

Chapter 468 Yep, That's About The Spot

Javier's first instinct was to pass it up, but he considered how small of an agenda he and Suzanne had while in Garman and agreed to attend it instead.

Since the soiree was abrupt, the two had not been sartorially prepared. After leaving Heinfensmirtz Inc.'s building, they decided to get themselves something appropriate from a gown-and-suit shop. To get there, they hailed a ride.

Not a ride in a modern-day cab, though. The two hailed a horse-drawn coach instead—a charmingly quaint carriage drawn by two snow-white Orlov Trotters and driven by a refined, gentlemanly coachman. Suzanne, who was palpably relishing the opportunity, chirped, “Oh my gosh! I feel like an eighteenth-century princess!”

Javier nodded in agreement. “D*mn right you are! Go on, your Prince Charming is right there, driving the coach for your pleasure! Go and beg him to give you a true love's kiss!”

While the coachman had impeccable manners and behaved like a gentleman, he was a little... on the old side. As in, fifty to sixty years old.

Suzanne rolled her eyes. “Wow, your prodigious talent at being a wet blanket is second to none.”

Javier laughed. “Well, I'm known to be great at making a woman's blanket very, very wet...”

She clenched her hand into a fist and shook it threateningly at him. “Do you know why it's good to be proficient in a foreign language, hmm? 'Cause it will prevent you from being kicked off the coach right-freaking-now!”

Javier understood her easily. Translation? ‘You're lucky you know how to speak Hildegardan, or I'd kick your *ss off this carriage right now!’

Despite being just a year or so shy from being in her thirties, a young, playful heart still hid and beat in her chest. It enticed Javier, and the more time he spent with her, the more he liked what he was seeing. “When we're done talking shop, will you grant me the honor of being my travel companion over the next few days? I've never visited Garman before, and I'm admittedly intrigued by this country's scenic offerings,” he said suddenly. “Of course, what's a beautiful place without a beautiful lady by my side, aye?”

Suzanne pointedly refused to turn back to him. She was not going to let him see her blush! She knew it was a white lie, as Javier could tell how much she was enjoying it. Therefore, he'd offered to stay here a little longer. He also made it look like he was the one with the request, which showed he had a very high IQ. That way, she could indulge in traveling around the city without feeling like she owed Javier for dragging him around out of her own selfish desire.

It was a very gentlemanly move. Befitting a high-class, handsome lech's conduct, really... She slapped the side of the carriage and sang, “All aboard!” It was a lithe tune only because she was so happy, and seeing her mirth made Javier feel the same joy. After a few rounds of intense selection, Javier and Suzanne attended the soiree in their formal evening best.

Herschel once again displayed his bewildering reliability by providing a black Porsche 356 that would serve as their car for the event. A truly quaint gentleman among cars, no less! Born in 1945, Ferdinand Porsche created a four-cylinder, air-cooled, rear-engine, rear-wheel-drive car. The position of its engine allowed a wide, unobstructed view, while employing newer steel technology as its body allowed the car to be as light as 585 kilos.

Metal plates used to be wanting and expensive at the time, so Porsche 356 had opted to retain only the most essential parts and adopted a unitized pan and body construction. Even the unassuming door handle was formed from compression rather than addition. Even now, the shadow of Porsche 356's sleek design was echoed in the modern figure of an Audi TT.

By July 1948, the then-newborn Porsche 356 beat its class in Austria. By 1950, Porsche began manufacturing the cars for global sales.

Sixty years or more had passed since then, and yet here stood its granddaddy. It was no small feat to keep the car in such mint-almost pristine -condition throughout the decades. When Javier steered the car to the venue, one of the doormen looked positively baffled. What was this decrepit, below-average steel can on wheels?

He stepped forward on his best behavior. "Many apologies, honorable sir, but this parking spot is, uh, reserved for those attending the soiree. Really sorry for the inconvenience."

No one would fault the doorman for having a lack of manners, but his fresh-in-his-twenties youth did not help him recognize a car as old as his own grandfather. His much older partner, though, could spot a babe of his time—the brightest old flame of his youth, to be exact. The babe he had never gotten to own even now and which remained a goddess in the altar of his mind. No man would allow their precious goddess to be insulted like this. Vexed, he swatted his young partner's cap. "Bah, you greenhorns are so ignorant that I can't even believe it! That car is easily worth ten of your stupid Bentz G63s!" he snarled before escorting Javier to his parking spot.

When Javier's car finally pulled over, the old doorman asked sheepishly, "Most honorable guest, p-pardon the boorishness of my request, but m-m-may I be granted a chance to admire this car? She was my favorite when I was your age, see. But by the time I finally possessed the wealth to own her, she...she was discontinued. She, well, she's my first love, really. I'm afraid she's forever ingrained in her own spot in my heart for the rest of my life, but the fact that I could never be with her fills my life with painful regret..."

Anyone who knew what loving a car was like would understand. The perfect car was someone's forever; as eternal as the impression of their first love. Javier was happy to let the older man live out his lifelong dream, so he placed the keys in his hand.

"You know what? I can tell you really love her-which only means she belongs to you. Because it takes a love like yours to make her youth and beauty endure." The man was bewildered. It was a pleasant surprise, for sure, but...so suddenly? Without any prior idea that this was possible...?!

"C-Christ...God, 1... Thank you! Thank you, thank you, thank you so much!" he cried, his eyes misty, looking almost as though he was about to cry. Never once had he dreamed that the sweetheart of his

bygone youth-whom he had loved and wanted to own all his life—would be in his arms at such an unexpected time, when he had lost hope of a reunion. He felt like the

luckiest d*mn b*stard in the world because he had the best d*mn dame in the world. His beloved; and now, his car. Even after Javier and Suzanne had long left the old doorman alone with his new partner, the man kept thanking Javier. It was enough to perplex Suzanne, who snaked her arm around Javier's and murmured, "Isn't it just a car, though?" Javier thought for a moment. "Think of it this way: Let's say you finally get the vaccine patent Poupé stole from you after you're well in your fifties, and there has been an official declaration that it belongs to you. How would that make you feel?"

Granted, it was not exactly the best analogy, but it was enough to make her understand. "Oh, I get it now!" she exclaimed. "So, what about you? Do you have anything you like a lot?" He nodded. "Of course, mademoiselle. I, for one, absolutely adore the two perky globes protruding from your evening dress. They are just lovely." Suzanne's dress had been Javier's gift, and given how willing he was to stay in Garman for a few extra days to sate her wanderlust, she had been thinking of getting a feel of what he might like as a return gift. Until he replied to her by saying...Well, this! She looked down at her dress's bold neckline and the porcelain skin spilling from her sideboob windows. She then looked up with a flushed face. "You're lucky I don't have a machine gun with me right now, young man. Or I'd punch enough holes through you that you'd be used as a colander!"

"Yeah, right. The recoil would knock one of your lovely lady parts out of place," he quipped, gesticulating around her armpit before proclaiming, "Yep. This is just about the spot." Suzanne was exasperated. Who would grow breasts under their armpit?! Urgh, Javier was such a...lech! That b*stard, lech-that big fat meanie!