

10 will Go to you

There is nothing that improves a woman's voice, like good sex.

Leontine Pryce [43]

Every woman craves fascist

So in the face with his boot, severely

With the cruel heart of the beast...

Sylvia Plath [44]

I went to the exhibition alone. In the halls of the art Museum of Liu Haisu [45] seething sea of heads, from which in the lights the cloud of human fumes. The sense of smell suggests that among the visitors were poor and rich, sick and healthy, artists and traders, the Chinese and the foreigners.

In front of a painting called "u-shaped transformation," I saw the Mark, or rather his Golden MOP of hair somewhere in the sky above me.

Hey, Coco. With one hand he grabbed me around the back, French-kissed on both cheeks and lightly embraced the Italian style. It was evident that he was pleased. - What your friend was never able to get out?

I shook my head and pretended to intently view the paintings.

He always kept close by, protecting me from the jostling while I pressed through the crowd in the gallery. His body exuded unusual foreign flavor. In the quiet of negligence was something disturbing, like a hunter who decided to play a bit with the long-awaited prey before pulling the trigger. My attention is involuntarily focused on it, hanging paintings merged into a featureless spot of color and a meaningless jumble of lines.

The crowd, panting and squirming, barely moved forward. When the human wave, we were pressed to each other, his arm was wrapped around my waist.

Suddenly my eyes caught two familiar faces. Before the third picture in the course to my left, a crowd gathered, and just in the distance and standing out against its background stood a magnificent couple - killer dressed up Madonna and Ah dick with incredibly messy hair, same glasses in a thin frame. In fear I quickly retreated, diving back into the crowd, and frantically rushed in the opposite direction. Mark with his dubious intentions firmly stuck to me, his arm clung to my waist like a pincer movement, fiery and threatening.

The appearance of this Horny couple suddenly spurred in me the desire to do evil. Probably, I was ready to do something desperate-insane.

- I just saw Madonna and her to be friends, ' said mark, smiling his ambiguous but charming smile.

- I can see them, too, so let's get out of here! I replied.

After these words leave no doubt as to our intentions. As soon as I said them, mark grabbed me with the greed of the banking thugs, carrying prey, not allowing time to recover, dragged to the door of the gallery and put you in the cabin of his BMW. My mind disappeared into the fog masochistic and left me.

At that moment the only thing I needed - a few grams of endurance and self-control. I should immediately depart from him, and then nothing that happened then you just would not have happened. But I acted recklessly, intentionally throwing caution. I was twenty-five, and I have never been very careful. Man is capable of any act: and worthy, and inappropriate. It seems that Dali put it like this.

We were in a spacious and quiet room in dark green color. Everything was strange, even the smells: and the stranger next to me, and in furniture.

He kissed me on the lips, then suddenly threw back his head and laughed.

- Want a drink?

I am energetic, childishly nodded. Body numb, his lips were icy. Maybe a drink will benefit. Have a drink, break the ice and become a passionate woman. I watched him, naked, got out of bed, walked over to the blazing bar, took a bottle of rum and poured two glasses.

At the bar stood a stereo. Mark put there the CD-ROM. To my surprise it turned out to be an ancient Chinese ballad. An unfamiliar female voice singing something like "she-She, Ah-Ah". I couldn't make out the words of this baykovoye-rhythmic ballads in the Suzhou dialect, but the effect was stunning.

He came closer.

- Do you like Suzhou pingtan [46]? - I asked to somehow start a conversation.

- To make love, the best music is not found, - said mark.

I sipped a little rum and coughed. With a slight smile he patted me on the back.

And kiss again, long and lingering. I first felt the kisses before making love, can be soothing, slow, RealAudio desire. Golden hairs on his body, penetrated by sunlight, intimate and jealously prickled my skin. The tip of the tongue with rum flavor awakened my nipples, then slowly slid down, with merciless precision inside and groped isthmuses Clit. Bursting with the heat the tip of the tongue, soaked in cool rum, crazy. I could feel the love pouring out from the womb of moisture, and then he entered me. His huge cock ripped me like a battering RAM.

- Oh, no! - I shouted. - No, not that!

But he was ruthless and didn't stop for a second. The pain stunned, brought to unconsciousness. I looked at him with love and hatred. The sight of his naked white body, only slightly colored by sunlight, stirred me.

I mentally pictured him in high army boots and a leather jacket, and saw the cold cruelty in blue Teutonic eyes. These thoughts only increased the excitement. "Every woman longs for a fascist, / that in the face with his boot, cruel / cruel heart of the beast..." wrote Sylvia Plath. I closed my eyes and heard him mumbled something unintelligible in German - primitive sounds from dreams, touched the most sensitive string of my womb. I thought I would die, and he's always going to sway me, but then the body cut the sweet liberating pain, I come, uttering like a sob the cry.

He was next to me, strands of my hair spread on his forehead. We covered our naked bodies with blankets and lit a cigarette. Smoke, as it is impossible by the way, filled the empty space between us

and get rid of the conversations. Sometimes you do not want to say the words, reason is hiding behind a veil of silence, the soul comes to rest.

Then his voice, quiet and weak, penetrated to me through the veil of silence:

- How are you?

He hugged me from behind with his huge hands, pinning them to my chest. So we lay, bent and clinging to each other like two packaged together in a silver spoon, molding cold steel Shine.

- I got home, I got worried. He kissed me behind the ear.

- Okay. I'll take you.

- No, I'll make my own way, I spoke quietly, but firmly.

I fell into a depression. The frenzy of passion and pleasure in the past. When the movie ended and the audience begin to diverge, rising from their seats in the hall only heard like gunshots clapping seats, the shuffling of feet and a tired cough. The characters, the plot, the music remains somewhere far away, and then disappear without a trace. And the face of Tian-Tian does not disappear, and stood before me a living reproach.

I hurriedly got dressed, not looking at the person who was there. Dressing all the men seem uglier than undressing. Undoubtedly, many women too.

"It happened in the first and last time" - persuaded myself. For a while the suggestion worked, I took myself in hand and proudly left this unusual apartment. After seeing me to the taxi, mark motioned that he would call. I absently smiled. "Who knows?" - represented my face in response. The car pulled away, as if fleeing.

My purse was not the mirror I only saw my reflection in the window glass. From there on I looked like a Ghost, a creature with indistinct features. I tried to imagine where to start the conversation, when you see Tian-Tian. "The show was wow. Met a few friends. Well, and Mark too, of course..." All women are innate liars, especially if they have contact with several men. The more complex and confusing situation, the virtuoso of the lie. Barely speak, we already know how to lie. When I was a child, I accidentally broke a priceless antique vase and in the blink of an eye, dumped the blame on the cat.

But I'm still not used to lie to Tian-Tian, to deceive the gaze of his piercing eyes, striking an unusually sharp contrast of black and white. How could they hold?

In the dark corridor in the nose hit the strong smell of onion, vegetable oil and roast meat: the neighbors cooking dinner. I opened the door, turned on the light. Room Tiana-Tiana was empty. On the table was not even notes.

I briefly sat down on the sofa, automatically considering black leggings, obleganie thin legs. To right knee landed on a Golden thread. Mark... In the light of the lamp he seemed whitish. I suddenly remembered how Mark's head began to slowly slide down along my body... I violently burned this curl, and he disappeared a fleeting flash. Then I had to take a lead fatigue and, spread-eagled on the sofa, arms folded peacefully on his chest like a dead man, I fell asleep.