

14 the eyes of my lover

The tangle of hot bodies

Shinning in the darkness

Hand touch,

Flying to the center of the flesh,

And dying from happiness skin awe

And jubilation of the soul, brought to see...

Allen Ginsberg

That night work was not glued, failed to write a single line. In my head was a fog. I felt like a fly that desperately desperately looking for edible crumbs to land, but the search was futile - the inspiration was slipping away.

I'm troubled by a new concern. I didn't know how best to dissociate themselves from the character of the novel. In other words, I didn't want readers to identify me with her, and the events in the book with real events from my life. To be honest, I feared that the story progresses, he will inevitably begin to affect my destiny.

I have always believed that a writer is akin to witchcraft. Like me, my heroine is not willing to put up with the routine. She is ambitious, she has two men she lives not so much by the mind as feelings. Her credo is: "Greedily drink the juice of life to the last drop, enjoying the secret of happiness and pain, of unbridled passion and eternal longing". Like me, she is afraid that hell will be, will be neither great nor comfortable and soft pajamas or beautiful music, nothing but the oppressive boredom.

I smoked a cigarette, she prowled the tiny flat, the room, turned up the volume of stereos and even poked around the drawers have Tian-Tian, in case he suddenly decided to make me a nice surprise and left it there for a couple of pieces of paper. In the end, opened his notebook to the page with the phone number of Mark. To call or not? Before Tian-Tian to leave, and I'm already thinking about how to call another man. I felt a dull irritation and frustration.

But then there were just two excuses. First, I don't like this type, and he will not be able to displace Tian-Tian from my heart. He does nothing for me, thinking about it, I don't feel anything but lust. Second, his mobile phone is likely still disabled.

I dialed a few numbers and heard a dial tone. Exhaled a puff of smoke, absently staring at the nails on his left hand. Immaculate manicure emphasized the length and elegance of the fingers. For a moment I imagined how those hands touch the body Mark, and fingers like spider legs, gently and softly move along his buttocks, and could feel a powerful burst of pheromones [55], the smell of which hung in the air.

My visions were suddenly interrupted by a female voice rang in the receiver.

- Hello!

In my confusion, I absolutely replied mechanically:

- Hello! and asked: - And mark's home?

- In the bathroom. It something to pass? The woman spoke English but with a strong German accent.

I politely replied that no message, I'll call him back later. I pulled hard on depression. So the German has a mistress, and perhaps wife. Well, Yes, most likely. He never talked about his personal life, and I never asked. While our relationship was limited to casual sex here and there.

In a depressed mood I got in the bath where the water swimming bath balls with rose oil and rose petals. Close at hand stood a bottle of red wine. For me it is always a moment of Supreme insecurity and narcissism. I called, now the pull will swing open the door, here rapidly a man will come closer to me, hands disperse the balloons and rose petals and awaken ecstasy in the recesses of my body. And I tremble in his rough hands, like a picked flower. Bashful eyes veiled with moisture, her lips opened and closed in the languor, the body undergoes a heat wave, and his feet hit the water like wings to the beat of each unspeakable agonizing, but the rhythmic motion that brings enjoyment.

I remembered the magic graceful hands of Tian-Tian. So skillfully they could throw me into the depths of that sweet sexy hypnosis. There was something more than carnal pleasure. As if from the soul layer after layer went misty shroud, exposing the center of love. Lying down with your eyes closed and sipping red wine, I caressed between her legs. This sweet torture helped me to understand why in the film "Burnt by the sun" [56] the hero decided to commit suicide in the bathtub.

The phone rang.

- Tian-Tian! - suggested an exultant heart. I opened my eyes and grabbed the phone mounted on the wall to the right of the bathroom.

Hey! This Mark!

I have perehvata breath. Oh!

- You just called me, right? he asked.

- And thought, ' I replied. - Fuck I was about to call you. I take a bath, alone, and completely happy... I drunkenly hiccupped and giggled.

- The wife told me that when I was in the shower, someone called Chinese. I thought it was probably you, - his voice sounded like he just became the owner of a winning lottery ticket. He was quite sure that I miss it.

- So, you're married.

She just came to Shanghai from Berlin for Christmas. A month later, going back, he said with a comforting tone of voice, as if it could get me down.

- She must be really busy! By the way, sheets you forgot to change? Sure I didn't forget or else you will smell like a Chinese woman!

I laughed happily, feeling a little drunk. Intoxication is wonderful. See everything in a good light as he emerged from the thick fog.

At twenty-five I never get discouraged. Even if he said it over between us or that he is going to hell

on kulichiki, Yes, even to Mars, I would not a bit disappointed. I never gave our relationship a great value.

He laughed, too. Before Christmas was on the doorstep, the staff went into a long holiday vacation, and it is hoped that we will be able to meet. He spoke in Chinese. Apparently, the wife was somewhere nearby, but did not understand a word. Men are willing to chase the object of their passion under the nose of the other woman. They say: "My love for you and loyalty - two very different things." Most men are not created to be monogamous. They are all the time haunted by three thousand concubines languishing somewhere waiting for their caresses, as in a Sultan's harem.

Mark said that a few days from Germany comes one of his buddies, a journalist with whom he wanted me to meet. His friend was going to interview extraordinary young women in Shanghai.

Lunch in the company of her lover and his friend-the journalist - is quite a good exercise. Before leaving I dressed up. I always like to pencil my eyebrows, apply shadows, lipstick lipstick. Just for the sake of vain pleasures have to be born a woman. Showy, flashy and at the same time, the sophisticated toilet was carefully thought out: I, as a resident of Shanghai, is not without shrewdness in the selection of the smallest parts of your wardrobe.

Horoscope, black is my happy color. I was dressed in a fitted black sweater with a high collar, a black skirt and boots with frighteningly high heels. Gathered in at the nape hair stuck a big pin ivory, and wrist wearing a silver bracelet - a gift of Tian-Tian. I was confident because I knew that look attractive.

The meeting was set in the restaurant "M" on the Waterfront, owned by two sisters-Australians and known for its expensive, but not too tasty cuisine. Doing them good, and laowai working in a new, rapidly developing Eastern Pudong district, often come here for lunch on the side of the harbour. The establishment features an elegant but impersonal decor: bulky two-meter lamps and crudely decorated balustrade. This style is just as rude taste of the Brand. The main attraction of the restaurant is the huge terrace, where, leaning on the railing, you can admire the panorama of the city, stretching on both banks of the Huangpu.

Familiar Brand was dark-eyed, dark-haired man by the name of Rwanda, from a family of Turkish immigrants, who settled in Germany. We started talking about football and philosophy.

Talking to Germans about football, inevitably starting to get a complex from feelings of inferiority. But when it comes to philosophy, there's China is anyone will give a hundred points ahead. Rwanda admired Confucius and Lao Tzu: the first awakened in him the desire to wander the world in search of eternal truth and the second as morphine, helped to forget the pain and loneliness.

He asked me to tell my life story, tell about my collection, and about the reactions of the readers was interested in my opinion about the gap between generations, about my many friends. Referring to Tian-Tian, I looked at Mark, but he pretended he heard nothing, concentrated on cutting a piece of roasted lamb with vegetable gravy.

I spoke very frankly. Tian-Tian was my one true love, gift from above. And although I always knew the doom of this feeling, would not and could not change anything. To death will never regret it. As for death, as I wrote, I'm frightened she's not boring monotony of life. I'm not very good speak English, so Mark had to translate some of said Rwanda.

Mark tried to pretend that we're just friends, but the fact of the matter was staring at me. Then he began to tell all sorts of anecdotes. For example, starting to learn Chinese, he constantly confused the two similar sounding words, one of which meant "wallet" and "foreskin". Once, having invited a Chinese counterpart for dinner, he halfway suddenly remembered that in my pocket no wallet, and in all seriousness said:

I'm sorry, but I forgot to bring the foreskin.

I burst out laughing. Mark talked a lot about Affairs and obscene jokes. His hand under the table fell on my foot. And this, as stated in one of my stories, very risky behavior: in one scene, the hand of the hero landed the wrong way. But my knee's mark unmistakably groped and tickled under the table. I couldn't help but laugh. Rwanda offered:

- Keep smiling, and I'll get some pictures.

I asked Mark in Chinese:

- Not very a lot of sense in this interview, isn't it? It just shows the thirst for novelty, the desire to share the mysteries of the East and idle curiosity to rebel from young writers.

- Not at all. I really like your stories, and I'm sure you'll be a respected writer, mark answered. Someday your books will certainly translate into German.

After lunch we went to the pub "Goya" on the street of Xinhua, famous for its vast number of recipes for a Martini, sofas, chandeliers, draperies sensual and absolutely mesmerizing music. I liked the owners of the pub - attractive couple, recently returned from abroad. The wife is a good artist by the name Sunrse. I've never seen such a mysterious, alabaster pallor as hers. Such a piercing white colour impossible to achieve by artificial means, even covering the face with several layers of powder.

We ordered drinks and I asked the bartender to change the music. I knew that "Goya" a record "Dummy" performed by "Portishead" [57]. Only this kind of music came to the drinks that were served in this institution.

We've been here with Tian-Tian. Upon entering here, it's like being on an old wreck lying on the seabed. From time to time you are overcome by drowsiness, leaning in from the ceiling, blurring the brain and immersing in a trance. The more you drink, the deeper sinking in the cushions. Sometimes one of the clients gets drunk to unconsciousness and falls into oblivion, unfeeling his head on the couch. For a moment, rousing himself, takes another swallow, again sinking into oblivion and sleep for as long as it does not Wake the distant laughter of pretty women. The atmosphere is insidious insinuating bliss. If you want to lose yourself for a while, you get into a cab and rush over here. Here I often had the opportunity to meet with well-known artists, musicians and paparazzi. But even if we had been familiar before, here only nodded to each other and were limited to the usual "How are you?".

Sitting next to me with mark about something spoke with Rwanda in German, and the language barrier tightly separated me from that world. I just needed a drink. I enjoyed leaning back, lazily sipping a cocktail and thinking of the Swan, dreaming of me in one of dreams. Lost in the romantic imagination. Hand Mark insinuating snake's wrapped around my waist.

Suddenly I had a glimpse of cousin Josa and familiar male face. I surprise widely opened eyes. Cousin went into the pub hand in hand with AI Dick, and both immediately noticed me. Their behavior was nothing unusual.

Mark learned Jusu and greeted her, calling her an English name:

- Hello, Judy.

So she really worked at his firm!

Mark was confused and puzzled when I introduced her as my cousin.

- You do not like. But both charming and clever, she was flattered by it.

Probably an unexpected meeting in this place with one of the younger employees of the company, and even cousin caught his secret mistress, brought him out of balance. I perfectly imagined the Brand in the service - completely different, strong-willed, conscientious, energetic and demanding of subordinates, and purposeful in everything strictly to the following instructions. Well-oiled well-oiled machine, like a clock of German manufacture in our apartment that don't lag for a second.

It seems that Jose guessed the nature of our relationship with mark as he smiled and winked at me. I noticed that it was a very expensive, badly fitted coat. Tall and proud posture made her look like a model poster shop "Paris spring".

But I have something much more occupied another. With cousin came ay dick. They are gentle, not friendly, were holding hands and reminded madly in love couple. Where are the Madonna?

Under the influence of music and alcohol, I melted and fell asleep. When I woke up, Ah dick and Jose already gone, and Rwanda was going to my hotel "Galaxy".

- I'll take you to the hotel, ' said mark, turning to me, added: - And then I'll take you home.

Maybe I drank too much. I put the head Mark on his shoulder and breathed in the faint smell of musk and faint aroma of alien lands of Northern Europe. Perhaps, an unusual smell emanating from his body, most attracted me.

The car stopped at the "Galaxy" and Rwanda was released. Then we went to my house. I dutifully clung to the Brand and progrelas under his hand, which he put over my shoulders. We drove in complete silence. Outside the window flashed the city's neighborhoods and street lights, and I suddenly decided that I don't know how he feels about me. But it had absolutely no value. Mark was not going to divorce or to sacrifice material well-being for me, and it was my light in the window or only passion. That's life. Days and years pass with the inexorable transience in the pursuit of carnal pleasure and the struggle for supremacy between a man and a woman.

We got to my house. I admit, I was somewhat emotional. This is what happens when you go through. Mark got out of the car and came up to me, and I didn't mind.

As soon as he began to undress me as the phone rang. I picked up the phone and heard the voice of Tian-Tian.

It was nice to hear, but as if from afar. From time to time in the tube was heard a crackling of static electricity and the cat's meow. Tian-Tian said that he stayed in a hotel near the coast. Thanks to the financial crisis in Southeast Asia food and housing is much cheaper. He was placed in 200 yuan a day. And even in the sauna it was completely alone. It seemed that he was happy. With a Feather, too, everything was fine. The next day he was going to go to the beach and swim.

I didn't know what to say. Mark picked me up and laid me on the table right next to the phone. With

one hand I clutched the handset and the other frantically clinging to the shoulder Mark. He bowed his head, pressed against my stomach through her panties and buried his tongue in the most sensitive spot, from which on a body ran unusually light stimulating the nerves, I got weak. I tried to keep it as natural as possible, asking Tian-Tian, is not hot there, what kind of petticoat worn by women, and whether he went already in the famous coconut grove. I hope no one from the local crooks are not after him? Maybe the people there and look innocuous, but this does not mean that they do not want to make money: so let them better looking after money and things...

Tian-Tian laughed and called me even more hopeless skeptical than he is. You can not trust no one to see things in a bad light and generally look at life too bleak.

His words were light feathers are all slightly touching your ears and then completely melted in the air, not reaching consciousness. In his laughter I realized that it is much better to learn in an unfamiliar environment than I thought. His voice sounded soothing music like "moonlight Sonata" by Beethoven, UNIMA mental confusion. And I just felt inescapable light joy, pure milk tide rising from the feet, spread across rasslablyatsya veins and every muscle and bone in my body. Tian-Tian wished me good night and several times loudly smacked up the phone.

Just at the end of the conversation mark suddenly right up my skirt vomited semen white as the purest milk.

"Forbidden fruit is sweet" - so the saying goes. Later, at the funeral of a Tian-Tian, when I tried to remember all the events of the past, and I was reminded of this call. He took on a symbolic meaning. Like with me and inside of me was not another person, but Tian-Tian, who was transferred to me on the phone line for ten thousand Li [58]. It is his quiet voice sounded in my ear, his breathing and laughter stirred the most sensitive strings in my heart. Closing my eyes, I felt incredible and sophisticated real carnal pleasure, which I gave Tian-Tian - alive, quivering, painful impulse, a kind of baptism, intercourse shower. The idea of spiritual merging has always fascinated my imagination and I felt hitherto unknown to me the sense of unity of body and soul, an almost religious ecstasy. But the most important was still unclear, but it is an incredibly scary thought that sooner or later I'll get pregnant. The breeze picked up and blew a Golden flower in a misty haze, and a winged baby with an angelic face timidly disappeared into the darkness. From that man or from the other... Now or later...

After leaving Mark I found on the floor of his wallet. The same man who at first lives in China, it is so often mistakenly called bope - the foreskin. Inside was a card "Visa", "MasterCard" and membership VIP card "Grand Club". And another family photo. Only now I found out that not only does he have a pretty wife with a pleasant smile, but also a fascinating two - or three-year-old boy with a shock of curly Golden hair and blue, as in Mark's eyes.

I stared at them, sadly shaking her head. They seemed very happy. I kissed the beautiful face of the Brand in the picture and then, quite unconsciously, took out a thick wad of bills, took a few pieces and put between pages of a book. He did not notice that several small bills is not enough. After talking with laowai a while, you begin to understand that they, for the most part, the simple and naive as children. They do not hide their feelings when they like something, and frankly, if something is not to their taste. And they are not as petty as Chinese men, who often make noise because of any nonsense.

Later, I wondered what made me do this humiliating theft. Perhaps the reason was the jealousy that gripped me at the sight of the happy family in the photo. And there was still a lurking desire to get even with her lover, quietly sneaking him a few notes and then secretly gloat that this is nothing to guess German glows to me the old passion.

In our relations with mark I of anything did not expect and did not feel particularly responsible. It was just sex and to protect themselves, not to allow it to grow into love - what I feared more than anything else, and I ventured to the despicable theft and betrayal. From the beginning I was terrified to really get attached to the Brand and get caught up in this passionate, nice exciting and give strange pleasure secret affair.

A breathless half an hour later, mark knocked on my door. I handed him an expensive purse from the company "Yves Saint Laurent" he quickly kissed me, put his purse in his pocket, smiled, and turning, fled down the stairs.

I saw how he jumped in his BMW, which sped rapidly along the deserted street

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