



**THE
QUEEN'S
PRICE**

ONE CUP CHRONICLES SERIES

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Vladimir Ross

The Queen's Price

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Аннотация

Renoir portrayed what he saw; I taught what I comprehended. It's possible to deprive a person of life; it's possible to take his freedom away, but to prevent him from speaking about what he has seen and learned is impossible!

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The Queen's Price

Short, wheat-colored hair styled in a classic, asymmetric fashion, incredibly expressive green eyes filled with a languid aristocratic glint, and elegant, attractive lips made her, in short, drop dead gorgeous. In less than twenty years she had formed this arsenal that only multiplied all of the advantages that came with having a luxuriously mature yet youthful body. She had become not only the city's most beautiful woman, but its main attraction as well. Her choice of profession, which gave her clients the chance to touch a miracle, only aided in making her more famous.

Everyone knew Kristina. In the evenings, children would flock to Independence Square, trying to peek up her skirt. Those lucky few who managed to get a glimpse were suddenly viewed as wise and mature among their peers, compelled to correct the unrefined fantasies of their less enlightened friends, searching for adjectives that reflected what they saw in explicit detail. Men of the underworld promised her unlimited aid, free of charge. She was invited to saunas, restaurants, and casinos. Businessmen, blushing from the sordid dealings, offered cruises and exotic tours. Politicians gallantly tipped their hats and were suddenly drawn to important work behind the closed doors of their offices. Only one anguishing detail forced her charming lords not to treat themselves to longer meetings and to be content with her short

arrangements – \$500 per hour. The 500 rule for Krista never changed, though this never affected demand and the list of her admirers was continually on the rise. Everyone was thirsty and wanted to quench themselves with her attention.

At that time, I was living with an aunt of mine near the university and was laboring away under the yoke of economics. One evening, requiring a break from neo-classical theories and Marshall Models, I took a stroll down to Independence Square, with its suburbs bashfully turned away from the roguish gazes of its neighbors. And then, Krista appeared. I was amazed by the dignity and grandeur with which this queen put her rivals on the spot.

A blue Model 7 BMW rapidly emerged from one of the adjacent avenues and performed a victory lap around the square, announcing the arrival of true royalty. The car stopped in a prominent location, opposite the royal fountain. She floated gracefully from the impressive “carriage.” Illuminated in the bright, shimmering cascade of falling water, she was beautiful.

An invitation to a training seminar at the Sorbonne drew me from town for a month. When I returned to Independence Square, I was filled with one singular purpose. Needless to say, not one doubt or fleeting moment of indecision arose to trouble me. I had fallen headfirst into the ranks of stupid admirers. How else could one explain the drastic change of a young devil who leaves behind his cynical, appraising glances and delves immediately into “aggressive marketing”?

I had grown accustomed to wearing a modest shirt and faded jeans. This was my usual attire on my nighttime walks, but tonight, those who had earlier turned their noses up at me and scarcely deigned me worthy of their time, tonight, they whirled around me like I was in a beautiful fairytale. Silently ignoring their flattery and undertones of indecent intentions, including promising discounts, I broke through the closest ranks of prostitutes and headed to the fountain. I was only interested in the best tonight. Glancing at my watch I took in the view of headlights running along the avenue.

The BMW slowly rounded the square and came to a stop in front of me. This time, Krista did not even get out of the car. Drawing close to the window, smiling, she opened the door.

We flew through the city. An apparent look of puzzlement must have been stamped to my face, because Kristina, reaching down with her long fingers to adjust the waist of her silk dress, opened up.

“It’s simple. I immediately saw how you have changed. From a frail young boy, you have become a man, demanding love and understanding the price of that love. Only those who have money choose to throw it away to buy the love of a queen. But remember, even the queen pays.”

I confess, at the time I did not understand what she had meant. When I think back to that one night I spent with Kristina, over and over again, all I can remember is looking deep into her brilliant eyes, feeling the warmth of her soft, full breasts,

being completely dissolved in a unique intimacy with that divine woman...

One day, to the surprise of the local prostitutes, an elegant, snow white Volvo entered the square, stopping at the fountain right next to the royal park. From the car slipped the elegantly dressed newcomer, a glamorous young blonde. Ignoring the greetings of stunned observers, she walked over to the water, admiring its crystal clear flow, playfully scooping up a shimmering handful. She was convinced of the sophistication of her chosen venue. The queen's car gradually appeared and performed its customary round of the square. I was breathless, anticipating the trouble. I turned towards the audience, not a single eye looked away from the stage, where the climax of the story played out like a thrilling drama.

Конец ознакомительного фрагмента.

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