

# Chapter 2

## *Fucking Dubai*

*Exotic Entertainment: \$11,856.00*

I told ya it doesn't exactly say *Pussy for Sale*.

I just got an email alert from our business credit card. Means Mikale did too. Wouldn't even surprise me if Eva got one too. Dollars to doughnuts, he brings it up the next time we speak.

Fuck it.

So, today, I'll probably just hang around the hotel, smoke some hashish, do a few laps in the pool, lunch on the veranda, and maybe grab a massage. That's about it, though. I'm still sore from yesterday. I went skiing from like nine in the morning until running into the hookers around four in the afternoon.

The day turned into a marathon from there.

You know about the hookers, so let me tell you about the skiing.

Most would assume, since I'm in the desert next to an ocean, I'm referring to some type of water skiing. Well, no. I went snow skiing...right up the block from my hotel. These people have so much money, they've built a mountain on top of the sand, enclosed it, and made it snow.

I'm not talking about a little hill where you wait your turn to ski down either.

Try some real-life, Aspen-type shit.

And talk about fuckin' you in the drive-thru. They don't even advertise the skiing 'til you get off the plane. After all, how would Burberry, Hermes, Gucci, and Prada sell enough winter clothes to afford the commercial rent they're paying here in town? It ended up costing me twenty-five grand for the day...just to keep warm.

I said these fuckers had a lot of bread. I didn't say they were stupid. You don't build the most outlandish city in the world with shit for brains. When Mikale and I told our investors we were headed here next and that the same project we'd just built in Boca Raton was now going to cost them double, no one batted an eye. Who wouldn't want a condo in Dubai?

*"You ain't made it 'til you've done it in Dubai!"*

I was going to put the slogan on a red hat.

Look what it did for forty-five.

Anyway, these guys I'm waiting on are brothers, the Khaleed Brothers. They're rumored to somehow or other be related to the Royal Family in Saudi Arabia. The problem is, everyone over here with a few more camels than his neighbor says the same thing. So, who knows? I don't put stock in any of it.

I will tell you this—they're flush.

Like "rollin' in it" flush.

The brothers own a ton of sand here. They're said to have strong-armed their way into town when it became apparent the place was about to go bananas. Timing is everything.

We met them through one of Mikale's contacts, a Jack Hassan.

Jack is old, old money that goes all the way back to the turn of the last century. He's a somebody or other here in the United Arab Emirates. Mikale has all kinds of contacts like this. That's because Mikale's daddy, Mr. Lars Van den Broeck, is a VIP. And VIPs send their kids off to boarding schools.

For his seventh birthday, Daddy sent his little boy off packin' to a school in Switzerland—an all-male boarding school that's been ranked in the top three in the world for the last hundred years. Mikale graduated from there with a Rolodex of *Who's Who*.

Some real silver spoon-type shit.

One night about a year and a half back, Mikale and I were out celebrating the recent success of our Boca Raton project in my favorite nightclub in Zurich. Naturally, high-class hookers and cocaine were present. For me, anyway. Mikale crushed up a Ritalin and had a glass of wine.

So, we're sittin' there shootin' the shit, and Mikale gets a call from our contact in Cabo San Lucas, Mexico. Cabo was supposed to be the site of our next development following Boca Raton. Turned out, someone stepped in at the last minute and outbid us on the land. At the time, construction in Boca was more than 50 percent complete. In order to keep the investors we worked hard to get happy, we needed to find a new build site and fast.

Mikale immediately began to hyperventilate. He left and went home to hammer the phones. I went to the restroom, did a rail of coke. Figured I'd get to the office late the next day and do what I do, which is close deals.

I woke up four days later at the Four Seasons Hotel in Maui.

By the time I rolled back into Zurich, Mikale had arranged a meeting in Dubai with this Jack Hassan. We brought along our construction plans from Boca and told him we wanted to replicate the condominium development here. Jack took our plans and said he'd see what he could do. He called back a month later to say he had just the guys for us, the Khaleed Brothers.

Seven months later, here we are.

I walk back out onto the balcony to have a smoke. As soon as I pull from the hookah, someone buzzes the door at the front of the suite. *Putain merde! Can't a guy just smoke a little hash in peace?* It's probably just housekeeping. I walk back inside and fling the door open.

Fuck.

It's two Arab mercenary-lookin' dudes...with attitude. *Can they smell the hash?* I shit my pants. The penalty for drug use over here is a firing squad...if you're lucky. A super-speedy trial too.

"Get dressed, Mr. Liecht," one of them says, barging his way in.

*Get dressed? What the fuck?*

They seem to be looking around like they're making sure I'm alone.

"Care to tell me where we're going?"

"The Khaleed Brothers are prepared to meet with you," the pushy one says.

"*Yalla imshi!*" the other one at the door adds.

That loosely translates to "get the fuck moving!" like I'm the one holding them up.

Mikale is so dead.