

# SIXOLOGY OF THE SENSES

Sensual – Seductive – Sweet – Satirical – Sexy – Sensational  
A bittersweet symphony of love, lust, life, laughter and misery.  
Easy to read. Profound. Entertaining & moving. Witty & with a  
touch of sexy:

**The Promise of Love** (June 2012)

**The Temptation of Love** (January 2013)

**The Blindness of Love** (September 2013)

**The Marriage of Love** (June 2014)

**The Downfall of Love** (September 2015)

**The Crime of Love** (September 2016)





## THE AUTHOR:

Nicole Rose, born on 22 June 1968 in Frankfurt am Main, Germany, is an internationally known entity in marketing and brand development. After studying psychology at the Johann Wolfgang Goethe University in Frankfurt, Germany, she went into advertising before conquering the world of luxury labels.

She successfully worked with international lifestyle brands such as OMEGA, MONTBLANC, and ESCADA. Then... the death of her beloved and the acquaintance with a wild rocker shook her world. A wild amour fou led her to Miami and onto the highway of love. She learnt that there is not only the good but also the bad.

The adventure ended in a disaster. Which led to a new beginning. Today, she is balancing her work as an entrepreneur and author. She is a successful manager with international influence. And she revolutionizes the literary world with her exciting new style and books that infatuate the senses.

‘Romantic drama, crime novel, erotic thriller, adventure novel, a philosophical parable, and a satire of the world of Big Business... Shaken, not stirred into one uniquely addicting cocktail that gets you hooked and promises great entertainment.

A novel that allows you to ponder and enjoy its world!

**Nicole Rose**



## THE MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTERS:

**Nikki Rose**, capricious, creative, with an extravagant hairdo, shoes to match, and a big heart. But then her world is shook by the death of her beloved. As the marketing diva of the international fashion label Armada, she travels the world of fashion and luxury with a gaping hole in her heart – always looking for love.

She thinks she might have found it... with **WoOLF Barzokka**, a fameless rock star and frustrated taxi driver. Even though he considers himself the King of Rock, the rest of the world definitely does not. Then he spots Nikki, the alleged widow of a millionaire. He conquers her heart and whisks her into an abyss of adventure, aggression and an aura of gigantism. With his euphoric belief in love and his splendor, he rocks her world and takes her into a new life.

**Kalle Bolte**: Nikki's admirer and a likeable fool in love. In love with too many of the seductions life has to offer. He wants to prevent the unpreventable.

You always also marry... **the whole family**: Nikki Rose's family is good-hearted and decent. They are closer to their dogs than they are to other humans. They support Nikki, even though they suspect WoOLF's criminal intent.

Her twin brother, **Matschi Rose**, watches his wild sister with particular concern. However, he cannot interfere, because everyone has the right to make their own mistakes.

Barzokka's sons: Leon, Marlin and Adrean. Three blond rascals who have little respect for their fameless rock star father. It is the hope for fame and for-



tune that coax them out of their resentment and into the great new life of Woolf and his Rose.

## **BOOK 1: THE PROMISE OF LOVE**

It all begins in one magical moment and with a fateful meeting. Cupid's arrow aims straight for the heart. Nikki Rose, capricious and adventurous fashion and marketing diva, enters the scene with the sound of her trademark high heels and falls right into the arms of Woolf, a notoriously broke, frustrated rock musician. He's also a charismatic Casanova from Schwabing in Munich. What happens must happen...

They fall in love and the rock star moves into his lovely Rose's life. She opens her heart and home to him. And then, her life takes a right turn onto the highway of hell...

## **BOOK 2: THE TEMPTATION OF LOVE**

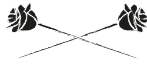
Love can be dangerously tempting. Coincidence? No such thing. Fate draws her in. Woolf owns the life of his Rose and shows her more than just his good side. He moves in his Steinway piano, his sons and his darned baggage. At the same time, Nikki has the sword of Damocles hanging above her career. The



butchers are taking over Armada and threaten to quickly destroy the label and Rose's work. Woolf sees his chance and ushers the Rose away from her stressful life. Her family and friends try to warn her, but she is head over heels in love and will not listen. Woolf has his way and threatens Nikki's existence, but she is blind to his motives. She that will not hear must feel.

## **BOOK 3: THE BLINDNESS OF LOVE**

Carpe Diem! Life is a roaring party! The clouds in the sky are pitch black, but Nikki is in love and to her they look pink. Blinded by love, she lets herself live the wild life of a rock star lover. Has that not always been her purpose? Society is in an uproar. Woolf's life is fast and dangerous. Nikki's friends and family distance themselves from her, while Woolf and his offspring spend all of her money and celebrate life while she is off fighting for her career. This simply cannot end well. Everything she worked for is quickly reduced to nothing. Woolf has got a plan: he wants to break the bank. His plan fails, however, and he loses everything that was Nikki's. His destructiveness knows no boundaries, and the mess is everyone's fault but his! Once again, life took everything he could have had. It is time for his Rose to work on making him famous! Kicking her superior's visage then seals the deal, and Rose did not just lose her money but also her job. What is left? Running. To Miami.



## BOOK 4: THE MARRIAGE OF LOVE

Palm trees, never-ending sunshine, a pool with flamingos. Nikki and Woolf have ended up in paradise! However, paradise quickly becomes a land of scoundrels, and Woolf turns out to be the devil himself. Consideration and respect are not part of his vocabulary. He lives on the inheritance that Nikki saved from her Swiss bank account and hid in her lacey underwear. An enchanted house in Coconut Groove becomes their home. Did they finally find a place for their hearts to be at home again? It seems like it is meant to be. Fate. A sulfur spousal seals their fate. Nikki's mother unsuccessfully tries to prevent the wedding – and now, did they live happily ever after? No! The ghosts of the past won't leave them alone. Paradise turns into hell... They don't have a permit of residence. Money is running out. Woolf is angry and his love oftentimes turns into hate...

Unforeseen chasms open up in front of Nikki, but she refuses to see them. Their downfall seems to be inevitable.

## BOOK 5: THE DOWNFALL OF LOVE

They finally made it! After months of fearing for their future and lots of money spent, they finally made it: they got their visas.

The glamorous couple travel to Germany. Family and friends welcome them as musical millionaires from Miami. The residence permit they worked

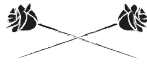


for so hard and waited on for so long is finally here. Their new life can now officially begin. Nikki and Woolf flipped life off – but a trip to Munich turns fortune into misfortune. Woolf is facing lawsuits issued by the mothers of his sons. He is living the life, owns a pool bigger than their flats and refuses to pay any alimony?! Imprisonment looms over his head. They barely make it back to Miami. Then the ground opens up right under Nikki's high heels: their landlord wants to move them out of their house, there is no money left. Woolf suffers from severe depression. His mix of alcohol, aggression and showboating disturbs soulful Nikki. She manages as much as she can and wants to save what she needs to. She needs money, so she sells their belongings. With her last funds, they move from the house to an apartment in South Beach. She is putting up a fight. Finally, opportunities arise. However, Woolf's anger leads them into the abyss of violence. Will they get out? How? Where to? Out of what?

## BOOK 6: THE CRIME OF LOVE

Rock bottom is not the lowest you can hit! Lost, disturbed and impoverished, Rose has to move herself and her musician back to Germany, back to safety. Her soul is damaged. Woolf's violence damaged her physically and mentally. However, she is still fighting for love. Her parents give her and – by extension – her lover shelter. They have an idea of what is happening to their daughter, but it does not fit their worldview, and so they close their eyes to it.





Nikki and Woolf want to start over, but it cannot end well. Unable to queue up for life's opportunities, Woolf destroys everything. Whoever loves him becomes his enemy. Help? He doesn't need any. He can't rely on anyone, anyways! The devil inside him starts to show his horns. The fulminant finale has him threatening Nikki's life. 'I'll kill you! And then myself!' –the last words she will ever hear from him...

*'A game with language and wit, subtle or evil, delightful... Reading this intelligently written satire will draw everyone in! Most importantly: it is the life's work of an amazing woman! Chapeau!'*

Christina Knorr

*'An absolute delight! Wonderful, sensitive and subtle. I'm loving this book.'*

Miriam Kleyer, Hewi

*'Wow! Brave. Witty.'*

Susanne Schmidhuber, Schmidhuber and partners

*'Highly intellectual, but still light.'*

Frank Schnitzler, Schnitzler Consulting

*'Amazing! Full of grace, lifeblood and passion!'*

Utz Rausch, Mentor



*'My boyfriend was so fascinated that I had to watch prime time TV by myself.'*

Bernd Blaufelder

*'You're describing the industry very well: the rush and megalomania, the vanity and alcohol-induced eroticism that is supposed to fill the emptiness, the boredom and the loneliness. You're not just describing it but making it come to life: the vocabulary of the book is the same that is used in the advertisement and fashion industries. You're beating them at their own game with their own language and adding some elegantly rhythmic wit.'*

Professor Dieter Pfister, PFISTER Marketing & Spacing

*'A new kind of literary entertainment: a subtle, witty page turner far from the literary mainstream. Wonderful!'*

Matthias Rösler, attorney for legacy law

*'Very good! Very nice entertainment. I am in awe of both contents and presentation.'*

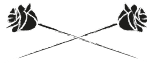
Günter Berg, CEO Hoffmann und Campe

*'Wonderful, humorous pictures painted with words.'*

Annette Schuh, Ströer

*'Finished it in just a few hours. Excited for the sequel.'*

Stefanie Then, Rat für Formgebung



*'My wife pretty much devoured the book. I respect it very much.'*

Wolf Udo Wagner, Vorstand DDC

*'I am proud to know the author.'*

Simon Selby, Selby & Co

*'The Marriage of Love: The fourth part in the fast-paced series about Nikki Rose is so far definitely the highlight by the author of the same name. The readers have to fear for the beautiful and brave heroine even more than usual. On the one hand, that is due to the events of the novel – the plot thickens and we witness an unusual wedding – but it is mainly due to the writing, that has improved even more, and the well-composed scenes that keep your eyes glued to the page. Gloom and anxiety mix with ease and happiness, and become a fulminant fireworks of a novel. Nicole Rose is serious about her message about life and love. Her bubbly sentences leave you as intoxicated as a good sparkling wine does.'*

Christina Knorr, Paris



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### Extract

From: *The Marriage of Love*, pp. 11

## OUTLAWED

What happens must happen. What won't happen... will be prevented. The flame that was devouring the right wing of the plane feasted on it like a hungry beast after weeks of starvation, although it had to fight against upwind and heavy rain. The flame resisted angrily, but its efforts were in vain. After several attempts, the flame extinguished. It looked quite pathetic and final. Poseidon's breath had put the fire out, as if it was a mere candle on a birthday cake put out by life itself. This was Woolf's triumph, HIS VICTORY! He had put all his thoughts into destroying the vision of the burning plane. His lungs were covered in tar but, finally, able to expand again. Exhausted and relieved, he lifted the chin of his little crab. Her hair was neatly done, and her head rested on his chest. 'Little Crab! Time to wake up. Welcome to freedom!' Nikki Rose woke from a deep slumber. She opened her eyes to Woolf's smiling face. He pressed his mouth to her lips. Her gaze was questioning. 'I dreamt our plane was burning and we would crash.' He hugged her protectively. 'At least we'd be together, little crab. We would live and die together. But don't be afraid, you will always be safe with me!' She beamed, knowing that all was well and would become even better! Woolf was no longer grey. His cheeks now had a fresh pink color. His skin,

usually deeply furrowed, looked as though he had just been injected with Botox: smooth and stark. Fleeing into their new lives did wonders for him. Nikki smiled like any happy inhabitant of cloud nine. The butterflies in her stomach danced through a sky full of pink clouds. She had never felt so safe and protected. And she was free as a bird. They had shaken off the boundaries of convention and had fled the dreariness. The confines of Europe were behind them while the land of unlimited possibilities lay ahead. The sparkling ocean was their stage and the reflected light twinkled like countless stars at their feet, which promised fame and wealth. Even the sky was no limit. With starry eyes, the lovers smiled at each other. Their baggage full of sorrow, worries and mundane thoughts was thrown overboard. 'Steward! Champagne!' Their escape to freedom HAD to be celebrated. Woolf flicked his fingers and the handsome steward came towards them, enticingly swaying his hips. 'Champagne is only available for passengers booked for first class. I can offer an excellent Prosecco!' He smiled apologetically.

Woolf ruffled his feathers and thunder rumbled from his mouth. 'Don't you see who I am? I am the King of Rock. And I just saved your fucking plane from going up in flames. That should be worth a bottle of Ruinhart Rosé!' The insane look in the passenger's grey eyes and his cocky words implied danger, even though his aggression was not entirely unattractive. The cute steward shrugged and smiled. 'If that's the case... let me see what I can do for you!' He went down the gangway towards first class, hips swaying from one side to the other. A few minutes later, he came back with ice and Monsieur Ruinhart Rosé. 'Thanks, man! That's how I like life!' Woolf's smile put any diamond to shame.



Nikki's smile was shy but just as radiant. The steward bowed. He assumed he would be tipped generously, and already planned on spending that tip on a bottle of champagne himself. But as soon as the glasses were filled, he wasn't paid any more attention than a fly would be. Woolf's hand waved through the air as though he wanted to get rid of exactly that – a fruit fly. The lovebirds toasted each other to their freedom. 'To our new life! To Miami! To us!' Fueled by champagne, time passed quickly. 'Ladies and Gentlemen, we have left flight altitude and are beginning our approach to Miami!' Before they landed, Woolf had to use the bathroom. 'Make room for the King,' he boasted and climbed over the seat into the gangway.

With an unsettling sound, the pants of his suit tore and he was left with a gaping hole in his crotch. Woolf made his way to the bathroom with uncertain steps and full of anger. This could only be the work of Nikki's angry ex who had kicked the bucket! He begrudged them their love! Woolf had done everything to get rid of his evil energy. He even fought the fire. Those powers could not touch him though, the magical master! But Uwe's ghost was tough – and the dead are not really dead as long as we keep them in our thoughts. Woolf suddenly realized that the fight was not over. He greedily inhaled the fumes of a cigarette he wasn't allowed to smoke on the plane and drowned the stub in the toilet. In that moment, the bright orange sun shone through the window of the small bathroom like a ball of flames. Through the window, he flipped off all his enemies in this universe. He and his little crab would not be kept away from happiness. They would rock Miami and conquer the world! Him and the Rose

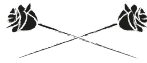


were as free as birds! Whistling and ignoring his ripped pants, Woolf wobbled along the gangway. He was a rock star. Hey! He could do anything! Nikki coyly stared at the no longer concealed jewel of her lover. 'Well, that's a great view.' Her fingers caressed the exposed part as if by accident. 'Humph!' The steward gazed jealously at the object of his desire. 'Please fasten your seatbelts! We will be touching down shortly!' Woolf kept Nikki's hand firmly on his growing member. He would welcome Miami just like a rock star should. His lover's face glowed, as he continuously moved her hand up and down. The landing on the runway was bumpy and loud, and Woolf still sky high with lust. The steward, with a complicit and sly look, threw him a pack of tissues.

'To love and lust,' he murmured and winked at the couple. He quickly took a picture with his phone. That would make him the king of gossip! Unfortunately, he did not know the musician. He looked a bit like Keith Richards, but less run down. And his lovely lady? Her hairdo reminded him of Amy Weinhaus, but she looked well taken care of. She wasn't surrounded by that air of self-destruction. Too bad! He could have sold that story to the press for a large amount of money... He could not escape his fate as steward after all. Gloomily, he put his phone away and checked first class for other celebrities, but no other passengers were as glamorous as this pair, not even in first class....

'Thanks, man!' Woolf touched the steward's crotch in passing and left a bunch of bills in his pocket. Life was like a boomerang. It was time for champagne!

Triumphantly, Woolf grabbed his guitar and his Rose and made his way into the land of opportunity. Nikki smiled broadly by his side. They had cheated



fate! ‘Welcome home,’ he hummed into her ear. They had arrived in the land of freedom. Their love was unstoppable! The loud screeching of the sea gulls welcomed them to Miami. Their melody sounded a bit off, though. ‘Ah-ah-ah-ah.’ To Nikki’s sensitive ears, it sounded shrill and scornful. But Woolf didn’t hear a thing. His hearing loss did not allow him to make out the discords and fine nuances that separated the beautiful from the bad. The new song by The Verve started playing in paradise: ‘Cause love is pain. Love is noise. Love is the blues and I sing it again...’



## WELCOME TO THE LAND OF HIGHWAYMEN

Nikki and Woolf made their way down the stairs of the plane with insecure steps. They had had more than that one bottle of champagne. He made bold steps and brandished his guitar like a weapon in front of his heavenly body, she followed him with smaller steps, trying not to get her heels caught in the stairs. She was not successful. She tripped and tumbled down all the way. Woolf kept on walking. A wonderful future lay ahead of him. He dragged his stumbling little crab along without paying her much attention. There was no more time for consideration! He would take paradise by storm!

He stepped into the tropical humidity of Miami. The air carried the scent of tropical fruit. A triumphant expression on his face, he immediately lit a Mannboro cigarette. At last, he had arrived where he was supposed to be! Here, he would become the rock star he’d always considered himself to be! ‘Welcome the King of Rock,’ he whispered, as though he was conjuring a spirit. He greedily inhaled the cigarette smoke. The long hours on the plane had drained his addicted soul. Behind him, Nikki Rose got back on her feet as quickly and as gracefully as she possibly could. Don’t show any weakness. The dark tropical sky weighed heavy and the air was humid – and it was windy. A gust of wind tangled her hair. The weather was her hairstyle’s foe, not its friend. ‘Help! My hair!’ Worried, she lifted her handbag to protect her hair. ‘Little crab! Don’t make such a fuss! A little breeze like that can’t possibly mess up your hairdo, you all but glued it to your head!’ Woolf gave her hair a condescending look and



flicked the stub of his cigarette dangerously close to a trail of kerosene. Devil may care. Humiliated, Nikki followed her suddenly not very loving lover. The ticking of her MegaO watch became louder and louder. 'Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock...' The faithful companion on her wrist seemed to be warning her. Yet, she could not do anything but follow in Woolf's long stride. He extended his arms. The world was his!

She followed him into the airport. Inside, the wind subsided but the aircon was taking over the job of ruining her now only semi-fixed hair. Munich – London – Miami. Even the best hairspray had its limits. And so did Nikki! Falling down the stairs had left painful and bloody wounds on her hands. She had hurt her knees and the expensive Wohlfind stockings were torn. Now the air conditioning did the rest. Nikki gave a little cough – just like that, she had caught a cold. The queue at passport control was unbelievably long. Woolf went to look for a smoker's lounge while Nikki had to queue in the freezing airport. After a long wait in a queue of smelly people, they finally stood before a Cuban official with bold facial features. 'Where you from? What you want in Miami?' Evidently, he was unable to read their passports to answer these questions himself.

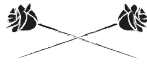
'Munich. Miami: sunshine! Vacation!' Nikki smiled at the fastidious fool. Smiling – even in the face of utter desperation. 'No visa,' complained the official and bared his teeth. 'We are only staying for two weeks!' Nikki showed him the booking confirmation of the Raylight Hotel and her return ticket. No reaction. Woolf stepped in and shoved quite a few dollar bills towards the



Cuban, who quickly made them disappear. The round face, previously stern, now showed a sly grin: 'Welcome to Miami!'

He finally stamped their documents. 'Cleared!' Woolf went through the gates towards paradise. Nikki followed, almost stumbling. She had never felt this insecure in high heels. Her trembling fingers still clutched the return ticket, the last bridge back to the alleged safety of her previous life. The ticket became sweaty immediately. She quickly put it back into her Armada bag. She tiptoed along, trying not to lose her marching musician. Even though she was walking quickly, she was woefully cold in her little dress. First the heavy tropical climate, then the assault of the aircon. Was this supposed to be paradise? She felt as lonely as Eve, who had lost her Adam to temptation. Woolf had been distant ever since they had landed in Miami. Intoxicated by the scent of freedom, he couldn't care less about his little crab. He moved away from her, towards the baggage carts. He tried in vain to get one out of the line. They were chained to one another like prisoners. You couldn't get one without cash. That was when a small Cuban came up to them with an open hand stretched out in front of him. Woolf pushed a few of Dollar bills into his damp, sweaty hand. The hand closed around the money quickly – and it was gone. Now Woolf had gotten himself a Cuban, who submissively pushed their cart to the baggage carousel. He showed no intention of leaving, even when they got there. Surely the glamorous couple had more money and they obviously were easy prey. But Nikki was smarter than he had expected. Beneath her Amy Weinhaus hairdo, she had quite the brain. 'Thank you! That's all!' She waved her hand to show the Cuban he was dismissed.





She felt increasingly uncomfortable. The perfect paradise of her dreams already showed a large gap between what it appeared to be and what it really was. In this paradise, you didn't get anywhere without money! The airport alone was crowded with highwaymen who tried to get the passengers' attention and money. She already missed German discipline. And the decency! She seemed to have ended up in the land of hustle with her Woolf Barzokka. With him? He had already run off again. She stood at the baggage carousel, feeling rather lost. Woolf had yet another date with a Mannboro.

Nikki looked around for help. No American in sight. Friendly faces? None to be seen. Instead, hordes of Hispanics were yelling in arrivals. They didn't accidentally end up in Cuba, did they? The announcements were mainly in Spanish, and she could hardly understand the English broadcasted via the speakers. What she did get: NADA - No trace of their luggage. Nikki's heart sank. A sense of foreboding filled her thoughts, sent armies of wasps into her heart and made it sting with desperation! 'Where am I? What am I doing here? And where is the man who is supposed to be by my side?' She would have loved to turn around and fly right back to her safe home. But that hadn't existed since her beloved had been torn from her life. A single tear left a salty trace in her powdered cheeks. She felt as though she had been sold down the river. That was when she saw her salvation approach! Her red Samson Light suitcase dropped onto the carousel belt. It contained what was left of home. The thought of her little dresses, the high heels, her witty books, the I-Pool full of her favorite songs and cosmetics to caress her skin comforted her. But then, panic crept up to her once



more. Woolf was nowhere near. He knew when he was needed and knew how to make himself scarce in those exact moments. How was she supposed to get the suitcases off? If only she had not sent the Cuban away. But there was no point in whining. Determined, she went towards the suitcase that seemed as heavy as a bag of bricks. She lifted it off the belt... and fell to the floor. Again. Her face was flushed red from the exertion as she got up. The belt now carried Woolf's bright red guitar and his shabby fabric suitcase. She lifted his luggage onto the cart and sat down on it, completely exhausted. Finally, Woolf showed up. The scent of cold ash surrounded him like the stench of death. 'Little crab. You didn't have to do that. Why didn't you wait for me?' He pretended to be worried. She remained angrily silent. He was the kind of man who left all the work to women... In those rare moments where she could see clearly, she saw him for what he really was. Without the pedestal of admiration that her loving heart had put him on. An old, grey show-off in a suit who only left traces of ash in his life! A free rider of death. A fameless rock star who wasted her money, and used her love like those cigarettes he inhaled. She would have loved to flee from his company right away but she seemed to have arrived at the point of no return. Where was she supposed to go, all alone in a foreign country? And what would she do with him? If only you could send away the spirits that you cited. If not to your liking: return to sender. He could go jump in the lake, for all she cared. But life was no online store that offered a 'return' button!

Finally, even the narcissistic Woolf noticed that something was off. Instead of her determined steps, he heard her tiptoeing behind him. He turned



around to her, annoyed. ‘Come on, little crab!’ He grabbed her hand and pulled her along. She followed her inconsiderate musician and the packed baggage cart with a sigh. She focused on trying not to trip. Hours after landing and on the brink of exhaustion, they finally reached the exit. When she stepped through the door into the humid air, she was relieved and shook off Woolf’s iron grip. The queue for the cabs seemed endless. The air was almost heavy enough to drink! Unfortunately, it did not consist of Sauvignon Blanc but of salt water. Nikki’s soul craved comforting. That was when a positively ancient car drove up to them. It did not look trustworthy at all, but you didn’t look a gift horse in the mouth. Woolf waved at the suspicious vehicle. ‘Taxi?’ A head as round as a football looked out of the window, with greasy black hair carefully arranged in a zigzag across the semi-bald skull. Blood-shot eyes peered at them. Woolf was tired of waiting and opened the dented trunk. The odor that greeted him appeared to come straight from hell. He ignored the body of a dead cat and lifted the suitcases into the smelly trunk of the rundown car. Nikki needed all the energy she had left to sit down in the back seat. Her throat hurt. Her stockings did not cover her behind, and she tried hard to not let her body make contact with the fur the driver had draped over the seats. It smelled of urine and of gloom. ‘Welcome home,’ she whispered to the dark night sky. She had never felt more lonely and more homeless than she did in this moment! Woolf, who related to his former so-to-speak colleague, sat down next to him and lit a cigarette right away. ‘Hey, buddy. Care for a smoke?’ ‘Thanks, man!’ That’s how easily he made friends. The taxi driver, his generous passenger, and the Mannboros smoked



as though there was a competition. The rattling car made its way through the night. The sky was as grey as a charcoal painting. There was no star to light the dark. Then, suddenly, Miami’s skyline exploded. A firework for the gods. ‘WOW! That’s fucking beautiful!’ Woolf’s wrinkled face lit up. ‘Here I am man, here dare it to be!’ Euphoria rose up in him as though he had just done a line. Nikki looked at him skeptically. Miami was not only known as a tropical paradise but also as a paradise of drugs. And there surely were plenty beautiful babes around. Her musician was in no way picky. She could only hope that all this was going to go well...

his way to them. A uniformed porter, not entirely unattractive, with olive colored skin and a gigolo hairstyle looked quite disgusted as he held the door of their car open. He was delighted when he saw the fishnet-stockings on her legs and then the rest of Nikki. Worn out by the journey but still elegantly dressed, Nikki climbed out of the car and into freedom. The porter shot an appreciative glance at her Amy Weinhaus-hairstyle and her cleavage as he took her hand. ‘Lovely Lady! Welcome to the Raylight Hotel!’ Woolf stepped into the foyer with a cigarette in the corner of his mouth. The Raylight Hotel was one of those ‘hip places’ where you went not only to see but to be seen. However, Woolf was not making a good first impression. Smoking in public was not something you did in the U.S. ‘Excuse me, sir! Can you smoke outside, please!’ The concierge removed Woolf and his smoke from the lobby. He smiled at Nikki lustfully. Now she was all his. ‘How can I help you?’ ‘Check in, please!’ Again, it was her who paid for their room. Her credit card wailed more heartbreakingly than ever. Promptly,



Woolf stepped up to the counter which was also the reception. ‘Ay, man! Can you bring us a bottle of champagne to the room,’ he ordered nonchalantly. The arrogant receptionist raised a perfectly shaped eyebrow. He handed Rose a drink menu and ignored Woolf entirely. The cheapest champagne, a Verve Glückgott, not rosé, was \$120. Woolf, however, was used to the rosy sparkle. ‘This one.’ Nikki pointed at the incredibly expensive version of pink decadence. ‘Welcome to Miami!’ It was already one in the morning. All she wanted was to go to bed, although a light dinner did not sound too bad. She had not touched whatever they had served on the plane, and that meant that she had not eaten in 24 hours. She had only had champagne and the bubbles had caused a burning sensation in her stomach. ‘Could I also get the food menu, please,’ she asked and quickly ordered a Caesar salad with prawn and lots of tomatoes. For her lover, she ordered a steak with French fries. He looked gray and unhealthy again. The lift the flight and forced abstinence had given his face did not last long. A little bit of meat surely would not hurt!

They entered the small elevator and ended up in a tiny tourist trap that definitely only went by the name of ‘design room’. The worst was the bathroom! A little hole, about two square meters in size, all tiles, with a shower and a tiny sink. It was the ugliest bathroom Nikki had ever seen. Well, the ugliest right after the catastrophic drug cellar she had seen in Woolf’s former apartment. No bathtub, no shiny faucets. There wasn’t even space to put her delicate make-up. It was terrible! She sat down on the couch exhausted. Woolf was lying on the bed, fully clothed, shoes on and fly open. That was when someone knocked on



the door: ‘Your order, madam!’ The waiter ignored Woolf and carefully put the cooler for the champagne, both dishes covered by vintage cloches and cutlery on the small, old coffee table. The table was shaky, but it did not break. Then he handed the bill to Nikki. \$300!!! For a bottle of flavored sparkling water and two basic dishes. ‘Welcome to Miami!’ Nikki could not wrap her head around it – but what was she supposed to do? She signed the bill and added a tip of \$30. Ten percent was minimum, since the staff was ridiculously underpaid. Anxiously, the waiter put the bills into his pocket. ‘Enjoy!’ He left the tiny bedroom quite satisfied. Nikki got up and gently touched Woolf’s cheek. ‘Dinner is ready!’ He got up and went to the couch. ‘What is this stuff? Don’t they have any Ruinhart rosé? No veal?’ Scornfully, he drained a glass of champagne in one long sip, before he turned his attention to the bloody meat. Meanwhile, Nikki gingerly ate her salad. There weren’t enough tomatoes and the croutons tasted of too much garlic. She washed it down with a glass of champagne. She bitterly watched Woolf, who burped loudly after finishing his fillet with French fries. This was supposed to be the first night of their new lives? It had better start looking up soon! Determined, Nikki discarded her worries. She shouldn’t worry too much, but live! And love ... ‘Woolf. We made it. Let’s kiss and make this night and our love unforgettable!’ ‘Let’s make it a night to remember. All life long!’ Brian Adams’ smoky voice from the I-Pool provided the soundtrack for this perfect moment! She made her way over to Woolf on all fours and playfully took the cigarette out of his mouth. The moment required a hollywoodesque kiss – but Woolf turned his head away from her. Taking his cigarette from him was not a



good idea. Who did this dressed up chick think she was? His heart was as cold as an ice cube. Now that he had reached his goal, the cold of his soul broke free. It had lived through too many snow storms. Sins like that left their traces, and the woman in his lap was unable to get to him. She seemed to be a stranger, a demanding stranger. A decadent lethargy overcame his bloodless body. Venus herself could have been tied to him, he would not have reacted. Rejection hurt. Nikki smiled sadly. ‘Smile. Even when your heart is filled with sadness!’ For the second time since touching down in Miami, she knew that these were the moments she could glimpse the terrible future. From cloud nine, she thought she could see a dark abyss in the sky. Ashamed and blushing she climbed off his lap. Her rose-colored lipstick left a trail of hurt on his cheek. Offense is after all the best defense! Woolf cared so little about his failure to perform that he went on to scorning her. ‘Your touch is always so light,’ he said condescendingly. ‘D’you think it’s fun to kiss lips covered by tons of lipstick?’ To be a widow chaser and a fuck buddy?’ He lit another cigarette. The frog refused to be kissed, and instead of turning into a prince, he became a pleb. Disillusioned, Nikki sought refuge in the bathroom. She began to realize that wishes did not necessarily come true. Fate did have other plans most of the time. She was wide-awake and more sober than ever. She looked at herself in the mirror – her sad face was framed by her messy hair, her eyes were bloodshot. She almost did not recognize herself and yet knew exactly who she was looking at. A gentle hopelessness overwhelmed her, as though the waves of the Atlantic flooded her soul instead of Miami’s coast. She was getting dizzy and sank down on the cold, bare tiles.



She did not even have a bath tub to relax in. She fell asleep, utterly exhausted. A pain in her neck woke her a short while later. Tiled bathroom floors were no good place to sleep. She looked around the dark room half blind. Carefully, she felt for the sink and the door. The door, evidently a traitor, creaked as she opened it and stepped into her new home. One room with a twin bed, a couch and a small table that currently carried what was left of their dinner. Fruit flies were taking care of the leftovers. She wobbled towards the bed and snuggled up to Woolf. This far away from home, her need for comfort and caresses was even greater. He grumbled and turned away from her. He was tired. His soul was numb and his heart frozen. The cold of the aircon mirrored his heart. Nikki hugged herself like an embryo. She was lying on one side of the bed, as far away from Woolf as she could manage. Her hands held each other, as those of new lovers might. Sometimes comforting yourself was the best you could do.



## SHORTLIST TO SUCCESS

André de Plaisir was sitting in his favorite Italian restaurant sipping on a drink. That was when he saw them approach. They might as well have jumped straight out of a movie. Nikki Rose, elegant and somewhat surreal, was lead by Woolf. He oozed with masculinity and arrogance, and apparently did not care to dress well. His hair was curly and looked like guitar strings. There was an air of glamour around the couple. Woolf looked disgusted as he lead Nikki into the restaurant. ‘Since when do you recommend dumps like this,’ he snapped instead of greeting André who hugged Nikki. She appeared delicate, fragile and in need of protection. Especially next to the musician who was now lounging in an armchair. ‘Alright, dude! We’re here. You gotta make me rich and famous!’ Woolf got straight to the point. Why wait, might as well get on with it! André knew that. The photographer thought himself to be Hemut Newtown. But all he wanted was Woolf’s little crab. Suspiciously, Woolf watched as André protectively put his coat around Nikki’s shoulders. Once again, the aircon was going to start the next ice age. ‘First of all, let me welcome you to Miami,’ André said as a greeting. The couple seemed as though they knew each other but had remained strangers. He could read Woolf’s aggression, whereas Nikki seemed gloomy and sentimental – he lead the conversation, she followed because she had to. When she thought no one was looking, she rolled her eyes. ‘What are your plans?’ ‘Hah, I’m going to take Miami by storm and become a famous artist! My little crab here will be my manager and take care of the marketing!’ André saw how Nikki



flinched. Woolf’s optimism did not go well with her sense of reality. Reality did not always go the way you wanted it to, especially in Florida! The photographer that all too well, seeing as he had been trying to make it here for years. ‘Weee-ell... Let’s just order food first!’ André took his time with each word. With pity, he recognized the worry in Nikki’s eyes. Yet, she smiled bravely. ‘Cheers! It’s all going to be alright!’ He lifted his heavy glass full of Chianti to toast. André was talking, and he said exactly what Nikki needed to hear. ‘You have an amazing position at Armada, you can’t just let that go!’ Of course, he was also pursuing his own interests. Shooting for Armada while being paid as much as Stevie Meise could just about save him from his debts! He spent millions on his apartment in the tower, right at South Point, while his customers continued to lower their rates. After all, what did art mean in the world these days? A dark shadow was cast over Nikki’s face. The disappointment about their fatal situation escaped her red lips audibly. ‘Well, the situation with Armada is going nowhere. We got a new management and they restructured. I’ve had my best times there! I just have to see how to get out in one piece.’ Woolf interrupted her angrily: ‘Those peasants don’t deserve you! You’re too good for them. Better spend your time making ME famous. I’ve got the potential to be the King of Rock! Just forget those losers. We’re going to squeeze as much money out of them as we can, and then we’re off!’ André nodded sympathetically. He immediately saw the situation for what it was: Woolf’s plan was delusional. He had nothing to offer but a big mouth and unbelievable aggression. She was successful, but about to give up everything she had fought for – for Woolf. They had to have limited resources. Nikki’s brain



was taken over by love. The grief in her eyes told him that she hadn't dealt with the loss of her big love yet. Woolf used that mercilessly to his advantage. She was the perfect victim. He almost burst with pride and exaggerated self-esteem. She just wanted to be loved and comforted! Was there any way this could end well? He looked at Nikki kindly. Tears were welling up in her eyes. He would not be the one to ruin this. He would support them! He went through a list of well-meant advice. 'Aalright, let's see how I can help you.' Nikki pulled out her Mystar and the turquoise Tuffany notebook.

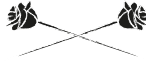
'1. German doctor: Dr. Vollschräger. 2. Attorney: Max Schwenk. 3. Business consultant: his brother, Stefan Schwenk. 4. Immigration Lawyer: Larry Behilf. 5. Producer: Joe Schweißfuss. 6. German pop song artist: Frank Pavian. He worked with Bony M and Minni Vanilli. 7. Trustworthy realtor: Lou Looser. GOOD LUCK!' Nikki's pen flew over the empty pages of her notebook. She had seven names and numbers! Her own personal shortlist to success! But would it be enough to make their great plans come true? They would have to find out. A comforting fatalism and the fading effects of her cold combined with the heavy Chianti left her feeling quite well. 'Que sera, sera. Whatever will be, will be. The future's not ours to see. Que sera, sera.'

That's when their food was served. André had ordered spaghetti and sea food, Nikki Tuna Tataki, and Woolf Pizza Hawaii. The dishes were so big, it was almost too much food to fit on the plates. They did not waste time with intricate decorations and small portions in America. In the land of abundance, there was one rule: value for money. Woolf scoffed at his Pizza Hawaii, but since he



had come from nowhere, he enjoyed the meal just the same. Nikki enjoyed the surprisingly spicy Tuna Tataki. Asian meals were usually the lightest and best in the U.S. André dug into his huge serving of pasta. He was tall and strong. Carrying heavy cameras required a well-nourished body. It wasn't that nice of a meal for the newcomers, admittedly. But it was for the best, if they learned what moderation meant. André de Plaisir knew the prices typical for Miami. He was their host today and also bought a Pizza-to-go for his Pamela Anderson lookalike. As soon as they had finished their meals, he got up and left several bills on the table. 'Good luck! I'll be seeing you! I'll make an appointment with Joe!' He didn't sound too enthusiastic. All night long Woolf had ordered red wine and with each glass, he became more self-assured and more abusive towards his little crab. André would have loved to challenge him to a fist fight. What a CREEP! What in the world did that delicate Rose want with him? The atmosphere was as freezing as the air from an aircon. 'Look out for yourself,' André kissed her goodbye. Then he left. Woolf clenched his fists. 'Little crab! He's such an arrogant jackass! He's not only flirting with you but also serves us cheap food and his useless contacts.' He was terribly agitated and needed to cool down. 'Waiter! Champagne! We'll tell them, just you wait! We don't need those WAN-KERS!' Nikki nodded nonchalantly. She had made peace with the world and with herself. Woolf's rowdy phrases and his self-indulgent behavior were exhausting. At least they had people to contact now. She had their shortlist to success – and tomorrow would be a new day. She smiled mildly and toasted Woolf with the last sip of champagne she had left. Woolf was still full of euphoria and aggression.





The more alcohol he'd had, the more hateful he became. She asked the waiter, who was already cleaning up, for the bill. \$200! She was being ripped off! She was tired as they walked back to the Raylight Hotel. Woolf walked in front of her, but did not manage to walk in a straight line. 'You're all assholes, all of you! I'll show you! I'm the King of Rock,' he yelled into the night. The night did not care for his empty words. Miami was asleep, and only a few stray cats looked up in surprise, checking who disturbed their rest with his inappropriate slurs. Nikki, too, closed her ears and soul to him. This really was not the time to talk to that lunatic. She just wanted to sleep. That was when she... ended up at a lively party. The Art Basel fair was in town, and they had walked right into the hustle of art and commerce.