



NATALIA PATRATSKAYA

PEARLY WOMAN

PROSE IN ENGLISH

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Pearly woman. Prose in English

«Издательские решения»

Patratskaya N.

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Bella grabbed her head in her hands, and all the paintings have already been sold! I decided for the remaining time to write at least one picture with a local landscape. And then the snow fell. I had to draw a winter forest and a chaffinch.

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Natalia Patraskaya

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Chapter 1

Outside the window, worried sea. On the horizon was the white sail of the yacht. The woman watched in amazement at the man who put the peacock feathers in a narrow vase standing in front of the window. She just arrived at the Peacock Palace today, and he doesn't even notice her!

– Ivan Sergeyevich, what do you do with feathers? She asked, lifting her lush white hair over her head.

– Victoria Lvovna, do not bother me! I am making an antenna, an ordinary antenna, “the man answered, continuing to hide the wires in the peacock's feathers.

– Why so difficult, dear? You could say mystery.

– Tell you everything! I am minimizing life from trouble. I am watching my kingdom-state and my palace.

“Explain it in more detail,” Victoria Lvovna asked coquettishly, although she was less interested in this. She still hoped that she would return home forever.

– Do you remember the tale of Pushkin: “Reign, lying on your side”? So I fulfill the covenant of the great storyteller. I really like lying prone people.

– Explain to those who do not understand! – capriciously exclaimed the lady.

Victoria Lvovna was still trying to attract the attention of a man.

– Ok, I'll explain. The fact is that I have a network of listening devices, and the antenna helps me to improve the quality of communication with my employees, and if someone touches it...

– And you are listening to me? – Viktoria Lvovna interrupted him in surprise, straightening the collar of a white blouse. Yes, and she was all dressed in white leather clothes.

– And then! Beloved woman should be under the control of the emperor!

“You are already a count, and a king, and an emperor!” Everything, I was offended.

Victoria Lvovna, the most beautiful of women, thought and sobbed. A mess of words flashed through her mind, which she had spoken at different times and on different occasions. She took a leather case on wheels, which had not yet been unpacked, called a taxi and left for the boarding house, while Ivan Sergeyevich, who was all called Count Peacock, set up antennas in a house that had belonged to him since time immemorial.

The sun was shining and warming. The waves of the estuary lazily ran to the shore. Two girls did not hurry. They lay on the rug, enjoying life. They were good. Desire completely absent. The euphoria of the holiday was complete. No one was lying next to them, so no one interfered with them.

The wind increased from the sea. The young wind was chillingly cold. The wind flew mysterious, in it lurked whole flocks of white butterflies. And all this mystery of nature swirled over sunbathing people. Beach audience began to take a vertical position. People quickly put on bright clothes. Sunny summer day quietly became overcast. One of the girls from the cold began to rotate.

– Bella, let's go home! – She cried, nervously stamping in one place. – I'm cold and scared. The weather has changed so drastically! These butterflies! I do not like insects with wings! Oh, they got on me! Oh, I'm afraid of them!

The girl rose from her seat. She swung her hat over her head, brushing off white butterflies, bouncing in time with her hat and wind.

– Alla, let's look at the butterflies. They are so beautiful! They fly so great! When will we meet the living white cloud of flying wings! This is a miracle! – inspired exclaimed Bella, touching her blond hair, looking at a flock of white butterflies.

– What to look at them?! Caterpillars are unfinished! – Alla said irritably, curving with her whole body and showing how she didn't like white butterflies flying around them.

– I do not know where we rush. Before lunch, two hours. Put the veil on yourself and calm down! Yes stop you twitch! Butterflies do not bite! – instructively said Bella.

– Caterpillar caterpillar, can you not think about food? – a friend irritated her a little.

– Yes, I always want to eat! I always remember about lunch! But it's so good here! I am pleased to sit on the beach in captivity of white butterflies. And not hot. And so beautiful with these flying butterflies all over the beach!

– You're killing me! Yes, look at us from the side! If only one guy came to us! As if they are not on the beach! Because of you – lovers of food – and nobody looks at me!!! – Alla shouted.

The words of the girl heard the wind. He circled around the two young men and dragged them along the beach to the girls. Guys staggered in the jets of the sea wind. They were wrapped in white butterflies and, like two caterpillars, fell from a gust of wind at the feet of Alla.

– Alla, you are a gift from the wind! Whom you asked, that and received! Bella exclaimed, quite pleased with the situation. – Look how funny guys are in white butterflies! They are like in white shirts! They have butterflies on their faces!

– Boys honey plastered! They are so sticky that they have collected all the butterflies! – Alla exclaimed scornfully.

– Girls, help out! – shouted the blond. – We have a sunblock honey!

Bella swung the rug over the young people: the butterflies were blown away like a wind.

– I am a junior wind assistant! Bella exclaimed, not taking her eyes off the blond, slowly folding the rug made under the mat and putting it in a beach bag.

Young people began to rise from the ground, trying to shake off the last butterflies stuck to them. They seemed to have grown out of the sand: big and beautiful, young and strong.

– Yura, look what girls! What girls! Shine!

– Pasha, what do you want them for? Are you missing girls?

“So the brunet is Pasha,” Bella said.

“Boys, we are ordinary girls,” Alla said playfully.

“Girls, but we are not from your collection,” said Yura, a fair-haired young man of medium height of twenty-six.

Bella quickly put on her shorts and top. It may seem strange, but she was not in a solid swimsuit and looked quite normal. Alla slowly got up and dressed. The young people looked at the girls with an appraising glance and looked at each other. They appreciated them pretty quickly.

– And you girls are nothing! – Exclaimed Pasha, a young man of strong appearance about twenty-five. – Girls, unite their efforts in holding idle days? Our vacation is not over yet.

“I agree,” Alla said quickly, fearing that they would change their mind, and looked inquiringly at her friend.

All four stood up and left the place where they were attacked by butterflies. The wind quickly flew and quickly disappeared. The coolness remained.

A young man with thin features, with a flexible figure, walked to the seashore. He looked with interest at the three-story palace. The Peacock Palace, as all the locals called it, stood on the first line from the seashore. The sturdy building seemed carved from the rock forever. None of the people living in these parts represented the seashore without this ancient building.

Soon he was already lying in a white lounge chair and was looking at a yacht with white sails sailing on the horizon. He noticed how a white cloud appeared over the yacht and flew to the shore. His name was Ilya. He was bored. He looked sadly at the shore and noticed two girls lying on the sand not far from him. He liked one of them very much. He forgot about the sea, the palace, the white yacht, the sun that burned his shoulders. He saw only her. He saw white butterflies fly at young people.

He thought that the butterflies came from a white yacht on the horizon. Most likely, these butterflies were a white cloud over the yacht. He approached the place that the young people had

left, and looked after the girls. He slightly regretted that he was again ahead of two guys. Again, he did not have time to meet the girls first. And at the same time, he realized that it always happens to him in life. He chooses – he is taken away.

Two girls and two guys walked slowly along the beach. The guys had flippers in their hands, and the girls carried beach bags with portraits of strangers.

– Girls, where are you staying? Where are you going? – Yura asked and quickly continued to speak, without waiting for an answer. – And we came to the central beach with flippers, and there is no place to dive here at all. We walked, walked on the water, and everything was shallow. This is a children's beach. We always go to another beach, there is deep.

– Yura, Pasha, we live in the private sector. We have a house for two, – Alla answered in unison to him. – We walk on shallow water on this beach and we sunbathe.

– Well! – exclaimed Pasha. – So, we have the same conditions of life with you. We live in a boarding house together in the same room and cannot swim in the sand of a shallow beach.

– Wow! – Alla exclaimed. – And they say: the conditions are the same! Yes, in our house there are only two tiny rooms: in the one we eat, and in the other we sleep. The windows are tiny and do not open. The window is one and that tiny!

– Girls, we will throw things in a boarding house and will be at your feet today! – Pasha said, not listening to Alla's indignation about her harsh life.

– Gentlemen, we will bring our rugs and go out. Where will we meet? – rattled Alla, quite smiling at such nice young people.

– See you at the fountain! She still asks, – Yura dismissively remarked and pointed to a fountain at the end of the beach, from which a trickle of water slowly rose and fell.

– Well, – Alla answered.

The girls quickly went to the house, standing in the shade of the trees. They smiled and talked about the beach wind, about wonderful butterflies and about young people. They entered a small room, fell on old metal beds with feather beds and huge white pillows. Bella lay down on the bed under the window. On a small window were three peacock feathers, leaning against the glass, they reminded of the sunny road to the sea.

The grass rang in the sun and turned into hay at the root. It was unbearably hot. Bella and Alla drove in a large cabin of a passing car along with the driver. They drove the steppe reserve. After some time, the car drove into the peninsula, drove past the storks. Their huge nests were located on power transmission poles.

The car quickly drove the village, surrounded on three sides by the sea. On the one side of the village there were two beaches: one wild, with steep shores, and the other ordinary.

“The central beach is distinguished by fine sand and shallow water, you can walk along the shallows for a long, long time, and the water does not rise above the chest,” said the driver, taking the fare.

The girls came to the sea, rented a house with facilities in the yard. Opposite their house stood the house in which an elderly couple lived. Older people used to meet every summer at a local beach, then they got married and bought a small house, later they built their house according to a fashionable project at the time.

Two houses were connected by an arch with branches of grapes, which wrapped around a wooden lattice in artistic disorder. In the yard grew apple and plum trees. Outside the site was surrounded by quince trees. The amenities in the courtyard included cold water from a pipe that ran idly to the dishes or the kettle. Next to the crane was a table and two shops, they were eaten in the summer.

The owner of these two houses most often worked in the workshop, attached to a large house. In the yard hosted Ivanovna. She gave visitors a small house and grew tomatoes for sale. Tomatoes

covered the entire floor of the veranda, leaving a small walkway. The hostess constantly told how difficult it was for her to sell tomatoes...

Bella stopped remembering the day of arrival and said:

– Alla, let's not go on a date at the fountain. I do not want adventure with these young people! I'm afraid of them! I don't understand them and don't know, "the girl whined, touching the peacock's greenish feathers.

– Bella, and I am too lazy to go, but I really want adventure. I'm tired of boredom! What do we do? And laziness, and fear, and really want adventure? For once, young people appeared on our horizon, but we are too lazy to make out. You know, I'll go, and you lie on your side and be afraid! I'll go alone to them, "Alla said ominously, looking at the clothes in the closet.

– Go alone. And I will not go! "I want to sleep," Bella said in a sleepy voice.

– Agree. I'll go alone to the fountain with drinking water, and you cook dinner! We will not go to the cafe today, "Alla instructively said and looked at Bella. She saw on her pearl beads a white pearly butterfly. "Where did the butterfly appear on the beads?" – She thought, it seemed to her that the butterfly was shaking her little head in time with Bella's breathing.

Alla waved her friend a hand and ran out of the house. She was a slim girl of medium height, with brown hair below her shoulders. Pretty quickly she went to the fountain. On the other hand, Yura, a young man of medium height with blond hair, approached the fountain. Both of them looked at each other with undisguised interest in the steel eyes.

"My name is Alla," she said and smiled friendly.

– And my name is Yura, – smiling young girl, a young man introduced himself, – and I personally like you, and even more.

– I am pleased that it was you who came. I immediately noticed you, – Alla answered, smiling with a white-toothed, open smile.

"And I am pleased that you are pleased and that it was you who came here," said Yura, continuing to smile, showing wonderful white teeth.

– What do we do? Where to go? – asked the girl.

– Alla, are you not afraid of heights? I'd like to climb the tower. Height beckons me! I want to see the lighthouse. With him watching the sea.

– Well, let's go to the tower. I do not mind. The lighthouse here is called the tower...

Alla and Yura went towards the tower two steps away from each other, but with each step they approached each other, and at some point their fingers joined. Both stopped and looked into each other's eyes. I didn't want to go.

– Yura, are we not going to the tower? Looking at each other?

"Let's go to the park, here any group of trees is called a park, if they are not fruit trees," said the young man and squeezed the girl's hand more tightly.

Park it or not, but they sat on the nearest bench under a chestnut tree.

– Yura, who do you work? If it's not a secret? – Alla asked, playfully glaring at the eyes of a young man.

– We. No one. Nothing. Not married. Did not participate. Were not.

– But seriously? I really want to know who I am talking to, who I liked! To continue the acquaintance, – and she smiled her best smile.

– We are from special forces. We are great and terrible marzipans with butterflies!

– Joke? You're all kidding! And I get offended for myself that I'm talking to someone unknown to anyone, "Alla pouted her lips.

– No, you are, – Yura objected, – how could I dare to joke with a girl! I'm a serious person! I will answer directly: we are from special forces!

– Yes, you are strong guys, but your hair is long-haired.

– Yes, we are nimble guys. And who are you?

– We? To know who we are? We are two girls from the beach.
– Alla, yes, your answer is even steeper, and I do not like it!
– We are two artists. We paint the boxes, “she replied sadly.
– Isn’t it boring to paint boxes under riveting? – he laughed.
– Bored? Not. We like. We work as photographers. Reliable, the girl answered seriously.
– Are you married? The question is fundamental to the relationship.
– No, we are free girls! In our factory, only girls and women work. Men rarely look into our art studio only when the boxes are brought in for work. No, we are not married! – Alla put an end to the question and began to look sadly towards the sea.

– Alla, sorry, but what city are you from? Can I call it? – continued to knock questions Yura in the almost closed door.

– From the regular. There is such a town, – Alla answered, ready to turn around and go in the direction of a small but cozy house.

– Understood, speak and call your city you do not want. And Pasha and I came from the capital, we both work as programmers, – said Yura, – We are not married and have not been married. We studied, served in the army and worked.

– Yura, you said that you are from special forces. Now you are deceiving me, – Alla said with unconcealed insult in her voice.

– SWAT is a hobby, and so we work with computers.

– It is clear to you that everything is incomprehensible, but very entertaining. And this is not you accidentally bought in the city all the hotels?

Jura’s eyes radiated cold. Alla realized that she asked stupidity. They fell silent, as if they had run a hundred meters for speed and were tired, although they were sitting on a bench. It was a rare warm rain. Alla opened the umbrella. Yura moved to the girl and took her hand with an umbrella in his hand. They looked at each other. Hands got warm...

– Get up, Alla, the rain has passed. In the evening, come with your girlfriend to a boarding house on the dance floor. We have dancing today. We’ll be waiting for you!

“We will definitely come,” Alla agreed without much joy.

And they went in different directions.

Alla came home annoyed, she smiled tightly.

– Alla, what was? Where have you been for so long? Said Bella.

“Yura came to a date, he asked who we were and where we were from,” said Alla sadly.

“So I didn’t want to go,” Bella muttered.

“They are waiting for us in the evening at the dances in the boarding house,” Alla said thoughtfully and looked at herself in the small mirror on the white wall.

– It seems you knowingly went on a date and you agreed to something! Lunch is ready! Sit down Bella said cheerfully.

The girls sat at the table, ate and soon fell asleep. At four o’clock in the afternoon, they woke up and began to think about what they should go on their first date.

Rested eyes shone in anticipation of the meeting. Thick hair waves fell on his shoulders. Clothes for a date lay on the bed. The girls themselves shone from unconscious hope for the future.

Ivanovna looked into the room:

– Girls, and you prettier! Where are you going? And then you’re all at home sitting.

– To the disco! – shouted the girls, considering the clothes.

– Girls, I repeat, do not bring gentlemen here! I will not let them go!

– We know. We remember the prohibitions well, Bella said quietly.

Mistress retired. The girls sat in two chairs and decided to read a little, but the lines in front of her eyes did not move. They simultaneously put down the books and thought. Increased general tension.

“I’m scared,” Bella blurted out. – I feel uneasy. I shiver all.

– What are you afraid of? And you are trembling because you are frozen on the beach, “Alla commented, combing luxurious chestnut strands of hair.

“I’m scared because I don’t know these men,” Bella whined as she brushed her blond hair.

– Always everyone does not know someone, and then they get to know each other. At the dances, by the way, other people will, “Alla instructively said, putting her foot in a chair, examining it for the presence of vegetation, and, not finding anything extra on her feet, put her foot on the floor.

– If only so. I’m scared anyway. I still had no one, and they are such mature men! You see, Alla, they are men, not classmates! They are not boys! – objected to Bella of the last forces against the date, which was approaching with incredible speed.

– Your name is not in bed, but to dance! What are you scared of? – Alla said with a touch of irritation, putting a light dress in front of the mirror.

“Oh, your mother asked us not to get in touch with anyone, to beware of anything incomprehensible in relations between men and women,” Bella recalled her last argument.

– And you do not mess up going, and dance. A coward, that’s who you are! – Alla shook her hair, circling in a dress in one place.

The girls took books in their hands, put their noses in them, since there was no TV in the white house. On the clock, time was slowly moving. In summer, dances don’t start early.

A warm evening floated with a slight coolness. Yura and Pasha were sitting on the railing of a wooden veranda.

– Girls, where have you been? We are waiting for you, waiting! Everything is here, but you are not! – spoke Yura, running a five in his hair.

“We waited for your dinner to end,” Alla replied and approached Yura.

Bella went to Pasha. Yura noticeably cheered up:

– Oh, we already broke in pairs! We don’t need dancing either?! We won’t be bored anyway. Or see how they dance here?

Everyone laughed in response.

On the veranda, the first dance chords sounded invitingly. The people along the paths and paths began to flock to the veranda to the sounds of music. The audience was of all ages: from five to eighty.

– Wow contingent! – exclaimed Pasha. – What should we do here?

– Budding, – answered Yura. – You did not know that there is a disco out of age? Here who knows how to walk, he comes.

“But not to that extent!” No, this disco is not for me, – muttered Pasha, slightly contemptuously looking at the public.

– Normal degree of contingent. We just need a little walk. Old people and small children will soon go to sleep, then we will return here to dance, “wisely judged Yura, without emotion, looking at the crowd that wanted to dance.

Young people with girls left the veranda.

– Guys, where are we going? Asked Bella. – In an hour it will be dark.

“To the tower,” Pasha responded, “we will walk to the lighthouse.”

– Pasha, are you going to the tower? – Yura was surprised. – You – and the lighthouse!

– With Bella, I can go to the tower. I think you and Alla will go.

– Will they let us in there? – Asked prudent Alla. – Suddenly we will not be allowed on the tower? It should be closed to us.

“If they pay, they will let them go,” answered Yura. – I heard from tourists that the tower is accessible to tourists, but at a rate.

Having broken into pairs, the four went to the tower of the lighthouse on the other side of the village. The superintendent, after meeting with Pasha’s hand, missed everyone on the tower and told them not to stick out. The guys went up to the balcony. Bella began to look toward the estuary.

The sea is stormy. White yacht rocked on the waves. On the yacht, two men stood in the rack of wrestlers. Sail flipped them on the torso, but they did not respond to his blows. One man did a foot kick. The second man fell and caught the sail. Sail wind deviated overboard, and the man hung over the sea. The first man kicked the second man off the sail.

The spectators were surprised, then screamed at the same time and ran to the caretaker to ask for a boat to save the man. The caretaker pointed to the boat, made a movement with three fingers. Pasha thrust money into his hand and went to the boat. The paddles in the boat have already been inserted into the oarlocks.

“Girls, stay on the shore, we will sail alone,” said Yura, getting into the boat and picking up the oars. Soon he earned oars.

The boat slowly conquered the waves. Sailboat quickly went to the side. The buoy had a head. The man waved his hand. The guys sailed to the buoy, dragged the man into the boat and with difficulty came to the shore. The waves were getting closer to the shore, then they were being carried away from it. The girls happily met the guys. The rescued man approached the caretaker. The superintendent put money in his hand.

Young people were numb from the spectacle.

– Guys, why did you open your mouths? We have a marine performance on a dachshund.

The four went to the side of Apricot, discussing what they had seen. They walked alongside the carriageway, on which rare cars drove at that time. Bella looked at her companions and realized that word of mouth in the Apricot shop worked on tower advertising. She guessed that they just bought them. But the guys were pleased with their courage, and the girls checked that the guys served alongside the special forces.

All four of them returned to the disco. By their return, the audience on the veranda remained youth and sexual in appearance. Two couples took their place among the dancing couples. Music enveloped them with their intrusiveness. Darkness enveloped the veranda on all sides. Lamps were shining above the dance floor and rare lanterns on the tracks.

– Yura, and I was afraid of you. But you turned out to be so brave: they immediately rushed to save the man from the yacht, did not even spare the money, – Alla quietly whispered.

He did not answer, only he pressed the girl closer to him.

“Bella, you are so good with a fluffy tail of hair,” said Pasha. – It’s nice to dance with you. I feel your tender body under your arms, “he said mysteriously and with a hint.

– Oh thank you! And they tell me that I like to eat. Everybody is joking at me, – Bella replied laughing, feeling her biceps with pleasure under her palms.

– You are so homey as a bun. And no husband? More likely no than yes! True? – Pasha gently cooed, slightly squeezing her hands.

– I don’t have a boyfriend either! Bella exclaimed. – Alla and I have been friends for a long time. We are friends from school.

– Yes, and we are normal friends, – Pasha answered seriously, – and I personally like you, it is cozy with you and there are no bad thoughts in your head.

“And I am pleased to feel your strong arms,” thought Bella.

Tango is over. More energetic music made the audience dance a distance from each other, the dance allowed to see the partner, but did not feel it.

Chapter 2

The pair of Alla and Yura was more sensual, and they squirmed to the fast music, not letting each other out of their hands, as if they were stuck to each other.

“Alla, let’s take a walk,” Yura whispered to her. – Leave quietly.

– We go where you say. I’ll follow you anywhere.

Yura and Alla left the circle of dancing people, not looking back at the second pair, and quickly disappeared into the bushes. Turning off the path, they stopped after a couple of steps. Lips in a kiss joined together in unison. With two hands he pulled the girl to him, their bodies pressed to each other no worse than the lips. The thin summer cloths of their clothes were barely separated.

– Yura, so it is impossible! You almost ate me, – Alla screeched.

– Alla, what are you doing? I need a woman’s caress.

– I know everything theoretically about love, but practically did not pass.

“Oh, so you don’t have a boyfriend either?” Then move on to practice. You’re turning me on. I am an ordinary man, I served the army.

– And I am an ordinary girl. With a friend, we did not reach love.

– Oh, so the gap between us! Alla, this is where you are so preserved safe and sound? – Yura quite laughed.

– At the factory for painting boxes and preserved. I painted love scenes, but I did not get into such scenes myself. I only read about them in books.

– Yes, no luck to me. Alla, we will disperse beautifully, while once again you have not led me beyond the horizon of love, while I am in possession of myself, – Yura pushed the girl away from himself.

They went to the lantern-lit dance floor. Bella happily waved to them.

“Pasha, let’s go home,” said Yura. – It is already dark, and girls are not afraid of the dark, they have to go far, but you and I are close. Come on, friend. Girls, bye! Do you reach yourself? Or you to go home? Shut up? True, I do not want to accompany you!

– Come on, – Alla said sadly. – We ourselves get to the house.

– Alla, did I miss something? Asked Bella with eyes full of misunderstanding.

The girls walked along dimly lit streets toward the house. The darkness deepened, the shadows merged with the darkness. Evening chatter sounded in the grass.

– Alla, why did they leave us? All was good. What happened? Explain to me. Such a quiet evening. “We danced nicely and everything went away,” Bella wailed.

– They need women, but you and I, a friend, have not grown to them. Pasha and Yura are boring with us. They are adult males. And we ... – Alla did not finish and waved her hand with inner regret.

– But we are not men! Yes, we are shorter, but we are adults.

– Bella, well, you’re stupid and listen to mom, and I listen to you. And men, if you still do not understand, need disobedient women.

The moon was shining. Darkened trunks of apple trees. In one window of the house the light was on. Ivanovna was sitting at a table in the courtyard.

– Girls, what’s so early? I thought you would be brought with flowers.

“Because it’s too early for girls,” Alla answered briskly.

The girls washed, dressed, and sat down to drink tea.

– Alla, forgive me, but I am somehow offended. Pasha and I were so good together, and suddenly everything was over. And you appeared dissatisfied with each other...

– You know, Bella, they brought us the wind of love, but love did not work out. Tomorrow let’s go to the beach alone. I hope that white butterflies do not fly from that shore every day.

Clear morning woke Bella. She looked out the small window: Ivanovna was talking with the owner in the courtyard. The girl turned her head toward the girlfriend:

– Alla, let's go alone to the beach. We have a little rest.

“You're right, friend, we lived without men – and we will live,” Alla said, and a sigh of deep regret broke from her chest.

The day was sunny with variable clouds. Sunburn was, it was not. The girls sat on their rugs and looked at the sea. Ilya was lying on a white couch and sighed, looking at the girl with pearl beads around her neck, but he did not dare approach her. He noticed that strong guys were approaching the girls. Girls simultaneously hugged male hands. Strong arms hugged the girls' slightly tanned and charred shoulders.

“Girls, we are bored without you,” Yura rumbled.

“Boys, we have no life without you,” Alla sang.

The boys laid a large bedspread and both sat on it. Their impressive figures excited unintelligibly and almost tangibly.

“Let's play cards,” suggested Yura and took out the cards.

“And we will play cards,” Alla replied, straightening dark glasses in front of her eyes and getting up from her mat.

The girls sat on the bedspread guys. Young people began to play cards together. But the cards did not go – during the day they were bored with boredom. An alarming and pleasant feeling appeared in Bella's soul. Male legs captivated her eyes, she involuntarily looked at Pasha's legs.

He appreciated her gaze and said:

– Today is a concert at the local house of culture, there are four tickets. I suggest that the girls put on evening dresses in the evening and show up in full parade to the house of culture, and we will put on tuxedos and we will arrive in the carriage.

– Well, we will go with you to the house of culture, and then alone we will return home! Parting we have already passed in the last meeting, and we do not have evening dresses! – Bella responded. – And there are no carriages!

The guys on her words did not pay attention.

The girls carefully prepared for meeting young people. Hairstyles – curly. Persons – like painted boxes. Couples after the meeting at the house of culture changed: Alla with Pasha, Bella with Yura, so they sat in the concert hall. The scene is now heavily lit, then plunged into darkness along with the hall. Saving darkness brought couples together. After the concert, all four stopped in front of the entrance to the House of Culture. Pasha suggested:

– There is a proposal to break up in pairs, but in a new composition.

– We disagree on new couples, – Alla answered and went with Pasha.

Pasha did not attack Alla, did not embrace. They walked through a warm summer evening. Were silent. Bella walked with Yura and was also silent, but for a long time she could not stand the new companion and caught up with Pasha.

– Pasha, I need you! Screamed Bella with sadness in her voice.

– And I need Yura, – Alla responded and approached him.

Both couples, as if on cue from above, hugged and sighed.

– Girls, we live on the first floor of the fifth building of the boarding house. The windows for you will be open. We will give you a chair. You will climb a glass of champagne over it to our room, “suggested Yura. – You can go through the main entrance, but there may be problems.

“Where ours did not disappear, we climbed through the window to you,” Alla replied, always pleased when it came to adventure.

The guys entered the building through the main entrance, and the girls climbed through the window.

“We entered the history of our life through the window of love,” Bella said with a lyrical mood, looking at the decor of the room.

There was champagne on the table. Lying apples and a box of chocolates. The room had a sofa, two armchairs, a TV, a cupboard with dishes and a table with chairs.

“I am very happy about this,” said Pasha, hugging her by the shoulders, “I like you very much, Bella!” – And he gently kissed her cheek.

They all sat around the table. Wine glasses filled with an effervescent drink of happiness, loudly knocked them in a fit of feelings. Who ate the candy, who the apple... We sat at the table for half an hour and went into rooms.

Alla and Yura just fell on a double bed made up of two. They did not talk, but clutched at each other with their hands and could only torment themselves and their clothes. In Pasha's room there was a sofa in the unfolded form, on which Bella sat down. He sat down with her. They sat and talked. There was still champagne on the table. Lay candy. The room served as a living room. He was watching TV. She looked at the screen and ate an apple quickly.

– How are you feeling? He asked, putting his arm around her waist.

“Fine,” she replied, stuffing another candy in her mouth.

She looked toward the TV. On the screen, the actors kissed each other. He hugged her again. She was unknowingly afraid of continuing the banquet of untouched love.

– Pasha, I'm probably stupid, but let's get out of here! Let's go through the window. Please leave, “Bella said. The frivolity of a few sips of champagne eroded from her head.

“Well, I'll get out through the window with you,” Pasha answered.

He lowered the chair by the window. They took turns descending to the ground. Then he put a chair on the windowsill, pushed it into the room and covered the window. I heard the sound of glass. But they did not pay attention to him.

– Oh how good! Bella exclaimed and hugged Pasha herself, and then pushed him away. – Let's walk! The night is so warm. Crickets sing. It's nice to be with you.

Bella felt the pearl beads squeeze her throat. She tried to pull the necklaces off her neck, but they pressed harder.

– Good so good, I take you home. You can walk on foot too, “said Pasha, and unwittingly noticed the girl's manipulations on the neck with the beads.

He tried to remove the beads from her, but he failed.

– That's nice! I love evening walks, but for one only evening walks are unrealizable, it's scary to walk alone, – Bella tried to say fun, but she felt even more painful from pearl beads, presented to her by school friend Seryozha before leaving.

Talking, they approached the house. Bella kept her hand between the beads and the neck. Pearl beads crushed mercilessly. There was a feeling that Serezha was stretching his hands towards her, warning of another danger.

Omnipresent Ivanovna stood at the gate, lit by a single lantern on a pole. The shadow of the trees fell on her shoulders. The hostess was waiting for the tenants, as if someone had warned her that they were already coming.

– Bella, are you alone or not alone? Who is that with you? Oh, this is a man!

“Alla is delayed,” answered Bella, walking away from Pasha.

– Man, you can not come here! I warned the girls! – indignantly shouted Ivanovna.

– Got it. Bella, happy! Tomorrow we will meet on the beach! In the same place! – shouted Pasha.

– Happily, Pasha! – answered Bella, kissing him on the cheek.

Pasha did not answer. He returned slowly. From two sides of the central entrance of the fifth building, lush thujas grew. Pasha walked past the thuja, past the white columns, opened the massive door with brass handles and walked very quietly into the building of the boarding house.

Pavel was stopped by the guard on the corps:

- You have already arrived, but did not go out and come in again?
- It happens that they leave, but they do not enter. Can I sit here?
- What happens in your room? Come, see your number.
- No, I'll go there myself now. I just walked along the chestnut avenue.

Pasha entered his room. The door to the bedroom was closed. He lifted a chair from the floor and lay down on the sofa. Sleep overcame him until the morning.

Alla and Yura rustled in the next room.

In the morning, Bella woke up and almost roared in frustration when she saw Alla's empty bed. Or did she want to mourn the fate of her friend? Then she remembered that Pasha would wait for her on the beach, and began to gather.

Ivanovna looked into the room:

- Bella, and Alla never came? Here is her mother will set the heat at home!
- No, she hasn't come yet. And I could not wake up.

On the beach, Pasha was waiting for Bella. He sat alone on a large bedspread.

- Bella, sit down next. Alla and Yura are still sleeping.
- I'm scared for them. Did you hear that they are alive?
- They are adults and they know what they are doing.

"This is her first time," Bella sighed. – Oh, that will be...

– I see you came to the beach again with your pearl necklace, it does not harmonize with your swimsuit at all!

– I can not remove the pearl beads. The lock is broken.

The sun was hot. The day was getting hot. Ilya discreetly watched Bella and Pasha, who walked along the shore, then bathed and lay down on one blanket, face down. Pasha once again tried to unscrew the lock of the beads around Bella's neck, but the lock did not yield. Then he took out a manicure set and cut the thread. Pearls rolled on the bedspread.

Bella began to collect beads. A pearl butterfly lay among the beads. Her hands shook nervously as she held the butterfly in her hands. She thought that the butterfly is not nacreous, but dead. "What if this is the queen of those white butterflies? No, this is an ordinary shell, there are a lot of them," she thought and heard Pasha's voice:

– Bella, if Yura and Alla do not come in five minutes, then we will go to the cafe. I don't want to go to lunch. My heart is heavy.

– Ok, go to the cafe. They will not come.

Not far from the beach was the registry office. They went inside, where they carefully read the memo for those who want to get married.

– Pasha, here are very large terms from the application to marriage registration! No, marriage does not shine with you!

– Bella, I'm just reading. You better say: what city are you from?

– We do not have to be together, so why should I confess to my ancestors?

– I'll go to your house with you, go to your parents.

– If only you go with me. Weakly believe in happiness. I do not feel the communion between me and you to such an extent.

They went into a small cafe. Pasha ordered food for two. Have eaten.

– Bella, I would love to go to you. I do not want to go to the boarding house! I do not want! Come to me, and there Alla sleeps or Yura sits! Let's go to your house, tell the hostess that Alla has been replaced by me.

– Pasha, do not joke like that! I am responsible for her in front of her mom, she asked me to look for my girlfriend. Her boyfriend Vasya went to the north to serve.

– Where should I go? They sleep together in a room there. For a couple of hours we will come to you, it will be easier to wait for their appearance.

– Well, for a couple of hours we will go to me, and then we will go to the beach.

They came to a little house. Ivanovna shouted after:

– Only until the evening a man can be in the house!

Pasha lay down on Alla's bed and fell asleep. Bella lay down on her bed, peacock feathers twisted for a long time. She carefully looked at Pasha and fell asleep.

Alla woke them up:

– Sleep – and apart! And let me sleep!

Pasha rose from her bed. Alla laid down on the bed and blacked out.

Bella and Pasha went to the beach.

– Bella, an hour sunbathe, swim, and then go together in a boarding house. I don't want to go there alone, the brake has settled in me.

– I will go with you, do not worry, but we will go into the building through the main entrance.

They passed through the central door of the boarding house building, entered the room and froze: Yura was lying on the floor in a pool of blood. He moved his fingers slightly. His head was in blood. The bottle lay nearby.

“I'll call the doctor,” Pasha shouted, and ran to the duty corps.

Bella remembered that while they were walking into the room, she saw the doctor's office. She called the doctor. Together they went to the room. On the way, Pasha caught up with them:

– I called an ambulance, he will come soon.

The doctor examined Jura's head and said that everything was fine with him, although the blow was strong. Then she saw a broken vodka bottle.

– It is clear where the blood is from. He broke the bottle, hurt his hand.

“I didn't want to go here,” said Pasha.

– Young man, help put a man on the sofa. An ambulance will not come here quickly. I'll look at the wounded man, tie him up. He is alive. The wounds on his arm are not dangerous, but he has lost a lot of blood through them. We have a security department in the boarding house, go get a detective story. His name is Ilya. Let him examine everything in the room, “said the doctor, continuing the examination of the wounded man.

At the gates of the boarding house, one guard was on duty, and the rest of the guards were in the service room, located next to the gate. Ilya played dominoes with the guards.

– Ilya, for your soul came. Look, what a serious couple is asking you, “said the guard.

“Yes, we need Elijah,” Bella confirmed.

– I have all the attention! – quickly answered the young man.

– Problems in building number five. You need to go there with us, – intercepted the initiative Pasha.

The three of us went back. On the way, Pasha brought Ilya up to date.

Ilya, having listened to the story from the words of Pasha, made his conclusions:

– From the story, I realized that you both did not participate in the bloody fight, that you have an alibi for this time. According to you, you were seen in a cafe and the hostess of the girls' house. I should talk to Alla, – Ilya concluded his conclusions.

“She's sleeping,” Bella said.

– Wake up, bring me. I will find in the fifth case.

Bella returned to her house, tried to wake up Alla, but she slept very strangely. It was impossible to wake her up. All efforts were in vain. She called Ivanovna.

Ivanovna got flustered:

– Guys, it is clear where Alla was all night! All are engaged in love, but they also go to work and wake up! And with her the problem is different. She does not even respond to shaking her shoulders. How did she even get home?

– I came and immediately fell asleep. Do you call the doctor? Asked Bella.

– First aid call! I did not have enough deaths in my house, and then no one would rent an apartment from me. Phone on the veranda! “Call me, man, we have one ambulance in the village,” she shouted to Pasha.

Pasha went to call an ambulance for the second time that day.

The duty officer asked:

– Man, you call an ambulance for the whole Apricot?

“No, to one couple that split into two parts in different places,” Pasha answered by phone, then he turned to Bella: “Bella, Ilya should be informed that Alla is sleeping and not waking up.”

– Pasha, Ilya gave me his business card, call yourself.

Pasha took a business card and called detective Ilya:

– Ilya, you are disturbed by Pasha. Alla does not wake up.

“Your friend sleeps well too.” The doctor bound his wounds. The ambulance did not take it, they said that there was no reason for X-rays. He is whole.

– They are not poisoned? What could happen to them?

– Good idea, check it out. When the doctor comes to you, let him enter the fifth building, take the second person with the poisoning.

Pasha decided to clarify the situation of his life in a boarding house.

“Bella, we’ve fooled you a little.” You see, there are three people living in our room. Yura and I live in a bedroom in which two beds are separate, we moved them for you, and another man lives in the living room. Therefore, I did not want to go to the room.

– Pasha, and where is the neighbor? He who? Where is he He drinks? – Bella quickly asked questions.

– To know who he is! Strange type. Then it was still not clear where the bottle of vodka came from. Yura does not drink vodka!

– Your neighbor could bring vodka. You can check the prints.

At this time, the ambulance doctor appeared and asked:

– Where is the patient? If sleeping, wake up! – in a command voice said the doctor, impatiently looking at Alla.

– I can not wake up. With Alla something happened. There is a chance that this night she had a man for the first time in her life, Bella said confidentially.

– I will examine the patient. Everyone out the door!

Five minutes later, the doctor went out into the yard of the house and said:

– Guys, I can say: the girl has no injuries, and there has never been a man. Your girlfriend is a girlfriend. We will take her to the hospital, she does not wake up.

– What?! – asked Pasha. – Why is Alla a girl?

– I can not add anything. Man, you will go with us.

An ambulance drove up to the fifth building. Ilya was sitting on a bench. The doctor turned to him:

– Ilya, is the champagne again guilty?

– Yes sir! They drank champagne. Put the girl on the second bed, let him sleep. On the first bed a man sleeps.

– Where am I to sleep? – asked Pasha.

– You better answer, where did you buy champagne? – Ilya asked with a hard intonation in his voice.

“I bought a bottle of champagne at the buffet.” And what not?

– The barmaid has already been taken to the police, a special conversation with her. Champagne local spill, it was added sleeping pills. From such a drink in the boarding house everything appeared. Paid on a fee.

“But Bella and I also drank champagne!” – exclaimed Pasha.

– You drank a little, and wanted to sleep? – asked Ilya sympathetically.

– I want to sleep now. Why is a bottle of vodka broken?

– You, man, give, you broke it. Chair thrown into the room from the street?

– I threw it, I put a chair on the windowsill, and he rolled into the room.

– So I broke a bottle of vodka, left her neighbor at the table leg.

– And the blood? Where so much blood on the Jura?

– Yura fell from the couch and hurt himself on a bottle.

– Why is Alla a girl?

– You, man, give! Alla wakes up, you ask her why she is a girl, and now go to bed yourself. The nurse will look after you. Ha, why is Alla a girl? Nobody ever asked me that, and, satisfied with the exposure of the incident, Ilya withdrew, taking with him a bottle of champagne.

Pasha lay down on the sofa and fell asleep. Bella slept in her room, she had a dream, as if she were a white butterfly and was flying across the sea...

Storm clouds gathered in the sky. Lightning lit the fifth building, it began to rain. Belated travelers fled through the puddles, flying into the hull wet.

It was the third morning from the date of acquaintance. Outside the window the sun was shining, it called its rays to the sea. Bella woke up, turned over, began to recall the events of the past day, going to the beach. Alla came with the guys. The sand after the night rain was still wet.

“We all got poisoned with champagne,” said Yura.

– Do you have anything with Alla was not? – asked Pasha.

“Tell me everything, but I didn’t open Alla like champagne,” Yura answered with a hint of irritation, looking at Alla from head to toe.

– What are you talking about me?! – Alla worried. – I am fine.

“It’s good that everyone is whole,” Bella concluded. – Where is your neighbor?

– What other neighbor? – Alla asked and looked at Yura.

“Girls, we deceived you,” Yura began to say.

– Neighbor by number – fake duck, he is from a gang of the barmaid. “The neighbor forced me to buy champagne at the buffet at a high price, after that there was no boredom in building number five,” Pasha explained. – Here everything is by dachshund.

All four were silent. The sun was hot young backs.

– I offer a tour of the sea. Want to go today? – asked Pasha and covered a part of Bella’s back.

– when? – Yura woke up, lifting his head from the cards.

– After lunch. Girls, why are you silent? – asked Pasha, rising from the sand.

– How much is the tour? – Alla asked, dropping the edges of the hat.

“We will pay for the trip,” said Yura, collecting a deck of cards.

– We will go on a tour. Where do we meet? Asked Bella.

“We will meet on the quay,” Pasha answered, specifying the start time of the excursion.

White ship rocked on the waves. The public went through the narrow ladder inside the vessel. Two decks with seats for passengers waiting for vacationers. On the lower deck there was a buffet. The bulk of the people sat on the upper deck, over which there was a roof, but there were no walls. The wind was blowing passengers from all sides, but they could look in all four directions.

There was music. Pasha and Bella joined the public on the upper deck. Yura and Alla sat on the lower deck, closed on all sides. They were ready to look at each other.

Sea waves lapped on three sides of the ship, and on the one side could be seen the retreating village. Water, wind, sun – in stock. The audience after dinner was half asleep. Suddenly, everyone

took turns raising their legs, the cries of women were heard. Under Pasha's feet, a small, low, long dog ran a dachshund. Under Bella's feet, the second dog spun around and ran free.

"Oh," Bella just breathed.

"And here the dachshunds are running around," said Pasha, sighing.

Dachshunds quickly descended to the lower deck. There were shouts of Alla and Yura. Apparently, they finally woke up. The audience spoke animatedly. A man in circus clothes appeared on the upper deck. He set the cabinet. Dachshunds ran up to him. Several rooms with the participation of two taxes amused passengers. Two identical boys of ten came. Dachshunds and boys synchronously completed the number. The audience rejoiced.

The ship went to the first stop.

– Dear passengers, we suggest visiting the factory of grape wines, you will pass by the vineyard, you will see the cellar, located under the ground. Wine can be bought at a reduced price, "the guide said loudly.

People grabbed bags and wallets. Pasha and Bella went ashore. The vineyard grew away from the sightseeing road. About ten meters the audience walked past the transparent hedge. A small factory of old red brick suddenly appeared in front of people. Tourists were shown how to store wine, offered wine tasting.

People, having tasted wine from plastic cups, were drawn to buy it in plastic bottles. Those who went for wine, took a few bottles in their strong bags. The rest took a bottle or did not buy anything at all. People noticeably cheered up.

Pasha bought two bottles of local wine. To the touch the bottles were slightly cool, and the number of degrees on the label did not scare. He took one bottle of Jura with Alla. Bella refused wine and bought herself a bottle of mineral water in the buffet and a couple of bags of chips for herself and Pavel. He quietly drank the whole bottle of cool wine. She drank the water.

"Bella, it means that we don't just pay for the girls, you'll work out a ticket for this tour for me," said Pasha, sharply drunk, through his teeth.

"You drank a lot of wine and forgot that you and Yura promised to pay for Alla and me," bella outraged with undisguised surprise.

– What more! And the champagne! Do you know how much it costs?!

– I'll pay you for the trip on the boat! I'll send money by mail!

– By yourself, my dear, you will pay. Now there will be a stop, we are leaving on it, and on the way back they will take us away.

"All right," Bella agreed, frightened.

At the next stop, Pasha took his gym bag and went down the ladder to the shore. Bella came down behind him. They both ended up on an empty beach among coastal trees. At that moment, there were no pearl beads around Bella's neck; they were left to lie on the window-sill next to the peacock feathers.

Chapter 3

White ship sailed. Pasha spread the familiar beach cover. And quite unexpectedly, he began to tear Bella's clothes.

– Pasha, I will take off my clothes. I'm in a swimsuit.

– And I did not sunbathe you called! I don't need your swimsuit!

Pasha took off his clothes, standing in front of Bella in nudist clothes. She saw a naked man for the first time in her life. She was terrified. And he tried to rip off her swimsuit. Bella began to fight a slippery and nasty man!

– Pasha, do not! Do not, Pasha!! I am begging you!!! Bella shouted, holding onto her swimsuit, protecting her body from the man's arrogant hands.

– Enough of your virginity for me alone. I will not let you go! Bella, you are mine! And I will be your first man! All my life I wanted to be the first! Can you imagine what a pleasure it is! There has never been such happiness in my life! – shouted Pasha.

She wriggled with all her strength, trying to strike the man with her fists. He twisted her hands, closed his lips with a kiss, trying with his whole body to make movements unfamiliar to her. This last movement for a long time he could not. She began to beat him with her free hand. He was angry, lifted her shoulders. She twisted! He got angry and threw the girl on a rocky beach. She went limp with her whole body and was silent from the unreality of what was happening with her eyes closed from resentment and pain.

– Bella, I love you! I want you so much! Wake up, love! Shouted a sober man on a lonely, deserted beach.

And in response to silence. Pasha got dressed. He was bored and scared. He thought, "What if Bella died?" I looked at the girl's body. He wanted to run away from the body prostrated in the sand. He looked around: on the one side the sea, on the other steppe.

– Pasha, where are we? Bella asked quietly, regaining consciousness.

"You and I are on a wild beach, and I am a real savage," said Pasha, with vexation and self-loathing. – Adrenaline defeated alcohol.

– What happened with me? We were sunbathing? – Bella babbled.

– Yes, love, we sunbathed. You had a sunstroke. Everything is already fine, "Pasha whispered, not believing in his happiness that Bella was alive.

"Pasha, lie down next to you, I need your strength, I have a strange weakness," Bella said, experiencing complete weakness, pain, and an unfamiliar feeling for this man.

Pasha went to bed. Bella hugged him, leaned against him with her whole body.

"Pasha, I love you," she said, merging with him with her whole being, without a single sound thought in her head. She wrapped around him like a real Bella around a strong tree.

The shocked man was silent from complete surprise. Wine from it weathered completely. He kissed her gently. Fully coming to his senses, he rounded his big eyes in surprise and exclaimed:

– Bella, I'm scared of you! Honestly, I'm afraid.

Fear passed in Bella, the spirit of a voluptuous woman moved into her. She did not understand herself. And, like an opened bottle of champagne, she could not extinguish all the beautiful sparks of new feelings that filled her to the brim. Feelings began to spill from the depths of her being. She wanted this first her man. She was exhausted from feeling for him and felt it with every waking cell in her body.

Not long Pasha resisted unexpected happiness after a short misfortune. He responded to the happy bubbles of champagne in the form of the first female feelings. He drank the first love of a woman with undisguised delight. How long the love orgy lasted on the bedspread covering the

small pebbles of the wild beach, they did not know, but at some point both stopped. They sat down, got up, got dressed.

A light wind of love blowing from the sea ruffled matted hair. Bella lifted her head: a stork spun over them and soon disappeared, probably flying to its nest on the power line pole.

A white ship appeared on the horizon. No one on it met the couple in love. Alla and Yura were nowhere to be found: they were not on the upper deck, they were not on the lower deck. Nobody was going to search for a couple on the boat.

Bella and Pasha returned to shore. He stopped the car and drove it home, and he went to the boarding house. She washed herself under cold streams of water and went to bed, but could not sleep for a long time. It seemed to her that if Pasha had not cut pearl beads from her neck, then fights and love on a wild beach among the rocks would never have happened. She tried to find the beads, but they seemed to evaporate – they were not anywhere. Then she reached for the peacock feathers, but they, too, recoiled from her.

Bella felt stuffy in the room, although the necklaces did not crush the necklace, but she felt them around her neck, although she couldn't find them. It became terrible. She looked for the butterfly. The butterfly sat on the peacock's feathers and swung its little head either from the wind, or it was the living queen of white butterflies. The butterfly nodded to the girl, and she fell asleep, as if she had fallen into the abyss, from which the butterfly flew out...

The morning was playing with sunshine through the curtains. Bella woke up. Alla was not in her place. Pasha woke up, but did not find Yura. Bella and Pasha met on the beach, the touches of their hands became more outspoken, they noticed attentive and judgmental eyes of those around them. The two of them were good, but conscience told me that we should remember about the absent.

– Bella, I will call Ilya and say that there is no Yura and Alla, that they have disappeared from the ship and have not returned yet.

“Call me, love, call me,” Bella said sweetly, slightly embracing the first man's own body.

Pasha dialed the phone number of the detective on his phone:

– Ilya, Pasha is worried about you, we have Yura and Alla gone.

– Oh, does it bother you all, why is Alla a girl? The guide called me and said that Yura and Alla remained in the Peacock Palace. Today they will come.

“Thank you,” said Pasha, thanking Pasha, and turned to Bella: “Bella, they will definitely come today, they will have a tour with a sequel in the Peacock Palace.”

Now they were lying in the sun with a clear conscience.

– Pasha, and what will happen to us? Bella asked, running her fingers through his hair.

– We get married. I told you about this, – Pasha answered in disbelief.

“And I decided that you were joking,” clinging to Paul with a quivering doe, Bella muttered.

– We will apply for registration of marriage in a week.

– I just have a week left before departure. Oh how good! – exclaimed Bella and stretched out next to Paul in the sand.

– Bella, will we lose the whole week? Not. Come to my room.

They got up, collected things from the sand. Soon went to the boarding house. Pasha went to dinner, brought food for Bella. She ate. They closed the door to the room. Bella behaved much calmer: without much passion, but without too much coldness. With Pasha, things were not going very well with Pasha, but now everything was no better than ever! Pasha and Bella were disturbed by a knock at the door.

– Sony, open up! – the familiar voices of Alla and Yura were heard.

Pasha opened the door.

– Why shout? – Pasha asked, but when he saw a couple, he stopped.

Before him stood Yura and Alla in new outfits.

– Pasha, do not be surprised, – said Alla, – understand, we got into the palace of Peacock. It is not quite a museum, people live in it, but once a week they are allowed to visit them. True, they have harsh laws. The first night of an intact girl is given to a count with the strange name Peacock. Yura gave him to me. And I do not cry. Count Peacock rewarded me with money, and Yura and I bought new things.

Yura stood and was dejectedly silent with an absent look.

“In the morning I was given to Yura under the gaze of Count Pavlin, but I am not crying,” Alla sobbed. – We drank a glass of wine and were very calm, not even indignant. Count Peacock collects only those with whom you can sleep for the first time, and he learned from somewhere that I am a girl. I was met on the beach on the carpet with flowers. Near the path stood stern men with tridents, we could not run away, everything was prepared.

“Everything was according to the tax,” Yura said thoughtfully.

Bella came out of the bedroom and, looking at Alla, said:

– Alla, we go home, we need to rest with you.

– Let’s go home, – Alla responded as an echo. – I think men will not object. Goodbye, boys!

Dear friends exchanged the latest news and impressions that hit their heads, or rather their young bodies.

– Alla, what should I do with Pasha? I remember very well that he hit me on a rocky beach so that I lost my feelings. He told me that I had a sunstroke. I pretend to believe him and imitate passionate love. Actually, I’m afraid of him!!! – breathed out a passionate tirade of words Bella.

– Bella, got you! Keep on portraying love, and I got so angry at Count Pavlin and Yura! I was ready to kill them, but then I depicted complete obedience, even happiness. There is such a guard! I do not know: to revenge or forget everything?

– Alla, smart people told us that we did not go alone, and we went for sea nuts.

– I took the pills on time, because I carried them in my bag with me on the advice of my older friends. But such sadness and longing in the soul! I saw the palace of Peacock, it is ancient from the outside, but inside it is fashionable. And Count Peacock! Oh my God! Cool man.

– So, forget everything and do not take revenge?

– Bella, what are you talking about? What revenge? I have a feeling of fear left!

Ivanovna sat thoughtfully on the porch of the house, but when she saw the girls, she delightedly spoke:

– Girls! Are back! I’m waiting for you, waiting.

“Thank you for participating,” Bella said. – Everything is normal with us.

The girls went into the house, went to their room.

– How things have changed! – Alla exclaimed. – Eternity has passed!

“Exactly,” Bella replied, “Pasha promised to marry me.”

– And you believe? Nobody promised me to marry...

Cars sounded at the gate. I heard the helpful voice of Ivanovna. A handsome, imposing gentleman in a white suit entered the room to the girls.

– Alla, I came for you! I don’t want to be a female collector anymore! I want to marry you! Now! Get up! Dress will bring you. We are waiting for registration of marriage!

Two large men in suits brought into the room huge bags that had a dress, veil, shoes, and underwear.

“Sorry for giving you Yura, but otherwise you wouldn’t forget him, but now you will forget him,” said Count Peacock calmly, “Alla, we are waiting for you.” Take your girlfriend, will be your witness.

– Alla, here is happiness, then you fell down! Bella exclaimed, gazing with admiration at the gifts of Count Peacock.

“Bella, he’s so extraordinary!” Here are the results, – Alla showed on the packages.

She went to the summer shower, but quickly returned.

– Cool water! – Alla pounded her teeth.

Bella changed her clothes and began to help Alla to dress, then her friends went out into the yard. Ivanovna threw up her hands at the sight of Alla in a magnificent outfit.

The gates opened wide. The doors in the three cars opened. People quickly disappeared into the cars. Cars at the same time drove away from the house. At the registry office, the doors opened. Marriage register opened. The registration form has been filled out. Everything was written. It remains for Count Pavlin and Alla to sign. They put their signatures on the application form. Received a marriage registration certificate.

– Can I not go with you? I can not go with you!!! I feel bad! – Bella unexpectedly for all was indignant and began to settle on the floor.

Bella was picked up by the arms, put in one of the cars, taken to a small house. The girl was dropped out of the car in front of Ivanovna's surprised eyes. The car quickly drove away from the house and soon joined the rest of the cars that drove towards the Peacock Palace.

Alla was riding in luxurious clothes, in a chic car, with an impressive man. She was surprised by what had happened to her, but she held herself in her hands and responded favorably to the attention of Count Peacock.

Bella lay in a poor little room and felt abandoned by all. Tears stood in the corners of the eyes. She looked at a small TV, recently issued by the hostess. On the screen, the humorists laughed, and she cried. The girl was sad. I had a nape ache.

The hostess entered the room:

– Bella, your friend with chic taken away! Why not go with her?

– Oh! How many new things have happened, and my head hurts, Bella cried.

– Yes, you, girl, overheated in the sun, look at yourself in the mirror, how you got tanned. Lie down today, rest, tomorrow everything will be fine. Where is your boyfriend? He's a good man.

“They are good when they are strangers,” Bella replied with a pain in her voice.

At that moment a white butterfly flew off the peacock feather, she sat down in Bella's palm. The girl stroked her gently with one finger.

“Bella, I found scattered pearl beads and gathered them on a thin line,” Ivanovna said, and handed her the beads.

Soon knocked at the gate. Ivanovna went to open.

– Easy you guys, at the mine. Bella is crying. Go calm down.

– Thank you, I feel that she is bad.

Pasha entered the room.

– Bella, why are you crying? I love you! We will be fine, “said the young man, carefully examining Bella and Alla's belongings scattered around the room.

– Pasha, will you love now or will you give me a rest? Bella asked tiredly.

– I'm not a villain. Rest. Where is Alla? He asked, still looking around the room.

– Married married Count Pavlin. She was taken to the Peacock Palace. I did not go with them.

– Fairy tale. Is it true? – Pasha asked, sitting down on the bed of Alla.

“Not a joke,” Bella replied, putting on a pearl necklace.

– Bella, forgive me. I do not drink wine, but here I was exchanged. I have never thrown women before, I'm painfully ashamed of myself.

“Well, we survived, we will live,” Bella replied, holding in her hands the three peacock feathers and hiding their barked eyes in them.

– Bella, do you want me to buy tickets to your city for the two of us?

– Here you are almost right. Tomorrow we will buy tickets. I still have money for the tickets. Today I will not go anywhere. Alla will not go with us.

Knocked at the gate. Ivanovna opened the door. Before her stood Alla, barely alive, in a torn bridesmaid dress.

– They are so joking! Everything was a joke! – Alla shouted with tears.

– Get some sleep. There one already cries, – grumbled Ivanovna.

Alla went into the room. Pasha habitually jumped up from her bed. Alla lay down on the bed and turned away from the wall. She shuddered with sobs with her whole being. Pasha went out and called Yura:

– Yura, come here again problems. Both girls cry.

– I'm already on my way. It was necessary to immediately go with you, but they called me and said that Alla was taken away to register a marriage with Count Pavlin, so I did not go with you.

Pasha returned to the room:

“You girls cannot be left alone.” We can pay for you for a week in a boarding house, you will live next to us, under our supervision.

– Is it possible? – Alla turned her tear-stained face to him.

– For money, everything is possible. It's all dachshund.

Yura entered the room.

– Girls, in our building, next to our number, a double room was freed. There is a proposal to change your habitat. In the pension all the amenities, it is fed, there is a beach with a bed.

– If no joke, then we agree to move to a boarding house, and here all the amenities in the courtyard, – said Alla, raising tear-stained eyes.

– Alla, you do not understand men! They speak seriously, but they will surely demand payment, “Bella put in her thought, habitually touching the pearls around her neck, as if seeking their protection from forthcoming troubles.

– Bella and I only have money for living in this house, even for the common beach and for tickets to the house. And a little food. That's all, – Alla said, and she looked at that doomed.

“We don't ask for money from you,” answered Pasha.

“Alla, they'll take it in kind,” Bella snapped, she was no longer surprised that there was a pearl butterfly among the pearls.

– I did not get that. What kind? – Alla asked.

– They will take love. Do you understand? – clarified the situation of Bella.

– Why so cynical? – asked Yura.

– In this regard, we have already lost everything, we have nothing more to lose, it is possible with love. Who am I with? With you, Yura? – Alla asked.

– Well, girls, you grow. Alla with me. Bella with Pasha.

– I am not against love with Yura, – Alla put an end to the conversation.

“I don't know,” Bella said honestly, touching the peacock feathers with one hand and touching the pearls around her neck with one hand, “I don't want to go into debt.”

– Decide! The car is waiting at the gate. We will take you and your things, – suggested the solution to all the problems of Yura.

Alla got up, took her dress, asked the men to wait in the yard of the house. Bella did not move.

– Alla, I will not go to the boarding house! I almost got killed for the tour.

“Bella, you have nothing more to lose.” Where is the guarantee that Count Peacock won't get to you? Count Peacock is not a man.

– Alla, but debts... I am afraid of debts.

“Bold, Bella, you won't become richer without risk!” – Alla said, collecting things.

Bella waved a hand in desperation, took her bag, but sat down again:

– What do you want, but I will not go!

– As you wish, you did not go with me, but they loved me...

– Alla, I can not! I can't keep up with you!

Alla waved her hand and with the things went out into the yard.

– Where is Bella? – Pasha asked Alla.

“She remains in the house without amenities,” Alla said and went to the car.

Pasha came into the room to Bella.

– Bella, what’s up? Am I so disgusted?

“Not anymore, but I can’t leave like this,” the girl said, and wrapped her hand around her mouth.

– Understand, silly, there I will be with you alone, and here I will not save you from the people of Count Peacock! They went on your trail, now they will not leave you alone. Think: Am I alone or are people of Count Pavlin?! Where are your things? Get up fast! I say – fast!

Bella got up, threw things into her bag, then took the peacock feathers, from which two mother-of-pearl butterflies rolled: a bluish and white. She wrapped them in a clean handkerchief, then put them in the inside pocket of a large bag with things. Pasha took the bag. They went out into the yard.

Here the mistress of the house joined:

“Ladies, I won’t refund your money for the rest of the week!”

“This is for your concern,” said Pasha and led Bella to the car.

A car with two young couples drove up to the fifth building of the boarding house. Everyone was silent. Yura went to pay for a room for girls for a week. Bella and Alla entered our room, where they felt themselves to be an order of magnitude higher, they didn’t want to talk. Soon, clean hair adorned the girls’ heads.

There was a knock at the door. A pleasant female voice asked to open the door. An interesting blonde with a familiar face entered the room.

– Girls, I am a singer Victoria Lvovna. Today I came to the boarding house. My room is near your room. I saw you in the lobby. I really liked you. Girls, could you help me a little?

– How can we help you? – Alla asked, combing her hair.

– Everything is very simple: in three days I have concerts in Abrikosovka and in the neighboring city of Cypress, and one concert will take place in a boarding house. I need two girls for the background. You have the same height. Clothes, I’ll give you. Stand behind me, pretend singing girls. Can you sing?

“Alla and I sang at an art school,” Bella replied.

– Well! Tonight I’m waiting for you after dinner.

– We will come, – naturally, Alla said the last word.

Victoria Lvovna left.

Yura and Pasha came.

– settled? After lunch we go on a boat ride, – said Pasha.

“And we were invited to sing, today is a rehearsal,” Bella told him.

– What other singing? What story have you already got? – he asked.

– In the local history. Singer Victoria L. lives in the next room.

– Have you got a job? Do you go by boat with us? There are no big waves here, – Yura suggested with a slight irritation.

– Do not be angry, Yura, rehearsal after dinner, – Alla gently addressed him.

– Oh, you are already a sweet fox playing!

“Victoria Lvovna just came out, tell her,” Alla said dejectedly.

Pasha carefully examined the clothes on the girls and said:

– We’ll forget for clarity. We came on another occasion. Bella, I will give you money for clothes, they sell her before entering the dining room. We are going to lunch now, and you see something interesting for yourself. Yura will give money to Allah. Here, take the money, we’ll meet in the dining room. We have one table for four.

The men are out.

– Bella, golden rain! I've never had anything like this in my life! – Alla exclaimed with feigned cheerfulness in her voice.

– Alla, we have life here like on a volcano. Let's go look for new things.

Bright summer clothes hung and lay on the shelves. They chose a pair of fashionable rags and quietly entered the dining room. At the end of the hall sat Pasha and Yura.

– Girls, and all the men are looking at you! As you walked through the dining room, they turned their necks! Sit at the table, put the birds in the menu as your wishes the next day, “said the courteous Pasha.

Yura sat gloomy and dissatisfied, the stories with Alla pleased him a little. It began to seem to him that someone would take her away from these concerts and rehearsals.

After lunch, the four went to the bank of the estuary. At the boat station, boats were issued for money, on bail. Friends took two boats, sailed one by one on the estuary. Pasha and Bella were just talking. Alla and Yura were deafeningly silent.

The wind was blowing weak. The sun was shining behind the clouds. The day reigned with cloudiness. The same mood reigned in the people in the boats. Bella enjoyed life and another adventure. Alla tried to improve the mood of the Jura:

– Yura, this night I will sleep in your room, and Pasha is in ours. Does it comfort you a little?

– Alla, I am afraid that men will run up to you, and I will stand in a queue.

– Who can reach me faster than you? – Alla tried to make him laugh.

I heard the noise of a motorboat. The motorboat made a circle around the boat with Alla. Boats got close. Strong male hands dragged Alla from the stern of the usual boat and transplanted into the motor boat. The engine roared. The motorboat quickly disappeared over the horizon.

Pasha sent his boat to the Jura boat. Everything was clear. People Count Pavlin found Alla. Yura was right: Alla had to stand in line, which did not reach him. The boys rode a little more and returned to the boat station.

“Bella, I'll go to the rehearsal with you,” suggested the agitated Pasha.

– Why should I go to the rehearsal alone? The singer needs both of us for the scenery behind her back. And what if the people of Count Pavlin return Alla by the evening?

Yura was silent and frowned.

– No, Alla is not for me! I can not stand her disappearances! I can not with Count Pavlin and his people. They can return it, and then they will take it again! And who am I in this story? – suffered Yura.

– Yura, swim! It will be easier, – Pasha addressed him.

“I'm coming with you,” Bella almost whispered.

Water cooled the passion of youth. Three stretched on white plastic couch. The sun was shining and warming through the clouds.

“I'll come home, go to study at a driving school, buy a car,” said Yura dreamily.

– Well done, Jura. I'll go to study with you, I want to get a driver's license, otherwise we didn't have rights, and without rights we don't have rights. While the army. While studying. Now we will have our rights in the first place, “Pasha concluded his dreams.

– Forgot me? I'm with you! My father has a car. I know how to drive it, I only have the right to get it! – Bella shouted loudly, lifting her hair.

– Bella, do you have a voice! – exclaimed Pasha. – We'll go listen to you.

Having cheered up, all three of them went to their corps, for dinner they had to change clothes. Tortured Alla sat in a small chair. She did not move.

– Bella, don't ask. Fiends: neither myself nor the people.

Bella went into the shower, unable to immediately talk to Alla, and when she came to her friend, clean and calm, she was already asleep. The exhausted expression did not leave Alla in a dream.

Bella decided that she had to tell detective Ilya about everything. She remembered his phone number by heart.

– Ilya, you are worried about Bella, we have Alla tormented by people of the count.

– Bella, I'm coming to you.

Ilya really did come soon. He looked at Alla and said:

– I have long heard about Count Pavlin and his antics, but I have not seen him. Alla was again reprimanded. Put a guard near her? Hard case.

“They take Alla, then they return,” Bella said.

“Bella, let me know right away when they will take her.” They can not take her to their castle and wear down completely. Can she go home?

– We still have a week left. Today we have a rehearsal with the singer Victoria Lvovna.

– Today, they will not come anymore, but tomorrow may well be. The kidnappers will find out about the rehearsal tomorrow, and today I have nothing more to say.

Alla woke up in the evening. Her shower refreshed. She came to herself and came to the dining room. Men looked at her in surprise, as on the phenomenon from the dead. Alla said nothing about what was happening to her outside the perimeter of the boarding house.

All four came to the rehearsal. The singer liked the four young people very much. She decided to use them for extras behind her back. Not only were the girls of the same height, but the men were of the same height, and they were also quite beautiful. We had to check their voices. They claimed that they knew the repertoire of the singer. Their job is to pull up the choruses. The girls sounded altogether with one voice, apparently, they sang together a lot earlier, the men were fiercely apart, but with a pleasant timbre.

Resting people entered the doors of the concert hall of the boarding house and slowly filled the back rows.

When Victoria Lvovna started singing, the hall was half full. Expel the public was simply impossible. The people climbed into the door for rehearsal, like a concert. People recognized Alla, their boys from the boarding house, Pasha and Yura, and applauded them to exhaustion. I must say that in the boarding house the requirement for concerts is naturally reduced, here any copper goes for gold.

The singer was surprised by the popularity of the guys. After the rehearsal, we agreed on who and in what will be singing at the next, final dress rehearsal. The bitter experience with local champagne stopped buddies from drinking alcohol in honor of their first success. The musicians, and there were five of them, looked at each other fairly, they liked the new four. The artists calmly dispersed according to their numbers.

Alla went to the room to the men, but Yura did not let her go there. He wanted her, and was afraid, and loved, and despised, and through such a set of feelings, love did not attract him. She returned to her room, closed the door and fell asleep.

Bella looked at her friend and realized that they would not be disturbed today. Sighing, she fell asleep, but immediately woke up: she remembered that there were two butterflies in the bag – the queen and the king of white butterflies. A nervous shiver appeared in her hands, she took out a suitcase, looked into her pocket, a handkerchief lay there, but there were no butterflies in it! She involuntarily began to look around the room: butterflies were sitting on peacock feathers that were standing by the window. She waved to them. They shook their wings in response. Bella fell into a dream. She dreamed of an island with palm trees, and her pearl beads hung on a palm tree, and Pasha stood next to them and grinned.

Chapter 4

In the morning, the musicians went in for the singer Victoria Lvovna to go to the dining room for breakfast, but her door did not open. They called the maid, she opened the door. The room was empty. The bed was untouched, tucked in by the same maid the day before. Someone called Ilya. The crowd crowded at the door.

“I ask everyone to go to the dining room for breakfast, and I’ll alone look around the room, then I will talk to everyone who saw it yesterday,” Ilya said clearly.

The first thought of Elijah was the thought of Count Pavlin and his people. But the count without a car does not take away, and foreign cars did not pass the territory of the boarding house from evening to morning, he knew that even before coming to the singer’s room. The window was closed from the inside, therefore, the singer Victoria Lvovna voluntarily went out the door and closed the door behind her. The idea that she could have gone before breakfast did not occur to her. She clearly did not sleep in the room.

Ilya looked around the room, but did not find the singer’s things. There were no things! There were no traces of the singer at all. There was no toothbrush in the room! There was no wet towel! There was nothing!!! But her passport had to remain in the housing administration!

He went down to the boarding house administration, located on the first floor of the fifth building. The singer’s passport was in a safe, he was shown to him by an employee of a boarding house who decorated visiting people. She said that the singer did not change the number. Where did the celebrity from the guarded pension with a suitcase on wheels? On the asphalt there were no traces of wheels. The detective was at a loss. He went towards the beach.

At the boat station in the morning there was still no one, all the people were in the dining room. That’s where Ilya noticed traces of struggle, traces of wheels on the sand! The boats all stood still, but there were traces in the sand of a strange boat! He needs to talk to Alla while she is here, because she was abducted yesterday from a motorboat! Ilya went to look for Alla.

The four were just leaving the dining room, but the terrified Alla refused to testify. They were approached by musicians from the group of the singer, one of whom served as director of the group. Ilya told him that while he had nothing to say about Victoria Lvovna, but if she was taken away by people of Count Pavlin, they usually return those who are being taken away. Must wait.

Alla was visibly nervous, but she didn’t say a word. And it could be understood. Ilya let the people go and wandered to the beach. People on the beach after breakfast increased, and the traces of the wheels of the suitcase disappeared. He had nothing more about the existence of the singer Victoria Lvovna, except for her passport. He again went to the corps administration, but during his absence the singer Victoria Lvovna’s passport disappeared. Now he could play dominoes with the guards. My head was empty.

Four went to the beach. All the attempts of the guys to pull the information out of Alla were not crowned with success. She did not tell. Alla was lying, sunbathing, bathed and silent. An hour later, someone from those who rode the boat that day brought the singer Victoria Lvovna’s belongings, which washed ashore. Called Ilya.

The detective got into the boat, took Yura with him, and left Pasha with Alla.

Men swam in the direction indicated by people. They were lucky in that they found an open suitcase of a fair-haired singer Victoria Lvovna. Scattered things lay on the shore. There were no tracks of people. Things collected and put into the boat. Yura paddles. Ilya examined the suitcase. In the suitcase, he found the second bottom, under it lay white matter in a flat bag. Without expertise, he knew that the white matter was from the sleeping series of Count Peacock.

It was the sleeping pill that the barmaid and her master used to put people to sleep for their own fun. Ilya realized that he took the trail, but whose? Singer Victoria Lvovna in this case – the link

is clearly passing. Yura looked at the find and was silent. He was well aware that he was in a black story, and in such a story the main thing is to survive himself. Oh, as he now understood Alla! Anger towards her began to pass.

Ilya suggested that the barmaid injected sleeping pills through the corks with a syringe into bottles, which means that it had to completely dissolve. Water overboard the whole sea, but with them they did not have dishes. Therefore, before the turn, they did not swim and turned to the boarding house to try the substance for solubility in the laboratory.

The public on the beach did not approach the arriving boat. People understood that the matter was serious, and no one was in a hurry to get into the witnesses. Pasha helped collect the singer's things, bring them to the room of the guards. Yura walked with the girls. Taking Alla's hand, he simply said:

– Forgive me, Alla, I understand you now.

– Oh, Jura! I'm sad to remember everything, I'm afraid to remember!

– Well done, that made it up! I'll leave you alone. "I have business," Bella said, and walked away from them quickly.

Bella walked, walked and suddenly realized that she was going to the tower at the other end of the Apricot. Vaguely in her head was the memory of a scramble on a sailboat and a keen joke about a dachshund, for which two men allegedly fought on a yacht. But the fight was real, so it seemed to her. At the tower on the steps sat the overseer. Bella crouched beside her.

– Girl, why did you come here?

– I'm an artist. I liked the seascape here.

– Draw, girl, draw. We do not charge money for a visit to the sea.

– Why is the white yacht not visible? I wanted to draw her!

– What you wanted: give her a sailing boat! Sailboat sailed on business – on the waves, now here – tomorrow there. You would have told me the news that the village is being done, otherwise there is no one to talk to me here.

– News? They stole a blond singer from a boarding house.

– What are you saying? It's quiet here. The singers do not sing. And you know, at night I heard singing on the sea! True, heard! Yes, the woman sang so loudly that I still thought that the motor ship was on, and there was music on it. But the singing quickly stopped. The yacht sailed at this time. I saw a familiar sail, and I know these men on the yacht well. They collect contributions from me for letting viewers go to the tower. And you thought that I paid them for a fight on the water? Nonsense, they are a hat, but no, they are a roof.

"Well, I don't need to know about them, I'd like to bend the waves and then draw them for a whole year," Bella decided to change the subject because of safety. Something told her that Alla and the singer were taken away by the same people.

– Thank you, I will go to draw pencil sketches, and if I fail, I will come back. Here you have a beautiful sea.

– Come, girl, and bring the news.

Bella took out a phone and called Ilya:

– Ilya, I'm on the tower of the ranger. He heard female singing at night!

– Bella, you risk. One went to the lighthouse?

– Yes, alone. Yura stayed with Alla. You know, there is a strange white yacht here. Probably, the singer Victoria was taken away on it, and Alla was taken to Count Pavlin in a motorboat. These are different people or alone – I have not understood yet.

– Bella, run to the village, you have a lot of information. No surveillance?

– Not! But I will go faster to crowded places.

– I'm coming to meet you.

Bella met Ilya at the bench under a chestnut tree, where Alla and Yura once sat. They sat on the bench.

– Bella, say everything you know about the yacht at the tower.

– a yacht, people collect tribute from it from the caretaker and from someone else. The superintendent at night heard the woman singing. Loudly sang. Now there is no yacht at the tower, this is her parking place, she usually stands at the buoy.

– Here it is! So, they took the singer Victoria to the boat, and then transplanted to the yacht. This explains that her things were thrown out of the boat, and then traces are lost. Bella, you would work with me! Did you see Count Peacock? – he asked.

Behind Bella, someone clamped his mouth.

– Pasha, where are you from here? – turned Ilya head.

– I am looking for my love, and she is sitting here with a detective on vacation.

“We met by chance, here we are,” the detective said peacefully.

– So I believed it. Ilya, you see me, I will not give Bella to you.

Bella had a thought: where did Pasha and Yura have money from? Who else do they work for besides work? She did not believe that firms pay a lot.

– Pasha, our meeting is absolutely random. “I went to the market to see new things for myself at your expense,” she said humbly.

– Well, and found? Bought? – he said displeasedly.

– No, at the dining room of the boarding house the choice of clothes is better. Let’s break up.

“I was sitting with you and not in a hurry,” Pasha reproached.

– Goodbye, Ilya. Come, Pasha, lunch.

“Okay, I’ll believe for the first time,” muttered Pasha, displeased.

Pasha and Bella went towards the boarding house.

Elijah thought that Bella is a smart girl and we will need to talk to her again, but for this Paul he will have to be detained somewhere. He got good thoughts about the yacht, you have to look at who the yacht is registered to. The detective slowly went to the management of the river shipping company.

The owner of the yacht was a certain Pavlinov Ivan Sergeevich. Most likely, he was Count Pavlin. It is clear that the singer Victoria must be sought in the palace of Peacock, but how to get there? Or will he let her go to the rehearsal? Then why was Victoria Lvovna’s belongings thrown overboard, and she herself was taken to the yacht? This is Elijah knew from Bella’s story. And if you offer the powder from the singer’s suitcase to Count Pavlin himself? But he will not believe. Need a setup. Bella would definitely be able to. She has a gift to remain invulnerable, such a gift happens to good intelligence agents.

Here it is! The powder must be offered to the caretaker! Bella could give him the powder! But what about Pasha? He won’t let Bella away from me. Pasha should be sent with Yura by boat, even if they look at the coast. Alla will have to talk, and Bella will be sent to the caretaker. Ilya decided to carry out his plans.

He also had a thought in his head: who could take the singer out of the boarding house, so much so that she walked and was silent? And the duty officer did not see her. Ilya decided to go around the fifth building. At the windows of the singer Victoria Lvovna left traces of four legs from the chair. And he saw that the windows were closed from the inside, and did not think to bypass the building! Here it is the solution! Or part of the clue. So it means that at least three people acted here with singer Victoria Lvovna! One person got out of the window with the singer or was waiting for her at the window, he brought her things to the boat, and the second person closed the window, put everything in place, put away and closed the room. It’s simple. Or so it seems that simple.

There remains one question: who is the singer Victoria Lvovna? Is she a supplier of the Peacock Count or a prisoner? These are two big differences. Ilya slapped his head with his hand and went again to the fifth building. The tracks under the window strongly resembled the tracks of Pasha. The

track is big. Pasha and Yura are the same height, but the size of their leg is different – it was Illya who noticed gradually. Could Pasha carry the luggage to the boat in her arms? Easily. Yura could close the window and the room? Could They did not sleep this night with the girls, he knew that well. He also knew from Bella that Pasha hit her on the sand when he sought her love. And Yura with Alla was the second after Count Pavlin! He knew that too.

He did not know who Alla had after these two. She was silent – or there was no one, but there was still the same Count Peacock. Bella didn't know that either, otherwise she'd have laid out everything for him. So, Alla Bella does not trust. Interesting?! And, according to rumors, they all five sang well, in vain he did not go to the first rehearsal. And all on dachshund. But who pays anyone to this story? So Ilya thought. But he thought not alone.

Singer Victoria Lvovna, looking in the dining room, determined that almost all the viewers of the pension saw and heard her, which means she worked out her life in the pension. Most of all she wanted to leave her musicians and run away for a week, and no one would drive them out of the boarding house, since everything was worked out. The fact that under the second bottom of her suitcase lay a bag of powder, she did not guess. But the director-musician knew about the powder, it was he who slipped the powder to her.

The windows of the musicians went to the outside of the case. What did singer Victoria Lvovna want? Run away and that's it. She's all tired. She asked for help in her flight Pasha and Yura. Pasha helped bring her things to the pier, because going through the protected gates would be more noticeable. For her happiness or misfortune, a yacht stood on the horizon. She waved her hand against the lantern. From the yacht lowered the boat and brought the singer on board.

Pasha calmly returned to the sleeping body. The duty officer was already used to the fact that he enters even when he did not go out and did not pay attention to him.

Victoria Lvovna looked at the men on the yacht and realized that she gave a blunder. They did not inspire confidence in her, it seemed that they did not shun anything. One immediately put his nose in her suitcase, the second pulled her hands. She became angry, began to fight back, she was not accustomed to such treatment. Suitcase flew overboard. When the yacht sailed past the tower, the singer sang to attract the attention of the caretaker. He heard her, but helping unselfishly is not from his repertoire.

The woman knew the charms of life without protection. One of the men named Buek took her by force. The second, nicknamed Ledok, did not need it. The first realized that you can curry favor with Count Pavlin, and headed for the palace. Dame, he ordered silence about the violence, then she will live.

Count Peacock, seeing that his children caught the golden hen, did not scold them for an after-hour visit. They were paid for the delivery of the singer, which was hard to miss. The wardrobe found clothes for the singer. After talking, Count Peacock asked her to voluntarily stay for a week. He demanded that she sing three songs every night without musical accompaniment; he could not stand her more singing.

Victoria Lvovna got into a painfully familiar golden cage: a bedroom, a terrace, a small courtyard with flowers – that was all she could see. Few people knew that she was the wife of Count Pavlin, that they both could not live long without the sea.

Victoria Lvovna was treated with caution, but they were not allowed anywhere. Count Peacock did not insist on intimacy with her, he quenched his passion with Allah and was elementarily empty. He had no desires, but he could not deny himself the pleasure of seeing the brilliant singer on her territory again, especially since she herself got into the network of the yacht. A little effort from his people – and she is at his home of her own free will.

In the evening, Victoria Lvovna did not appear in the boarding house.

It was a warm night. The moon slept behind the clouds. The crickets quietly chatter. Glowing fireflies. Bella agreed to take the package to the caretaker in the morning, while she looked out the

window. In her head were questions Ilya. She liked the detective more and more. Their souls seemed to be playing on the same wave of interests.

Ilya at this time looked out the window and dreamed of Bella. Their feelings are connected somewhere in the night sky. They dreamed. Then at the same time they went to bed and dreamed of each other.

Alla was lying with her eyes open. Yura was sleeping next to her. Her two partners, Count Peacock and Yura, went through her thoughts. Then, with offense, she recalled how Count Peacock had given her to the two guards after him, shuddered at the horror of the memories. The third time he did not touch her at all, he immediately gave it to the same guards, while he himself sat in his chair, drank red wine from a glass, and watched their actions. She shuddered in disgust. Her nerves were on the edge, I wanted to cry, sob, but she was silent, like a hunted beast. She fell asleep and moaned a little in her sleep.

Singer Victoria Lvovna lay in a golden bedroom, more like a golden cage. No one disturbed her, but she was scared, terrified and hurt. Among gold and luxury there was no simple TV, there was no radio, there were no books and magazines. She lay and looked into the dark night outside the window, which looked out onto the veranda, and the windows of the veranda looked out into a small flower garden, then – one big fence... Victoria Lvovna sighed sadly and remembered that she lost her favorite bag on wheels with she thought about the sailor from the yacht and fell asleep.

Count Peacock slept alone. Two guards, with whom he shared with Alla, slept behind his door, sitting in chairs. His conscience did not torment him, he grew old. Women needed him less and less. Alla already started it twice, which was already a great rarity and a joy for him. And the guards, he was supposed to please? So he shared his last love, as the last piece of bread. He thought that Alla would be silent about it.

Morning shed rain. In the boarding house, everyone sat in their rooms, and in the dining room they walked along the transitions between the buildings. Musicians raked rackets on the white balls. A knock and a shout could be heard far down the corridors of the building. The musician director was sitting alone in the room, he was thinking about a powder that cost a lot of money, although it was not a drug (that was its value), and the effect on the human body was quite definite – a sleeping pill. He already knew that they had fished the suitcase, but how to get it? Ilya himself came to his room and asked directly about the powder. The musician director shuddered.

– Where is Victoria Lvovna? – Ilya asked the director-musician.

“I don’t know that,” the musician shyly shuddered.

– Did she have a white powder in her suitcase?

– There was, but it is not a drug, it is a sleeping pill, a sedative, not compressed into tablets at the request of the customer.

– Where is the powder for whom he? – Ilya continued the interrogation.

– From a pharmaceutical factory. Who was meant, I do not know. I had to take it to the caretaker of the tower. The further path of the powder is not known to me.

– I’ll give you the powder, you will take it to the caretaker, and we will see where it goes further. Do you agree?

– I have no choice. And about the singer Victoria Lvovna – she must wait a week, if she doesn’t appear, then look for her. With her, this already happened, she ran away from everyone.

– Here is the powder. Act as agreed.

Ilya, closing the door, felt lightness because it was not necessary for Bella to be involved in this matter. She was dear to him.

The rain stopped. People began to leave the buildings. Four of the case headed for the dance veranda. Ilya, seeing their procession, approached them closer.

“Bella, I don’t want to go to your town,” said Pasha.

“Who would doubt that,” said Bella, distressed.

“That’s right, Bella and I will go home to ourselves,” Alla said without emotion.

“We will leave for our homes, and this will be the end of it,” said Yura indifferently.

– Men, and where is the singer Victoria Lvovna, did you help her escape? – asked Bella, depicting an interest in someone else’s fate.

“Slaughter, you can’t hide anything from you!” Yes, we brought it to the pier. The yacht was waiting on the horizon. “They sent out a boat for Victoria Lvovna,” answered Pasha.

“Why did you find her things?” – Alla asked.

“I don’t know that,” answered Pasha honestly.

– I wonder where she is now? – Alla asked, without contacting anyone.

– Alla, she is where you were, – said Yura irritably.

– What? She has Count Pavlin? – blurted out jealously Alla.

– And you want him? – Pasha asked sarcastically.

– Want! I want, and that’s all! Yes, I want to see him, but he does not want me, and now he still has this singer Victoria Lvovna! – Alla shouted.

“Alla, we can take you to Peacock’s palace on a white boat, he goes there in a day,” Yura told her with mocking notes in her voice.

– I will leave myself! – shouted Alla, full of jealousy to the rival.

– That’s what love came to! The woman to the peasant was going to go, and he has another one! – yelled Yura.

– Don’t spoil spirit! There is no money, otherwise it would have gone, Alla shouted.

– Alla, so we will scrape you on the track, – said Yura, – we will carry you to the ship, and you will become the owner – maybe you will not forget about us.

– Oh, radishes! Here are fun! – Alla started and left the terrace.

“Bella, where are you going?” Do you play dominoes? – asked Pasha.

– Ilya did not scoff at me like you! Pasha, do not come to me anymore! I believe that I worked pension, – said Bella.

Ilya listened to all four of them and quietly left his vantage point in the bushes. He realized that the singer would return, even if not immediately, but he would return. The white yacht in these places was only at Count Pavlina. Ilya went to report on the events to the director of the boarding house: everyone has a boss in his life. The director should know everything, but almost nobody knew him or saw him.

The director of the boarding house was an unforgettable gentleman, he calmly sat in the office as a simple official with the usual name Ivan Sergeevich. But the fact that the director of the boarding house, Ivan Sergeyevich Pavlinov and the notorious Count Peacock, is one person, few people knew. Ilya himself did not know this, he only guessed, telling the director everything he knew.

Alla could have recognized the director, but Yura did not see him when they were at his castle. For them and their love, Count Peacock, out of boredom, watched through a cunning mirror: he saw them, and they did not see him. And who will let Alla to the director? No one! But about the wishes of Alla, Ilya informed the director of the boarding house.

The director gave Ilya a prize. Detective, happy, went to his gatehouse to play dominoes.

Count Peacock thought. It turns out that Alla did not forget him. Moreover, she was jealous of him! It was a complete surprise. It was a pleasant surprise!

“Oh, how boring,” he thought. “I know everything, there is no serious opponent.”

– There is! Said the Count Peacock, sitting deep in it. “We need Bella to watch the caretaker when they give him the powder.”

He called Ilya.

– Ilya, Ivan Sergeyevich is bothering you, make your wise Bella follow the music director when he passes the powder to the superintendent. Do not miss the moment. Let her lead this powder to Count Peacock!

– It will be done, now everything is at dinner, I will meet them at the dining room, – Ilya mentally grinned, but kept himself from commenting.

– Take the car! It is important for Bella to see the moment of transfer of the goods, tear her off from those accompanying her under any pretext! On the map of honor boarding!

Count Peacock loved to be a two-faced Ivan Sergeyevich.

Ilya looked into the dining room: the musicians ate, drank. On the lap of the musician-director lay the package, the goods were in place. All four were assembled. He went to his table, ate quickly, went to Belle. Pasha made a displeased face. Bella approached Ilya.

– Bella, come with me! You and I will go to the tower.

“Interesting, let’s go, Ilya,” Bella said and waved to the others.

Bella and Ilya, without looking around, went to the central exit of the boarding house, where there was a company car for traveling. He himself got behind the wheel.

“Bella, I’ll give you a lift, but I shouldn’t be near you, you will follow the entrance to the tower.” There is an assumption that today smuggling will be transferred to the superintendent. You follow up who will give him the package, try to see the one to whom the caretaker will then give the package. Here are pencils, paper. You sit and draw, you will not pay attention. You told the caretaker that you were an artist, so draw the waves of the sea from nature.

Ilya took Bella to the tower and disappeared into the side of the city market. She sat down to draw. The caretaker himself went up to Bella and asked:

– Girl, you have no memory at all? Decided to draw waves from life? Draw, but do not bother me. If you were still a little away from the tower, on that boulder.

– OK, I’ll switch. What a beautiful wave today!

– What did you find in them? And, all artists are miserable, that they are offended, – said the caretaker and went to the tower.

Twenty minutes later the musician director appeared. He sat down at the caretaker, then went up to the observation deck, and went downstairs without a package. Bella noticed the package, but she also noticed that there was no package in the hands of the returning music director. The caretaker after the departure of the musician director cheered up.

– Oh, draws. See you, and the waves are as alive. Girl, and you really artist! I would give my waves, I’ll hang them on the wall.

– I’ll give you one drawing, today the waves have turned out well, but I still need to finish them a little.

– Okay, draw, girl, just draw me.

Bella had the feeling that the caretaker had taken a hundred grams of vodka or more per soul and was drunk and excited. She sat, painted and did not turn her head towards the caretaker. Half an hour passed before the yacht appeared.

The caretaker with a bag went to the shore, took the boat...

– Oh wait! I want to ride with you! Shouted Bella.

– Girl, why are you attached to me? The caretaker asked.

“I am not for you, I have become attached to the waves,” Bella said and climbed into the caretaker’s boat. Figure she left under the boulder.

– Ok, floated on the yacht.

– Why did you bring a woman? – asked the sailor in a disgruntled voice.

– This is not a woman, but an artist. She draws waves, she wants to ride with you.

– Can i?! – Bella shouted her question.

– Sit down and do not bother me, but here we will only return by evening.

The bag of white powder disappeared into the hold of the yacht. Bella sat on the stern. The men were talking. The caretaker got into his boat and swam to the shore. The yacht took the course known to Bella on the boat excursion. She sat, watched, was silent. The last thing she noticed on the shore was the car of Ilya. The superintendent told him something. Ilya went and took a picture under a boulder.

The yacht picked up speed. The rescue tower has disappeared from view. Bella men were extremely indifferent, they perceived her as a wretched person, drawing waves. It looked like a rather nondescript gray mouse. This singer Victoria Lvovna was all of herself. She jumped out of her dress while walking. And Bella had it all closed, and she herself was boring. Sailors Buek and Ledok immediately forgot about it.

The yacht was met on the quay by Count Pavlin himself in elegant light-colored clothes. Bella noticed that the package was taken by Buyek to the side door of the castle. And at that moment Count Peacock approached her. He said that he already knew that she was an artist, and he had an order for her.

Bella immediately grew up in her own eyes. They entered the Peacock Palace. It seemed to her that the number of mirrors in the castle was greater than the number of the walls themselves, she was reflected on all sides and quickly felt that her clothes did not fit the castle much.

Count Peacock noticed a change in her mood, but he continued to show an art gallery consisting of only peacocks depicted on canvases.

“Bella, I need a peacock amidst sea waves.” I have a live peacock, it must be drawn against the background of the sea. Can you handle this job?

– I think yes.

Chapter 5

Count Peacock carefully looked at the modest girl and decided that he needed to send the singer back to the boarding house: his singer did not care. He called the yacht and said that the singer was taken to a boarding house. To accompany her, he did not come out. Victoria Lvovna was delighted with what she recently ran away from.

Bella was given a choice of brocade robes with peacocks, they were relatively dimensionless. She tried on one bathrobe and felt quite comfortable.

Count Peacock looked at Bella and realized how she differs from energetic Alla and even more from nervous singer Victoria Lvovna: calmness. It was thoroughness. She went, did not run and did not fly, she did not ask for anything, but carefully looked at the pictures. He invited her to sit in the chair. They brought a table with food and drinks.

For the first time in his life, Count Peacock felt himself in his palace at home. Bella didn't grumble, she ate pies and squeezed compote without zhemanstvo. She was calm. With her there was no need to be cunning, to look after, to turn inside out. You could just sit, eat, drink, be silent. There was no flashy sexuality of the singer in her, but she pleasantly delighted the eye of the sophisticated lover of women.

"Bella, I have a room for you, and everything you need to write a picture will be delivered." You write what you need.

Count Peacock went to his chambers. Mikhailovna escorted Bella to the golden room where the singer Victoria Lvovna lived.

– I will not work in this room! – Bella was indignant and asked: – There are rooms above the floor?

– Yes, but they are much simpler, and now they are busy.

– Come, please, and look at the view from the window from the room above the floor.

Mikhailovna showed the girl rooms on the top floor.

Bella chose one room overlooking the sea, which she was quickly released. She wrote a list of items needed to work on the picture. Bella turned on her mobile phone, but it didn't work. Through the window she saw the singer, Victoria Lvovna, sit on a yacht, which sailed in the direction of the boarding house. "Change of prisoners," – thought the girl and heard the cries of peacocks in the poultry yard. Scary in the castle she was not, but also boring, too, was not.

Bella had pleasant worries, she was brought everything she ordered to work on the painting. She drew a peacock in pencil, traced the sea on the sketches in great detail, it was necessary to combine the drawings and then paint them on canvas in oil. She worked in her room on the top floor of the castle.

Count Peacock sometimes went to Bella's room, sat in an armchair, watched and left. He liked her more and more. He did not try to take possession of it, did not try to give to drink, to bewitch with his wealth. He wanted one thing: that she was always in his house. He did not have a daughter nearby. For the first time in his life, he had a desire to protect, not attack. He knew that after four days she needed to go home. Will she have time to write a picture? Rather yes than no.

Bella was working on the painting and was happy. On the caskets, she wrote, drew pictures on a given topic, the size of which was very limited. She painted and painted on canvas the way she wanted. "I would have been painting here all my life," a thought flashed through her mind, and then she saw a white butterfly outside the window. Bella opened the window.

The butterfly quickly found peacock feathers in a vase on the window. The girl looked at the feathers and was surprised that the wires were stretched next to them, but decided that it was not her business, not her room, and she would not touch other people's feathers and wires.

Singer Victoria Lvovna came to dinner beautiful. People in the dining room greeted her with deafening applause. In response, she invited everyone to the concert in the concert hall of the boarding house after eight in the evening. The people responded with clapping their hands together. Victoria Lvovna approached the trio: Pasha, Alla and Yura – and invited them to perform with her. They agreed. They did not remember Bella, everyone was firmly convinced of one thing: once Alla and Victoria Lvovna were here, it means Bella is where they were.

An hour later, the audience came to the concert hall. Victoria Lvovna had a good rest and acted with feeling, she sang with her voice without any plywood. Behind her back, the trio sang heartily, but their microphones sounded louder. They echoed her like waves, but she could be heard – the singer. The musicians played with inspiration, they were radiant with happiness, because their prima, soul and salary Victoria Lvovna returned from a short journey, and in a good mood.

After the concert, Pasha turned around at the throne of Victoria Lvovna. He melted at her sight, at the sound of her voice. The musicians did not interfere with another fan primo. Naturally, Pasha came to the singer in the room. I bought champagne and sweets. I decided that since the barmaid is different, it means that everything is fine with champagne.

The singer is tired of the disdainful inattention of Count Pavlin, and here Pasha just crept before her. She was flattered. Victoria Lvovna loved slaves. The two of them drank a whole bottle of champagne and ate some of the candy. Pavel Victoria Lvovna did not reject. The two of them lay down on the bed, but something happened to them: they just fell asleep.

In the morning, Victoria Lvovna and Pavel could not wake up. Yura and the musicians looked into the window of Victoria Lvovna. The curtains were slightly open. They saw that the singer and Pasha were sleeping in clothes on the same bed.

The director of the boarding house received information about the singer Victoria Lvovna, because it was his service who added sleeping pills to the bottles. They have developed their own technology for the introduction of sleeping pills in wine and vodka bottles. The new party was specially made weaker, so that they did not immediately understand why they fell asleep. Results are always reported to the director. It entertained him, and especially what was happening with his vacationers.

And now there was no love and betrayal. Singer Victoria Lvovna and Pasha just slept. They did not wake up. They themselves woke up for dinner. The singer in the evening had a concert in Abrikosovka. Victoria Lvovna again invited the trio to take part in her concert.

Alla was not surprised at anything and bought herself a new shiny dress. She liked to look from the stage into the hall. Scene delayed. She accepted applause on her own account, and this pleased her inexpressibly.

Pasha and Yura quietly basked, attracting the views of the female half of the hall. Singer Victoria L. felt that this trio has a beneficial effect on the attention of the audience. She decided to use them in all the remaining concerts. So it was easier for her. Musicians from Victoria Lvovna

They did not ask anything extra, they played with all their creative powers.

All tickets for the remaining four concerts were sold out. Four days later, the four had to leave the boarding house. Bella was not told. Ilya did not ask the guys anything. He dressed up and looked overconfident.

Yura and Pasha decided to buy the same trousers and shirts for four concerts. The singer has approved their idea. Alla added new sandals with thin heels and thick soles to the wardrobe.

The audience came to the second concert with bouquets of flowers. The audience in the hall dressed up. The musicians dressed up. The holiday was mutual. Flowers flowed through the rows onto the stage. Buffet worked at full capacity. The concert was on. The spectators fell asleep. In some places, ordinary snoring was heard.

Singer Victoria Lvovna began to get nervous. Pasha realized that here came the long hands of Count Pavlin. During the intermission, he tried to explain to the singer the reason for sleeping in the hall. But she refused to understand him and was even more nervous.

The evening, sweltering and hot, made everyone attach to drinks. By the end of the concert, the audience slept. There was no applause. The musicians fell asleep in their places on the stage. Singer Victoria Lvovna fell asleep in the wardrobe. Next to her, Yura and Alla slept on chairs.

One Pasha did not sleep. He examined the sleeping kingdom and thought that the guards here would not help, and he didn't want to make enemies among the strong people of Apricot. Once someone had made a dream, then it was necessary.

He left the concert hall and went to the tower to breathe the maritime evening air. The overseer was delighted by Pasha as his own. After the departure of the girl artist, he was sad. The caretaker informed Pasha about his sadness. He told him that the girl who painted the waves here went on a yacht and did not return.

Pasha was expecting such a denouement over the disappearance of Bella. He thought about her again, and the conversation with the caretaker was by the way.

– Do you happen to know when the yacht will reappear here? – Pasha asked the caretaker of the tower.

– Oh, dear man, no one knows! The yacht will sail, will certainly sail, – replied the superintendent. – The girl was sitting on that boulder. The yacht sailed. A girl left with them. I thought that she left until the evening, but she didn't have two days.

Pasha went up to the boulder, under which lay a piece of a picture with the image of sea waves and a few strokes with the image of a yacht. He sat on a boulder. Night fell. Through the night space, Pasha understood where to look for Bella. It seemed to him that she was talking to him through the dark and warm sky.

He decided to go to her the next day by boat, but he decided to keep quiet about his plans, said thanks to the supervisor for participating and hurried to the boarding house. The room was empty, it didn't upset him very much. He closed the door and fell asleep to the righteous until the morning.

The sleep of the whole hall did not go unnoticed, the local radio talked about it. A newspaper was not allowed to be published on this topic, and a television announcer was not allowed to come out with this information. There was a whisper about a secret sleeping pill that could not be found in the blood. After the person woke up, the sleeping pill disappeared. To take a blood test from sleeping people have not yet thought of.

The buffet checked drinks and foods, but the period of disintegration of the elements of sleeping pills after its dissolution turned out to be too short. In the powder, sleeping pills persisted for a long time, but the dissolved one had a short shelf life, disintegrating into widespread elements. These factors were used by Count Peacock and held an invisible power over the whole region.

The next concert was in jeopardy. People were afraid to go to the concert. The audience tried to get their money back for the tickets, but they were told that there was no cause for concern, and they added, they say, take your water and food with them. People began to joke that if they didn't see the concert, they would at least get enough sleep. Guards stood at the entrance to the concert hall. They checked hand luggage and women's bags. The concert was quite decent. There were no sleeping people in the hall.

Doctors walked between the rows and peered into the hall. Everything was calm. In every case, the suddenness of the event is important.

Bella was unconsciously waiting for the white ship. She worked without long breaks, she wanted to paint a picture as soon as possible. She looked at the sea and was not mistaken.

Sailed the ship. Pasha went ashore, looked at the palace and found that all the doors to it were tightly closed. He lifted his eyes up and noticed a flickering of a sheet of paper in the upper window. He realized where Bella was, waved her hand and hurried to the ship.

Bella sighed more calmly after Paul's visit. And freedom? She will certainly come. Freedom she decided to take cunning, but how exactly did not know yet.

The motor ship sailed to the winery. Many passengers bought wine in a factory shop and drank it quickly, someone was drawn to drink water in the buffet. Soon all the people were sleeping on the two decks of the ship. Slept crew of the ship. The barmaid fell asleep. Circus artists slept. The ship lost control in front of the quay of the Peacock Palace and was spinning at the behest of the waves.

He could be thrown ashore or carried with the stream, and no one would have helped him.

Bella watched the erratic movement of the white ship from the workshop window, realizing that her waving in the window was noticed by Count Pavlin. Escape time was postponed. The picture progressed successfully. Beautiful peacock straightened tail feathers on the background of river waves. The golden frame of an elaborate baguette stood and waited for a new masterpiece on the canvas.

Count Peacock went to Bella and at first glance realized that she saw everything from the window. Hysteria and requests he did not wait from her. The girl was firmly aware that the requests would only worsen her position and people on the boat.

The ship was only nailed to the pier, as the sailors Buiek and Ledok jumped out of the ground and pushed it into the sea with a wave. The ship spun in the direction of the sea.

Bella quickly drew a boat and hooks on the quay on a sheet with a pencil. In the poultry yard of the castle, besides peacocks, lived turkeys, hens and pigeons. She made friends with the birds, and they greeted her favorably. This time she tied a drawing to the leg of a pigeon with a thin elastic band, released it from the bird's yard, tightened with a metal grid.

A beautiful pigeon with shaggy legs flew where it should be. Pigeon road passed through the air from the palace of Peacock to the pigeon house of the boarding house, located near the administrative building.

At the pigeon house usual lovers of pigeons were constantly spinning. One man noticed a piece of paper on the pigeon's leg and the signature Bella. The entire pension knew about her disappearance. The man did not take it for work and found Detective Ilya.

Elijah looked at the drawing and suggested that she had another story connected with a sleeping pill in wine, but how could he help and to whom? However, he said thanks to the man for help and thoughtfully went looking for Pasha, who understood everything at once. Ilya caught his train of thought when Pasha told him about his trip and the search for Bella. Apparently, the ship is wrecked, and Bella is still a prisoner of Count Peacock. Ilya called the shipping company and said that there is data from the scene of events for which the white ship is in distress in the area of the Peacock Palace. He was told that they would take all measures to save people and the ship.

Alla in her own way worried about her friend Bella. The departure date inexorably approached, and she persistently continued to be jealous of Bella to Count Pavlin, but she could not help her and herself. Her friend Yura was glad that Alla was with him.

Pasha was worried about Bella, but it was clear that if she was not released from the clutches of Count Peacock, he would still go to his home, and other people would come to the boarding house.

Bella felt tired, she did not want to take a brush in his hands. She went to the luxurious swimming pool, empty and cool of marble. Then she went to the dining room, where with appetite she ate everything she served and fell asleep with a sense of accomplishment.

Waking up, Bella saw Count Pavlin.

"Bella, you can get driving license and car license." This is your picture. She's really good at it. You will finish writing a picture and get the keys to the new car, they will help you to master it, and you will pass on the rights in the city of Cypress.

– And I can go home on it?

– I think no. If you want to stay in the Peacock Palace, then I can provide you with the entire second floor. You have a choice, but I have no choice. I suggest you become a housekeeper and an artist.

“Can I leave the palace grounds of my own free will?”

– Yes. There is an exit on the other side of the palace on the highway, through which you can leave the house when you want, but you must return until evening.

– Can I think a day? During this time I finish writing a picture.

“Think,” said Count Peacock, and went about his business.

A day later, Bella said she agreed to stay in the castle. Count Peacock replied that the car was waiting for her. From her point of view, she was incredibly lucky: she got a job, a whole floor of living space, on the east side of which there was a sunbathing balcony with deck chairs, and the floor below she could use the pool. She was scheduled art workshop and private car.

But Count Peacock would not be himself if he so easily gave away half of his palace. In Bella, he saw a serious girl, it was possible to leave her abandoned housing. Yes, it is abandoned housing. The village of Abrikosovka did not have its own station, there was no airport in it, there was a small pier for water transport.

The new apartment of Count Pavlin was located in the neighboring city of Cypress, his business flourished in gaming halls, he was the owner of a fabulous gaming complex. His beautiful face inspired the confidence of visitors to the city. People, or rather their money, flowed like a river into slot machines, on card tables. Roulette ate the rest of the financial reserves of visitors.

Pasha, Yura and Alla came out of the gates of the boarding house. They were waiting for a regular bus to go to the railway station in the neighboring city of Cypress. Their last words were about Bella. Naturally, she immediately appeared on a new car and offered to take them to the city.

Pasha melted at one glance at Bella, but she was unusually serious and offered to sit behind the wheel. He refused due to lack of driving license. Bella already had her driving license, she received them almost simultaneously with the car, and she drove the car along with her father, so she was not a novice at the wheel.

Bella's success did not give rest to Alla, she bit her elbows, because she is more beautiful than her, she was first with Count Pavlin, and everything went to her friend. Not fair. Yura had no thoughts about this. With Alla they went to different cities, and before Bella he didn't care. Bella drove the car smoothly along the road, she studied the route between Abrikosovka and Cypress on the map, did not answer questions from friends about the rest.

She was saying goodbye to her former life. Her decision to stay with Count Pavlin seemed solid and was not discussed. The car drove through the central streets of the city of Cypress. On the way, she saw a glittering game complex and a portrait of a man whose face was vaguely familiar. But to recognize the face of Count Pavlin in the illuminations on the facade of the building her friends and girlfriend did not guess. All three of them were traveling on the same train, however, Alla had to go to a halt earlier.

Bella spent her buddies and asked goodbye to Alla to talk to her parents and dismiss her from work, while she handed over an application for dismissal from the factory on the painting of boxes.

Pasha felt with his gut that relations with Bella were no longer shining for him. Bella calmly got into the car and drove back. At the gaming complex, she suspended the car, once again looked at the glittering portrait and easily recognized him as Count Pavlin. The girl smiled at the portrait and went to her palace. Bella began to gain something, but she decided not to ask the owner because of the elementary safety of the questions, but to perform the functions for which she was left in the Peacock Palace.

Pasha came home, went to the store with the name “Products”, but instead of products it sold wine and there were slot machines, decorated with all the colors of the rainbow. The young man went to the tea shop, but there were also money dispensers in it.

At home, his younger brother sat at his computer and played games. On the monitor screen, he drove cars, a man ran from the car, got into other cars and drove along the roads, breaking all the rules. Pasha decided to go to the computer room, but instead of computers everywhere there were automatic machines, painted to disgrace.

What is it for? Throughout the city, there was one computer room where computers were located, but they were almost all occupied by people. This salon was known to everyone, the owner of the salon was killed in it and computers were dragged away, but, apparently, another owner was found and everything was restored.

What could Paul do? After leaving for work, go out and buy a new computer for yourself, and give the old one to your younger brother? Work after the holidays has accumulated and for some time occupied all his thoughts, but already at lunch he remembered Bella.

Women in the office and in the cafe looked askance at him: tanned handsome man of the best male years, and his heart remained in the south. Pasha decided to fly to Bella on the plane as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, Bella found work in the house and on canvas. In the yard she threw a flower bed. The old house seemed to be alive. The birds greeted her with joyful exclamations and, like small children, fled, flew towards her. She was getting used to her new lifestyle. The chauffeur of the count gave her money for the management and maintenance of the palace. In the palace of Peacock, besides her, there were people needed to maintain him in a living condition, but she had no one to talk with.

For many years, Bella's friend was Alla, they shared any thoughts, told each other everything that was possible and impossible, and now she didn't have a person to talk to. The superintendent of the tower also talked to her, and people from the palace avoided her, or they did not trust her. At times Bella was attacked by longing for simple communication with people, and in the house she only had to give orders or follow them herself.

Involuntarily, her hand reached for a piece of paper, she began to write down her thoughts, the pen and paper became her companions. Once Bella sat on the balcony and wrote. The wind stirred the leaves. At some point, she could not hold them, and the sheets flew.

At the same time, her eyes fell on the dock: Pasha stood there, waving his hand. She could do everything, but she didn't have the key for the gate to the pier, the key was in the hands of the guard. She stood at the window and depicted the lighthouse, then she pointed at the clock and showed five fingers in the hope that he would wait for her at the lighthouse tower at five o'clock in the evening.

Pasha understood, he showed the time on his hand, his palm and nodded in agreement. Bella waved her head at him and collected the sheets of paper that the wind had taken. She got into the car and drove to the lighthouse on the ring road.

Buying shared notebooks along the way, she arrived at the lighthouse. Paul was not there yet.

The superintendent of the tower was delighted with the girl as his own. They sat and talked. Pasha appeared almost on time. The superintendent invited the young couple to his house, but they refused the invitation and went together in a car. On the beach, they stopped, got out of the car to talk on the air. He blew a gust of wind, their hair entwined and spread to the sides.

- Bella, why do you need notebooks? – could not resist the question Pasha.
- I write, draw and write down expenses.
- Bella, what a backwardness, and why not using a computer?
- We do not have computers in the castle.
- So order a computer, I hope your master is not a poor man.
- I will certainly order, and will you help me buy a computer?
- No problem, but it would be better if I bought it in the capital.
- And here you can not buy?
- In Abrikosovka I did not see computer hardware stores.

- There is everything in the neighboring town. We're going, I'll show you.
- They got into the car and drove into the city.

A store with computer equipment was located next to the gaming complex, she remembered it on her first trip. Pasha looked at the samples of goods on the shop window and said that everything can be bought here.

- Pasha, you choose what you need to buy, and I will come soon.

Bella left the store and entered the gaming complex, the guard said she was going to Count Pavlin.

- We have no Count Pavlin. Who you need, say more precisely or pass.

- I need the owner of the Peacock Palace.

- I understand, and say that you need the owner of the gaming complex.

Bella walked to the door of Count Pavlin's study. She entered a luxurious office with light leather upholstered furniture. Count Peacock sat in an armchair at the coffee marble table and looked closely at Bella.

“Bella, is there a problem?”

- I want to buy a computer in a nearby store, but there is no money.

- A good idea, I also want, but how do we choose it?

- Pasha arrived for a couple of days, promised to buy a computer, he is a programmer.

- Wonderful. Come on, buy five computers with all the giblets.

Count Peacock and Bella entered the store. Pasha, looking at them, said nothing.

– Pasha, they told me here that you know everything about computers. Pick us five sets, take the best of what we have, and then you will have a training course.

- I do not know who you are, I can only guess, but in a day I have to leave.

– Consider that you are on a business trip and you will train us for ten days. I'll pay for everything. Bella will put you in the castle, and for two hours a day you will come here and train me and three more people. I agree?

“I agree,” answered Pasha, and decided that he would have to call Jura in order to arrange a vacation at his own expense for ten days.

Pasha picked up the monitors with a flat screen, chose the case for the system units, all the necessary boards, picked up the keyboard and mouse. People came from Count Pavlin, paid for the goods. Four computers were brought into the gaming complex, one was left in the car for Bella. Count Peacock gave his business card, a few words were written on it: “Mikhailovna, have Paul settled in the palace.” Pasha and Bella did not expect such happiness, they were shining from an unexpected offer.

The servants of the palace began to talk with Bella. They saw now that she was not just another woman of Count Pavlin, and she was Paul's woman. It was not necessary to say this, one glance at the couple was enough to understand that they were close people. Bella settled Paul in the next room, nobody forbade meeting them. She performed her household chores with even greater obsession, and she had time to take Paul to Count Pavlin for computer training.

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