

I'll take out bedbugs, cockroaches, husband!!!

**ВЫВЕДУ
КЛОПОВ, ТАРАКАНОВ,
МУЖА!!!**

8-90X-89X-X7-3X

**ВЫВЕДУ
ТАРАКАНОВ, МУЖА!!!**
8-90X-89X-X7-3X

**ВЫВЕДУ
КЛОПОВ, ТАРАКАНОВ, МУЖА!!!**
8-90X-89X-X7-3X

Nikolay Lakutin

СОДЕРЖИТ

НЕЦЕНЗУРНУЮ

БРАНЬ

18+

Nikolay Lakutin

**I'll take out bedbugs,
cockroaches, husband!!!**

«ЛитРес: Самиздат»

2019

Lakutin N.

I'll take out bedbugs, cockroaches, husband!!! / N. Lakutin —
«ЛитРес: Самиздат», 2019

No, it can't go on like this. Almost eight years of my life, I gave to this man and what in the end? God knows-I have long suffered, hoped, waited for something... But now all. Something must be decided. But how to make everything so that most to remain aside, and not to fall under the blow of anger with the subsequent annual censures? About... announcement: "I will Withdraw bedbugs, cockroaches, husband!!!". Interesting... call...Содержит нецензурную брань.

Для подготовки обложки издания использована художественная работа автора. Обложка книги разработана автором в дизайнерской программе и является интеллектуальной собственностью Николая Лакутина.

Svetlana returned from work in a traditionally depressed mood. You know, there is a very small percentage of people who are happy to go to work in the morning, and in the evening happy to return home? She wasn't one of them. So should we rejoice? Work-so-so, not enviable. Payment and worse. On a personal front... not to say that bad, but... Word-married.

On this dramatic note, it would be possible to finish this story, familiar in the lives of many, if not for one amusing incident that occurred on the evening of this day.

Having crossed a threshold of the apartment, Svetlana froze on a place, still mechanically holding a half-closed door. The apartment was in complete chaos, chaos and devastation. In a fairly expressionist style with a pronounced note of protest, with a light hand of the master were scattered things. There were chairs, broken dishes with the remains of food beautifully decorated the empty space on the floor. The table was presented to the review in an unconventional, somehow on the side and not in the room where faith and truth served as the mistress of recent years. On TV in the midst was a porn video film, which judging by the increasing cries, was approaching the climax. On a sofa in an embrace with a floor lamp in the most ridiculous pose the sleeping man in which Svetlana not at once lay, but all-recognized the husband. From clothes on it were only barely holding briefs and one sock. In the hand of hubby sported a half-full bottle.

– Holy shit... – assessing the situation, finally said the landlady, narrowed eyes, is to me just a day was. After all, before the change of General cleaning did.

Closing the door behind him and passing through the apartment, pushing his boots a passage from the garbage, Svetlana first turned off the porn movie, having sincerely envied the heroine of the plot. After turned his attention to the sleeping on the couch of her husband. She looked at him fondly, and passed, barely stepping, so as not to Wake him with her hands pressed to her breast, smiling as if touching a newborn. But this gentle caring and gentle eyes, glancing at the frail body from head to tip of hanging the sock was not out of love... Wife enjoyed the anticipation of the unexpected moment a fierce and victorious attack!

Dramatically changed in the face and actions, Svetlana begin with there is the strength to beat her husband with a handbag.

– A bastard, a parasite all my life I ruined! How much can you tolerate this mockery. How long can you sit on the neck of his wife! You don't work, you don't do shit around the house! You spend it all, you get it dirty and you destroy it! – shouted angry to an extreme degree wife.

With a dull ringing falling on his knees next to the sofa, Svetlana burst into tears. Only now, slowly, reluctantly began to Wake up her husband, Keshka, completely not noticing that he was severely punished for ladies attribute on the back and around the next growing.

– Ooh... my love came. I've missed you so much. Come to me quickly, I you... – mooring, incoherent drunk speech roared hubby.

Finish Keshka had not, since was knocked out of the women's purse on the head, and then turned off. The valuable thought was never brought to the attention of the wife.

– And like this for almost eight years. Well, that's what to do with it? I threw it and kicked out and filed for divorce... nothing helps! Fucking flint! – Svetlana thought, looking at the object of her love.

Getting up from the floor and trying to gain strength for a cleaning March through the apartment, Svetlana began cleaning. Among the rubbish she had fallen into the hands of a newspaper. And somehow not gone past the eyes of the ad on the turn:

"I'll bring out bedbugs, cockroaches, husband!>

At first, the woman smiled, not taking it seriously. She even put the paper aside. But then she allowed the thought that it might not be a joke, and opened the desired spread, read the ad a few more times.

And here is the tired face of a tortured woman began to spread out into a wide devious smile. Svetlana looked at the drunken Murlo lying on the couch, took the phone and strongly typed indicated in the announcement room.

– Hello? Hello! My ad. Yes. Hi. Yes, your services are required. Would like to withdraw. No, there are no roaches. No, thank God no bedbugs either. Here, the husband is just there, and I would like to avoid. Let's meet. Write.

Quickly finding at hand some piece and a pencil, the woman wrote down the address and time.

– Understood. Good. I'll be there in an hour to discuss it!

Having hung up, Svetlana for the first time in several years felt light at the end of the tunnel. It was a light of hope. It is not yet clear what exactly, but still... it was the light of hope that change in her life is still possible.

Having cleaned herself up, full of determination and strength, almost in my mind is not the wife left the apartment, busily throwing her purse over his shoulder.

At the designated table in the cafe sat Nikita, a nice guy with a good appearance, drinking coffee. Svetlana entered the cafe. Nikita waved her hand, Svetlana waved back and went to the guy.

– Is that you? – having stopped at a table, the lady asked.

– Hello, you Svetlana? – with a question answered Nikita.

– And you, Nikita?

– Yes, Hello, sit down, please.

Nikita felt the appraising look of a potential client, who did not talk about trust, given Nikita's young appearance. Guy nodded, understanding the point is not voiced the question, and hastened to explain:

– I understand your expression. Well, I can answer that. I am twenty-eight years old, young enough to understand the majority, to deal with issues of this nature, but complaints have not yet been received. I can give my clients contacts so that you can hear real feedback about my work.

Svetlana answered matter-of-factly:

– Look, I admit cockroaches and whatnot...

– Bed bugs!

– Here! Bedbugs and cockroaches you are able to withdraw any chemistry is now there is no problem, but how are you going to erase her husband? What kind of ad is that? Who even thought of that?

Nikita expected this question and gave him a comprehensive explanation:

– Very often husbands cause much more trouble and even harm to the house, nerves, neighbors and, for that matter – to society, than cockroaches and bedbugs. And from the fact that you're here, you know as well as I do!

The answer of the guy gave Svetlana the ground for reflection. Realizing how accurate the words of the guy, she nodded in agreement. The conversation went in the right direction.

– But in order to effectively, and most importantly – competently get rid of her husband, I need to have facts about it. Explore weaknesses so they can be applied to the benefit of the common cause.

Svetlana was surprised:

– You speak for the benefit of the common cause? For me – maybe Yes, for you – of course, too, it's your bread, but what good will it do for my husband? He'll be lost without me, won't he? It was because of pity for him that I could not get rid of him on my own. Live a long time as neighbors, wasting your time on him, and throw the hand does not rise.

Svetlana was distracted by the waiter, quickly ordered a coffee and added:

– Yes, and what a hand will rise, with him nailed to the sofa weighs a good eighty-five pounds.

Nikita calmly looked at her sincerely and she was offered:

– Explain what benefits of this event will be directly to your husband?

– I'd be curious to know.

– No problem, I'll explain. The reasons why women no longer want to live together with their once chosen one are quite trivial and typical. Not always the root of the problem is the cold feelings. It's more of an investigation. And the reason, as a rule, is a lot of little things.

– Details? – the client interrupted, – when the husband sits down on a neck to the wife and parasites in the pleasure, it is trifles?

– This is a consequence, – quietly responded Nikita.

The consequence of that?

"Because you once let him sit on your neck." Maybe the first day, and maybe the result is not quite successfully overcome any crisis in family relations. Crises always exist, but they are not always successfully resolved.

– So what would be a plus for my husband from the fact that I am... we... shall we turn him?

– He's finally coming out of the vicious circle he's driven himself into. The comfort zone will collapse, and he will face a different picture of the world. Partly with the one you see. Look at your life from a different angle, make certain conclusions... probably not true, but nevertheless – will do, and will begin to change. In my experience, about half of the couples that we carefully separate, after some time converge on mutual desire. I'll explain how it works. It's simple. The problem is revealed, it is felt in full contact as inevitability-is solved. And in the changed form people are again ready to continue the joint way of life.

– Company... not my option. My... contemptuously spoke to Svetlana, her husband... not change.

– I won't argue with you, now there is no need to discuss that will be then, it is better to discuss that intend to do now. So, are you ready to sign us?

Svetlana thought:

– Do you guarantee the result?

– We guarantee that in case of failure to fulfill the declared result, we undertake to return the payment in full, taking into account the moral compensation of five percent of the contract value. However, such phenomena have not yet been observed.

Speaking of which. How much do you charge for your services?

– The price depends on what methods will be used to achieve the desired result. From the timing of the work. This, in turn, depends on a number of parameters. Answer some questions, I will announce the cost and the program to solve your problem.

– Ask.

Nikita pulled out a notebook, a pen and started filling out the questionnaire:

– How long have you been together?

– Nearly eight.

– How many of them are wondering the question that brought you here?

Svetlana thought:

– Three years, probably, already specifically.

You're very patient.

– The Russian people are generally famous for their patience.

– It's true. What are the main reasons for this decision?

– Sofa, beer, TV, partying with friends, drinking buddies, socks all over the apartment, squeezes pasta from the beginning of the tube, and not from the end, does not pay attention to his wife completely, about marital duties in General there is no question, and in General he is a lazy and selfish. In short, as you say, the reasons are trivial.

Nikita quickly recorded in a notebook. For some time, thought and added to the list of issues:
– Cheating?

Him or me? – confused, asked the client.

– You can understand if it was something, I ask, was your husband convicted of treason?

– What are you talking about, I'm a good woman. With anyone, ever!

Svetlana was silent for a few seconds, remembered something with a pleasant tremulous smile.

Then, as if she had come to her senses, she continued her exclamation.

– As saying... It is also necessary of me to assume...

Nikita smiled, having understood everything that was scrolled in thoughts of the client in attempts to hide. As Svetlana did not try to justify herself, she gave herself away more and more.

– And yet, what about the husband?

I do not know. I never caught him.

– So there was no cheating. Perfectly. They will!

– What? Are you sane? What do you mean they will? – Svetlana shouted at all the cafes.

People with interest has turned into in its side.

– This means-quietly explained Nikita-that we will bet just on treason, fall in love with him in a fake girl, create him on the side of a comfortable environment, and he will leave you. After that, the girl will give a backhand. All you have to do is not take it back after your husband makes a mistake. But we will do everything correctly, so that externally he will be the initiator of the divorce. He'll think he destroyed the family himself, so we'll take all suspicion away from you.

Svetlana changed her face. Chewed her lips and said:

– I don't want my husband cheating on me!

"I see," Nikita said, " you don't want to divorce him, you want me to convince you that he is good and you need to continue to endure." But I won't do it. And, apparently, our conversation is over, because the subject of discussion in fact there.

Nikita called the waiter for calculation.

– Wait! And that there are no other options? – the fastidious client tried to stop him.

– Eat. But in this case they will be longer, more expensive and less effective.

– By the way, what's the price?

Nikita drew a sum on a napkin and handed it to Svetlana?

– However... – Svetlana said in surprise.

Having paid off the waiter, Nikita got up from his seat, saying in the end:

– If you do decide-you have my contacts.

After this guy is gone.

Svetlana still some time sat in confusion, pulling a napkin with the written figure in a hand, defined a priority place to doubts and, having paid off with the waiter, left cafe.

In the apartment Svetlana was expecting a somewhat different picture. No, the mess is still there, but Keshu, organizer of chaos, already awake. He was sitting on the sofa, eating eggs from the pan, watching TV and scratching his bare sides.

– Awaked... – weary and hopelessly said Svetlana.

– Awake! It's an hour, " said her husband angrily, without looking at her.

His wife took off her clothes, hung them in the closet, and went into the room.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

Текст предоставлен ООО «ЛитРес».

Прочитайте эту книгу целиком, [купив полную легальную версию](#) на ЛитРес.

Безопасно оплатить книгу можно банковской картой Visa, MasterCard, Maestro, со счета мобильного телефона, с платежного терминала, в салоне МТС или Связной, через PayPal, WebMoney, Яндекс.Деньги, QIWI Кошелек, бонусными картами или другим удобным Вам способом.