

8 Cousin divorced

With me in the neighborhood of nineteen men.

Eighteen stupid as cork,

and the one with the brains in General good for nothing.

Bessie Smith [40]

I called the mother and father. They threw the white flag. Chinese parents are willing to make concessions for the sake of communicating with children.

During the telephone conversation they tried to say most sympathetic tone, but it does not compromise on principles. They asked me how I was doing and any problems. Hearing that we have no one to farm, mom even offered to come from time to time and to help around the house.

- Take care of yourself. Get out often - I carefully said. Would be better if they were more selfish and less worried about me.

Mother told me the amazing news: my cousin Josa recently divorced. Fleeing from her husband and still not having found a suitable apartment, she temporarily stopped them, because my bed is still empty. In addition to these troubles she's got something went wrong at work, so the last time she was in a bad mood. And could I see my cousin, if I have free time?

I was stunned. To Chiusa divorced?

Jose was a well-bred young woman four years older than me. She married a classmate after graduating from the faculty of German Philology Institute of foreign languages and now working in one of the German trading firms. She is not terribly pleased when it was called the "white collar" or "beauty of the office". In a sense, I was impressed by her independence, and even she was nice to me, despite the difference in temperament and ambitions.

In my childhood my parents always put me Joshu as an example. Even in early childhood she was a bright person - her class with a triple-stripe on the sleeve, the best student of the school; beautifully sang, danced and recited poems. It got to the point that one of her photos depicting her innocent smile increased and put in the window of the famous photo Studio of the Shanghai to Nanking. And she sported there, much to the admiration of many friends and classmates, and then running back to admire her charming face.

Then I was seriously jealous. One day in July during the International children's festival performances, I secretly got ink on her white chiffon skirt. As a result it looked terribly silly, singing "Five little flowers" in the school auditorium, and burst into tears immediately after the departure from the scene. No one realized that it was my doing. First, her despair made me laugh. But when I saw how much she was upset, I was not myself. After all, usually she was kind to me and helping me with math, sharing of sweets, and always carefully took by the hand when crossing the street.

Growing up, we see each other less. When she got married, I was still at University. The day was clear weather. But once on the lawn in the lilac Garden Dingxiang [41] started filming the wedding ceremony, the rain fell in buckets. It's pathetic etched in my memory - poor, drenched to Jose sagging in the wedding veil. A sad smile on his face, shiny from the water, the black wisps of hair, translucent white dress, obscenely frankly clinging to the body - in all her appearance was a strange, fragile beauty that is hard to convey in words.

Her husband, Lee, Minwei, large, tall young man with smooth skin and unchanged points in a silver frame, was the faculty Chairman of the student Council. Then for some time he worked as a translator at the German Consulate, and by the time their wedding became editor of the "Financial Bulletin of the chamber of Commerce in Germany." Sociability he was no different, but was well bred and elegant, in a word, a real gentleman. His face was always calm, somewhat detached smile. I thought that although the man with a smile is hardly ever a good lover, but the husband certainly is great.

I have in my head could not come that Jose ever break up with him.

I reached her on her cell. Zhushi voice was sad, but the quality of the connection is unimportant. The noise was such, as if the cold drops of rain drummed on the asphalt. I asked where she is now. She said that in a taxi. Already approaching "Windsor castle", one of the most popular women's fitness clubs.

- Can we join? she asked. - We will work together.

I'll bet you are.

Sessions - is not for me. Better to just chat.

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I passed the lobby and entered the hall, where it was chock-full of overweight, Mature women in tights. With the dedication of the participating Amateur they tried to play a ballet dance from Swan lake under the watchful eye of the Russian instructress. My cousin I found in the next room, entirely lined with sports equipment. She mercilessly sweated on the treadmill.

Jose before different thin and fragile build, and now looked thin and gaunt.

Hey! - she waved a hand at my appearance.

- You come here every day? - I asked.

- Yeah, especially lately, ' she answered on the run.

- Don't overdo it! You have all the muscles become like stone, and it is much worse than divorce! - I quipped.

She said nothing and continued to run. On his forehead was glistening with sweat.

- Yes you stop for a while, I said. - Stop flickering here and there. I even feel dizzy when I look at you.

She handed me a bottle of mineral water, opened the second for himself and sat down on the steps, looked at me appraisingly.

- And you're looking prettier and prettier. All ugly with age beauties - sadly she quipped.

- Love always paints the woman - I said. - You better tell me what happened between you and Lee Midweek?

She paused, apparently did not want to relive the past. But then still spoke briefly what happened.

Quite a long time after the wedding, their lives flowed calmly and serenely, in perfect harmony. They move in certain professional and social circle, communicating with the same couples, like themselves. Like everyone, went to parties and attending social salons (or naughty, they are traditionally used was called here). Together with other wealthy couples traveled, partied, vacationed, been to a dinner party, went to the theater and talked to each other a duty of kindness. Both was into sports, loved to play tennis, to swim. They had the same tastes in music, and in literature. In General, it was calm, measured life: calm, but not boring, not too rich, but quite wealthy.

However, over the visible well-concealed problem. With the first wedding night she and her husband have almost no sex life. Nothing from the moment when she screamed in pain at the first attempt of physical intimacy. Both still remained an innocent virgin. For each it was the first and only love in life. And the result of their marriage has been reduced to monotonous and monotonous existence.

They did not attach very much importance to sex and eventually peacefully dispersed in different bedrooms. But every morning the husband came knocking on her door and brought Breakfast in bed, gently kissed Jusu and affectionately called her Princess. Cost her at least once to cough, and he ran to the kitchen to prepare a medicinal decoction. Menstruation it is generally perceived as a dangerous disease and just have been in anxiety for her health. He took her by traditional Chinese healers and accompanied shopping trips. He caught her every word. We can say that they were just a model couple, if you do not think about sex.

At that time, everybody just went crazy on the film "Titanic." And they went to the movies, gently holding hands. Have no idea what is in this picture so much effect on Jusu. Maybe she made a lasting impression, the choice of the heroine when she threw a prosperous, caring and loving, but boring fiancé for the sake of a fleeting affair with a passionate young stranger. Whatever it is, but during the session Jose cried my eyes out, tears soaked handkerchiefs so that wringing, and suddenly saw the light and realized that never really liked me. A woman under thirty, who had not known love, how pathetic.

That night my husband decided to stay in her bedroom. He asked her if she wanted a child. She said "no". She felt completely lost. She needed time to gather my thoughts. To bring a child into a marriage without love would be complete madness. Husband flipped out. She also became angry and in the hearts said, when she says she does not want the child, it's that he has in mind.

Between them lies the chasm of misunderstanding. My husband began to suspect that Zhushi affair. One evening he began to try to find out why she's not wearing stockings so as in the morning. It turned out that when she left for work, he noticed a tiny spot of nail Polish on one stocking. And when he returned, he said, stocking the telltale spot was not on the left and on the right foot. Another time someone I knew called her late in the evening and during the conversation she clearly heard that her husband picked up the receiver on the parallel device.

The morning Breakfast in bed was no longer in sight. And once she accidentally forgot the keys, and he held her under the door for an hour, not responding and not opening the phone.

- When I recall all this, it terrifies me. The familiar world turned upside down, the ground was slipping from under his feet. You thought you know the person, with whom she lived for five years. And suddenly it turns out that he is capable of that. And here you fall from heaven to earth. In the blink of an eye in place of a loving husband appears completely unfamiliar, a stranger. Even worse than a stranger, because he is aware of your weaknesses, the vulnerabilities, and it can hurt much harder... that's men for you... - sadly said Jose, cowering from unpleasant memories and wiping tears from reddened eyes.

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