18+

Leon Malin



JULIA, MY LOVE, WHERE ARE YOU?



Agency Amur

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«Издательские решения»

Malin L.

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The story of Leon Malina “Julia, my love, where are you?” Is an actual continuation of the story by Vitaly Mushkin “Digitized sex. The designer of mistresses. “There the main character, Alex, the programmer, gets into the computer game created by him. To help Alex out, his girlfriend turns to the Amur Agency for help. The best and only of his employees — Oleg and Vika — are taken for the job.

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The working day at the Amur Agency came to an end. The entire staff of the agency, and this is me and Vika, worked tirelessly. Victoria was engaged in correspondence with potential clients, and I looked through the CCTV camera records for one of the cases.

"Wow," I whistled.

– What's there?

– Intimate moment.

"Love?"

"What love?" Pornography.

Vika came and stood behind me.

"Children under sixteen," I joked.

"I'm already sixteen."

– Like?

"What's there to like?" Ugh, vulgarity. It's for you, men, not to watch porn.

"And you, girls, do not look?"

– Of course not.

– You're lying.

– Men are more rude creatures, give them only sex. And we girls are sublime. To us the main thing is feelings, attitudes.

I did not continue to continue the discussion.

In the morning a new customer came to the office. Girl, young woman. Her name is Natasha. Her boyfriend was gone. No, not a civil husband, they just met. The missing person is Alex, he's a programmer. He disappeared somehow suddenly, stopped talking. The phone does not answer. Natasha has a key to Alex's apartment, she went there. All the host's things are in place, including the phone. Nowhere is he anywhere. Natasha phoned hospitals, morgues, went to the police. The statement she did not take, they said that there was no cause for concern. Like, a guy will walk and show up. Alex's work does not know anything about where he might be. Relatives also do not know. But that is not all.

In a social network, with a certain account of Julia, messages are received. Here is one of them, seemingly, the first. Natasha handed a sheet of paper with the text of the e-mail. It was written: "Natasha! It's me, Alex. You will not believe, I got into the game, into the computer program. To get out of here, I need codes, they are in my computer, in the folder 'Build a woman'. Go into the folder, find the codes and send them to me here, please. Alex."

– I did not answer this message, as well as on others. I do not know what it is, a joke or something. Do not inspire confidence and this Julia. She looks like a woman of easy virtue, everywhere her photo is half-naked. Why does not he access his account? Why does not it

communicate in a different way? There are many questions, but there are no answers to them. Therefore, I decided to turn to you, – Natasha sighed.

"An interesting story," I answered, thinking. – A man got into a computer game. Was alive, and became painted. Do you believe that?

– Of course not. What nonsense?

"I do not believe it either." But I'll try to help you. Just one more question. Why did you turn to our agency, the agency involved in love affairs?

"Well, there are several reasons." Firstly, these are the treatment from the naked beauty account. Then, this work of Alex with programs for the design of women, virtual. What is it, a little real, or what? And, frankly, our personal relations with him have somehow begun to fade a little. I was already thinking whether he was dating someone else. In real life.

"Very well, we are taking up this matter."

Find a person in a computer game, what can be more exciting?

The first thing I wrote in the social network Julia (by the way, very nice girl):

"Alex!" My name is Oleg, I am writing to you on behalf of Natasha. She is concerned about your absence. Where are you?

Soon came the answer:

– Oleg! Good afternoon! I need your help to go back home. I need computer codes stored in my laptop at my house.

I write again:

– How can you prove that you are the Alex that we are looking for?

Strong correspondence began.

– I know some details that are known only to Natasha and me, the real Alex.

"It's not proof, Alex could tell you about these details."

– I sent you my photos here. I did it here, where I am now, in the game.

Images are attached to the message. Here Alex is driving a big black SUV. Here he is at the entrance to the chic mansion.

– The photo with you does not yet confirm that I am communicating with you. We need more weighty evidence. For example, the coordinates of the place where you are now.

– I do not have geographic coordinates here, I'm in the computer, on the Internet.

– If you think you are in a computer, then you need to see a doctor, a psychiatrist.

– Yes, I'm perfectly healthy. You have to believe me.

– Why should I believe you?

The subscriber fell silent.

Yes, further dialogue was meaningless. It's either a joker or a madman. But why does he need any codes? I contacted Natasha and asked to take Alex's laptop for a while. It was not easy to enter into it. Access to the data was closed with a password. Just in case, I wrote Julia, for Alex.

– What is the password for entering your laptop?

– Rz34eA7—3vW, – came the answer.

– Do you remember such a complicated password?

– Too much valuable information is stored there.

The password, which I did not expect, came up. So it's Alex after all. But he went mad. Entering his laptop, I immediately realized that his master is a programmer, it was painful all here is tricky. It was very difficult to understand. After spending several hours, I did not understand anything. Suddenly an idea occurred to me. I wrote Julia.

– Alex, how to enter your game?

The answer did not come immediately.

– Sorry, Oleg, I can not give you access to our game. The information is strictly confidential.

"Well, then I will not give you the codes you ask for."

"Okay, I'll think of something else." I can not let anyone in the game. It's just dangerous for my life. Excuse me.

I closed the laptop.

Since Alex has given the password from his laptop, this is undoubtedly it. Just give us this information? In a nutshell, nothing. Apparently, Alex does not want to be found. But why? Maybe he is hiding from someone? For example, from Natasha. But what follows from this? And how can I find him? If it's Alex, the real Alex, is in correspondence, then you need to somehow entice him, somehow replay it. To begin with, you should probably give him the codes he asks for. He will get his, and me – an extra reason to come into contact with him.

"Alex, why do you need these codes?"

– To regain control of the game. And to try to get out of here, to return to the real world.

"Alex, who is Julia?"

– Julia – this is a character I invented in the game. This is a beautiful young woman. If you leave me the codes, I will definitely introduce you.

– Well, say what the codes are and where to look for them.

An hour later I sent Alex the information he asked for.

A few days later, Alex sent me the password to enter the game. The game was called "Construct a woman". I, curious, went there. Following the instructions of the programmer, I immediately went to a large house in colonial style, with columns and a wide porch of granite. The door of the house is open, Alex waited for me in the living room.

"Hello, Oleg, sit down, sit down," he pointed to the chair with his hand. – We're on you? Sit down, now I'll tell you everything.

I "sat down" in the armchair. Alex is opposite. But no, he jumped up.

"I'll close the door now," and left the living room.

I looked around. Elegant environment. Not bad settled this Alex, in his virtual world. Here he is back.

"I have not spoken to a living person for a long time, with a man from there," he pointed with his finger somewhere upwards. – It started a long time ago.

Alex paused.

– Once, for a long time, I started writing a computer program. This program. I called her "Make a woman". Any man could create a virtual woman to his liking. And to communicate with her, as with the living. By the way, the time here flows much more slowly than you have there. According to you, I've been here for several weeks, but in fact, it's been several years already. I'll have coffee with your permission.

Alex poured himself a cup of coffee and sipped it.

– So, I started writing a program, a game. I created myself a prototype of a woman, calling him (her) Julia. The face and body of Julia I "made" to my liking. Beautiful blonde with big breasts and a round ass. Well, you'll see her.

The doorbell rang.

– It's easy at the mention. But I will not open it now, until I tell you everything. I taught Julia to move, to speak, I gave her even higher education. And, most importantly, I gave her the opportunity to develop herself further. And now it is quite self-sufficient person. A man with his own characteristics, with his own character. Quite a lively man, strange as it sounds in our virtual space. Julia and I talked, talked, even had sex. Then I began to expand the game. Created for Julia a house,

a car, a street, a dog. But she asked me to make her a living person, for communication. And I created another woman and called her Lena. Lena is not like Julia, you'll soon see both of them. Here I want to add that the program "Design a woman", a program for men, I created with some kind of sexual component. So I made both girls sexy. Not only sexual in terms of attracting interest to them, but, I would say, sexually preoccupied. And, having made Lena, I also entered into a relationship with her. And then the three of us. For my part, it was, of course, virtually.

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