

A close-up, high-contrast photograph of a woman's mouth. Her lips are coated in a vibrant, glossy red lipstick. The lighting is dramatic, highlighting the texture of the lipstick and the shape of her lips. The background is dark and out of focus.

18+

METAMORPHOSIS-1
SENSATION of the WOMAN

GEORGY STENKIN

Georgy Stenkin
Metamorphosis-1.
Sensation of the Woman

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Аннотация

Genetically controlled sex determination was the start for new genders – mamin and sexin. In the 23rd century, in a history lesson, they try to recall what a woman is. One of the survivors until this time is trying to help remember this.

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Metamorphosis-1

Sensation of the Woman

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Translator Samad Mammadov

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“Metamorphosis-1”

or

“Sensation of the Women”

by Georgy Stenkin

And then...

I dreamed

How will it all be

If it is, so...

Chapter 1. THE SHOE

– *Excuse me...*

– *“Will you let me pass?”*

– *Thank you.*

– *I passed, but I can't leave.*

The restaurant was all in clubs of cigarette smoke, in decibels of the band and in the ranges of the singer. In countless legs, arms, heads and conversations. In the movements of dancing couples and groups, in open backs, in open legs, in open smiles...

There were insidious looks, languid gestures, inviting inclination of the head and graceful, alluring lips licking. Taunts were read, interest and neglect with arrogance. Passion, desire and loneliness with longing.

Hairstyles, jewelry and bare...

Posturing and charm. Shocking and mannerism. Grace and physical education. Intoxication and cloudy eyes. Ecstasy and «ecstasy».

It was all there. Or...

A boat shoe or a sandal? Or are they such open shoes? Some stripes, pointedness and a rather high heel. I can't make out the color, in this mishmash of spotlights, lamps and lighting effects.

– Get out of here, man.

And where is the white leg in this shoe? Something dark. Stockings? Let there be stockings. I want it so that there are stockings.

Op.

The back of the shoe jumped off the heel.

Wow...

It remains to balance. It didn't jump off. Swing – once. Swung – in the opposite direction. And hung. nice shoe.

Opened my whole foot and heel. And in the reflection of rotating lamps, or in a directional floodlight? Or – it's just a shine...

The grace of bending, the curvature of the lift and the bare...

It's in stockings! This leg was in stocking! I have seen that! Return the stockings!

Yes. She is still in stocking. Only an insidious shoe – exposed the sparkle and brilliance from the fact that you can not hide any stockings.

So what's next?

Yes you wait. Such a sight!

Tigress grin, the open mouth of a lioness. Shoe and foot. Foot and shoe. Why can't I hear a loud roar?

I'll go and, as a trainer, I'll put my head between the jaws

of a predator...

Something somehow and the music became muffled and the cigarette smoke somewhere «stretched out», and the flicker of the resting-entertaining audience diminished. Or it seems to me...

Hypnosis? Bait?

Brr...

Was my cognac somewhere?

– My dear!

– Repeat. Yes. You are welcome.

What? Where?

I do not see. Where is this miracle?

He didn't seem to notice any laser sight in his eyes. And here – about fifteen meters, probably...

They say that good optics are needed only for hunting expensive «game», so as not to spoil the skin. To hit right in the eye.

That is – right in the heel.

Here. There you go. Focused. The heel is in place. And – a foot, and a shoe – everything also hangs nonchalantly at the very tip...

I'm on my way... I'm flying...

Not. You can't be such a sucker. As soon as the tigress opened her mouth, I was ready to put my head there.

Break

Time-out.

What do we have next?

You can, in principle, draw your index finger along this concavity on the foot. There is no need. A poor shoe can fall off and fall on this terrible thousandth tracked floor.

Then...

Right next to the heel – there is a bulge. In my opinion – this is called the ankle. Or I'm wrong? It does not matter. Such a small bulge...

How surprisingly is the female leg arranged? Here you have a hollow, and rise, and a heel and a bulge, and concavity.

And this shoe too...

Probably women somewhere up there...

Issue additional parts to their bodies. Stockings, slippers, jewelry, skirts...

Well, how can you separate this shoe from this leg?

It is unthinkable.

Impossible.

Unless I have to take it off myself. Then we will enter into a confrontation with her. She will try to cover up hidden body to the very last opportunity, and I, on the contrary, will try

to open a new miracle to the world...

Progress – will definitely win.

Mandatory.

So...

Ankle. Hm. Here again begins some kind of mythical bend.

Mythical?

Because – in my awakened imagination... The ancient Greek amphora sharply «entered». She has almost the same grace, in the same place.

So.

I am sitting in a restaurant.

And look at the female leg. What the hell can there be myths and amphoras?

...

Uh hey?

Where to?

What it is?

The shoe is put back in its place and the leg simply disappears, somewhere in the folds of matter or in the darkness of the bar. I can't make out.

Well, what is there?

It's been a while. Dophantized. With his forefinger, the concavity...

Burdock.

Okay. Turning on the data center. What have i seen? You need to understand what it was. And what – it all means.

There are no hopeless situations, there are fools who do not know how to find a way out. So we will not be fools, but we will look for a way out.

Which exit? Where is the way out?

Just like that – shoes are not striking to single men in the prime of life.

We'll figure out.

Go.

Of course, the shoe has its owner, which of course also owns this leg, the contemplation of which was so brazenly interrupted. The shoe hung in a half-lifted position, about 15—17 minutes. No less. This may indicate that the hostess – feels herself in this stinking smells and tastes, the atmosphere rumbling with notes and sounds, is quite comfortable, without fuss and nervousness.

Therefore, a woman knows her worth. Undoubtedly.

The leg did not swing to the beat of the music, so its owner – either leads a fascinating conversation with her companion (s), or is immersed in her own thoughts.

The fact that there are no companions is an indisputable fact.

In the women's company – she would not be able to sit for two minutes with a fixed leg.

Now – her alleged companion...

If this is a close person, then why didn't he notice an almost dropped shoe? Sitting too close not to shout down the volume of the music and the hall? Maybe. But, a man can't sit next to a spectacular woman for 15 minutes and don't look at her all over – from head to toe. He would – he saw.

And why did I get that she – in general, spectacular. Can...

Not. Stockings, graceful (not fashionable, namely graceful) slipper. The stillness hanging at your very fingertips...

So...

So – or there is no satellite, or it was – but withdrew. Retired to the toilet? And now he came back, and from this the shoe fell into place and the leg disappeared from my eyes?

May be. It may very well be.

Only...

What if?

Not.

Maybe?

Also no.

But what about?

Well, of course.

Would she begin to expose her lovely leg in an amazing shoe for all to see, while her close companion is away?

This can only be for two reasons. She is not at all satisfied with her hanging out partner at this restaurant. Or – she's all alone here, but is «in search», «in anticipation». And right now – someone «pecked» while I was doing exercises for the shoe here.

What about stockings?

Or did I invent them for myself?

Well... judging by age...

And I would determine the age of this lady in 32—33, let's say – up to 35 years.

Why?

How did I manage to determine the age of their owner by shoe and foot?

Ordinary self-confidence? Or what? Yes, very simple.

I'm telling you.

A woman who is in a noisy restaurant sits at the bar and for 15 minutes does not make any leg movements and does not pay attention to the shoe that almost fell from her foot...

This is not youthful energy and enthusiasm, and not attributes of the onset of a second youth, I mean the age of 40—45 years. In both of these cases – there would be movement and a shoe – would have been put in place, in about five minutes. Well, seven...

Therefore – we do not twitch over trifles, it is not so important for us to have all buttons, all fasteners, all slippers buttoned (or unfastened)...

Comfort and grace, charm and confidence in your innate femininity. Naturally spectacular.

Plus – the already mentioned stockings and...

And again – stockings.

We do not take into account the appearance of the legs. Well there...

Plastic surgery, lifting. In spite of artificial interventions, since no falsehood is felt...

There is sincerity and naturalness.

And – therefore:

If she – in fact, is here without her companion to visit this restaurant, then she is no more than 35 years old.

Fact.

The triumph of deduction.

OK.

It is time to advance to combat positions.

Sorry. How do I recognize her?

Peek into all the ladies' under skirts? Say hello to their shoes?

Damn.

Got into.

Oh, man...

Prince from «Cinderella».

Well...

Where ours hasn't disappeared!

...

– Excuse me...

«Will you let me pass?»

– Thank you.

– I passed, but I can't get away...

«I have to get to know your shoe.»

– Because I'm looking for my Cinderella.

– Not. I am not a prince. And I don't have a second shoe. But mine – I know for sure. Definitely.

Chapter 2. FOOT

She was looking at me. No – not a foot, but – SHE.
It was not a look, it was not a look. It was...

At first I was torn into hundreds of small pieces and at the same time...

Soaked up...

Dragged in...

Sucked in...

Two huge and identical in shape – saucers. No, not saucers. Baths? No – not a bath. Lakes? The ocean?

Two water surfaces located – one next to the other. Like two adjacent pools. From a bird's-flight distance. Or higher?

Rapidly.

I somehow plunged sharply, with all my hundreds of pieces, and... It seems to be I'm whole?...

At the very bottom of these tanks. Moreover – instantly reaching an incredible depth, where sunlight did not penetrate anymore and in the flicker of glare there was a cold of depth. The lights went dark and terrible permafrost began to bind me...

But now – I was thrown to the surface again. Am I alone and whole? Or am I whole, but made up of hundreds of pieces?

For some reason, I found myself in the left pool and something

dragged me from one edge to the other. And back...

Dragged – to the right pool...

And here – already rinsed, back and forth – like underwear before squeezing it.

No need to squeeze me!

Oooh!

Flying back to my place in the restaurant, where I continued to stand, I managed to notice that I was flying – from these same pools. Decreasing in size, they became the huge eyes of a woman.

The woman I spoke to just a minute ago. About her shoe...

What is it?

What kind of obsession?

She was silent. And since I had already visited her eyes, she did not look at me, but looked at the place where I stood, in the expectation that I would nevertheless do something that would make her see me too – on this location.

She already knew everything about me. And that I have a scar under my right shoulder blade, and that in the left pocket of my trousers lies a key card for a hotel room with the number 1244. And that I wandered into this restaurant quite by accident...

And then a place was vacated behind the bar, next to her.

– Will you allow?

I approached her.

And tried to portray with my whole body – the desire to sit on this place behind the bar.

– Nooo.

It sounded.

It's impossible. This word – sounds different, but from her – it cannot sound. She doesn't let me sit next to her? Or – does she not understand my question? What – no?

Foreigner?

An alien?

An other galaxian??

So. So. Calmly.

The fact is that the first time I asked her a question, as if asking permission to squeeze past her in the midst of a maelstrom of bodies, but in reality – there was no such need. It was a ruse. I could calmly go through without hitting her. But in order not to leave a chance to disturb her, and cause a «fire» of her attention, I turned to her with this stupid question.

She – and did not move away, and did not nod to me, and did not utter – not a word. Maybe she really doesn't understand the elementary French language? And now – she can't figure out what I really want from her?

Yes...

The challenge.

Well then...

Let's start dancing.

And I began to babble something and with all my accessible gestures and gestures indicate that I want to sit down here – next to her. He lifted his hands to the sky and pressed them to his heart, hugged this stupid chair and made generally ridiculous movements.

AND...

Oh miracle!

She held out her hand – with a permissive gesture and said:

– Daa.

I was happy...

Music thundered, during these few minutes, while I was portraying the ritual or mating dances of the baboons, they pushed me in the back and side, and walked along my left leg. The bartender persistently asked something, one – then the other. I did not understand anything and did not listen to what was happening, like something real.

She let me sit next to her! She understood me!

...

She was alone. And only now I was able to pay attention to her appearance, and to the fact that in her left hand she was holding some wine glass with a tube sticking out of it.

And what a black skirt. And what – a silvery matte blouse.
And what is my shoe!!!

It was her!

It's that shoe itself, on that very foot...

Which so insidiously left me. And here I am again – next
to her.

Is there something you need to do? Somehow you need
to consolidate the success. Outline the motion vector.

But what is it?

She leans forward a little, lowers her hand almost to the
floor...

I don't see, it's dark there – the glare of the spotlights does
not reach their queues until this darkness – under her feet. Under
our feet.

How!

I died!

I am in heaven!

This is a supernova explosion!

I need a break. Give me a moment to catch my breath...

...

She completely threw off the very shoe that swayingly
bewitched on her fingers, just a few minutes ago, and the

contemplation of which absorbed all my attention.

AND...

You can't even imagine what happened next.

Miracle.

And she put it on my knee, fished out of the darkness and straightened in my direction – her leg...

In that very weightless stocking...

I was struck by a current discharge, by force – probably...

Crazy power.

How would you describe it more colorful?

Imagine that you are sitting by the fire, somewhere on the edge of the field, at the very beginning of the forest looming over you. Night...

A full sky of stars, as if cast over a whole world – a bedspread with interweaving of drawings. Capricorn, Dipper, Sagittarius... And – who else is there? You are fascinated to look at the plasma riot of fire, with a million languages – from dark red to dazzlingly sunny, licking each other, tossing about in one – led dance...

And suddenly, from there from the hellish inside of firebrands, logs and coals, a comet flies out and swiftly lands on your knee. Hissing, burning jeans fabric and instantly getting to your body.

You scream wildly and begin to jump around the bonfire in a frenzy of papuanism, trying to shake off this pain and this shock.

You didn't happen – making your way in the jungle, under the drooping vines and big-leafed leaves of marvelous trees, you suddenly feel on your shoulder – a strange weight and coolness. Turning his head – to see that this is something with the thickness of your hand, stirs and tries to find balance on your shoulder. Snake. Awesome. Rather, only her tail.

Not?

Believe me then.

Something between the stinging coal from a fire in your lower leg and the deadly weight of the anaconda falling on your shoulder, something between these two crazies – I experienced now.

Though...

On my knee – lay of amazing beauty, weightless charm and radiating perfection itself – a female leg.

I could not take my eyes off the stocking penetrating through the darkness – the whiteness of the foot, the bulge of the ankle, and the bend... Bends...

The cloth rustled... It seemed that my hearing and my vision

acquired the ability to focus right here – in this very place, completely ignoring all extraneous restaurant sounds and the fuss of the bodies around us.

The best friend of men.
Who do you think this is?
You'll never guess.

The most reliable and never betraying friend of men is a cut on skirts and dresses.

We also have friends. Neckline, lace and transparent fabrics. And of course – fashion designers and designers. But this is all later. Our most important friend is «His Majesty the cut on the skirt.»

And this time – he also did not betray me. Opening, exposing, spreading the curtain...

And showing me the way. Direction. Vector.

On my knee – the beginning of the road lay, and now I could see the path – to the horizon.

But I could not sit in a daze, I was not in an art gallery. Next to me is a living woman.

And I had to raise my eyes...

She smiled. She played with me. She was testing me. She

checked me.

She suggested that I go along an unknown path. And looked with a question and with interest...

What will I do? How am I able to do things? Am I a man?

...

When you rush along the highway at a speed of 280 kilometers per hour and with a side vision you begin to catch that your opponent is overtaking you. And you need to decide either on recklessness or on defeat...

Then – like a video, they slip somewhere around you – your actions. Your accomplishments. As if giving you the opportunity to evaluate – this, another act – whether he will be worthy to stand on a par with the already perfect. Or not?

Rate it.

But it's up to you to decide...

No need to prove anything to anyone. It's pointless. As if you started arguing with your reflection in the mirror.

Are you doing an act? Or – trust in the course of life. Do you feel like a man? Or are you just a clerk, businessman, worker or doctor? A screw, a bolt, a screw – in the thick board of life, in the mechanism of the world, in the articulation of the world and your life...

...

Looking into her eyes, I lower my hand – right on the rise of her foot. So, that my palm rests, almost completely closing, and my fingers and curvature of the ascent, feeling the tenderness of the stocking and the beating pulse on a randomly caught vein, and my thumb slips under the foot, almost to the heel itself...

She winces. And the look – from the student turns into a wondering and approving.

I am starting my Way.

*Wondrous leg
female cats
the heel is softer than a flower,
let me hold on
a little leg
milk white skin,
black stocking
and the foot of a ballerina
passion, and not easy to rise
no more attractive
of this picture,
leg!!!!!!!!!!
on my knee...
(Svetlana Er)*

Chapter 3. Grandfather

My grandfather is here. We need to take a break.

Of course, grandfather will not say anything to me, but at least I need to greet him...

Grandfather, hey grandfather...

What's going on? Mamin `s relatives also knew how to create thoughtforms?

which kind of thought-forms?

Which Mamin `s?

What are you showing here? Fool.

Here we are. Grandfather is out of motivation.

What did happen to him again? He made it to the elder general, and he doesn't calm down. He called me a jerk.

– Grandfather. What's a jerk?

Grandfather stopped in the middle of the room and looked at me as if he'd just noticed that I'm in this room, too. And then again, he jumped on me.

– Jerk?

– You – are a jerk. How old are you, granddaughter? A...

– You don't understand...

He even waved his hand – from disappointment.

– When will first quarter of general it hit you? Well...

– In this sidereal – or the next one? These idiotic chronology systems of yours...

– As it used to be – great. Year – decade, a hundred years – century. The fondness of the ear.

– And now what? Sidereal and general. Ugh.

– What are you looking at here? Nothing else to do?

– Who told you to take my dad's bio-memory?

Come on, come on, Grandpa. Calm down.

I'm gonna go get him a street coke. He likes it.

– Here you go, Grandpa. Have a drink. Calm down.

– First of all, I'm not watching. You can't look at bio-memory, you can only take note of.

– And secondly, it's easy to call a jerk, and I'm doing my homework, by the way.

– Yeah.

– And I had the first quarter of my general was 2 sidereals ago. I already have access to historical bio-memory. Otherwise, your father's journal, just wouldn't have responded to my contact.

– And thirdly – the bio-memory does not turn on, but starts broadcasting.

This is what he loves. Reasonable and logical. Everything is laid out on shelves.

My grandfather looked at me and apparently – was collecting his thoughts. I swallowed more street and...

– Come on – rewind a bit and start. Let's see together what you are doing for your homework.

Excellent. Carried.

Rewind – this means moving in the opposite direction. Launch means starting up the normal course of time. Good good.

Chapter 4. FOOT... AND MORE ABOVE

...

Looking into her eyes, I lower my hand – right on the rise of her foot. So, that my palm rests, almost completely closing, and my fingers and curvature of the ascent, feeling the tenderness of the stocking and the beating pulse on a randomly caught vein, and my thumb slips under the foot, almost to the heel itself...

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passion, and not easy to rise
no more attractive
of this picture,
leg!!!!!!!
on my knee...*

(Svetlana Er)

This poem, it seems to me, is very suitable for this entry in my diary. I remember – told Svetlana about this adventure and she wrote this poem. Amazingly accurate and poetic.

But...

I need to go back to the restaurant. They are waiting for me there. I have not finished with the leg...

...

She flinched. And the leg instinctively bent at the knee. Just a little bit...

Ahhh...

Somewhere there, at the end of my journey, a blinding white flash suddenly flashed. As if – an incredible light force burst out of the dungeon – someone or something, but with a frantic desire for light and for me...

This is my friend «cut on the skirt» opened a thin strip of bright and white...

Unshielded, innocent and pure in its whiteness and brightness...

Stockings. I was right.

Where stockings ended, a world opened without curtains and burqa, without Puritan kilometers of fabric and without the false bashfulness of a beautiful white swan. The White Kingdom of Beauty...

White...

They say that white is a cold color, the color of snow and ice. Frost and numbness. But at that moment – the white color became for me a spotlight of purity and nudity. The opening secret and the inflamed fire. The elements of black and white witchcraft, feminine nature and masculine, something animal... raged

The white strip of the female body... Gently and as gently as possible – I turned my palm around so that the lower part of her foot was right in my palm. But – without breaking contact, with a gentle stroking and touch...

And – she was forced to raise her knee a little more. A light push ran from the very tips of her fingers – there, in the heights – to white...

Again, I decided to look into her eyes. Am I breaking a so carefully constructed overture in our play? Do instincts and ecstasy prevail from a moment of revelation? From the tenderness of touch. Does the game go on? Or is the body already surrendered to the power of feelings and hormones? Femininity – or calculation? Sincerity – or plot?

Not. Her eyes answered me with gratitude...

You are tenderness itself. I am waiting...

The left hand clung to the bar, and the right hand still held a glass with a stick sticking out of it. Only...

The tube is frozen in its motion. Compressed in lips, teeth...

Having jumped out of the glass – spraying drops of liquid on clothes, on hands and on...

To the stocking...

If we were not in the middle of the restaurant, sitting on tiny banquets at the bar. If it weren't – the cycle of color and light extravaganza. A flicker of bodies, sounds, and all that is impossible at all.

It might have seemed that a woman had slipped a shoe off her leg and a gracious man gallantly tried to hoist an accidental loss into its rightful place.

Only...

All this happens – with a slowdown a hundred times.

Around – a continuous bustle, and these two – froze in their leisurely dialogue. There is no change of position. She – looks at him, he – holds her leg with his right hand. Leaning a little. Her right hand with a glass – stopped in a slightly unnatural position.

Nobody feels the growing tension, exponentially growing charges of energy. The energy confrontation and saturation to sparking the atmosphere are around the two of us.

It was like a cocoon or an energy field of incredible strength pushed us to each other. Compressing with each of our breaths, compressing, and so on, to a critical mass, the «pumped up» and warmed up is the core. Nuclear explosion – let's not miss. Scaling up – all appliances.

The fire brigade and the rescue team – to take to the starting

position. There will be thousands of victims and a huge site of defeat. Destruction and global cataclysm.

...

For me... Time flashed with crazy speed. I – did not have time to come to my senses from one shock, as – a new one collapsed. Just now – I was blinded by the opened narrow strip of the white part of the body – there... Almost at the horizon, behind the magistracy and guidance of the black stocking.

And now...

I see that she, too, has begun her Path.

And our Ways – must cross somewhere, meet. No more strength to withstand this passions. Blown – one by one, all fuses. Light bulbs began to burst and wine glasses exploded.

Necessary.

It's time.

Good. I will take the next step.

The woman is waiting. The woman is calling. Woman – gives me...

I bring my left hand to her leg and try to brush away those accidental drops of liquid that could defile and ruin the perfection of this sight.

And I touch – the inside of the knee, the hollow – under the

knee, so – a little on the side, and – a little lower... Or – higher?
...

But now – I already support this wonderful leg with both hands...

Reflex movement... Another push of the whole nature. Cramp or cramp. Or – just the response of the body to the touch of another body. Something animal and magnetic...

And I have to get up from my seat so as not to get out of my hands...

But. Necessary.

It is impossible.

I do not understand.

She drops her glass. From her lips – a sigh is heard. Hot, passionate.

The bartender is shouting something.

I kneel down and stand right in the glass fragments and in the puddle. The main thing is not to get out of hand...

She – straightens the wide open slit on her skirt and looks at me.

What to do?

How to be

I feel something next to my knee – on the floor...

This is a shoe! My salvation and mine are a miracle. Ours is

salvation.

Forcedly I let go of my load with my right hand, and I am fishing out of the darkness of the outskirts – into the light to show her our salvation.

She looks at her shoe and nods back to me. Yes is the right decision.

She will be able to stand on both legs, and go...

Her gaze tells me – lead me...

It's your turn.

As I – led you, so you – now take the reins of government into your own hands.

Lead me...

Chapter 5. ESTROGEN

- Brakes.
- Well...
- «Stop it...»

We are sitting with my grandfather in my room, grandfather is on his favorite «stool», and I am at my workplace. I am getting ready to do my homework – so I was forced to use both the recorder of my emotions and the designer of thought forms. And it was necessary to manage this ancient bio-memory by hand.

As Goetano told me, this is my friend – we are studying with him in the same group, historians do not specifically change the management system of ancient bio-memories in order to maximize the sense of those eras. You have to wave your hands in the air to change focus or rotate the angle. Lighting is also sometimes unusable.

Image quality and resolution is...

What does not feel the effect of presence. As if you were stuck in some kind of scenery. Even somehow at ease. I understand that I stayed in my room and only a fully spatial image filled my senses. But the brain refuses to believe. I'm used to the modern quality of broadcasting. Moreover – there is no emotional background at all. What, then, they still did not know how

to supplement their emotional background with the content?

Can there really be such smells? This seems to be called – cigarette smoke? Somewhere I already heard about it. Pregeneral era. When people still used artificial stimulants.

Horror.

What about the lighting in the restaurant? No selectivity or filtering. Well, at least the words, these old ones, I know almost everything...

«Trunk», «nuclear explosion».

As soon as historians understand this in everything?

But with the shoe, with this one – I don't understand anything. Why is he so drawn? Of course – in his vision everything looks pretty sexy and beautiful. But somehow I don't feel anything. And then...

I can't understand in any way – is it my mamin's or sexin's there with him?

Grandfather will now begin to call me stupid and brainless. And how do I figure it all out? He feels good – he remembers all this himself. His father interrupted his physiology in the middle of the second general, grandfather – then he was already an adult. Previously, it was not fashionable for them to delay the birth of children until the second general.

And my dad – at the end of his first general, he took care of the offspring and...

By the way – you need to ask my grandfather what kind

of story happened with my father's sexin, after which – he also decided to end his physiological life.

What did he think up there again?

«Brakes.» Where does he only take such words? It's good that I'm already used to it and I know almost all of its antediluvian vocabulary. No, I would say – pause. So no – slow down.

«Well again, grandfather?»

– If you think that I have already begun to understand something, then you are mistaken.

Something he somehow bent. Maybe – again, deviations from functionality have begun? So instantaneous (medical drone) would have rushed. And would render him full physiological help.

Well, where do I have his bio-indicators?

Hormone release? And which ones? From the estrogen group?

– Grandfather...

– Yes, you have sexual arousal! In your age!

– Call your sexin's? Or – start a psychocorrection?

– Yes, shut up you, «granddaughter»!

«Can you be silent for at least five minutes?!»

– Let me catch my breath.

Chapter 6. CURL

She stood right under the air fan grill. Not really – in the aisle, but not at the very door of the car.

The subway car swayed up and down, and sideways, it was thrown on turns. The bursting air also changed its intensity, due to pressure surges in the subway tunnel. Therefore – it seemed that some magical gin from a bottle was sitting behind a fan grill and having folded his lips «into a tube» – he was trying to ruffle his hair. Her hairdo. That – blows harder, then weaken the pressure...

I saw some kind of brilliance. Something flashed in the gray mass of fellow travelers around me. It could be a «bunny» from the searchlight in the tunnel, or a reflection from the glass on the clock of someone who suddenly decided to move his hand «in the clock».

Why did I decide to turn my head in the direction of this brilliant flash? What pushed me?

But I couldn't take my eyes off. And even when at the bus stop – the car was emptied and re-filled, even this hustle, bumps and «rubbing» with my whole body, loud exclamations and a mishmash of gray shades of clothes on people – all this could not tear my gaze...

On the contrary – I was a couple of meters closer...

He glowed and winked at me, swaying to the beat of the carriage.

Stop again. Again – loading and unloading. And I'm even closer to her...

Something just pulls me toward her and him.

To this light and tender, as if a leaf of maple fluttering in the wind, or a white sakura flower.

To curls and spring elongation – a slightly reddish and white curl.

Blond curl.

So, it seems poets say...

I can take another step into the vacant space – and be very close to it. Forward – my Rocinante. We are waiting for accomplishment and glory...

The fact is that I was wearing dark glasses. Yesterday's celebration of Petrovich's birthday ended in full accordance with Russian traditions – a drunken scuffle. No – I have nothing against it. We parted in a friendly manner, but I decided to hide my swimming eye for the time being from prying eyes. A foreigner with a swimming eye – may cause extra attention. This is completely useless to me.

I've rarely been to Russia, but if I'm arriving, then with my

friends, we «come off to the fullest.» So it seems to be said here.

A curl draw attention...

We were butchered by some 2—3 decimeters. I could already smell her perfume.

What was it? I don't know for sure, but the aroma of jasmine and something else was clearly felt...

I could not clearly see her face, only the outline was clearly visible. This is the nose, and this is the lips, and the line of the chin smoothly turning into the line of the neck...

Standing a little behind her and grabbing my hand on the same bar that she was holding on to, I could see some other gleam on her arm. Felts rings – felts ring. It does not matter.

She, apparently having felt my close attention or gaze, turned to me, studied me with a study and said:

«Is it not dark for you with these glasses?»

Of course, I understood the question, no matter how bad my Russian language would be, but I didn't catch the intonation for some reason. Was it – a proactive question to prevent possible attempts to make contact, or – she was really interested in the strangeness of the passenger in the dark subway car – in sunglasses. Unclear.

And only now I saw that in her other hand was a book that she had been reading all this time. That is why she did not move from her place and did not turn her head around.

But what to answer? How to behave?

Not waiting for an answer – she turned back to her book. Unhooking the hand for a moment from the handrail above the head – easily, correcting it, made a gesture to push the curl out of the hairstyle – back into the hairstyle. Or – under a hat? I could not make out.

But nothing came of her. Curl – stubbornly returned to his place, teasing my attention and playing with me – only he knows the game.

«My eye is broken.» I am ashamed. I hid it.

The only thing that I could answer. Since the conversation should continue. I was given a clear signal – the woman emphasized with her correction that she was a woman. And it was a reaction to my appearance. Consequently – the book interests her already much less than someone's attention.

Aboard!

She certainly heard my terrible accent. My stretch rr. And even if she does not understand the shades of the sound of the French language when pronouncing Russian words, then my answer – in any case, should encourage her to continue the dialogue.

– Frenchman with a broken eye! What – a jealous husband, I decided to spoil your vision so that you never again saw his

wife?

She slammed the book and turned to me with the whole body, obviously – with a wide smile on her face, she said.

I could not help but answer.

«What are you reading?»

Having reached out and turning her palm with the book towards him, I decided not to joke with a joke, but to try to further reduce the distance between us.

Jasmine – of course jasmine was in the perfume. But here...

Some extremely delicate aroma, still mixed with the smell of jasmine. What is this?

Lipstick?

No – I caught this taste of a rose right away. Only lipstick can smell like that, and it's fresh, apparently applied to the lips just before entering the subway.

Who are you?

Student reading a textbook?

Young wife – whiled away minutes between a house and a store reading a female romance?

Both – could have smeared their lips before joining the «society» of fellow travelers from the subway. But why jasmine?

She allowed to draw her hand with the book almost to my glasses, but I still did not see anything.

Shaking my head in the negative, I said:

«Can you read me this author?»

– Hm.

I heard a sound, a smile hidden from my sight.

– Francoise de Sagan.

She read, as if for an examiner.

Yeah! Caught a witch.

You are not a student or a spouse rushing for family care.
You – read French female prose and speak with a Frenchman
in dark glasses and a hidden smashed eye...

I realized that this shade of smell mixed with jasmine and rose.
This is fleur de oranges, shampoo or body milk.

Yes. We are admirers of all French...

I won't be surprised if she had in her head is not a hat but
a gavrosh.

And if someone says that fate does not exist, then I can ask –
by what miracle did we meet here?

– I'm out.

Suddenly I heard. Where am I going out? Why – go out?

A...

This is her stop.

Fate is a villain trying to wrest her from me. Will not work.

No, she'll come out. But it doesn't work out – it's so easy to separate us.

And I jump onto the platform after her.

It is much lighter than it was in the car, so I can see her gavrosh and a skirt with a beveled hem and a short, brown leather jacket, and even a scarf.

Oh Gods!

Frenchwoman – in the Moscow metro (subway). What a meeting!

I take her hand. She does not move away and looks at me smiling. Now I can finally take off those stupid glasses...

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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