

## CHAPTER 17 – COFFEE, CAKES, and CONFESSION.

*03 05 2022 Tuesday. Depart Sorrento.  
Tuesday Late Afternoon. Pasticceria.  
Jaqueline's Confession.*

Something else was troubling her. His safety. And her safety. Was she imperilling him? They stop at the Antica Pasticceria in San Biagio a few miles before reaching Modena. She did not want to curtail the happiness of such a trip and spoil it for Frank. However, potential monitoring of personal conversation necessitated them stopping to chat prior to arrival in Modena.

It was about 5.00 in the afternoon. A few kilometers before reaching Modena she asked Frank to pull over.

"Frank, there is a beautiful cake shop a few minutes further up the road. So can you take the exit and we'll stop at the Antica Pasticceria in San Biagio. We can have a nice coffee and a cake."

"I am going to say goodbye to my calorie count for the day and indulge in anything and everything."

"Oh what's happening."

"Nothing."

"You don't mind me if I get a little bit fatter do you?"

"Not at all. I like you any which way."

She goes quiet and pensive.

"What is troubling you Jaquie? What is happening? What have I done?"

"You have done nothing wrong."

He reaches the Pasticceria and parks. They get out, sit down and order coffees and a couple of croissants. She looks at him and starts shedding some tears.

"What's the matter Jaquie. Why are you crying?"

“Frank, I think you and me, more you than me, are in some kind of danger.”

“What are you talking about?”

“Will you believe everything that I am about to tell you?”

“Every single word Jaquie. You are a good girl. That’s not politically correct these days. You are a good woman.”

“Frank do you owe somebody in Newark or New York around \$3,000,000.”

“What? Of course not. Not a penny to anybody. We have a loan with a bank in London but that’s standard business.”

“A person named Angelo. A deal in New York that went bad?”

“What is this? Who is this Angelo? What deal?”

“I don’t know. That’s what I have been told.”

“Who by?”

“Johnny Four Fingers Bristow.”

“Who is Johnny Four Fingers Bristow?”

“He is an English guy, a Cockney, works for some boss Angelo in Newark, currently in Italy, with a gun pointed at my head and probably yours.”

“Jesus Christ.”

“I did not want to spoil our holiday. I really care for you. I will not let anything happen to you she said bursting in tears.”

“Tell me darling what is this all about?”

“I am telling you this at this coffee shop so nobody can eavesdrop on what I am saying.”

“Well, a while ago, I got approached about dating a rich person. I was short of money, typical with my lifestyle. Not over the top. Helping one of my sisters financially adds further strain. They approached me at a weak moment.”

“This man Angelo. I suspect Mafia, not hard core. He is being squeezed by some other mob in Newark. He decided on some scam using a brunette, a model, a temptress. They hacked into Model Agencies. Also into businesses choosing vulnerable people. Your lifestyle and wealth made you vulnerable. You and your company were chosen as a target. My current financial situation and line of work made me also weak. They must have had a selection of models. They said they chose me because I have nerves of steel according to the CV.”

“The bottom line is they know everything about me. I mean everything. I suspect they know all about you, your family and every aspect of your businesses and assets.”

“I did not know to what extent or what the end game was going to be. Neither am I privy to any plans.”

She burst in tears again, and couldn't stop. Frank let her calm down.

“Okay we are still alive here, having a coffee and a cake.”

“My car is bugged. Your car is bugged. I suspect they have somebody at your hotel too, maybe a maid.”

“Don't tell me Carmela. She looks innocent. It's Mafia all around.”

“They pay me in advance \$3000 per week for seeing you. Angelo put almost an open cheque with Versace to get new clothes if need be.”

“Every time your car or my car moves they know.”

“Giacomo, he is a modern day Mafioso, based in Rome, smooth, charming and talks well. His tentacles are everywhere. He must employ a mastermind hacker getting into British Government establishments, Tax Department, Roads Department, Property and Finance Departments. You name it. This is my suspicion.”

“Giacomo, that son of a bitch. He is the one who pushed the Bugatti on me. True I had one on order with a delayed delivery. That was a weak point. And I am not a violent man. That is another weak point. It's true I got the Bugatti. I paid for it. And on the plus side ... I met you. And I believe what you're saying is true. Absolutely.”

“He and Johnny Four Fingers work together. I take my instructions from Johnny Four Fingers. Giacomo set me up to scratch your car. Then it was sent to Santino. They put Santino's business card in my glovebox. Santino fixed the dent and installed the GPS tracker. He would have installed one on my Alfa too before I got it without me knowing either.”

“They call me and ask me for updates on my intended whereabouts. However, I told them you are taking me on mystery tour. Never mentioned Scopello.”

“I am sorry. They lured me into this. They knew about your likes, dislikes, favourite movies, everything about you. They told me your favourite movie is “The Thomas Crown Affair”, Steve McQueen Movie. They told me to dress like Faye Dunaway.”

“I can’t believe what I’m fucken hearing Jaquie. Sorry I am not mad at you. Not a good choice of words I suppose. I hardly lose my composure. He takes her hands into his to reassure her.” He pauses.

“But as I said before, I thought I did see a striking resemblance with Faye Dunaway. You are also an actress.”

“As you can see, not that smart. I fell for it. I dropped my guard.”

“Okay, I have a plan. I have been thinking for 4 days. Frank you are in safe hands.”

“That’s what I thought all the way. But I have to say you had put some doubts in my mind.”

“Okay. We drive to the hotel.”

“From now on, only simple conversation takes place in the car and definitely when in the hotel. We go have early dinner. After dinner we go for a walk. And we will talk.”

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