

Complete collection

EMISSARIES

1, 2, 3

parts

Nikolay Lakutin

16+

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Be patient, my dear... I know that my children you pretty battered, what can you do, by the time of maturity, they, like all humanoid underdeveloped creatures have time to make a lot of mistakes, destroy, break, spoil... You get angry at them, sometimes you punish them, and then you forgive them anyway... you be patient, my dear, not long left, hold out a little more... my dear Earth...

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

Emissaries of the first

– You're asking if I've ever felt fear?

... Yes... I was scared once... for those who I "woke»...

From the Windows of a country house of two thousand squares, little different from the once Royal palaces, one could barely hear the soft play of Beethoven's second Symphony. Four outside guards were constantly circulating around the perimeter of the house, keeping their weapons on the alert. Two operators of video surveillance vigilantly watched the territory of this modest house. Seventeen cameras reflected everything that happened behind the rocky hedge within a radius of several kilometers and everything that separated the space from the hedge to the residence. The security chief personally supervised the work of their subordinates, avoiding the posts two or three times an hour, other times had stood watch in those hidden corners, about which we do not even know the owner.

Victor Baryshnikov, who was the owner of the estate, comfortably seated in a magnificent armchair of a spacious hall located on the fourth floor, listened attentively to the recording of the concert of one of the most revered musicians in the world. His eyes shone with generosity, creativity, thought that poetry's about to lose his lips and find its shape on a blank sheet of paper, lying lonely on a gorgeous carved mahogany table. However, this was not to happen. Viktor Alexandrovich felt a slight whiff of coolness and at the same moment the barrel of the gun pressed to the back of his head.

In a few seconds the Symphony was over. The room suddenly became quiet.

– Let me ask you, dear, whom I was so worried that forced to such extreme measures in resolving the question? After all, that's a secret I'll take to the grave. In less than a minute, the next song will play, and you will be able to finish your job without unnecessary rustles.

The pressure on the back of my head is a little off.

– Of course, I ordered my sister, am I right?

Yes, there was a slight whisper, which it was impossible to determine, man or woman it belongs to.

– Well, then, before I leave my mortal body, I'd like to give you another order. See that picture on the right of the mosque? Her safety Deposit box. Code 445893. Take as much as you need, there is, presumably, more than enough by today's standards to pay for this service. Please arrange for me to meet my sister in heaven in the near future, I will be waiting for her. Again, code 445893. Music... the last thing he managed to say Viktor, through a second fanfare rang out, and in another moment there came a sharp, barely audible cotton, take away the life of an oligarch.

Only a few hours after the house ceased to play music security chief climbed to the fourth floor and knocked on the owner. Not having heard answer, he yanked the handle and saw the lifeless owner, face which exuded bliss. The picture mosque was standing on the floor, the door of the safe was open, but oddly enough, the box had a lot of money.

– It seems, the kidnapper was not greedy – thought chief of safeguard, taking out mobile phone.

– Hello police? We have murder. Dictate the address.

Reporting the necessary information, the security chief let avaricious man's tears, because he is very dear to his master, and it was not only in positions and money. Viktor Alexandrovich was a very sincere, sympathetic and unconventional person who earned his wealth privately, which is rare in the world.

– You son of a bitch, slipped past me – he said a tall man, chubby fingers brushing away a tear, calling over the radio security guards...

– Good Tier, I never doubted you. Here's the rest of the woman stretched out her tight folds. There are legends about you. My brother has a very decent guard, and the mouse will not get there without asking, even to the border of the house will not fit, and you managed to get inside.

– I never ask such questions, but this man was clearly different from previous clients. Before he died, he had time to ask me why he was ordered.

– What did you say?

– What could I have said? I don't know, but it's an interesting question.

– You want to know what he paid for? the woman said, somewhat irritably.

– It's not my business, I just said that the question is really interesting. You don't have to answer to me. The order is made-the order is executed, the order is paid-the question is closed.

– Hmm, ' replied the woman. I don't have to, that's right, but if you're interested, I'll tell you. He took his own life out of greed. More precisely, even because of his unreasonable behavior.

Yarus expressed confusion.

– You see, my brother intended to leave all his savings in favor of some incomprehensible families. I became aware of the fact that the last few years, he seemed to be preparing for death, began to look for low-income families that meet certain parameters, the parameters that he himself asked. That's in favor of these families, and he intended to make a will. According to his lawyer, the estate and property were supposed to be sold, and the proceeds equally distributed among hundreds of families in a competent legal way, so that no one could encroach on these funds later. There, even if a hundred families will share a considerable jackpot. But what the hell, forget about their loved ones, to leave without all the children, nephews, relatives and all give not much to whom. In short, my brother just made the wrong decision. He was always kind of weird. Now we will legally enter into the rights of inheritance and divide everything fairly. That's the answer to his question, and yours.

– I understood-sharply responded Tier.

– Well, it was nice working with you, there is a need – will use again....

– I have to disappoint you, Natalia Igorevna, I will not be able to appeal to me anymore!

– What's up, you're done?

It's easier. You're my next order.

The woman has not had anything to say and maybe even understand the words. The bullet passed easily through her skull.

After a while the police of the city of N received one more call from the smart Villa where the housekeeper the cooled-down hostess was found.

– Comrade captain, we have two "wood-grouse" for the week was formed. Maybe view of things, because You have grip special, maybe that sweep, something of a catch – asked the investigator to his boss.

– Leave it there, now I've been summoned to the General, then see what's what.

Captain Isaev really had an extraordinary talent to find the nuances in the details and unravel the case with those, at first glance, irrelevant factors that do not pay attention to others.

– Captain Isaev arrived On your instructions-he reported to the General.

– Hello, Igor Semenovich. Come on in, I'm talking to you, off the record.

The General pulled a small bottle of brandy, put two stacks, a little bit spilled.

– You know, let's not resolved the first time to voice his question General. He picked up his stack and emptied it all at once. Isaev did the same thing.

– I see, something happened-on-friendly asked Isaev.

– Yes, as you say... it couldn't find the words – General in some way.

Isaev understood that the matter in General it has not standard. There was excitement and jitters in the words of the General, although he was a very stable emotionally man who had seen a lot.

– Three days ago, we got a Bolo on a man suspected of major fraud. "Dripped" on him from the top, so I had to raise all. Two days later, we found out who he was, where he was, sent a group of four fighters. An hour after departure, none of them got in touch. We sent two more cars. Kept in constant contact with them. Arriving at the place, they reported that the car of the first group stands at the entrance, no one inside. Two people were left on duty at the building, the others went up to the floor, rang the bell. On the channel of constant communication we heard a click of the opening doors then everything disappeared. These guys have also stopped communicating. We sent one of the attendants to the floor, following the group. He didn't find any signs of a struggle or shooting. The door was closed, no one was there. It was quiet, no sounds behind the door could be heard. We told him to wait at the door. Sent snipers and specialists with the thermal equipment to the next building. In two hours we received the following conclusion – in the apartment only one object.

Watched him until the morning of today, his behavior was no different from a simple man in the street. Something was cooking, ate dinner, read something, sleep. Nothing out of the ordinary, which is strange. And in the morning he came to the secret division of the head office, although we do not advertise. Where he learned about this place is unclear. Told watch that he was waiting for. Of course, we ordered a skip and an escort to the interrogation room. Several of our investigators tried to figure out what was what, but nothing came of it. He seems to be answering questions, but so that the investigators themselves lose the thread of the conversation. Four hours was wasted and nothing was achieved. In addition, leaving the interrogation room, each of the investigators felt a sharp decline in forces. Now they are all under the droppers rest. It's hard to say anything articulate.

General was silent.

"Interesting," replied the captain.

– In General, we need a person who could talk to him sensibly, substantively, make a report, write down all the necessary information. So far, we'll see.

Is he still in the interrogation room?

Oddly enough, Yes. He didn't even try to leave. He's waiting for. I don't know what he expects.

– Or someone-added captain.

"Or who..." replied the General.

Isaev arrived in his Department in a state of mixed feelings. It was decided to extend the time-out until the morning of the next day. If the object leaving is to put a tail on him, if continue to wait, to communicate with him myself Isaev, if he don't get up in the morning a worthy replacement. The prospect of getting under the drip after the interrogation is not too tempting, among other things in this story featured many variables.

– It seems that the object is really something of itself. I did not ask the General about the reasons for his detention. What does fraud mean? What is meant by this. Leaked it to "the top", but it is not their method. As a rule, they solve problems with the objects of their experiences on their own, so they are not "too tough". What happened to the two operas of the band? And why did he come in person? His behavior before coming to the Department is also atypical. Something's not right here... – talked about himself the captain, coming up to the Desk, where he waited for two cases left by the investigator.

Now the captain was not to grasp the essence of the left, had one urgent task to the rapidly expiring term of its performance.

In the morning... okay, it is clear that to interview except me no one else. Who else will I find in a few hours. It's almost night. Can we deal at least with these Affairs investigator, and in the morning come what may – the captain decided.

After reviewing the case, Isaev immediately felt something familiar about the handwriting and the nature of the killings. The level of persons who were liquidated, was rather high. Not many people

were in the area who could fulfill these orders. Of course, this could have been done by a person from another region, but the inner instinct told Isayev that he was not mistaken in his intuition this time.

The captain took out his mobile, found in a notebook entry "travel Agency" and pressed "call".

In the taiga area on a natural wide meadow already faded fire, when the Tier took out of the tent tourist Mat.

– What not to tell, and to sleep under the open sky is an inexpressible feeling. The stars, the smell of fire, nature... romantic... life – he reasoned to himself, moving towards the empty skewers. He conveniently settled down on the Mat, climbing into the sleeping bag, do not forget to put the same compact gun, and had already closed his eyes when he heard a quiet mobile phone call.

On the screen of the caller reflected the inscription " number is not defined»

– Listen to-changing voice, quietly one Tier.

– Hello, I would like to approach, learn about the next hot permits – the confident voice of the captain Isayev sounded in a handset of phone.

Already the night was far advanced when the two cars came to a remote city wasteland.

– Hello, captain, you as always not on time, but I glad you to see – hugging old an over-familiar, said Tier.

– Yeah, and I didn't miss you too much, and as you know, I didn't invite you here just now to get a bottle of beer under the moonlight.

I was hoping that pulling out from his pockets two bottles of beer and putting them in the car, masterfully played the naive role of the Tier.

– I see you're not losing your touch, as always, a step ahead – assessing the course, said the captain.

– Judging by the fact that we're here now, I'm not so good. Dig up what?

– I can't tell you that. In General, no. The investigator brought two capercaillie. Their brother and sister killed in their apartments. Muddy things, I think, nobody will open. Lie down a couple of months in the archives, and then get lost at random. I wanted to ask you a favor.

Tier grinned slyly, realizing all that the captain has hidden under the words.

– Service. You know, anything for you....

In the morning of the next day the interrogation went Tier. The man sitting in her chair look fresh, as if just woken up from a long healing sleep, although the surveillance cameras talked about the fact that he had not slept quietly without stirring were these days with open eyes.

– Talk? – covering for a the door, asked Tier.

The man in the interrogation room smiled and made an inviting gesture.

– Comrade captain, may I? – the investigator at the beginning of the tenth morning glanced to Isayev.

– Lavrov, what do you want?

– Comrade captain, things are not looking? Any leads yet?

– Yeah, I checked your files. Fine work. You know, a man of that level doesn't leave a trail, but if you dig up anything, it'll be great. You will grow, so to speak, over yourself. Most of the time.

– How to understand it? What do you mean? Why not for long?

Because if the one who removed these two, the captain tapped his finger on cases lying on his Desk – you sense that under him dig, he is unlikely to run. Judge for yourself what he risks. He's got at least two bodies on him. And where two-there and three. One term.

– And why did you decide, comrade captain, that these two murders were committed by the same person?

Isayev realized that no matter how he tried, a bit boltnul too much.

– Handwriting one, vital, handwriting. Dead brother and sister. People are not very poor, of course someone ordered them. You want to understand who and why-just watch what will lead to the changes and everything will become clear. But by and large, who died?

– Like who? Well, it's written there. Some scribbler and his sister.

– Let's put not some, but rather well-known in high circles and a very wealthy writer. But in fact, he was already old, and his sister was still that snake. I looked through the archives for it a few trial number of property claims. The nobles have found their berth. Are you willing to risk your own skin for this?

I do not know.

– Well, that's what I mean. No, I understand that when it comes to the grave injustice, when children suffer, when criminals create arbitrariness and thereby destroy the country – there are no questions, I will substitute my first breast. In this case, I do not see the need to put all the forces in search of someone who is able to find you before. But if you do take this case – I will certainly support you, than I can-I will help. I have a good undertaker, by the way.

The captain said it's not in jest not seriously. Vitaly Lavrov did not understand how to react to the last words of the chief, awkwardly nodded, took the case and left the office with the words:

– I understand it as a whole. Perhaps You are right,there are more important and priority matters.

The captain nodded, Lavrov left the room, closing the door behind him.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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