

*Lutetian's syndrome.*

*Kate AKS*



There are too many things which are changeable in our life. But we all try to find what will stay on its place no matter what. We believe that every day will be new dawn and stars on the sky will help us to find road back to home, if we are lost.

Harper also believed in one thing, which will be strict as compass to the North, it is interest in property in Paris. She decided to work with this dead deal flat, which “Big Money Bank” bought after ending of the court. It was almost perfect deal, but in reality it was not.

- Lutetian's (*Lutetia – Latin's name of Paris*) syndrome? - Boss looked on the folder's name which was on the top of Harper's table. His heavy breath of overweighted person in too tight costume was music which announced his forthcoming.

- Yes, Jacob. - Harper even put little Eiffel's tower sticker on folder. Her green suit with trousers she combined with red blouse, because bank already was decorated for Christmas.

- Do you still hope that you solve this problem? - Harper wasn't first who worked with this object, people didn't like that photos were in the news and there were too many negativity around it.

- Our bank bought this property and with such amount claims of fraud it will be difficult to sell it, I agree. - Harper's job was to solve such problems. - But it's not such worse as property with murder's story in them.

- Could be. Only this artist's solidarity stops them to buy, I read your project.

And everything is because they dreamed to become real *Pantruchard* (slang for Parisians)? -

Asked Jacob. - What do you have now?

- Eight names. - Harper usually started with hardest part, but here at first she figured out who are more problematic and only now has final list.

- Were more, if I'm right. - Jacob didn't want to have one more court connected with this property.

- Yes, were more. But I will work only with them. For others was enough to receive letter with agreement to stop using flat's images connected with negative connotations. They blacklisted property address and posted fotos and comments. It was before, now they added that after court they haven't claims to new owner of the property. - Harper was proud that convince them in that.

- Artists made a lot of damage for reputation. Agree. What you decided to do? - Jacob gave this case to Harper, because only she could sell this property in Paris. She could sell snow to polar bears by instalments. - Sell it anyway?

- I don't sell it to them, but it was on my list. - Calmly answered woman and checked her dark hair.

- Sell to them? - Repeated Jacob.

- At least rent. Fine, I also could not make miracles. I discussed this with painters.

Women had too negative experience with this competition, especially after all that not returned money which they spend to bribe, as was proved at court. - Harper didn't understand that someone could believe that will work, but it wasn't her problem.

- When is your flight? - Asked Jacob, he always had problems with seats, this problem never understand such tiny woman as Harper. Sometimes he believed that she looks taller when sit.

- Tomorrow morning. We have for now two clients who are interested in this and I decided to instantly agree to show them art studio.

- Probably I should wish luck to them, not to you. Lutetian's syndrome really could be a thing. - All syndromes were favourite theme of conversations of his wife and Jacob waited for day when Abigail will start to read him medical dictionary before bed.

- Thanks, Jacob. - Harper was sure that at least will receive signature on contract with rent.

- What about previous owner? It will be fought with this eight and if they again write letters to possible buyers. - Jacob knew that already two contracts were denied.

- Previous, was pair of lowers, no one remembers their names, it was rent and former owner destroyed all notes. There wasn't problems with police and it was before instagrammable life. About that eight, I wrote one more letter to them and warned that it's already

about damage to business and they will lost this court. - Lied Harper, because believed that will sell quietly and quickly this art studio, Jacob agreed to reduce price.

- Not bad, but I prefer without additional talks about that flat. And I will wait your results next Monday. You remember – this week I will have quiet retreat with Abigail. - Jacob made a pause. Now they visit couple's consultant and it ended that he agreed to every Abigail's idea to postpone divorce after his affairs. - Listen to nature is more important when you want to hear yourself. Or hear nature instead yourself. Something in that direction.

- Probably. Tell me if it was worth it. - Winked to him Harper. She hadn't affair with Jacob and Abigail approved her presence in the office, few others workers were removed to different departments.

- No. It's waste of money and time. I already know it. But Abigail should be in mute mode for a week. It's enough promise as for me. - Jacob looked one more time to the Eifel's tower sticker. It was attractive destination, not camping on the ground in searching for inner strength. He had no idea how he will survive this?

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Harper was a little bit late, when run on the stairs to the art studio. It was the same story every time, when she visited Gaspard as first thing in the Paris.

- I'm sorry, I'm late. - Said Harper when saw woman near the door. - Thank you for waiting.

- Nothing. I waited longer. - Whispered Aurora. - Shall we?

Aurora checked handbag's handle, Harper stopped herself from gasping, but it was Hermes, she saw the same bag on advertisement in the magazine during flight.

- Yes, sure. Thank you one more time that waited for me, Aurora. - Harper smiled and tried to open door. She was nervous about her black coat, which she bought on sale last spring. She didn't wait for such client to art studio with this price. - I am sure, I will open it.

- Try at first big lock and only later small one. Door is old one and have own rules. - Suggested Aurora and pointed with her long fingers with almost imperceptible golden nail polish.

- Yes. - Harper tried such way as was suggested. - Worked. Yes, building is old. For that we love Paris – history and recent days, but art studio is in good condition. Were changed windows to new one without such draft.

- Yes. It's good. Windows without such amount of beams make room lighter. It's important when you paint in daylight. - Said Aurora.

- Yes. You saw older photos, it looks like different flat now. - Harper was almost sure that client liked this property, but decided start with conversation about rent at first. - And here is little kitchen with proper walls to not mix smells of food with paint.

- Yes. - Aurora sit on the chair near little kitchen table, paper lavender's flowers were in the vase. - It's kitchen and no one will stole potatoes from the plate, when lying in the bed. Marvellous improvement. Much better.

- Maybe you need more time to see everything here? - Suggested Harper. - After restoration on the balcony there is little nook with chair and table, if there is a wish to make sketches on plein air.

- Really? Could I? - Asked Aurora.

- Sure. I... - Harper's phone ringed. - I'm sorry, this door.

Aurora opened the door from kitchen and entered balcony which was on the roof.

Harper answered to the phone from other client.

- Yes. I think. - Harper looked at the Aurora's figure on the balcony and decided that little competition would be best here. - Already here? Fine.

Vincent was on the top of stairs, when Harper opened door to him.

- Vincent. I'm glad... - Started Harper.

- The door, hold it. I am now not in age to walk on the roof to open it. - Said

Vincent and Harper hold door with both hands, when tall Vincent in caramel coat entered the hall.

His hairs with first grey were tied in a bun, as Aurora he wore sunglasses.

- Sure. Come in. - Harper saw that Vincent was in bad mood, but at least she had

Aurora. - Would you like to see whole studio?

Harper almost run on her stiletto boots after Vincent, he walked quickly.

- Windows changed? Much better. Yes. Where I should sign? - Vincent suddenly stopped and Harper almost knock off on him.

- Are you sure? - Asked she in disbelief.

- Yes. Why not? There are some additional problems? - Asked Vincent.

- No. I just... - Harper was in shock of such decision and she knew it hasn't tiniest connection with her professional seller's abilities.

- But? - Vincent looked at the window and noticed there woman's silhouette. - I see, I am not only one who is interested in this art-studio.

- Yes. - Politely smiled Harper.

- Did she sign contract? - Asked Vincent.



- Not yet. - Answered Harper.

- Good, I will buy this art studio. - Said Vincent.

- Buy? - Repeated Harper.

- Yes. Where should I sign? - Asked Vincent.

- Usually... - Harper saw like Aurora returned by the balcony and now she will enter to the kitchen.

- Usually you have clients who needs more time to think. Just be happy and finish your job. - Suggested Vincent.

- Yes, sure. - Mumbled Harper.

- I will buy. - Said Aurora, when entered kitchen. - Harper, I will buy.

Aurora entered the art studio and saw man near Harper.

- It's rare in my practice, but... - Started Harper. Man and woman looked at each other without blinking, after slowly put down glasses.

- Yes. Harper, two buildings from here is good *café*, make half an hour pause and return. Yes? - Vincent opened his wallet. - It will be enough even for "*tasse de café*" in Paris.

- But... - Started Harper.

- Out. - Said Vincent, when almost dragged her to the door, which was easy because of difference in height. - And now you...

It was last what heard Harper and door closed behind her.

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Coffee in office was incomparable with *café* in Paris, maybe it had some connection with different language in the menu, Harper didn't find an answer.

- And last, but not least. Harper, what about you? In my office. - Said Jacob when entered in little office's kitchen.

- I thought you could surprise me with sale, rent. - Started Jacob when looked through pages in the folder, which Harper gave to him. - You are the best. Signature on the contract?

- In reality I had surprise for you. - Harper was afraid to sit in her new red dress, all day found excuses to visit every part of bank, she even put price tag in the wallet near Gaspard's foto.

- Yes. - Agreed Jacob.

- Two signatures and not year long rent, buying. - Harper was proud of herself.

- How you made it? - Asked Jacob.

- Everyone has own secrets. - She had no idea how it worked, no matter that talked with new owners for few hours.

- You saved this property. You are the best.

- Yes, Jacob. And if you will need me, I will be in Paris from Christmas to New Year. - Harper smiled, she had plans how to spend holidays with Gaspard at that flat. New Year's night will be with amazing view.

- And about contract? - Asked Jacob.

- Contract is from 5<sup>th</sup> of January. - Said without pause Harper.

- Yes. I received today e-mail about that. Date is changed. - Said Jacob, trying to make tie straight on his not fit body.

- To which? - Harper now need to phone Gaspard and change plans.

- Now it's from tomorrow. So deal is closed this year, before Christmas. You are the best, Harper. - Repeated Jacob.

- And best people need some personal time also. Have a good, not quiet holidays, Jacob. - Said Harper and closed glass door to his office. Now it will be again Gaspard's awful flat above loud bar, not romantic night view of Paris from the roof.

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- Don't you think there are enough candles on the table? - Asked Vincent kissing Aurora in the neck, which was his new magnet with such short haircut.

- No. I want luxurious romantic dinner in the Paris. Now, when we could afford everything. - Said Aurora.

- Yes, *combien de personnes*, how many persons, *madam*? - Smiled Vincent and again kissed Aurora.

- Do you believe it's really possible? - Aurora turned to Vincent.

- Yes. After divorce I decided to search property in Paris and it's common sense that I paid attention to art studio where lived two years. Tomorrow I will receive my whole staff and send presents which left. And by the way, I bought presents for boys, they are like my own now, without additional reminder from anyone.- Said Vincent.

- Yes. Presents to children I wrapped anew, tags left the same. - Said Aurora.

- What? I made it neat. - Was sure Vincent.

- No. Now they look like you didn't steal them from Santa's bag, after it crashed from some roof. - Aurora tenderly touched his chin.

- Boys, they didn't pay attention to that. - Convinced Vincent Aurora.

- Could just say thank you. - Answered Aurora, she knew that Vincent's ex-wife will pay attention to this wrapping and such insignificant details.

- Thank you. - Vincent kissed one more time Aurora.

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Doorbell interrupted them.

- Did you wait for someone? - Asked Aurora, putting back on shoulders golden blouse.

- Actually, I wait. In a moment. - Said Vincent when got up from bed.

Aurora heard "*merci*" in the corridor and Vincent returned with something big wrapped in the red paper with huge green bow on it.

- It's your Christmas present. - Smiled Vincent.

- And you hope that I will wait few days? - Asked Aurora.

- No. I know you. Unwrap it now.

- Yes! - Aurora quickly and not tenderly unwrapped big folding easel.

- Vincent, thank you. - Tears of joy were on her eyes. - You remember.

- You said that after fire in your California's restaurant you are not ready to return to this business and I thought what if you try to return to paintings instead. - Vincent looked at Aurora's happy face.

- I forget everything. I don't remember how to hold brush. Put it somewhere. -  
Suggested Aurora.

- You will learn from start one more time. - Vincent put easel near window. - I told you all fuss about wrapping is not worth it, yourself behaved as boys.

Aurora started to giggle when looked at the parts of red paper on the floor.

- Are you sure that no one will disturb us now? - Asked she and put her arms around Vincent's body in soft sweater.

- I think I was convincing about possible court if they break my rules to not disturb us. Even rest of furniture will be only tomorrow.

- I like when you said “my rules”. Since first time, when you convinced me to rent art studio in Paris. - Said Aurora and put her head on Vincent's shoulder.

- Really? - Vincent kissed her hair. - Should we return to my rules?

- Yes and better make it immediately. - Said Aurora and kissed Vincent.

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Vincent slept as usually, turned to his left side, Aurora quietly sat on the bed and looked to the night through window without curtains. Behind the window started fell snow and it add more magic to lights in Paris. Aurora agreed with Harper's that “Lutetian's syndrome” is incurable. She and Vincent were one more prove to that.

*The End.*

*December 2018.*

*Idea of title 21.02.2018*