

MONACO GRAND PRIX - PART TWO

Kenny Malone was waiting in the Arrivals lounge. He waved to Alan, and a moment later the two embraced, then Alan turned and indicated his brother. "I invited John along for this trip." They shook hands. "Great to see you again, John. I have a car outside. Where're you staying?"

Alan told him.

"Okay, I'll take you to your apartment. When you've freshened up we can go for a meal."

Once the luggage was placed into the car's boot, they left the airport. Kenny drove through the streets at a startling speed.

"Hey, Kenny," Alan laughed. "Just because the race drivers uses these streets doesn't mean that you have to drive like one of them."

"Oh, come on Alan, you can't pretend that you don't feel the adrenaline flowing. Given the chance, I bet you would drive equally as fast, if not faster."

After fifteen minutes of his fast driving, with a squeal of brakes, he pulled up outside a very palatial block of apartments.

John and Alan followed him into a large lift, arriving at the third floor. When they got out, they could see ahead of them a large ornate door. It opened into a large and highly decorated room. There were several other doors leading off. Ahead were some large French windows. Opening the windows, John found that the view of the sea and harbour, full of yachts and cruisers, was breathtaking. The apartment overlooked both the start and finish. At one end there was a large screen. This would enable them to see the entire race.

"I can't wait for tomorrow!" Alan stated enthusiastically.
After arranging to collect Alan and John later, Kenny left.

A few hours later, Kenny knocked on the apartment door. John opened it.

"Hi, Kenny, we're just coming." Alan shouted from his room. Both Alan and John had dress suits on.

Kenny led the Tracy brothers back down to his car. It was only a short drive to the restaurant. The waiter led them towards a table in an alcove at the rear of the restaurant.

Seated at the table three young women and a young man, much younger than Kenny, but so like him that Alan and John were not surprised when Kenny introduced him as his brother, Robert. Kenny introduced the young women. "May I introduce, Monique, Fabia, and Gabriella? They're very old friends. Monique and Fabia's boyfriends are mechanics for Ferrari, and Gabriella is my

girlfriend. The ladies will joining us at the casino tonight, but their boyfriends will be far too busy getting ready for the race." John and Alan shook hands with each of them.

Monique and Fabia both had their long blonde hair piled on top of their heads in curls. Monique had a figure hugging, long emerald green dress, with a low neckline and a high split. Fabia was wearing some tight black trousers, and a strapless Basque fastened down the back. After the meal in the restaurant, they hailed a taxi, and were driven to the casino. Once there they headed for the gaming tables.

"Come and play roulette," Monique said, leading John over to the tables. They sat down. The croupier passed some chips to Monique. "What number shall we have?"

"Oh, um, seventeen black." John grinned. He was beginning to enjoy himself. He had no idea where Alan and Fabia were, nor Kenny and Gabrielle. All he was aware of was Monique's perfume as she leant close to him.

"Dix-sept noir." The croupier spun the roulette wheel and tossed in the small ball. After a moment he called, "Vingt-cinq rouge."

"Oh, hard luck," Monique pouted. "Let's try again."

After several luckless games, John finally won. Soon Monique seemed to lose interest. "I don't see your brother and Fabia, nor Kenny and Gabrielle. Why don't we go back to your apartment for a nightcap?"

"What would your boyfriend think?" John asked.

Again Monique pouted. "He is busy, and not thinking about me. Why should I worry what he thinks?"

To John's relief, Alan appeared alone. "Where's Fabia?" Monique sounded sulky.

"Dunno," Alan replied. "She said she saw someone she knew, and she disappeared into the crowd."

"Maybe you should try and find her," John suggested diplomatically. Monique hesitated, and then hurried off.

"Did I appear at an inopportune moment?" Alan asked his brother.

"Well, she wanted the two of us to go back to the apartment for a nightcap," John said. "But she has a boyfriend."

"That obviously doesn't worry her," Alan said.

"Well, it concerns me. I think I'm heading back; coming with me?" John asked.

"Yes, let's go and hail a taxi." This was easier said than done; Monaco at the time of the Grand Prix

was a very busy place. Finally Alan managed to get one to stop, giving the driver instructions for the apartment. Both brothers collapsed in the back; it had been a long day.

Alan and John stayed up late, discussing the girls and the casino. John was quite pleased that he had actually been lucky.

Soon after breakfast Kenny knocked on the door.

"Only you and Robert?" John enquired.

"Yeah. The ladies," Kenny explained, "have gone down to the pits."

From: Tawnyangel22 Sent: 10/6/2005
