

SAMMYNOLIE BY ALEXANDER TSYPKIN  
Translated by Paul Lazarus

Even perfect swine who always seem to get away with their shit sometime find themselves in a situation where even they can't wriggle out of it. One of the greatest, Sammynolie, was always expecting this ultimate challenge of his talent. His victims were mostly women so there was no surprise that his punishment was named Daria.

Though she was only five foot two, all 62 inches were pure devil. But, even the devil sometimes feels like a poor relation.

Sammy met Daria in St. Petersburg at a semi-glam party. He went to the "Venice of the North" for a week, to clear his head. He hadn't visited St. Pete for about three years and was hoping to find adventure.

Plus, he was auditioning his brand-new Vin Diesel look - a completely bald dome. Losing hair fast, Sammy without hesitating, decided to end the relationship first. Clean-shaven, he felt confident and slick.

He noticed Daria right away. It was impossible not to. Black hair, indescribably fine ass and a red dress that sculpted that ass in all the right ways. What more could anyone need in such a gloomy city as St. P.? Her face, to be frank, was not the point given this dress. It's important to note that Daria's mind was not on the party at the moment. She was torn between two men. A good one and a bad one. Well, not really bad, but flawed. The good one, on the other hand, was relentlessly good. She was conflicted and deep in thought. And all this was going on in her head as Sammy decided to approach her from the rear.

- Can I be your bodyguard? I'll just stand here and guard that body. What's your name?
- Are you out of your fucking mind?

Sammy was completely thrown off his game.

- You think I wouldn't recognize your sleazy ass after four years, slimeball? You fuck me, take my money, then don't remember me and start to put the moves on me all over again? For chrissakes Sammy, I don't know whether to murder you or put you in a book.

Sammy realized that the roulette ball had dropped on double zero. As a guy into statistics, he knew something like this was bound to happen. He remembered Daria. It was finally payback time – with interest. Apparently, he had needed a quick loan to bribe some crooked cops.

But he wouldn't be Sammynolie if he didn't go all-in. Plus, Daria was pure sexual dynamite and it was obvious that her blasting radius was fast approaching atomic bomb level. Sammy, with no hesitation whatsoever, hit the red button.

Slowly, he shook his head and after a noticeable pause said:

SAMMYNOLIE BY ALEXANDER TSYPKIN  
Translated by Paul Lazarus

- Again, Sammy again? How long is this going to haunt me?

His voice quivered with pain and despair. Daria tried to stay angry, but was starting to grow curious.

- What are you talking about? Haunt you? How?
- Yes, haunt me, like a ghost. I would like to apologize to you.

Sammy wasn't sure what sincerity was, but luckily there was a Wikipedia page.

- Ok, that's new. Well, apologize. Better yet, show me the money.
- I would like to apologize for my brother. You see, I'm not Sammy... I'm his twin brother.

Daria almost dropped her wine glass.

- What?
- My name is Alfred. It was always like this in our family. You know, one good kid and the other... Well, the other one is Sammy. I was sent to London when we were teenagers and Sammy stayed in Russia. We haven't spoken to each other since we were kids. And now, during my visit to Saint-Petersburg, I get this. Believe it or not I almost got beat up last night because of him. I had no idea he was infamous around here. I'm so sorry, let me please reimburse you the money he has stolen and to avoid any further unpleasantness, we'll cut this exchange short. How much did he take from you?

Sammy had been brought up right by his wealthy and highly educated family, so when the circumstances required it, his language was appropriately posh and peppered with pleasantries. Although circumstances rarely required it. At first, Daria didn't know what to say, then instinctively started talking about the money:

- Well... It was around five thousand dollars... Oh my God, I'm so sorry! You look so much alike. Except your head is shaven... I didn't mean to...
- Please, it's nothing. Where can I find you? I'll have someone bring you the money tomorrow.

The actor stayed in character – the disappointed Saint.

Sammynolie had decided that for Daria, who in the interim four years had bloomed beyond belief, he was willing to pay up. He was also convinced that he'd get it back.

And even if he didn't... Sammy was willing to admit that sex with Daria was worth it. Also, Sammy believed in karma. Money-wise he had conned women out of tens, if not hundreds, of thousands of dollars and, with Daria, he was not above paying some of that back.

- Really, I don't want you to go to any...

Daria was experiencing a rare feeling of guilt and one that's even more rare – of being attracted to someone. Also, the London reference didn't go unnoticed.

- I'm Daria. You're Alfred, right?

SAMMYNOLIE BY ALEXANDER TSYPKIN  
Translated by Paul Lazarus

- Yes, I know, not the most felicitous name, but my granddad was an Alfred and attention must be paid.

Sammy's granddad was actually named Joseph. However, Sammy was sure that under similar circumstances his grandpa would have made the same move.

- I like it! It's unusual and really suits you. Have you... - Daria was looking for something to keep the conversation going - have you seen Sammy lately?
- Not for the longest time. We don't keep in touch. He's jealous that I went to Harvard and he didn't.

Sammy tried to feign another feeling that was out of his wheelhouse – repentance. But, unintentionally, Daria painted him into a corner.

- You went to Harvard after studying in England? Wow... I've never met a Harvard alum before.

Sammy was sure that Harvard was located in England but he didn't break character.

- Well, where else would you go after years in England? Of course, Harvard.

And that was the moment when Daria felt like God was returning more than just the money. She started liking Alfred more and more. For a minute, she put a pin in her inner debate about the good versus bad man.

- And what did you study?
- Finance.
- Wow, me too! I graduated UNECON. I know it's only the best in St. P, not exactly Harvard, but still something. And what's your specialty?

Sammynolie's specialty was simple. Find investors and fuck them over.

- I work high-risk markets. I help people find joy in their lives, because money stopped making people happy a long time ago. They need to feel their hearts race. So, I school them how to play super high stakes without losing it all.
- So, you don't let them bet everything? – Daria chuckled.
- I don't let frauds take advantage of them.
- Frauds like your brother?
- Exactly.

Sammy couldn't contain himself. Here was an opportunity he couldn't pass up.

- Daria, it's apparent that my brother really left a mark. What can you tell me about him? It will stay just between us, I promise.
- Incredible asshole. But you know what's interesting...

Sammy almost choked on "asshole" but was curious about the "interesting" part.

- What's that?
- He's one-of-a-kind.

Sammy felt all warm inside.

- He comes across as a total dweeb - if you could see the way he dresses. Total lack of taste combined with a desperate attempt to make an impression.

Sammy's jaws clenched hard.

- Well then, he must be a witty conversationalist, or how else could he have charmed you?

SAMMYNOLIE BY ALEXANDER TSYPKIN  
Translated by Paul Lazarus

- Trite ideas and terrible jokes, I had to make myself laugh.

Sammy started to look for a knife.

- What was so special about him then?

Sammy was this close to a meltdown. And then the lightbulb went off.

- Must have been the sex, then? That wouldn't surprise me. He's been a monster ever since seventh grade.
- Sex? Are you kidding me? Honestly, just between us, he's a total dud, if I can say that about a guy. Plus, he's not all that gifted anatomically. Oh God, I'm sorry, you're twins! Although I heard not everything is exactly the same.

Sammy's face noticeably changed color.

- Wait, I haven't even gotten to the juicy part! Your brother had almost nothing except for...

Daria was trying to find the exact right words.

- Except for... the raw magnetic energy of a true baddie. You could easily tell there's not one drop of good in him, not one, and that was so... seductive. It even made the sex different. Not hot, but you're able to convince yourself that it's a turn on anyway. Of course, you can't keep a girl around with just this kind of energy, especially if everything else is mediocre. Maybe he realized that and that's why he always gets out first - while you're still together.

Daria smiled at an old memory. Sammy squished a tangerine so hard it exploded.

- I'm sorry if I've offended you. But, it's obvious that you're different – not like him at all.
- Absolutely. As my grandfather Alfred used to say, 'Every family has its own Sammy.'
- You probably have a family? – Daria asked hoping for a negative answer.

Sammy had been knocked down but somehow crawled back up for round two.

- I did. We got divorced. Kids stayed with their mom in Beverly Hills and I went back to London. Trying to start fresh, travelling a lot. That's what got me to Saint-Petersburg.

Sammy took a sip, pretended to be bored and used an against-the rules yet very effective trick.

- Daria, I'm probably talking your ear off and to be honest, I'm pretty beat. If you don't mind, I'll send my guy tomorrow with the money. We're still brothers and I feel responsible. But, I'm exhausted and I'd better leave.

Daria almost knocked him over.

- Wait, I'm having such a great time! I'd like to take you out to dinner tomorrow night. Seems as if I've come into some cash.

She laughed and simultaneously struck a pose that clearly displayed her assets. None of this was lost on Sammy who realized that he was barely going to make it till dinner tomorrow night but still he didn't break character.

SAMMYNOLIE BY ALEXANDER TSYPKIN  
Translated by Paul Lazarus

- Well, that would be lovely... I'd be delighted, I don't have many friends in St. P.
- Sammy, for fuck's sake! - someone was approaching from the other side of the room.

Every muscle in Sammy's body tightened. He groaned: 'This is not my day!' He turned. His friend from Moscow was trying to cut through the crowd. He wasn't all that sober (and that's an understatement).

Sammy took Daria by the hand and said:

- Let me handle this, please wait a moment. This is outrageous.

Sammy charged at his friend through the crowd, bumped into him and pulled him close:

- Stan, quick, make it look like you thought I was someone else. I have the Feds after me and I'm trying to come off as my twin brother. Quick! And sorry man, but I'm gonna hit you, don't hit back'.

Sammy punched Stan in the stomach and yelled:

- Who the hell is Sammy? Open your eyes you intoxicated jerk!

Sammy came back to Daria who was now totally smitten. Intelligent and able to pack a punch. Perfect!

- Daria, I have to apologize but sometimes it just gets to me. And we're in St. P... Can you imagine what's going on in Moscow? All right, I have to take my leave, see you tomorrow? Here's my number.

They had dinner the following evening. Sammy kept the ruse going and didn't betray any sexual attraction. When they said their goodnights, he kissed her hand. Daria couldn't take her eyes off that hand trying to understand her feelings. For the first time in her life, she was bummed that there was no sex on the first date.

Then they had lunch. Sammy thoroughly studied up on finance and refreshed his Brodsky. Just in case, he even learned some of Brodsky's poems verbatim. During the lunchtime chat, he was especially passionate about marital loyalty, honesty, taking care of your woman and he almost dipped into religion. Sammy's alterego was so perfect, he fell in love and wanted to marry himself.

But Sammy was Sammy. He was hungry to see what Daria's ass felt like after all these years, but her comment about his anatomy was holding him back. Sammy was terrified that she'd recognize him by his dick. He wanted to find out if that was possible from an intimate, someone who wouldn't be offended by the question. There were no such women in Sammy's life so he, as always when the situation was desperate, called... his wife.

- Hi!
- Do you need something, Sammy? You never call me while you're on a business trip.
- No, I'm fine. Working hard.

SAMMYNOLIE BY ALEXANDER TSYPKIN  
Translated by Paul Lazarus

- You don't ever work hard. What do you want?
- Me and Stan have a bet (Luckily, Sammy had met with Stan, filled him in and he was listening in on the call now). Is it possible to identify a guy by his dick?

The answer came quickly.

- Don't know about Stan but in your case – definitely yes.

Sammy was put on his heels for a second and then became a little offended.

- Why, in my case?
- Because you want to remember a dick that's attached to an idiot like you, purely out of anthropological interest and just in case. Say hi to Stan for me, I gotta go, I'm working.

The situation wasn't entirely resolved to Sammy's satisfaction but lust took over.

While talking to Daria, he decided to make his move

- I would love to see how you live, I'm sure you have a beautiful home.

Sammy took Daria's hand. Daria looked at Sammy with such tenderness, that he felt a twinge of guilt for a split second.

- Look, Alfred... I didn't think I could say it... Can I be open and honest with you?
- Of course.

Sammy prepared to hear about her desire to become a mother, felt a little guilty that he was married but didn't go off-course: he was still trying to figure out how to get his 5K back after sex. His thoughts were interrupted by Daria's confession.

- I can't. Just can't. You're amazing, you're perfect, you're every girl's dream! But remember I told you about magnetism? I'm sorry, but I just realized that it's what I'm looking for in a man. Take Sammy – he's an asshole and the sex was so-so and I wouldn't want to see him again, but I couldn't get over him for a year. He has something other men don't. This raw villainous magnetism. And you don't have that. Sammy is too much, yes, but you are also too... I don't know, too pure. Too good. You don't have a single flaw.

Daria started crying.

- I'm such a fool! I should probably see a psychiatrist. I always fall for jerks! But I'm sorry I don't want to lie to you or to myself. Let's just be friends. I would be so happy. I'm sure you'd make a great friend.

After this Daria, with no hesitation, chose the bad guy. She was at peace with her decision. Together, they spent the money that Alfred paid back for Sammy and sent him a bunch of photos from their honeymoon.

And Sammy lost more than the five thousand dollars after that trip. He lost his villainous magnetism. He did everything to bring it back but never succeeded. The magic had gone. The dark side doesn't like when you cheat on it with the good side, especially when you're trying to fuck everyone over while you're at it.

SAMMYNOLIE BY ALEXANDER TSYPKIN  
Translated by Paul Lazarus

As a result, every woman in his life eventually left Sammynolie. Every woman except his wife. She didn't leave. She loved him just because. Sometimes that happens. You just have to have faith.

*FOR MORE INFORMATION AND TO PURCHASE OTHER STORIES  
BY ALEXANDER TSYPKIN, VISIT:*

**WWW.TSYPKINSTORIES.COM**