



When  
no  
longer  
a fool

story

Nikolay  
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### **Аннотация**

I was once as silly as most girls are when they're seventeen. A pretty figure and a pretty face – it seemed that nothing else was needed for life, everything else life would present on a platter. But, if only I had been given a little more brains in addition to external data...

# Nikolay Lakutin

## When no longer a fool. Story

Hmm... but it's fun to remember your past. No, really. And the funny thing is that a lot of mistakes were made in my youth. There are a lot of mistakes that I would certainly not have made right now.

Now I am a smart, life-taught lady. Two marriages are over. One of them is relatively successful. Everything would be fine, but everything is fine. Just tired, decided to rest – broke up. And they broke up both in practice and on paper. However, I fully admit that we will get together again... and then we will separate again.

But... it's all gray everyday life, where there are certain laws, certain sequences and quite predictable moods. Boring. Then, in adolescence and youth, everything was different. God didn't offend me with my figure, and He didn't offend me at all with my appearance, the guys competed so ridiculously for me... So many years have passed, and still causes a pleasant smile that state of non-system. No, of course, I was in the same system anyway. I studied, very abstractly pictured my future and did not think at all about how my fate might turn out.

Val took care of me from the school bench, sometimes gave me flowers..., field flowers, plucked here from the school flower bed. Well, yes, it is understandable, where would he get the

money to buy them. Sasha always tried to help with his studies. I admit, sometimes... I used it often... And I wasn't the least bit ashamed. Or rather, it was a little shameful then, my conscience tried to remind me of myself from time to time, but it quickly passed. Right now, I'm not completely ashamed of myself. I didn't ask for it, I offered it myself. I was right not to say no. Both he is pleased and I am comfortable.

I've always liked older boys. When I was still in school, I fell for those who studied at a technical school, and when I entered the institute myself, as a first-year student, I had affairs with guys who were already in the third or even fourth year. I remember celebrating someone's birthday in the dorm. And a friend of my boyfriend came to us "for a light". All the girls had turned their hawkish eyes on him, and I was one of them. It's not good, I know. But I now understand that there is a passion, and there is a love... and there is love. Then I did not share any of this, I did not ask myself how much this or that boy responds inside. I judged her by her appearance, by her ability to speak and keep company. Well, if anyone showed signs of attention on his father's car, then God himself ordered to be with such a boy together. That's what I thought until I saw Maxim, my boyfriend's friend, at the birthday party. I saw him and everything inside turned upside down. And when he said hello, he introduced himself and smiled... Oh, Heaven..., his voice, timbre, smile... A light, pleasant fragrance of perfume and a well-chosen outfit... I could no longer think of anything or anyone but him.

Maxim was questioned by the girls from our company about this and that. He delicately sidestepped sensitive questions and talked about his life with a sense of humor. I don't remember very well what he said, but I remember very well how I felt when he spoke. In general, I didn't care what our company was talking about at that moment. Who joked about what, what stories were hounded, and what songs were shouted to the guitar. I studied my new condition and couldn't stop thinking about Maxim for a moment.

I broke up with my boyfriend the same night. There was a good moment, he got drunk and began to harass me rudely right in front of the whole company. Apparently he wanted to snap out, show his coolness, of course, because he had the most beautiful girl. But the most beautiful girl somehow became indifferent to him, because somewhere inside, quite unreasonably, Maxim settled.

I caught Maxim's eyes on me that night. They weren't frequent, and he was obviously cautious. After all, I was immediately introduced to him as his friend's girlfriend. I wished I hadn't been cut off from his field of vision so soon, but it was still true at the time.

And at the end of the evening, I was free, but Maxim was in no hurry to close the distance with me. The girls did not lose the moment, they clung to him, completely forgetting about friendship. As I was later told, two girls even managed to fight for it while going to the ladies ' room. But none of us noticed.

I didn't notice, because all evening I looked only at Maxim, the other girls for the same reason, and the guys leaned on alcohol, poisoned stories and persistently tried to break the first string of someone's guitar. Self-taught musicians have had success with some of us.

Maksim... I met him two days after that night. He stopped by the institute to see my now ex-boyfriend. He may have been here before, but I never saw him. They greeted each other on the porch of the institute, discussed something, Maxim handed over some CDs and went about his business, and all this time I stood with the girls in the smoking room and watched him. Maxim was passing by, he saw me and waved his hand. There were other girls among us who had been at the birthday party, but it was me he waved at, and he gave me a nice, inviting smile.

I didn't sleep for two nights, and after his waving, I didn't sleep for three more. I didn't know what to do. I wasn't a timid girl at all. I've already had the experience of a full-contact relationship. I've been friends many times, and I don't usually go out of my way to say a word. But Maxim always disarmed me with his appearance. In his presence, I stopped being myself. The whole world seemed to stop, and everything became unimportant. Just his face, his silhouette, his smile, and his voice.

My friends didn't like the fact that he waved exclusively to me. After all, everyone thought that we parted only in words. Well, we had a fight and made up. It's a matter of life. So did my ex-boyfriend. He came up to me every day and not once, but every

time he got a turn from the gate. He really didn't understand what had happened. And I didn't try to explain. What was I supposed to tell him? That I had my head blown off by your friend who fell out of the sky?

A month later, attempts at reconciliation came to naught. We didn't even remain friends, I had no desire to communicate with someone with whom I was quite comfortable spending time so recently. Maxim did not come from my heart and out of my head.

Our next meeting took place at the bus stop. I was waiting for the bus, and Maxim was passing by. He only got his license two days ago, and his relatives chipped in for his first domestic car. It was not new, completely unremarkable, and I did not even pay attention to the fact that a cherry car stopped near me. But how pleasantly I was surprised when from the lowered glass I heard a painfully familiar voice that resonated in every cell of my body:

– hello! Do you need a ride?"

My legs felt weak, and my vision blurred.

If someone else had suggested it, I wouldn't have even answered. I was taken for a ride on fresh foreign cars, my suitors were mostly well-off. But then the crown fell in one fell swoop. On shaky legs, I hobbled to the car door, and while sitting down, I even twisted my leg, on the heel that played poorly.

Maxim did not notice this, he hurried to leave the bus stop as soon as possible, a bus was already approaching from behind. He was nervous, either from the fact that I was sitting next to him, or from a little driving experience.

We drove in silence for a couple of blocks. Then he got a little more comfortable and asked me where to take me. I explained, on my fingers, where I lived. Maxim only nodded his head in response and tried to focus all his attention on the road. But he wasn't very good at it. It flew past a couple of red traffic lights and almost hit a lamppost before we got there. To know, Maxim was not thinking about the road situation at all.

I finally got a little bit out of my inner chill and even allowed myself to joke about his clumsy driving.

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Needless to say, I still regret opening my mouth so badly. Of course, I didn't want to offend Maxim, I was just trying to find some common ground. After all, we had not talked about anything at all until that moment. We just saw each other and waved to each other.

At the time, I didn't even hope that I had mutual feelings with this guy. It was only after many years that I realized that he also liked me very much. Grown up, wiser. I've started to open my mouth much less often, and if I do, it's always very carefully, considering the consequences of what I've said. I never met Maxim again. Seen from afar several times, he clearly kept his distance, making the wrong conclusions from my joke.

Gradually, the storm inside began to weaken. I started to sleep relatively well and almost forgot about him. New boyfriends, restaurants, expensive hotels, and then the two marriages I mentioned at the beginning helped me forget.



But I do... I still remember you, Maxim. Somewhere inside, you still live in me. If you were to drive up to me at the bus stop right now and offer me a ride – I wouldn't miss my chance... time passes faster than we have time to gain experience and fill our cones.

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Official website of the author [http://lakutin-n.ru /](http://lakutin-n.ru/)

Author's email address: [Lakutin200@mail.ru](mailto:Lakutin200@mail.ru)

VK page [https://vk.com/avtor\\_nikolay\\_lakutin](https://vk.com/avtor_nikolay_lakutin)

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