

CHAPTER 10 – FRANK’S OLD FLAME VICKY.

*14 04 2022 Thursday. Still has the “loan”
Bugatti. Meets Vicky. Frank calls Jaquie.
He picks his car from Santino.*

Having finished breakfast he noticed Victoria, a model based in London but doing some shooting in Italy. Frank calls out.

“Hi, Vicky.”

She approaches Frank who seems to be very happy to see her.

“Well well well Vicky take a seat. Coffee?”

He orders two coffees.

“I see you changed your car Frank. Wow a Bugatti. How come? The Maserati was not fast enough?” (She asks with a cheeky smile).

“I thought I’ll upgrade. Business has been good.”

Vicky walks out, and around the car, has a good look and walks back.

“Frank, how can I become your girlfriend?”

“You’ve already been my girlfriend once. What happened to your Lamborghini ride, Vicky?”

“Got bored. I couldn’t kill him fast enough. So I called it quits. But now you have a Bugatti. Time has changed.”

“Yes I am six years older. My ticker is weaker.”

“Six years older. That makes you 73?”

“72.”

“Ripe enough.”

“You probably will kill me if we ever we get back on the fast lane.”

“That’s the idea. I will get all your money. And the Bugatti.”

“In that case wait until I get my newer one back.”

She was puzzled by the ‘new one’. Both smile and size each other.

“Okay Vicky, let me take you for a spin.”

They get in the car and drive off. They drive for half an hour at a modest 120 an hour exchanging some pleasantries along the way. Then they stop and park by a pretty vineyard with breathtaking landscape.

“Do you know all the buttons on this machine?”

Frank looks at her and notices she was pointing to herself.

“Oh Vicky, really you’re a darling. As I said, I am feeling weaker by the day.”

“Okay what about the buttons on this Bugatti you are driving?”

“I am new in this car Vicky. It’s a loan. Somebody dented the new Bugatti two days ago so this will have to do for a couple of days while mine is being fixed.”

“I don’t mind borrowing it myself! Just for my 38th.”

“When is that?”

“Tomorrow. Coming to my party?”

“Got to pick the car up and do a couple of things.”

“Okay. So who damaged your car?”

“Young lady bumped into it. One of those things, what can you do?”

“How young?”

“28 maybe.”

“Wow you seem very cool about it, no loss of temper, no swear words ... like a true gentleman.”

“You mellow as you get older, Vicky.”

“Frank I am wearing a fucken YSL outfit, Prada shoes, Chanel perfume and you have not made a single comment let alone a pass.”

“Sorry Vicky I have a lot on my mind at the moment.”

“What’s the matter with you Frank? Have you gone completely limp now? Or are you becoming a fucken bore! Drive me back.”

“Jesus.”

Frank turns the car around and drives off. As they approached town, she asked him to stop next to a cab rank. She gets out and slams the door.

“Sorry to have said Hello Vicky.”

She looks back and loudly says.

“Asshole.”

He mutters under his breath.

“Fucken ungrateful bitch. Complete Ignoramus. No fucken class.”

It's one thirty in the afternoon. He drives straight to the hotel. The front desk concierge hands him the keys and a message. It says 'Call Gino'.

“Gino, what's happening?”

“I was going to ask you the same question, Papa. Where have you been? Nobody saw you yesterday after somebody crashed in your Bugatti. I called Cafe Discorso.”

“You're spying on me now Gino.”

“No no Papa. That car will kill you. Or some young model will.”

“I take it, it is a new Bugatti. Paid from your special fund?”

“You are right on that Gino.”

“Sorry Papa and thank you. Take care. Go see Antonio. His monastery is in the area. He will give you his blessings.”

“Okay Gino. I love you. Take care of business.”

“I love you too Papa.”

Santino leaves Frank an SMS message and informs him the car will be ready 2 in the afternoon the next day. It will be all fixed like new.

Frank calls Jaqueline. She answers the phone.

“Jaqueline.”

“It's Frank.”

“Hello Frank. Do you want a lift to get the car?”

“If you don't mind please.”

“Not at all.”

“I will get Giacomo and tell him to pick the loan Bugatti from Cafe Discorso at 2.30 tomorrow.”

“Can you pick me up from there at two?”

“Okay. 2 o'clock.”
