

"If you don't know where you're going, any road will take you there."

— George Harrison

Daryl “Sly” Wishbone rewound the video to the beginning and tucked it away in a black metal case. Natasha and Brittany, the two blondes he had spent the night with were on their way out of his beachfront abode, after an incredible night of sex, drugs and rock and roll. Sly liked to videotape all his encounters for future reference.

He watched the girls leave and the massive gate swung shut behind them. His taste in interior design was simple and summed up in one word. Black. The exterior of the house was black, the floors were black stone, the walls were clad in black paneling and black motorized shades kept the place dark and cool, like him. He was a Scorpio and Scorpions liked cool, dark places, out of the heat. Besides liking black he also liked music, guns, war and women.

Sly padded into the bedroom in his bare feet and bathrobe and plopped down across his massive four poster bed. It had a black satin spread on it and leopard skin pillows. He sat back and pressed the intercom button by the side of his bed.

“Marissa, be a doll and bring me up some breakfast. You know what I like.” He purred.

Sly flicked on the video and played highlights from last night's romp. Voodoo was doing well. It needed to generate shitloads of cash to turn a profit. He had blown a ton of money on the club, installing state of the art sound and light systems that had cost a fortune. He was running a bit low on cash for next week.

Marissa put the tray on his lap. “Thank you doll. Remind me to give you a raise.” Sly began eating ravenously. Sex and drugs always made him hungry. He thought of calling his sister in LA, the

barracuda. She was a celebrity chef with her own cooking show, Elvira! She was also an animals activist and would save any dog, cat, squirrel or pig sooner than she would save one dozen homeless nuns.

He dreaded calling her for more money. She was one tough act. But lately she was into pills... Pills for her back, pills for her breast, pills for her knee, he could weasel in some cash. He dialed her number. She was weak.

“Hello sis.” He said

“Oh, Daryl, what are you doing awake? Its only noon. Didn’t think you’d be awake yet from all your consorting.” she crooned sarcastically.

She could be so sour, the bitch, he thought.

“I was just sitting her thinking of you sweetness.” He said coyly as he flicked through the videotape.

“Really? Little ole me? Now, isn’t that sweet.... Now what do you want from me Daryl?” her tone was businesslike. The jig was up. She knew. She knew that he would be asking her for more money as he always did.

“I need some cash”. Point blank stick it to her. He chewed on a piece of toast.

“How much this time?”

“\$100,000.00”

“Too much.”

“Come on, I need the cash.” he pleaded.

“Are you serious?” she breathed in and out, as if she were jogging on the spot.

“Serious as sitting on a cactus in the middle of the desert,” he joked.

“Alright. You win little brother. I will wire \$100,000.00 into your account by tomorrow afternoon.” But this is the last time Daryl. I can’t afford to finance your silly ventures anymore. And call Mother.” She said dryly.

“Thanks Sis, I will. ” He replied and hung up the phone. Sly replayed a scene from the videotape in slow motion. Damn!! He was good.