

CHAPTER 39 – BUGATTI BEAST. BACK WITH A BOUNCE.

10 01 2023 Tuesday. Gino takes the Bugatti for a Test Run.

On Friday Gino reminded Filippo Fallone that he is in charge of the Dealership for the next 3 weeks and he did not want to be interrupted while away. Also that, he, Filippo, was the best man.

The Bugatti was parked in Gino's Kensington Apartment Garage as from Friday. For the first time he had a good look at the car and tried to figure out how everything works. And made some unusual discoveries.

On Saturday he took it out on the road for an hour.

A quick run around the Westminster area and many a female head were turning. Some purely curious. Some more forward. One young lady approached the car at a set of traffic lights. Leaned down, revealing all, and still with the window up, she clearly said:

"I .. just .. love .. the .. colour". She chiselled every word as it came out of her mouth, with her bottom lip still dangling as if the last word got stuck on the way out.

He rolled the window down and shouted back.

"It is a Bugatti" waving a little good bye.

He picked Jaquie from her hotel and drove aimlessly for another hour.

"Where are we heading to?"

"No plan. No clue. How about your plan?"

"Which one?"

"The Travel Plan for tomorrow."

"Oh that one. No plan. Just drive along and we stop wherever. No pressure. Enjoy ourselves."

"Excellent thinking."

Within one hour they were back at the hotel. Like his dad, he drove the car to the parking spot himself. They headed straight in. They giggled, chatted, laughed, smiled, drank their Martinis, had a light supper and decided to retire early.

“It’s the start of a long journey so we better get some rest.”

“Okay I will let you get to your room, my eyes will follow you to the lift then I am off. Tomorrow we will be meet at 10 and depart. Remember, to put all your belongings in the hotel storage unless needed on the trip. Filippo will cancel the suite after tomorrow.”

“A domani.”

“Ciao.”

*11 01 2023 Wednesday. Chapter 39
Section Break*

*Jaquie and Gino depart London. Off to
Scopello for Wedding and Honeymoon.*

At 10 on the dot they departed ... with a big Bugatti roar and a cheeky smile on Gino’s face.

“Scopello we’re on our way.”

Jaquie politely nods with a smile.

“It’s good to see you being yourself.”

Gino looked at Jacquie. “Now we have four important dates we have to make sure we meet. We must be on the boat at San Giovanni Imbarchi. On the 19th before 11.00. The ferry we want leaves at 11.00 am. Palermo on the 20th. Scopello Hotel on the 21st. Scopello D-Day the 22nd.”

“Do you have the hotel booked?”

“Yes. Do you have the ferry booked?”

“We will book it this morning along the way. All okay with Maria?”

“She asked me to give you a big juicy kiss on the cheek and make it real loud. I told her I have to ask Tonio. She got confused.”

“Bless her soul. You can give me two one on each cheek on the 22nd.”

“Including the Eurotunnel crossing to Calais we have about 8 days on the road. We can veer left and right off the autostrada when we are well past Modena. We will have some time in hand in case we get bad weather on the way.”

“Okay driver step on it, off to Modena and beyond.”

“Yes Ma’am”

*21 01 2023 Saturday. Chapter 39
Section Break*

*Arriving in Scopello Hotel. Drinks with
Guests. Sees Maria. \$5000 for services.*

After a few days on the road they make it to the Ferry Embarkation Point on the 19th. Everything is moving to plan. They relax looking at the sights just holding hands and smiling.

Once off the Ferry, they set off straight on the Autostrada A20 to Palermo. They should make it easily within a few hours with one or two stops on the way.

In Palermo they book in a hotel yet again two separate rooms. The concierge did look puzzled.

They wined and dined. They were off early in the morning on the way to Scopello where they checked in at the beautiful Hotel Veduta Ricca. Gino had already booked the two rooms for one day and just one room for a few days at least.

With the car safely parked they went out for a walk by the beach and enjoyed the sunsets looking at some fishing boats. Some coming in, some leaving on short fishing trips in the local waters. Maybe going after octopus.

They called Maria della Chiesa to let her know all is okay. She said everything is in perfect shape and Tonio had already arrived at the Scopello house.

Gino called Tonio.

“Hi Tonio, you’re in already.”

“We flown into Palermo and hired an Alfa and we’re here. This is terrific.”

“How was your drive.”

“Very good and relaxing. Your protocol is too strict however.”

“Plenty of time for that Gino.”

“Tonio please join us at the Hotel Veduta Ricca for dinner and we’ll catch up. 7 pm.”

“Very well we will be there.”

So they all meet at 7 and shared the first round of Martinis but very much aware that all of them have to be in top shape for tomorrow. Maria was her usual reclusive self.

Soon they were joined by Mr. and Mrs. Fallone. They discussed the plans for the next day. Nobody showed any sign of nerves. Father Giovanni called on the phone to brief the couple for tomorrow. Now they were all set.

Gino called Maria again and told her he would drop by her house tonight, knock on the door and hand her an envelope.

Jaquie said her dress would be very simple; in between formal and a wedding dress. Don’t expect anything traditional. It was a gift from the Versace Company. Few thousand Euros I would imagine.

They agreed they were all tired. They retired to their respective rooms for the night with Mr. and Mrs. Fallone being first to leave. They were followed out by Mr. & Mrs. Baxter, both of whom gratefully bowed and left.

Tonio and Maria were the last to leave on their short drive to the house which was a couple of miles out.

Finally, the soon-to-be-wedded pair went up to their separate rooms.

Gino, picked an envelope from his suitcase, took a little stroll to Maria's house about 15 minutes away and handed her the envelope. She insisted he comes in to meet Don Ciccio and her son Fra Angelico. All of them greeted him warmly. She told him he should not have done this but she gladly accepted.

Gino was offered a drink and he accepted half a glass of local wine and left.

"Did you give Jaqueline the big kiss I asked you?"
"Tomorrow. For sure."

He left still trying to determine the exact taste of that wine. Kind of non-descript he thought. No wonder the bottle was void of the wine label.

Maria opened the envelope. Her eyes popped out.

"Mamma mia, Ciccio, we go on holiday to your favourite Catania. Let's have some wine. Salute. To Gino and Jaquie."

"How much?"

"5,000 Euros."

"I need to change the boat."

"Always the boat first. Always. And Maria always number 2. I think you married a boat."

Ciccio shrugs and takes another sip of wine.

21 01 2023 Saturday. Chapter 39
Section Break

*Tonio and Maria's Marriage. Is it Limbo
or is it Purgatory?*

Tonio and Maria settled in and got into bed. The mandatory Litany followed. It was recited by Maria calling out all the saints in heaven and Tonio replying to all the names with an Amen one after another, line by line.

After the Litany was over he turned to Maria.

"Let's put some music on. I have a CD. It's the famous Vesperi Siciliani. Nice music by Rossini."

"Where did you get it."

"Actually I confiscated the CD from a young adult."

"Tonio, that is stealing, nothing wrong with a music CD."

"In his confession this young man, about 15, he said, the video is of high quality. You could see all the musicians in the orchestra and some shots were really close-ups."

"And so?"

"Nothing wrong with that."

Tonio looks at Maria rather frustrated but continues.

"In reality they were all blowing on their trumpets, banging their cymbals, tightening their lips on the oboes, almost sensuous. But three ladies in particular caught his attention, one on the harp, and two playing the cellos holding them precariously in between their knees. One of them and you can see her on the CD being too liberal with her posture. So he thought. The same goes for the lady plucking the string of the harp. She had to push that musical instrument rather tight to her body to produce the perfect notes."

"He said he kept looking and looking and looking. Moving his attention from the harp to the cellos."

“Maria, it was my duty to stop him from describing the music in more detail. So I asked him to hand me that CD to destroy it. It was obvious he was getting some sexual arousal. He handed me two CD’s. The other one was unlabeled. It’s another performance maybe Verdi. But I have never had time to check it.”

“So how about a bit of music to finish off the evening on a high.”

“No I am going to sleep. I don’t like this.”

“Well a gentle kiss and say the Salve Regina before you close your eyes. Myself, I think I will check the other video after some prayers.”

He heard Maria performing a gentle snore, not a sound usually heard in an orchestra.

Tonio got out of bed very quietly and swapped discs. An unusual warning came on. Please keep the sound down when playing this CD.

It started slow enough but then the tempo suddenly increased. To the point it really caught his full attention. With a touch of slow motion he sat up in bed. It could have been a musician with an organ. Then somebody looking like Eve and dressed as heavily made a solemn appearance. The tempo continued to increase suddenly reaching a crescendo. He crossed himself then covered his eyes but he continued watching. He decided this must be a porno CD. Nothing to do with music but he thought the acting was so good so he decided to turn the sound up slightly.

At that point Maria got woken up and looked at the performance wondering where the instruments were. Tonio panicked looking for the control. He could not see it. It was under a prayer book. He tried to grab it knocking the book, the control and the glass of water on the floor. He jumped out of bed naked. Maria dared not look at him, in case

He quickly dived in bed hitting the red “OFF” button making sure he covered himself chin to toe.

She shouted at him, her hands and arms waving violently up and down, all over the place, a performance worthy of any world class conductor. If she had a conductor baton in her hand at that time she was sure she

would push it up She stopped. That was abuse of anger. She banished the thought immediately from her mind. She got out of bed in a anger almost tripped on her head-to-toes nightie, ripping it in the process.

“You call yourself a servant of the Lord. You should be ashamed. Dirty ex-priest.”

“I ask for your forgiveness Maria.”

She slammed the door shut. He was worried.
Would she ruin the whole wedding tomorrow?
Would she fly back to London?

Maybe runs to her mother in Modena?

He decided she didn't have the balls to do any of that.

If she does though he will go back to the Monastery. At least he gets free CD's. He chuckled.

He cautiously stepped out of bed and put the CD back on again. This time with the sound completely off.

And programmed it go to off in 15 minutes and back to bed.

Happy dreams.
