Most people involved in this nonsense. What is a manufacturing plant people here have forgotten for a long time. Julia was squatting in one of the service stations.

– For the fourth time already this year the brake pads are changed, lady. You'd have been quieter somehow. Won and the rubber was worn out, this year is made, that's the stamp with the date-annoyed master.

– I don't like to drive like pensioners. I have the machine is not for a relaxed drive and character appropriate. I find it easier often to change pads and tires than to watch me overtake cyclists – said the girl. My choice. I'm not telling you how to drive?

– Fair enough, sorry. All ready, you can take the car.

Julia paid for the repair and squealing tires, rushed off the highway. To her surprise, she was recalled a recent passenger more often than he allowed himself to ever think about man. Like nothing happened between them. But some contact still occurred, hooked her somewhere deep. She stood on the waterfront, looking at the seagulls, which ironically today flew in pairs, and thought that it was time to have nailed "to the pier." Too much sbrozzola it "seas" in search of happiness, but only lost time in vain. There was a lot of flirting, tackles, instantaneous worthless admirers, but the man in the full understanding of the word, she never met. She again was plunged in thought:

– Still something in the hitcher was so, valuable, but not on the surface, but deep... maybe the eyes...

– He's with us, all right. Good. Yes. Today? Understood. Make. Good-Stas put an up.

– Come on, what's that? Dean asked.

Stas edges nodded.

– Did something happen? – Anatoly asked.

– We always have something going on – said Stas.

Dina was wary.

– Plans change, the flight arrives today. At the moment he breaks away from the runway in Hong Kong. The plane will arrive in nine hours. So let's quickly enter the Tolyan in the course of business, how much time, perhaps, our friend immediately and will be baptism of fire.

Dean looked skeptical Stas, then to Anatolia. Not say anything.

– He wants to see you in 10 minutes. After nine asked Stas to Dean – and, by the way, why are you barefoot? What were you guys doing?

– Oh, you think you're embarrassed, we're adults. All by mutual consent with full non-resistance of the parties! – Dina played along.

Anatoly only released talkers wistful, partly embarrassed and with that fatherly look.

The guys are still a little joke on this subject, then Dean went into the next room, and Stas with him went into the hall and began the process of learning and socialization in a circle of close

Corporation "Anima".

In the tea valley, among the smooth rolling rough terrain and enchanting aromas, which are many in China, in a cozy gazebo sat a man in black glasses and a hood. He was talking to Dina.:

– What do you think about this guy?

– Don't know yet.

– That's good. So it is not so simple, which seems at first glance.

Not easy. He is not a fool, it's fact. Behaves cautiously, it is felt in everything. Very much keep back, no, rather simply does not apply. He's careful.

It's understandable. Well, fine, I guess I was right about him.

– I noticed something.

– Continue.

– When he went through my head...

– Did he go through your head? – reproachfully asked the man in the black glasses.

– He didn't do it until I asked him to.

Okay, so what?

– When he read the information, his eyes changed very much. It has nothing to do with Stas' look when he works. This look is not evil, but strong, very strong. It makes it clear that a person can not cope with it. I tried not to look, but there is clearly a powerful force behind it. And more...

Dean was silent, visualizing the memory of events more than

an hour old.

– Here, look.

The man opposite slightly moved his eyebrows, then they once again subsided on my face and took a familiar position.

– Well, that's just normal. "Hair on end", goosebumps, redness, characteristic of a sharp increase in temperature, can act droplets of sweat.

– There's something else you can't see. Some unnatural silence hung in the air. The time in fractions of a second seemed to have stopped. Those few seconds were enough for him to know everything about me.

– Are you sure about what you're saying?

– I don't know, I can't say for sure, but I had a feeling at the time, like ... I don't even know how to say it.

Well!

– Well, as if I before God, that whether appeared. It's like the Supreme court, where everyone knows me, knows me even better....

– Interestingly...

– That feeling lasted a split second, but I'll never forget it.

– Very interesting character. Okay, whatever. Take it with you. Bring him up to speed, he's one of us now. Look at what he's doing. Bet accordingly, this is his now, as you and Stas. I think there is no offense, You're on the same conditions were in our circle.

– Of course it's fair. Explain everything.

– with God...

The hooded man rose from the carved bench and walked along the narrow pathway, embracing millions of leaves with flaming lives...

– Affairs such-Stas explained a situation to the new employee of the company-you already know that "Anima", it not only the wood and metal, it also one of the most profitable, but not publicized businesses in the world. Everyone who enters the "circle of trust" have several passports, real estate in different countries of the world, yachts, we sometimes arrange for them to compete with each other, cars, of course, with the money here order, believe me. But it is not important. The main thing is the purpose for which we do what we do. You know that wars, provocations, terrorist acts, outbreaks of epidemics and other mass destruction of people are the work of the governments of some countries playing with human lives on their chessboards of power. Now, in order that such mass destruction did not occur, and this organization was created. Of course, in order to conduct surveillance, have good connections, equipment, attract worthy professionals and develop psychological techniques, which most people do not know, we need impressive means. This issue was resolved through the production and sale of weapons, but as you know, not all and not always.

– With weapons more or less clear. It is not clear why the country go log trains with drug filling – said Anatoly.

– How do you know how the goods are transported?

Dina has enabled me to find answers to their questions, at least those that she had.

My head?

– Exactly.

Stas looked at Anatoly, then looked away and a few asked irritably:

– How often do you go through people's heads?

– I'm not trying to do that. Dina's choice.

Stas was clearly not ready for such a turn of events. A little confused, he still said:

– The drugs that we carry in the trains are widely used in medicine.

Anatoly looked skeptical at him. One, catching a reproachful look – continued:

– But not only in medicine. You see, if this niche would not have assumed we would have taken the other. The revenues that come from this activity go to the implementation of good deeds, and not to the fact that officials stuffed their wallets, and choking in greed lobbied for new laws that increasingly worsen the lives of ordinary people. See what's going on in the country? What's happening? A bunch of power-hungry scoundrels imagining themselves masters of the world. We do not like this situation. We have already saved millions of people and prevented the implementation of many projects aimed not at creation.

– From drugs people die, families suffer. It is not for me to

tell how much grief this instant joy brought.

– We're not bringing anyone in by force. The addict is the person who has done in your life wrong choice, and probably not alone. So it's better to let his bad choices will benefit. All have a choice people, don't take it out on us. I repeat, we are trying to do everything in our power to bring order, first in the country, then in the world. But do not forget that the system in which we are forced to be – was built for centuries. We, as an organization, are only twenty-five years old. Not all at once, but the question is correct, and we plan to eliminate this activity over time everywhere. So far, this cannot be done, because through the threads leading from this mud puddle, lead just to those who are true parasites of society. Put things in order, the world will forget what drugs are, I promise. Yes, and the weapon will not need.

Heaven On earth. Truth, this was long. We want to revive it, with idyll, harmony and all that was lost a few thousand years ago – added Dean entered the hall.

– Well? – asked its Stas.

Three of us. Let's discuss the General points a little later, now specifically on the case. The client will be in the city in the evening, we need to make sure that he did not reach his destination. He carries in his priceless little head information that is untested, but in a closed meeting, where he was waiting, it will be decided to hold a mass sweep in several hot spots. There are innocent soldiers, soldiers who are waiting for their mother's

house, wives and children. If tomorrow they will decide to accept the day after tomorrow one of them will remain.

- Tell, DIN, and to talk to the with him cannot be?

- Tried several times – got into a conversation Stas.

I personally did not speak, but, as far as I know, it's tough. The client is very serious, so the task entrusted to us. In another case, this issue would have been resolved long ago.

- Everything has to look natural, that we worked, nobody has to guess. There is no plan as such, because when it is, everything goes not according to plan – Stas's voice sounded again – there are approximate sketches, who is responsible for what, and how everyone will perform their task – it is already at personal discretion. We have an unspoken freedom of action. Full flight of imagination, creativity, we can say. In General, Dina love impromptu, more drive, and without it – boring. Work should be satisfying.

- Liquidation brings you Dina satisfaction? – said Anatoly.

- No, not liquidation. No way. We brings satisfaction to the process of the creation of the game or something... you'll understand when you enter into the taste.

- But you have a weapon, why bother? And quite modern...

- The most modern and effective weapon in the "Anime" – we – said Dean – I told you, the client serious, traditional weapon it does not get it, whatever it is, there is another kind of approach is needed. Behold.

It took a little more than an hour to tell Anatoly all the nuances

that can be encountered in the process of solving a combat problem.

– Where such detailed information, not all of this knows the client himself, respectively, Stas could not find it all? – Anatoly addressed.

– Our filler leads him, he is a competent specialist, there is no doubt in the data received from him. Your task-to control the work of one particular person, the rest-our concern-said Dean.

– No further questions.

The flight landed on time. Among nearly two hundred passengers, a gray-haired Armenian with a diplomat accompanied by four strong guys appeared in the arrival zone of the airport. It was the same customer. In the crowd of passengers, he clearly stood out, the guards did not let anyone to the accompanied object. Having passed passport control, the object went at once to an exit where it was expected by three brave guys in strict suits and ties. When the Armenian approached this impressive trio, his entourage dispersed somewhat differently, the tactics changed. To approach him now was not possible, while around flashed a lot of people who would constantly interfere with the killer, if he was on the alert. At the exit from the airport, one of the guards gave the command, immediately seemed armored Mercedes, rapidly gaining momentum, which drove up the tick in the tick corresponding to the approach of its passenger. When to landing was only a few seconds, as if

the guard was temporarily blinded, she had not reacted, or not reacted to unpredictable behavior of my client. The gray-haired Armenian rushed under the wheels of the flying Mercedes. Heavy armored car could not reach just a few centimeters before falling on the pavement the heads of the Armenian, the driver had to brake sharply. At this moment protection woke up, rushed to lift the protected object and to push in the car. Less than a minute later they were no longer at the airport.

– What kind of magic is that? – was annoyed Stas is referring to Anatolia – that it was impossible to hold the attention led for a few seconds? He was a simple soldier, no technician does not know his head to climb – no problem, especially for you. From you required the smallest part of the operation, almost nothing had to be done, and you did not cope with it. I mean, distract the attention of seven soldiers, not ordinary folks like you would think, Dean gets into the accessible area and pushes the client is under the car on the border of the third and fourth dimension, for fear of the cameras and any witnesses, and you're all tough and experienced not cope with just one person? Maybe you did it on purpose and sabotaged the whole operation.

– What was the task before us? replied Anatoly, not taking his gaze from the kissing couple outside the window a grey nine-storey house located in a residential area of the city.

To help the client, of course, what we all day here talking? – resented Stas.

– We were faced with the task of preventing in closed session scoring unchecked, but actively prolonging our data, so there was a decision to eliminate the spices in the hot spot – just quietly continued Anatoly, gradually turning to shaking from anger Stas.

– What do you mean by that?

– Mission accomplished!

– Dina, do you understand anything? – turned to her Stas, whose phone started ringing

Dina kept quiet.

Yes, he changed his tone – we did everything we could, but... he paused. For ten seconds he listened, while expressing regret and bitterness on his face.

– What time are you ready to take us in for a report? – breaking voice said Stas.

– Right now – there came a thunderous voice from the air, after which appeared the outline of a dark silhouette, and through the fraction of a second in the room in addition to Stas, Dina and Anatoly was a man in black glasses and a hoodie.

Stas lowered the phone away from your ear.

Am I listening? – there was a voice from the hood directed at Anatoly.

– The mission was successful.

– The client was supposed to be in a hearse in the morgue right now, and he's relieving stress, with two Hotties, in the Suite of the best hotel in town. What is success?

– You are now talking about a gray-haired Armenian, and I am

talking about a client who is currently reviewing the documents of the case in an ordinary apartment rented three months ago for the sake of a single day – today.

Dean Stas looked at each other, the man in dark glasses didn't move, fixing him with his eyes the space, resting in Anatolia.

– Yes, You quite rightly reminded of the filer. He faithfully led the client during these one and a half months. The trick is that this client is a fake. You after all, too, not with fools deal auctioning the, they until now has been going on step ahead.

What makes you think that? a man in black sunglasses with a hood asked.

– I've got the real negotiator. He came on the same flight. We talked with him "remotely", the case, presumably, took the right turn.

– How did you do that? the hooded man continued to attack.

– When I was devoted to the instruction, they gave me the right to improvisation and complete freedom of action, which does not affect the result in a disastrous way. As a result, we have one saved life – an Armenian. The driver doesn't go to jail for hitting. Protection is not dispersed, escaped with only a reprimand and a reduction in wages to the nearest quarter. I will not disclose my methods, it is my right, but the result you got the desired. Tomorrow, at the end of the meeting, You will be able to see this in the morning. In this success! – Anatoly answered.

Lips opponent flinch, and his face appeared satisfied smile. He turned to the guys and said,:

– Learn.

After these words he disappeared into thin air.

– I guess I should be thanking the owner of that voice in my head. I don't know where he came from or how he figured me out, but he seems to have prevented a big mistake. Indeed, in a new perspective, the picture is quite different. The final conclusions to do early, but food for thought, study and discussion did the noble thought of the ugly man flipped through the documents of the case, the results of which were ready to announce tomorrow at a closed Congress.

The Congress took the decision on the matter was not taken any action to sweep the fighters in the hot spot was not taken.

Four months of work in the "Anime" Anatoly showed the highest results, which are sometimes not expected. During this time, no murders were committed, but the tasks were carried out each time. Income for this period amounted to more than impressive amount. Never before had he received such money, but did not show his kind of special joy about it. In cases formed a window, some members of the "circle of trust" was given the week off with the condition of immediate return "in operation" if necessary.

– I think Dean suddenly spoke up, tanning in pink sunglasses and quite a revealing swimsuit on one of the Islands of Thailand – the driver in our first joint release he managed to press the brake?

Anatoly, lying next to me on his stomach in the sun, not immediately, but, nevertheless, replied:

– I was instructed to monitor his work, and I did it.

– When do you do everything? With subsequent tasks still somehow more or less I can explain to myself how you did it. But I'm still trying to find an explanation for how you knew then that he wasn't him and who he was? But still manage to hold a conversation. You a matter of minutes managed to get into the mind of every person who arrived by plane and to make a comparative analysis a few months ago? Maybe it's possible to do with one person, though I don't understand how, but not the same with two hundred passengers and for such terms?

Anatoly rolled onto his back, not a small smile, not just squinting in the sun.

Clearly, the quiet game we play – don't let up Dean.

My right.

– Well, then I guess I'll take my leave, and you get out of here on your own. First, a few kilometers swim to the main continent, then I don't know how you will explain to the customs officers its presence here, when you buy a return ticket and for what, where to take passport... Dina rose, lifted the towel, shook the sand directly into Anatolia, demonstrating his resentment.

– It's your right – just calmly replied Anatoly, not even flinching.

Dean stood for a moment in confusion, then threw the towel on the shoulder, he made her strong-willed:

– Okay!

And through several seconds on the island remained only he.

Anatoly was in no hurry to think about how he will be able here to go back to my country, teleportation he did not own. Several times after a swim, he went deep into the island, to see something of the fruit, still, do not say, and a beach holiday is quite well contributes to the appetite.

– So here we have... coconuts, bananas, it's kind of like longan. Behold. Dragon eye-the, that need to – not perhaps, ing in canard Anatoly, knowing that on the island no one except him there is no.

Is a good choice.

Anatoly turned around.

– I, too, love this fruit-were issued comfortable male voice.

A man of short stature stood with his back to Anatoly, clearing a few fruits.

– Where did it come from, I went a few seconds ago to the place where now is this lover of overseas fruit. Anyone in the area was not – spinning thoughts in my head.

The man gently turned, but then looked up.

Never before had Anatoly met this man, but he instantly felt in this look so dear soul, so touching notes played somewhere in the elusive internal and external.

– A little visit, Anatoly? – good, as if the old familiar asked he.

Business card Anatoly left in the city, hid in a rented

apartment so that it was necessary to turn over all the apartments for a day, trying to find it, and not the fact that they would find it. Already two weeks as he did on the business card did not remember and then the million dollar question.

– I see what's happening. Read what it says-the man continued, biting the fruit.

Clothes, Anatoly now could boast only boxer briefs, t-shirt, shorts and flip-flops left on the beach. He automatically looked around and saw that a chunk of the bottoms looks the same card. Taking it and holding it before him, it reflected a familiar handwriting:

Here we are!

– Eldar? – Anatoly asked in amazement?

– We are familiar with.

– Who's the one with the black glasses and the hood?

– Your current boss. However, it may be the last. The choice is yours, as always. So far, you've made it right in one way or another.

– Who are you?

I'm Eldar. Just an ordinary man like you, but a little older.

The appearance of this men are not very different in appearance from Anatolia.

– How little, may I inquire?

– Four hundred and twenty-eight years.

On sea was calm. The sun was enveloped in warm not scalding

rays. Along the coast of the Andaman sea passing into the Indian ocean walking pace were two people.

– Ismat quite a long way along the same path on which you now are. He is in many ways a good fellow, has achieved certain heights in spiritual development. He was betrayed, framed, mocked, not heard and not understood. He endured for a long time, trying to transform the internal and external, calmly watch the world go downhill, he could not, but still at some stage broke. When the manifested abilities were strengthened, according to the law of attraction, fate brought him to the same guys as he himself, only younger in all senses. Seeing the rulers ' beastly grin, they decided to fight them in the same way. It was at this moment that we lost our inner struggle. The method is effective, do not argue. During the existence of the "Anima" a lot of "parasites" was sent to "the smelter". But the trouble is that in their place, they put their people. The system both worked and works. Much less damage is done to people and nature, but it is done. Well, either way, it's everyone's choice. Ismat and those guys with whom you spent these months – they are, in fact, not bad people, just another solution to the problem they do not see. And you see – concluded his speech the Eldar.

– Why does he wear sunglasses and a hood? What is he afraid of and from whom is he hiding?

– He's hiding from himself. Himself and afraid. Afraid of the world that still shakes inside. For many years, Ismat has not been able to feel the happiness he found during his spiritual formation.

Now he has many opportunities, money, power ... matter, in General. And something he still does, but the old beacon was lost, happiness is no more. So he closed himself and the world.

They went silently.

– The money that came to me then in my pocket. I thought they were planted by Ismat's men while I was out, taken care of, so to speak, or tried to bribe...

– Money and card – this is my doing, by the way, it is no longer needed – I'll take it.

Anatoly gave the card.

– Girl-racer-also appeared not by chance in your life. She's thinking about you, by the way.

Julia, right? The one who picked me up on the track?

The Eldar nodded:

– I've been looking out for you all this time, you needed a place to stay, a place to live, a place to live, a place to live, to think things through. I wasn't the only one following.

– Yes, I know, Stas a long time literally lived in my anybody.

– He still lives in it now. As long as I'm here, he can't get to the subconscious. If you want, I can give you a tool that blocks access from the outside, as well as signaling attempts to unauthorized entry. Ismat possesses this technology. It is problematic to get into his head, he himself is not shy in traveling to someone else's subconscious.

– Will it cost me anything?

– All the most valuable and important in this world is given

free of charge. Only your permission, as in the case of once manifested in your abilities. You allowed yourself to believe in their existence and realization – and you got them.

– Nicely. I say Yes.

Eldar stopped. Took the hand of Anatolia. Carefully and warmly looked him in the eye.

– Anything can be set as an impulse signalling an attempt to penetrate. A feeling of mild nausea, chills, specific dizziness, numbness in limbs, diarrhea with a smile said the Eldar.

Oh, that's cool, but I'm afraid that in this situation, I from the bathroom out I will not.

That's right. Interest in you subsides, moreover, is growing.

– A hunk in the left little finger.

– Like this?

Anatoly instantly felt a slight ache in his left little finger manifested impulsively.

– Perfectly.

– Everything is ready – looking, has announced the Eldar work on the part of the configuration of the body is conducted through the Pineal gland. You learn to communicate with him, you can't do it yet.

They walked a few steps.

– Why am I here? – as if he himself deep in thought asked Anatoly.

– You do important work, like me. Soon it will appear...

Eldar politely backed away, it became clear that the audience

came to an end.

– What do I do? See you around? – I managed to ask Anatoly in the end.

– You're doing the right thing. Live your life, she'll point you in the right direction. On account of our meetings – we meet again, if it be the will...

Eldar's gone.

Stas was sitting by the window with his eyes closed, fingering the rosary in his hands. The apartment was quiet, harmony, peace. But in a second he was blatantly and rudely disturbed by a very extravagant way. Stas immediately felt the raging flood poured ice water, God knows whence undertaken. Soaked from head to toe and managed to catch a feeling of chills, he came to. Before him stood Dean with an empty ten-litre bucket.

– I told you not to get in my head, didn't I? Next time, it won't be water, it'll be acid on your head. You know I'm not kidding.

– Dean, it was a necessary measure justified by the Stas. I can't understand anything. The chief has instructed me to visit every four hours the consciousness of our new friend, and report on the results that where as. He's unpredictable, so dangerous. And I've been trying to do it for fifteen minutes without success. You went to Thailand together. What's the matter? Why are you alone, where is she? I can't track his location, his thoughts, anything....

– I left him on the island, let him think a little about how to communicate with the ladies. Report, you say. Necessity, you

say? You must have forgotten that the world invented cell phones and fortunately I have one. Call was impossible?

– Have you seen your phone lately? When you turn it on, pay attention to the fifteen missed calls.

Dean pulled out his cell phone, he was really off.

– Okay, I'm sorry, but about the acid – you know, I'll do it. Look for other ways to communicate. But what happened to the Roofing is really interesting. But even more interestingly, I was also asked to report on it. I was just at the chief with the report when he blocked external influence. I knew it was you, even though he didn't say anything. I had a couple of hours to wander through the urban jungle, had lunch with a charming boy at his expense. Girls it is easier. Sat down, smiled, babbled some nonsense and it's yours.

– Why are you doing this, you earn enough? – neponimayushe asked Stas, removing wet nepodatlivuyu t-shirt, lipnuvshuyu to body.

– I earn normally, I just want to know whether I still keep the form.

– Stinker.

– Thanks – said Dean smugly. She went to Stas, pulled off his wet shirt, then passionately joined his lips, and then whispered:

– I on island, I'll take a look, where there our Prodigy.

Stas remained in the apartment alone.

Barely a minute later, after the extinction of the Eldar, as

Anatoly on the shoulder gently laid a hand – turning, he saw a smiling Dean. In contrast to what she left the island and what stood before him now looked very impressive. Bright red lipstick, hair, gorgeous evening dress with a large slit on the back, manicure. Heels twelve centimeters sunken in the sand of the coast.

Miss me? – not the with malice, not the and why with interest asked she.

Anatoly replied uncertain look.

– I made a reservation at the Eiffel tower restaurant. I want to make it up to you. I was out of line. Recognize. From now on I will try to be more accurate on turns.

Somehow after this phrase Anatoly remembered about the girl Julia helped him four months ago:

– It there alive and well. Worn because like crazy – flashed the thought.

And just immediately Anatolia have twisted my left little finger.

– Stas-understood he.

T-shirt, shorts and slates, in which Anatoly arrived on the island is not too suitable for the secular table of one of the best institutions of Paris. However, he did not waste time dressing up. Dean took his hand and in a moment they entered the great hall of the restaurant. Waiters and some visitors did not hide their surprise. Indeed, against the background of coats and suits, tourist outfit did not fit into the surroundings. But five minutes

later all was again minding my own business, not paying any attention to the awkward couple.

How about here? Dean asked.

– Nothing, thank you, I am pleased your attention and care.

Nothing? It's Paris! The most expensive city in the world, one of the best restaurants in the world. I wanted to impress you, but you didn't?

Anatoly didn't answer.

– Okay, sorry, I snapped again. I just really wanted to make you feel good. You're hungry, I guess, just something we want.

Dina began to study the menu served by the waiter.

I'm not hungry On the island of wonderful fruit from the Bush, here are all imported, only the prices... Let's just for a coffee and some dessert – they offered Anatoly.

Dean is clearly offended, but tried not to let on. She understood, that all these feasts Anatoly "until you."

Having made the order, sat silently until it was executed.

– I'm leaving from you, DIN-some gloomily said Anatoly.

The girl looked at him in amazement.

– I have nothing against you, I have done no evil and I am not going to. I just made that decision.

Dina looked down and said,:

– I will not talk about the income that you will not earn anywhere else in such a volume, about the team, cohesive and, perhaps, the best, about the noble mission of the Corporation. Just one thing. You can't not understand that such places do not

go?

I understand your point, Dean. Everyone makes choices. I made mine. My further stay in the "Anime" will persistently go in parallel with the deal with the conscience, I do not want that. All I had to do for the company was do it. Then the road forks.

Dean pulled out a Notepad, something they wrote without looking, tore off a sheet and handed it to Anatoly. There was written:

"I would have left long ago if it was possible. But there's no way out."

Then she burned the piece of paper from the candle on the table, razmolodin in the ashtray the remnants of ashes.

– Everyone makes the choice – Anatoly repeated-I made the.

After that, none of them said a word. After completing the thwarted event, with depressed mood Dean sent a colleague in Novosibirsk, where silently embracing goodbye – gone. On her cheeks the tears...

Ismat studied the last dialogue of Dina Anatoly, not looking up from her eyes, flipping through the subconscious frames of perception, as if looking for someone close during their last conversation.

– I did everything I could.

– Cccccc ' cried the chief, raising his index finger.

Another moment it is something hard touched in memory of Dinah, then asked:

– In restaurant while you communicated, this ordinary-looking man approached to a bar counter. Now look, when you said goodbye to him in town, that same man walked right past you. I think that if we raise the archives of memory, over the past four months it will be possible to meet a number of times. And every time he's out of sight, it's only visible from the back.

Ismat moved away from Dinah, with a glance at the endless horizon.

– Someone was in charge of our Shred all the time, and even the detective was not tracked. Means serious business. Maybe it's for the best that he decided to leave us. More contacts with him do not have, do not touch and do not remember. Yes, and of the liquidator, the release was delayed with the peace-loving approach of our, now former, freshman... concluded the chief.

It was almost dark when two cars came together on the outskirts of the city.

Haven't seen you in a hoarse voice said liquidator "Anima", referring to a co-worker who was trying to cope with the recalcitrant seat belt and leave the car.

– Well, well, the issues were addressed without us. Looks like we're out of business – replied the detective.

– Yeah. I invited you here to make things right. You can not know the main competitor of Ismat.

– You mean Wahoo? Of course, I know him, and personally.

– I met it this morning-the liquidator told.

Why? You know we don't welcome that, right?

– I know, but we used to execute orders every month, now we have four months of rest. You can't take care of yourself, nobody will. I'm tired of sitting on my hands. Waha is very concerned about the appearance of a new employee of Anima in the General" arena". He picked up some material regarding this character, and this material did not leave him indifferent.

So? – inquired the detective.

– You and I have an order from Waha. Close the question on the Shred, two birds with one stone kill. First, we will earn, and secondly, we will eliminate the competitor who pushed us, thereby again we will provide ourselves with work.

– Why does Vakha want us to do it, he has his own specialists?

– That's just the explanation. If it is done by the people of wahi, then Ismat, who is somehow too fond of this guy, can start a trial. He will give the job to you, and you calculate the work of a competitor. The exacerbation of relations is now unnecessary. And so, you will not find anyone and all.

– Why you with Vaha think that Ismat will sort out this issue? I heard a little bit of us was leaving.

– Yes, I, too, heard, but, not known still leaves he or not. Such workers are not very eager to let go. Ismat can think of something to lure him back. In this regard, it is not reliable. And the second thing is that this is a good time for you and me. You and I know that Tolik is leaving, so we have no motive to bring him down. We do not think.

- You know that Ismat if you wish to view and you and me and the whole story to see doubted the detective.
- You're being cautious. Well, Yes, the profession obliges, I understand. Can. But has he ever done this before with us?
- It seems not, at least, this issue was not raised.
- So why is he now the two of us to shake – this time. Two is that Bit can be hidden so that nobody will not know that he was gone or that something happened, is not to know, therefore cannot be reasoned with. And three-look at this!

The liquidator turned the sheet of paper and highlighted with a flashlight:

- This is the amount that Waha is willing for us to pay for the operation. If Yes, then fifty percent of cash you can take from it. He's waiting for.

The amount was really impressive. Given that the income of the filer and the liquidator and so far exceeded the average set in this area, this amount beat all records.

Filer is slightly hesitated, finally agreed. Indeed, all the arguments provided looked quite convincing.

Anatoly Packed in a rented apartment, met the landlady handed over the keys and payment for the next month, although it was only the twenty-second number. He thought about whether to return to his hometown, at least-now. How to react to friends, buddies, ex-colleagues, who are probably still trying to find him. What he says. To stay in Novosibirsk, too, not too much like

the memories of this city were not the most pleasant, in view of the unfolding events in the background of life here. He decided the last time to walk through the Park in the city center, which was located within walking distance from the rented apartment. Having laid near a Park bench two sports bags filled with things, Anatoly said goodbye to the city, looking at the fountain when suddenly heard familiar squeal of wheels. Into a Parking space flew the red car from the open window, which seemed familiar silhouette.

Need a ride? – shouted with undisguised joy girl in white gloves...

– How did you know me, met just once, and then, after all this time – said Anatoly Julia, realizing the offer was impossible to refuse, ordering a coffee and servings of ice cream in the Park café.

– You don't know. It's not every day you fall on a strange personality, carrying intriguing nonsense – the girl did not stop smiling – then, you know me, too. After all, not forgotten, not forgotten!

– Remember, that's right. You played an important role in my life, saved me, you could say, so I have a good reason to remember you.

– Oooooo-shrugged Julia embarrassed.

– How did you end up here?

In my Novosel girlfriend lives. More precisely lived. Last time

I came to help her to stay and settle down. And now came to help move out. Well, to see clear. It is generally from the North came at the time of study. Study did not an Hour ago I held her to the airport, that stopped, finally, at the center of the circle to give, but back to the family nest. I'm from Tomsk.

– How much did you travel to meet your friend?

– Two hundred kilometers is nothing. The track is my element.

– Yeah, I noticed last time.

Both smiled.

– Well, what are you doing here?

– Good question, Julia.

– Again fell down, lost consciousness?

– No, this time I'm conscious, but I do more do nothing. And that Tomsk is a beautiful city?

I'll show.

Anatoly slyly squinted his eyes. After all, fate is a funny lady. Know in advance is not interesting, all right...

– Here is in General, if short, but essentially, I have a similar the situation with your girlfriend. I came here for work, but somehow it was not set from the beginning. Now I think where to go, where to arrange a family nest-told Anatoly, while the red car carried him to Tomsk.

– Don't you have any family? – Yulia asked.

I'm orphanage. Early went to work, lived in a hostel. So, I have

acquired neither family nor a home...

The speech of Anatoly had more to do with the tragic note than positive, but to Julia it fell more than liking.

– So no one's waiting for you? she said.

– Nobody. And nowhere.

For a while they rode in silence.

– Here is already and our nature began. It's different. Like the same birch, spruce, poplar and pine, but they are still different. It is interesting to observe this transition of nature.

– Really different. You wouldn't tell me, I wouldn't pay attention.

– You're just out there somewhere. Leave your thoughts behind. We're living now, or then, or maybe later.

– Yes, Julia, your truth. The past is the past, nothing to live, to live in the present. And the future, the future in General can not come...

As soon as Anatoly had spoken these words, he heard a loud Bang under the front left wheel. The car rushing at breakneck speed lost control and the last thing that saw Julia and Anatoly before a deafening blow– the cabin of the oncoming lane rapidly approaching MAZ.

– Good work, good – Vah expressed his thoughts aloud, assessing the photo with a smashed red foreign car from several angles.

– What is remarkable, the bullet went through, no one will

find it and will not even think for what reason the tire tore. The girl was clearly not good in terms of driving, no one will suspect a hole in the bottom of the tire, therefore, not sustained load is explained by the liquidator.

– Another important point-put filer-an accident occurred in the Tomsk region. This is another jurisdiction, where "our" work only superficially. Peter or Moscow-Yes, could have something to dig up, and then if desired, and the appropriate order. No one will dig in Tomsk. Especially for identification will still have to work thoroughly, but who cares. Police chiefs don't like to be spoilt for statistics. The case will be dismissed.

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