

Cost Of Doing Business  
By  
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The knife plunged into the old Hoodoo lady's gut, ripping through flesh and viscera.

"You call that a fortune, bitch?!?" Del growled, plunging the blade deeper.

The crone gasped, mouth opening and closing like a suffocating goldfish.

"Nobody scams Del Monte!"

Del pulled the blade out, ready to wipe it clean, but stopped, stunned. There wasn't any blood.

The old woman cackled and then glanced behind her into the shadows. The tip of a cigarette glowed brightly.

"And nobody kills one of my employees. You know what health care costs these days?" the Devil said, stepping into the dim lamplight.