

CHARLEY
BRINDLEY



BOOK TWO
DRAGONFLY
vs **MONARCH**

Charley Brindley

Dragonfly Vs Monarch

«Tektime S.r.l.s.»

Brindley C.

Dragonfly Vs Monarch / C. Brindley — «Tektime S.r.l.s.»,

The Dragonfly and Monarch are tiny drone aircraft designed to resemble actual insects. They can flitter around military installations and terrorists' camps without being noticed while they collect video data about these installations and the people in charge. On their first mission over an isolated stretch of desert, their remote pilots, one American and one Russian, are drawn into a strange struggle to survive. In their attempt to retrieve their disabled drones, the pilots discover a shocking secret about themselves.

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Dragonfly vs Monarch
Book Two
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Seth Alva Walker
Some of Charley Brindley's books
have been translated into:
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Portuguese
French
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Turkish
Chinese
and
Russian
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Do Not Resuscitate (in English)
The Last Mission of the Seventh Cavalry (in English)
Hannibal's Elephant Girl, Book One (in Russian)
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 27. Ariion XXIX
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Chapter One

The CIA isn't the only gang of spooks with weaponized insects. It seems the Kremlin has developed one of their own.

New York City, today.

Rigger Entime knocked on the door of apartment 7C. While he waited, he glanced down the hall as a laughing couple came off the elevator and turned away from him. Picturesque landscapes decorated the curving hallway while chic side tables held vases of fresh flowers.

"Took you long enough." Katrina smiled when she opened the door.

"I would have been here sooner, but—"

"Shut up."

She slipped her arms around his neck and pressed her lips to his. When he put his arms around her and kicked the door closed, his paper bag hit her in the butt.

"Mmm...feels like you brought something hard with you."

"Yeah." He kissed her again. "Hard liquor."

"That, too?"

After a moment, she leaned back. "Hungry?"

He shook his head and kissed her again.

She reached behind herself and took the bag from his hand. "I want to see what you brought me." She opened the bag and peeked inside. "I love wine coolers."

"Where's Rachel?"

"At the orphanage." She took his hand to lead him toward the kitchen.

"I wish she were here."

"Me, too. I just love her to pieces." Katrina set the bottles out on the kitchen table. "Sit there." She pointed to a chair at the table, then slipped on an oven mitt. "I made us a pizza."

"Wow, it smells great. Maybe I am hungry."

She placed the pizza on top of the stove and cut it with a rollerblade cutter. After sliding four large pieces onto a plate, she sat it on the table and took the chair across from him.

"Where do we start?" she asked.

He picked up a slice of pizza and immediately dropped it. "I usually start with my fingers, but it's too hot."

"You know what I'm talking about." She scooted her chair out and went to a drawer for two forks. Instead of returning to the chair across the table, she sat beside him.

They each used their forks to cut a bite of pizza.

"Why did they fire you?" he asked.

"Sleeping with the enemy, for openers, which I didn't."

"And?"

"Child endangerment."

"Well, that's true, if you thought I might be a killer."

"Ha, you don't know how close you were to a bullet."

Rigger stopped chewing to stare at her.

"Remember that first day, when you bought us hot chocolate?"

He nodded.

"Did you ever see my right hand? No, you didn't, because it was in my coat pocket, right next to my service revolver—which, by the way, I had to turn in today."

"You had a gun on me?"

“Not actually on you, but I could have had it in my hand in an instant if you made a move on us. Same thing when you thought I was cleaning your kitchen. I had my eye on you the whole time while you were playing with Rachel.”

“Well...” He went back to his food. “I thought you were a pretty poor house cleaner.”

“I wanted to arrest you so bad, but I had no evidence, nothing I could take to court.”

“When did you go soft on me?”

“It was the second time Rachel and I went to your apartment. I began to see you were an okay guy.” Katrina twisted the caps off two wine coolers and set one in front of Rigger.

He took a drink. “And I guess you reported back to your chief that I wasn’t a suspect any longer?”

“I did, but Captain Billingsley didn’t buy it. Said I was getting cozy with you and I should back away for a while, maybe do paperwork or write parking tickets.”

“But you didn’t.”

“How could I?”

“He the one who fired you?”

“Yes. Not actually fired, but suspended until internal affairs completes their investigation. I think it was the third item on his list that really ticked him off.”

“What’s that?”

“Insubordination and not following department procedures.”

“That’s two items.”

“And the term ‘loose cannon’ came up more than a couple of times.”

“Sounds like you really pissed him off, but I can’t imagine you being insubordinate to anyone.” Rigger glanced around the kitchen, then got up to pull two paper towels from a roll lying beside the sink. He handed one to her and wiped his mouth with the other.

“Oh, I was insubordinate all right, and I also refused to stop seeing you.”

He turned to face her. “Was it worth it?”

She studied her slice of pizza for a moment. “Not yet.” She took a bite.

“You’re cute. Are we going to get drunk or what?”

“What.”

Rigger put down his bottle and took her in his arms. He kissed her lips, cheek, ear, then neck. When he nibbled on the top button of her blouse, she dropped her wine cooler. The bottle hit the table and tipped over, spilling the pink beverage. Neither of them seemed to notice.

He pushed aside his pizza and picked her up to sit her on the table before him. She spread apart her knees, and he pressed the side of his face to her breast. When he wrapped his arms around her, she hugged his neck and laid her cheek on his head.

“Rigger,” she whispered.

“Hmm?”

“Why is my butt wet?”

He dropped his hand to her butt, then to the tabletop. “Wine cooler,” he said, without shifting his position.

“Oh. Good.”

“Don’t you think you should change out of those wet jeans?”

“Not here.”

“Where?”

“Bedroom.”

“You have one?”

She eased forward, off the table and into his lap, straddling him.

When she kissed him, he felt her tongue brush his lips. He parted his lips, and their tongues met.

“Kat,” he whispered.

“Hmm?”

“Now my pants are wet.”

She threw back her head, laughing. “Did you bring a change?”

He shook his head.

“See that door?” she asked.

“No.”

“Open your eyes.”

“Oh, you mean the door with the flashing neon sign saying, ‘bedroom, bedroom, bedroom?’”

“Yes, yes, yes.”

Rigger carried her into the room, then sat on the bed, watching her unzip her jeans.

Katrina didn’t take off her jeans. Instead, she unbuttoned her blouse, keeping her eyes on him. When she reached the last button, she said, “You want to meet Thelma and Louise?”

Rigger’s eyes widened when he saw her pink see-through bra. He nodded without taking his eyes from her.

She slipped off the blouse and tossed it aside, then reached to unhook her bra.

“I never...” He stopped, swallowed, and blinked. He tried his voice again. “I never knew a woman who named her breasts.”

“Those aren’t Thelma and Louise, silly. These are.” Her bra fell to the floor as she crossed her arms over her breasts and slipped two tiny pistols from leather holsters taped to her lower back.

“Wow!”

She twirled the nickel-plated automatics on her trigger fingers while keeping her eyes on him. “Captain Billingsley didn’t know about these babies.” She flipped her right pistol in the air and caught it behind her back. “Where’s Thelma?”

Rigger glanced at her left hand, which she held out to him, palm up. “She’s gone.”

“Where’s Louise?”

Now her right hand was empty. She placed her hands together high over her head and wiggled her body.

Rigger couldn’t keep from smiling. He watched her hips sway and beautiful breasts jiggle.

She danced before him, then slowly turned her body until she faced away from him. She bent forward.

“Thelma and Louise!” he cried when he saw the two guns sticking halfway out of her hip pockets.

“You can touch them if you want.”

He reached for the swaying pistols, but she spun around, grabbing his hands.

He stood to face her.

“We better get out of these wet clothes,” she said.

“Here, let me help.”

* * * * *

Late the next morning, Rigger and Katrina stood in the hallway outside his apartment. He took her in his arms and kissed her. She leaned back, slipping her hands around his waist.

“You hungry?” he whispered near her ear.

“Uh-huh.” She glanced up at him. “Do you smell donuts?”

He sniffed the air. “No, do you?”

He reached into his pocket for his keys, but Katrina tried the door—it opened.

They stepped inside to find Pug and Autumn sitting close together on the couch. A box of Krispy Kreme donuts was on the coffee table.

“Rig!” Pug jumped to his feet. “We were worried about you.”

“Yes, I can see that.”

“Where have you guys been?” Autumn asked.

“Um...” Katrina said, “around.” She glanced at Rigger and grinned.

“Ah,” Autumn said with a smile, “is that the ‘around’ I think it is?”

“Never mind,” Rigger said. “I hope you two have enjoyed my apartment.”

He took a cream-filled donut and handed it to Katrina, then took another for himself. The two of them then sat together on the loveseat.

“Actually,” Autumn said, “we have been having a little fun.” She glanced at Pug.

“Is that the same ‘fun’ I think it is?” Katrina reached for a napkin to wipe her lips.

“Ha,” Pug laughed, “even better.”

Autumn elbowed Pug in the ribs as she spoke to Rigger. “Rig, do you Twitter?”

Rigger chewed and swallowed. “I Twitter and tweet.”

“Good.” Autumn picked up her phone from the table. “Check this out.” She touched a button on her new Galaxy phone, then keyed in a number with her thumbs.

Rigger wiped his hands on a napkin and took his phone from a hip pocket. He glanced at the display. “Should we be Twittering now?”

Pug leaned close to Autumn, watching the display on her phone.

She glanced at Pug and lifted a shoulder.

“Now put in two-d-two,” Pug said.

She did, then they both smiled as something appeared on her screen.

“I still got no Twitter?” Rigger said.

Autumn pointed her chin toward the stairway, and all four of them looked that way.

After a moment, a tiny creature came into view at the top of the stairs, fluttering near the ceiling.

“Donovan!” Rigger cried.

“Donovan?” Katrina asked.

Autumn returned her attention to her phone, watching the screen as she tilted her phone to control the tiny Dragonfly. The silent creature tilted forward and flew downstairs. At the bottom of the stairs, Donovan turned and fluttered sideways until it was only inches away from the grinning Rigger.

“Beautiful,” Rigger whispered. “But how— ”

Suddenly, Donovan’s wings faltered, and he dropped a few inches.

Pug reached in front of Autumn and held out his hand, palm up. “Set him down.”

Autumn clicked one key, then another.

Donovan settled down into Pug’s hand.

Autumn cut the power, and the wings went still.

“What is that thing?” Katrina asked.

“Shhh,” Autumn said, then lowered her voice. “It’s Rigger’s top secret project.”

“That little bug?”

Rigger reached to take the Dragonfly from Pug. “That little seven-million-dollar bug,” he said. “But not much of a secret anymore.” He glanced at Autumn. “How much flying time did you get on the battery?”

“Almost two hours.”

“Not bad, but how did you control it with your phone?”

“Donovan now has his own cell phone,” Pug said.

“We got the phone last night,” Autumn said. “Then Pug hacked the phone and wired it to your control box upstairs. Then we wrote an app for my Galaxy, using its accelerometer and gyroscope to control Donovan’s movements. So now all we have to do is call Donovan’s number, key in a few top-secret codes, and we get his audio and video on the phone we’re calling from. All you have to do is tilt your phone the way you want him to go.”

“No kidding?” Rigger asked. “Can I get it on mine?”

“Well, Donovan does have an unlisted number.”

“Great. The boys at the CIA will go nuts over this.”

“We might give them his number.” Autumn grinned at Rigger. “You ready to key it into your address book?”

Rigger nodded, and she read the number to him. He added it to his address book.

“You need to download the app,” Pug said.

“Okay.”

Pug gave him the instructions.

Rigger called Donovan’s number. “Password?” he asked.

“Clicker,” Autumn said.

Rigger keyed in the password. “Hey, take a look, Kat.” He turned his phone toward her so she could see the screen.

“Yep, there’s Autumn and Pug, sitting side-by-side,” Katrina said. “Where’s the camera?”

Pug turned Donovan to face Rigger and Katrina. “Two tiny video cameras for eyes.”

“They work pretty good for being so small,” Katrina said.

“Yes, they do,” Autumn said, “but transmitting the video back to the control box upstairs uses up the battery.”

“Type in one-h-one,” Pug said.

Rigger keyed in the command, and the video shut down.

Pug turned Donovan to his back and held him steady for Autumn.

She removed the old battery from a bracket on his belly and inserted a fresh one. “We soldered a battery holder to his stomach to make it easy to change batteries.”

“Good idea,” Rigger said.

“Okay,” Autumn said. “Now call his number again.”

Rigger dialed his number as Pug set the Dragonfly on the table.

After the call connected, Rigger got Donovan’s video signal on his phone’s screen. “Now what?”

“Wait a minute,” Autumn said, “it’s not going to work with his phone. You’ve got to have at least a Galaxy S-five model, because it has the tilt sensors.”

“Right,” Pug said. “Rig, you’ll have to get a new phone. But for now, use Autumn’s.”

“All right. I’ll get a new phone later today.”

Autumn handed her phone to him.

“Key in two-d-two,” Pug said. “Then you control him by tilting left, right, forward, and backward.”

Soon, Donovan’s wings began to flutter, and he lifted off the table. He turned in a slow circle as he flew up near the ceiling.

“This is a lot better than those two joysticks we were using,” Rigger said. “What’s the range?”

“We flew him all the way to the kitchen this morning,” Autumn said.

“Go open the front door,” Rigger said.

Pug went to open the door, and Rigger maneuvered Donovan out into the hallway. He turned the Dragonfly to the left as he watched the video on his phone.

“Follow him, Pug,” Rigger said. “Let’s see how far he can go.”

“Okay,” Pug said. “Hey, someone’s getting off the elevator.”

Rigger watched the video and raised Donovan up near the ceiling of the hallway, where he set him to hovering. “Let’s see if they notice him,” Rigger said to Autumn and Katrina.

A man and lady stepped off the elevator, then came along the hallway, eying the grinning Pugsley.

Rigger rotated Donovan to keep the couple on video. They didn’t notice the tiny insect at all.

The couple went into the apartment across from Rigger’s front door, then Rigger turned Donovan back the other way to fly toward the elevators, with Pug following along. A little way beyond the elevators, the signal from Donovan began to fade.

Rigger turned around the tiny aircraft to come back toward his apartment.

Autumn went to the door. “Where did he turn around?” she asked Pug.

“About ten yards past the elevators,” Pug said.

“And maybe twenty yards from here to the elevators,” Autumn said. “Plus another twenty-five or so, up to the control box in his room. His range is about fifty yards. Not bad for a little critter like him.”

Pug followed Donovan back inside. “If we can change to a higher frequency, I think we can improve the range.”

Rigger set Donovan down in Katrina’s outstretched hands. “He’s a cute little guy,” she said. “But what does the CIA want him to do?”

“He’ll be carried to a particular area by a larger drone,” Rigger said, “then released to flutter around a missile site or a terrorist training camp. The theory is, no one will pay any attention to a Dragonfly flitting around. His video and audio signals will be relayed through the mother-ship circling high above, then back to headquarters.”

“What happens if his battery goes dead while he’s on his spy mission?”

“He has an incendiary device that’ll trigger automatically when his battery goes dead,” Rigger said. “But if he docks with his mother-ship before he runs out of energy, the incendiary will be disabled.”

“Too bad he doesn’t have a tiny machine gun,” Pug said.

“Um...”

“Don’t tell me he has a gun,” Katrina looked at the belly of the Dragonfly.

“No,” Rigger said. “But I’m working on a weapon.” He looked at Autumn.

She laughed. “Does it involve a carnivorous fish or poison frog slime?”

“Frog slime.”

* * * * *

“Can I ask something, Mama?” Katrina asked Rachel as they sat in Rigger’s living room, while Rigger, Autumn, and Pug were upstairs, working on the Dragonfly.

“Uh-huh,” Rachel answered as she played with Henry, her Barbie doll.

“You don’t have to tell me anything if you don’t want to, baby, but you know I’m a cop, and I would really like to find out who done that bad thing to your mom and dad.”

Rachel stopped playing with the doll, then looked down at the floor and shook her head.

“That’s okay. You don’t have to talk about it. Come here and give me a big hug.”

Rachel put down her doll and crawled into Katrina’s lap. She held the girl close, resting her cheek on the child’s head.

“I love you, Rachel.”

“I love you, too, Miss Kat.”

They were both quiet for a while, then Rachel said, “I still have bad dreams.”

“I know, sweetheart.”

“At the orphanage, sometimes at night I wake up crying, and Sister lets me sleep with her.”

“You like Sister Suzanne?”

Rachel nodded.

“I like her, too. She’s nice.”

“Why did they do that to Mommy and Daddy?”

“I don’t know, but the first thing I’m going to ask when I catch them is why they hurt my best friend’s mommy and daddy.”

“Then what will you do to them?” Rachel looked up at Katrina.

Katrina swallowed. After a moment, she said, “I’m going to put them in jail for a long, long time. Lock them up in a hole with all the rats and spiders.”

Rachel smiled and rested her head on the woman’s breast. “The man had on an ugly face thing.”

Katrina waited, letting the girl go on at her own pace.

“He danced funny, acting like the woman, but he didn’t have a knife like she did. And every little minute, he would do this...” Rachel slipped from Katrina’s lap and made a motion with her elbows as she stood before her.

“What?” Katrina asked, cocking her head sideways. “What did he do?”

“Like this.” Rachel pressed her elbows to her waist and pulled them up.

“Wait a minute.” Katrina stood and performed the same motion. She found her elbows touched the waistband of her jeans, and when she lifted, she pulled up her jeans. “Like he was pulling his pants up with his elbows?”

“Yeah, like this.” Rachel did it again. “And he did it all the time. Danced around and then pulled his pants up.”

“Strange.”

“I don’t want to talk about that stuff anymore.”

“Me either,” Katrina said. “Let’s go start dinner for Rig, Autumn, and Pug. I bet they’re hungry.”

“Okay.” Rachel ran for the kitchen.

* * * * *

On Wednesday night, after Katrina put Rachel to bed, she, Pug, Autumn and Rigger sat at the dining room table.

Katrina asked Pug if he could run the video he shot in Central Park.

“Sure. It’ll just take me a minute to set it up.”

“Pug does videos?” Autumn asked.

“A guy has been tailing Rigger, and Pug caught him on his phone camera when Rigger took Wolf for a walk in Central Park.”

“Why is someone following you, Rigger?” Autumn asked.

“I have no idea. At first Pug and I thought he was in cahoots with Kat.” Rigger took Katrina’s hand. “But then we discovered she didn’t know him.”

“Why would you think that?” Autumn asked.

“They thought I was someone I wasn’t,” Katrina said.

“You *were* someone you wasn’t,” Rigger said, with a grin.

“No, I’ve always been me. But I’m not sure about you.”

“Okay, you two. Now I’m totally confused,” Autumn said.

“Ready to roll tape,” Pug said.

All four of them watched the video of the guy following Rigger and Wolf.

“My God,” Autumn said. “That is one ugly man.”

“My comment exactly,” Katrina said.

They watched for a moment, then Katrina said, “It’s him.”

“Who?” Pug asked.

“The guy who helped kill Rachel’s parents.”

“How do you know?” Rigger asked.

“Did you notice how he keeps pulling his pants up with his elbows?” Katrina asked.

“Is that what he’s doing?” Autumn asked.

“Yeah. It’s like some sort of nervous habit,” Katrina said.

“Weird,” Pug said. “But does that make him the killer?”

“Rachel told me he did that all the time while the woman cut up her mother and father. She said he danced around and kept pulling his pants up with his elbows. She even showed me how he did it.” Katrina nodded to the computer screen. “Exactly the way he’s doing it. If we can find him, we’ll find the woman, too.”

“So that’s why Rachel screamed the other night when she saw him on the video,” Rigger said. “She recognized him.”

“But why is he following you, Rigger?” Autumn asked.

“I have no idea.”

* * * * *

Rachel sat beside Autumn during dinner.

“Where’s your big airplane?” Rachel asked.

“Down at the airport.”

“Did you go up in the sky today?”

“Nope. The Wingnuts are working on the landing gear, so I won’t be able to fly for a day or two.” Autumn took her phone from a pocket and lay it on the table between their two plates. “You want to see something?”

Rachel nodded.

Autumn keyed in Donovan’s cellphone number. “Watch the screen.”

Rachel leaned toward Autumn to see the screen.

Autumn entered the code to start the Dragonfly, and the screen came to life.

“What is that?” Rachel asked as she squinted at the display on the phone.

“Hang on a sec.” Autumn rotated the phone to lift Donovan off the table in the upstairs room. Watching the screen, she maneuvered him toward the door. “Hmm...somebody...” she glanced at Pug, “closed the door.”

“Uh-oh.” Pug scooted back his chair and hurried for the stairs. A moment later, Rachel and Autumn saw the door open and the grinning Pugsley appear on the screen.

“Hey,” Rachel said. “It’s Pug on your phone.”

“Yep, that’s our ole buddy Pug.” Autumn flew the Dragonfly past Pug and out into the hallway.

“And that’s the hall upstairs,” Rachel said.

Rigger glanced at Katrina and gave her a wink.

“What do you see now?” Autumn asked.

“The top of the stairs.” Rachel slipped from her chair and ran for the stairs. The others followed, with Autumn still working the controls.

At the bottom of the stairs, Rachel stared up at the strange creature hovering above. “Is that a bug?”

“Uh-huh,” Autumn said. “But he’s a smart little bug. Wave to him.”

Rachel waved, and Autumn used her phone to rock the Dragonfly back and forth.

Rachel motioned for him to come down, and Donovan fluttered down the stairway.

“Hold your hands out,” Pug said from the top of the stairs.

Rachel held her hands together, out in front of her, and Donovan floated down to rest in them.

Autumn cut the power.

“He’s so cute.” Rachel looked over the little creature. “How did you catch him?”

They laughed.

“Rigger made him,” Katrina said.

Rachel glanced at Rigger, her eyes wide. “Really?”

“Well,” Rigger said, “I had a lot of help from Miss Autumn and Pug.”

Rachel blew a puff of air at the Dragonfly. “I wish I knew how to make him fly.”

Autumn glanced at Rigger. He lifted a shoulder.

“I think you have to whisper the magic words,” Pug said as he came down the steps.

“What magic words?” Rachel asked.

Pug leaned close and whispered something in Rachel’s ear.

“Huh?”

He whispered again.

Rachel giggled. “Okay, we’ll see.” She lifted her hands a little higher and said, “Hokey pokey, cinnamon and pie. Here comes a bear, you better fly.”

Autumn keyed in the start code, and Rachel gasped when Donovan's wings began to flutter. He lifted off and rose to the ceiling, where he flew in a circle.

“Wow!” Rachel cried as she turned to keep her eyes on the Dragonfly. “He really is magic.”

Autumn helped Rachel use the phone controls to fly Donovan around the living room.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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