

Then all of a sudden a shadowy figure came into view, like sometimes happened when he was drunk and other times when he wasn't. Nyguen stood quietly at the foot of his bed, his black hair with a glossy shine.

"Is there anyone else here with you?" Boots asked. He looked around to be sure no one was there.

"No. You're all the time skittish like a chicken ready for the soup pot. Relax!" The Vietnamese's coal black hair glistened in the shimmering light from the bathroom. Now he was fully dressed in a business suit, not the jeans he wore at Billy's.

"I want more information on Millie. You get her high like we did?"

"You don't need or deserve any more information, and no I didn't." Boots was tightlipped.

"The money?"

"Don't worry, I'll care for it. Can't spend it for a while anyway."

"How did you make out with chicks?"

Boots felt Nyguen was prying too much so he sat up and gave him a mouthful. "Look, we're in business together, OK, but that doesn't mean you have to ride herd on everything. I do what I want when I want. Get it? And don't bother me at Billy's anymore either."

"Boots, take it easy now, take it easy! Just want to offer help if you need it with the girls next time." At that point Nyguen raised his hands in a gesture of peace. From one wrist an enormous gold bracelet jangled, probably several ounces of gold. His Rolex watch reflected light off the other wrist.