



Kelly has spent years carving out a successful investment career in the male-dominated financial district of Tel Aviv. With a take-no-prisoners image to maintain, the only time she allows herself to unwind is under the magical hands of her masseur, the much younger Slava. Embarking on a no-strings-attached relationship with him feels like a good idea – and one that the infatuated Slava is totally up for.

Ilan, an ambitious P.I., is hired by the Israeli Securities Authority to untangle a market manipulation scheme. To solve his case, he turns to Kelly for help and knowledge. Kelly is drawn to the hardened investigator, but she knows that whistleblowing might jeopardize everything she's ever worked for. He can't get enough of her feisty attitude.

Ilan's dominance and possessiveness awaken feelings and hidden desires, but Kelly discovers that no strings doesn't mean it's easy to let go of her Slava.

With her livelihood on the line and her love life a mess, can Kelly keep it together, or has she thrown one too many balls in the air?

Meidaleh

“I see we have a lady with us. What do you say, *meidaleh*, do you mind me telling a little joke?” The gray-haired man’s rich Brooklynite accent rolled good-humoredly around the meeting room. Out of fifteen people in the room, Kelly Yuchtman was the only woman. At thirty-six, she was a far cry from being a *meidaleh*—a little girl.

“Don’t mind if I do,” she answered sweetly. “I’ll even throw in a little Viagra joke afterwards.” Kelly wasn’t a lady.

The real estate mogul’s face turned a fiery red. He began his presentation without the worn-out misogynistic joke he must have told a hundred times already on this road show. Tough. He had crossed the Atlantic, all the way to Tel Aviv, because he needed *her* clients’ money invested in his bonds, not the other way around.

Kelly checked the time on her phone. She needed to leave in half an hour at the latest if she wanted to make it on time for her appointment with Slava. Another text reminder arrived from her landlord: he was giving her first option on her rented apartment and asked her if she’d made her decision yet—she had, after putting it off for years, but the time had come. She’d be mortgaged up to her eyeballs, but she would finally own her own place.

A tap on the meeting room's glass wall caught her attention. Matan Levi, her boss, was smiling and motioning for her to join him outside. She excused herself and followed him, wondering at his courteous smile. He stopped at his office door and waited for her. At 190cm, Matan Levi was one of the few people in Cohn's Investments who was taller than Kelly's 180. She made sure to wear killer heels just so she could look him in the eye.

He got to the point mercifully quickly.

"I was supposed to have lunch today with Mintz, who always insists on fancy meals, and you know me, I always prefer a small salad on my desk." He sat at said desk and arranged a few scattered papers into a thin stack. "Anyway, he's rescheduled it to dinner tonight. I can't make it, so I need you to take over."

Kelly stiffened. She didn't have any perceived duties at home, like a hubby or children - which could never happen - not for her. She did establish clear boundaries on her working hours. Matan, that asshole, was perfectly aware of that. She curbed her temper and answered quietly in a sensible tone.

"What does Mintz want?" Mintz had bad breath, wandering hands, and hadn't put new monies into his small-sized account for years.

Matan's eyes shifted as he cleared his throat. "It's a Questionnaire meeting," he answered in a small voice.

Kelly had a massage appointment with Slava and that took priority over almost anything else. Wall Street would have to collapse, trading would have to stop for her to skip it. She certainly wouldn't miss it simply because her boss scheduled an expense account meal for a regulatory requirement that could be taken care of in a five-minute phone call.

"I'm sorry, Matan. I can call Mintz tomorrow. Or you can reschedule."

His eyes narrowed and the mask of congeniality fell apart.

"Kelly, I need your help. Are you refusing me?"

Three years ago, Matan was promoted from "VP of Marketing" to "CEO". Kelly and Matan never got along well and he hinted she might be better off someplace else. But she liked the place, liked the people, some of them even liked her back. So she went over Matan's head straight to the firm's owner—who gave her what she asked for: a new contract that entitled her a cut of her clients' management fees. Kelly had figured the extra money would make up for Matan's shitty attitude.

Kelly softened her voice, but she had no intention of budging.

"I leave work at five thirty on Wednesdays, you know that."

"Fuck, Kelly. One of these days. . ." Matan hissed.

The largest private account in the firm, the Eliot-Rabinovitch account, was Kelly's. Ayala Eliot-Rabinovitch was Kelly's best friend for the past fifteen years. If Kelly walked away, the account would go with her

and possibly some of her other clients as well. Matan knew that Kelly knew his implied threat was empty.

Kelly asked in a mild tone, “Would that be all?”

He nodded, his jaw set, as she turned and left quickly.

She collided with a man who was walking towards Matan's office.

He grabbed her elbows to steady her.

“Are you okay?” He was almost as tall as she was and had brown-green eyes and tanned olive skin. Like many Israeli guys, he chose to shave his skull rather than go half-bald. Unlike most, he managed to pull it off. A small golden hoop earring in his left ear shone against his dark skin. He was dressed in jeans and a short-sleeve, salmon button-down shirt, which was loose above his pants.

“I'm good. Let go.” Kelly's tone came out rougher than intended. Although his touch was light, Kelly didn't like to be touched by strange men. She softened her next question. “Who are you? You should know that this floor is closed to non-employees.” Strangers weren't allowed on the sixth floor. It housed the investment managers' offices and the trading floor, thus allowing access to clients' privileged information.

His brown-green eyes remained steady and cool and his tone was civil.

“My name is Ilan. I'm thinking of opening an account here. I have an appointment.”

Kelly frowned. “On the sixth floor? Who with? We don’t hold meetings here.”

“I was directed upstairs.” He paused and smiled. His stern features softened, making him look younger than his years, which Kelly estimated to be around forty-five. “You’re Kelly Yuchtman, right?”

How does he know my name?

A movement caught Kelly’s eye. She looked farther down the wide corridor towards her office; one of the traders, Yariv, was waiting for her by the door, wringing his hands. She smelled Trouble with a capital T.

“Excuse me, Ilan, I need to go,” she said and called towards Matan’s office: “Matan, can you please join us?”

She heard Matan grumble, “I’m coming.”

Yariv didn’t even wait for her to arrive before blurting out in a loud, whining voice that he had made a mistake, he fat-fingered a deal, he bought 50,000 shares instead of 5,000. Could Kelly *please* find it in her heart and in her clients’ portfolios a home for the extra bloc?

Ilan didn’t move. He was halfway between her office and Matan’s, watching and listening. Kelly hoped he didn’t hear much and understood even less, since what Yariv was asking her to do hovered, at best, in a gray area. Matan joined Ilan, wearing the smile he reserved for potential clients as he motioned towards his office.

Kelly closed her office door and turned to the incompetent trader, who sat with his head between his hands. She realized she was never going to make it on time for her six o'clock appointment with Slava, and that pissed her off. *Big time.*

“Fuck, Yariv, how could you do that? You’re supposed to confirm on the phone with the bank’s dealing room before you finalize a deal! It’s not even my order, I can’t bail you out!”

“I know...” Yariv mumbled from between his knees. “Tomer gave the order...but he had to leave early and I can’t get a hold of him...”

Tomer was the firm’s senior USD mandates manager, a seasoned professional and a good friend of Kelly’s.

“Tomer knows not to buy this company for my clients. The market cap is too small—it’s practically on the pink sheet,” Kelly said. Yariv lifted his head and groaned, accurately anticipating Kelly’s next sentence:

“You’ll have to sell the extra shares.”

“God, Kelly, the bid/ask spread is huge! Shit!”

Between the much lower asking price and the double transaction fees, Yariv’s mistake would cost Cohn’s Investments tens of thousands of dollars. She watched him with pity as he braced himself to make his way to Matan’s office to report his mistake and the costs. This wasn’t going to be pretty.

Kelly hoped for the best, but she couldn't afford to waste more time. She booked a scooter from her app, changed into sneakers, and entered the elevator—just when Ilan ran squeezing in.

“I'll reschedule my appointment,” he said. “Your boss needed to take care of something.” They stood close in the small elevator. Kelly breathed in his cologne, which smelled woody and spicy without being overbearing. It suited him.

He looked down at her sneakers and smiled slightly. Now that she wasn't in heels, they were the same height.

“Let's have coffee together, Kelly.” It wasn't a question. “I have some time now.” He oozed confidence. He acted cocky, and his masculinity reminded Kelly that she hadn't had a decent cock in quite a while.

Kelly looked into his serene eyes. He emitted quiet power without any conscious effort, and she fought his effect on her. “How did you know my name?”

He shrugged. “Have coffee with me”—she was treated to another charming smile— “or maybe something stronger. I'll tell you everything.”

Kelly looked away and kept quiet. He unnerved her.

They reached the lobby. She walked faster and so he picked up his pace. They were already out in the street, Kelly reaching for her scooter, when he grabbed her elbow lightly. Kelly halted, turning, and Ilan let go of her arm. They locked stares, his cool eyes searching hers, their noses nearly

touching. If she leaned a little forward, she could bite the juicy lower lip of his half-open mouth. She wondered what he would do if she did. His slight aroma of masculine sweat smelled of rosewood, and Kelly felt a desire to nuzzle against the dark chest hairs that were showing through the unbuttoned collar of his shirt.

His face was somewhat flushed, so maybe he liked her closeness too. He reached into the front pocket of his jeans, his arm almost touching her breast, and Kelly looked down and noticed a bulge, which she wanted to touch very badly. God, she needed to get herself a good fuck. *Soon.*

Ilan extracted a business card and handed it to her. She took it, careful not to brush his hand. It read “Ilan Ohayon, Private Investigator” in Hebrew and English. The card didn’t include a street address or a website address, just a mobile phone number.

“Please,” he said, somewhat hoarsely. Yep, he wasn’t indifferent to her. He cleared his throat. “Call me. It’s important.”

“Do you have a different card in the other pocket?” she asked. “You introduced yourself to my boss as a potential client.”

Ilan broke into another dazzling smile, one that showed white teeth and attractive wrinkles in his eyes.

“Clever girl,” he said, extracting a second business card.

Ilan Ohayon, CEO, SMA Business Solutions. This card specified a website, a landline number, a different mobile, and a street address.

“I’ll think about it.” She pocketed both cards before putting on her helmet, unlocking the scooter, and riding off. When she looked back once, Ilan hadn’t moved. His hands were deep in his pockets and he was watching her with an inscrutable expression.

It was five fifty-five. She knew that, yet again, she was going to be late for Slava. *Very* late.



Slava Korman’s bus reached the station. He shouldered his gym bag and folded massage bed as he got off the bus in a hurry. Kelly’s apartment was on a quiet side street, a seven-minute walk from the bus stop. Close by was the Tel Aviv Port, and even closer were the Metsitsim and Hilton beaches.

He reached his destination and buzzed her apartment several times. There was no answer, and Slava exhaled in relief. She was late again.

He walked back to Sderot Nordau, where he stopped at a typical boulevard kiosk which sold fresh juice, pastries, and coffee. There, he bought a large carrot juice while wincing a little at the price—twice as much as he would have paid elsewhere. He was, after all, in the Old North, the most expensive neighborhood in Tel Aviv. He found a shaded bench under the canopy of the old Ficus trees and settled in, not minding the

pause in his busy day of studying and working. He knew she would arrive from Ibn Gabirol Street and glanced towards it from time to time.

Sderot Nordau, like all of Tel Aviv's boulevards, had two paths which separated the two-wheelers from the pedestrians. Slava sipped his overpriced juice and relished Tel Aviv's unique pace, where everyone was always rushing somewhere while looking like they had all the time in the world. Scooters and bikers zoomed quickly in their designated, opposite directions. The crowded footpath barely accommodated the impatient joggers who were constantly trying to circumvent strolling flip-flopped men, bare-legged young women, and the occasional dog walker.

Slava took off his T-shirt and used it to pat his armpits. He heard a few scattered catcalls and whistles, giggling girls elbowed each other and young moms pushing strollers stared. Slava took it in stride. He applied fresh deodorant, rummaged some more in his bag, pulled out a clean white T-shirt, and put it on. A slight sea breeze zigzagged its way past the seaside hotels to reach his bench and caress his flushed face.

The weather was warm, but the relentless Mediterranean sultriness hadn't yet arrived in full. He thought about how unbearably hot the small Bat Yam apartment he shared with his mother would get in the summer. Slava chuckled—the Hebrew word for apartment, "*dirra*", sounded like "*dryannaya dyra*"—Russian for "crappy hole". Slava and Olga Korman both agreed that Bat Yam's gray, crowded tenement blocks warranted the

cheap rents. It had two redeeming qualities: its closeness to Tel Aviv, and the beautiful beaches. Slava would get up early every morning—even before his mother went out to clean houses—walk 1.5 km to the Bat Yam boardwalk, and practice Tai Chi for twenty minutes. It was the best time of his day, not counting the days when he treated Kelly. Somehow, some time ago, the ninety minutes he spent touching her had become the highlight of his week.

Slava checked his phone. It was twenty-five past six—Kelly was seriously late today. Fortunately, her appointment was always the last one. She truly needed his massages. At the beginning of every session, her shoulders were knotted, her neck was rigid, and her back stiff. It would take Slava nearly thirty minutes to de-stress Kelly—more than double the time it took his other clients.

Kelly was different in every other way too. She was the only one who lived in Tel Aviv proper, south of the Yarkon river. Slava knew she must make a lot of money to afford the two-bedroom apartment she rented. She never tried to flirt with him or make small talk. Slava wasn't good at small talk and didn't like it. Flirting made him acutely uncomfortable. Kelly would turn off her phone and stay quiet, and Slava could relax, put on music, and attune himself fully to her body.

He recognized her dark hair and light blue helmet. Standing up, he waved, and she braked right next to him. Her brown curls danced as she

freed her head from the small, stylish helmet. Her wide mouth was curved into an apologetic smile.

“Hola, Slavito. Sorry I’m late—it got crazy at the office.”

Slava shrugged and smiled back without answering. How could he be angry with her when she called him “Slavito” and gazed at him with those liquid, caramel eyes of hers? Slava stole a glance at the slender, attractive woman striding confidently alongside him. She was totally out of his league.



Bruce Springsteen’s “Hungry Heart” bellowed. Ilan Ohayon tore his eyes from the pert ass and long legs of the impressive Kelly Yuchtman and whipped out his phone to stop the ear-splitting ringtone he had assigned to three people alone—his two sons and ex-wife.

“We have the scouts’ ceremony tomorrow, remember, *Abba*? You’re not answering!” His son Ori’s voice was part accusatory, part anger.

“Yes, I’ll be there. You know I will.” Ilan had never missed a football match, a doctor’s appointment, or a school party, and his eldest knew that.

His son grumbled something and disconnected the call. Ilan realized he had several unanswered text messages from the last half hour. He shrugged. “*C’est dommage,*” as Ilan’s late mother liked to say. *That’s too bad.*

The fire of his first cigarette ignited. He limited himself to three a day, and never before 6 pm. Inhaling deeply and exhaling with gusto, he mulled over the investigation he was working on.

Around a month ago, he'd answered a summons from Eran Green, an old army unit buddy and a big shot at the Israeli Securities Authority. Eran, Head of Investigations, Intelligence and Market Surveillance Department at ISA, was personally leading an investigation that had been going on for the last two years, sucking resources and man hours.

“Two years, Ilan, and we're getting fucking nowhere. Two years!” Eran's fingers tugged at his thinning hair, upsetting the intricate structure achieved by loaning from the back to cover the forehead.

“SPiDeR keeps picking up noises, but that's the problem: it picks up too much noise,” Eran ranted, his neck and cheeks flush with crimson.

“SPiDeR?” Ilan asked.

“Surveillance Plotting Detection and Recognition software. Imagine a big fat spider that has its web wherever there's an Israeli bank account, be it corporate, private, or institutional. Any irregular activity shakes the web's strings and rings a bell—in Israel and overseas.”

Ilan and Eran served together for six years at Sayeret Matkal, the Israeli Delta Force, and he couldn't recall Eran ever being that angry. Ilan thought the problem with Sayeret operatives was that they weren't trained to handle frustration.

“We have fifty in-house investigators, but they’re all accountants and lawyers used to following paper trails that lead them to the obvious culprits. Right now, we have no stand-out suspects, or rather too many of them. So, I need you.”

“Why me? I’m clueless when it comes to the capital markets.”

“You have different skills. I need you to give me a different angle. You majored in psychology and your niche is looking for skewed employees and frauds. I heard you can smell them from miles away.”

Ilan was buttered up and he wondered why Eran felt the need to do so. He raised his price, but the ISA had a big budget and his demands were met with no argument. Ilan took on the job, the largest assignment his two-man operation had ever landed—a make-or-break kind of case.

Ilan had reached his destination. He sat down at a table and motioned to the waitress.



Kelly sighed, feeling content. Slava had, hands down (pun intended) the hands of a healer.

She’d “discovered” Slava three months ago. Her cleaner, the incomparable Olga, had arrived at Kelly’s apartment and found her incapacitated with a sore back. Olga’s Hebrew was scant, but she managed to convey that her son could help Kelly. Desperate, Kelly had Olga call

Slava right then and there. He treated Kelly's back and, miraculously, she was able to go to work the very next day.

She closed her eyes and told herself to relax and stop thinking about the stock markets, stupid traders, and attractive private investigators who wandered around her firm, knew her name, and wanted to have a chat with her. She let herself melt under Slava's touch.

Slava had traditional Slavic features: blond hair cropped into a crew cut and wide-set light blue eyes. Not her usual type. He was basketball-player tall, probably around two meters with broad shoulders and huge hands. Kelly was always amazed by the gentle touch that these large paws had. They were now going down her thighs, towards her calves, the movement feeling sensual, as if he were caressing her. He traveled back upwards towards her butt, the only part of her which was covered, his large body radiating warmth onto her bare waist, his breath gliding down her spine. Kelly nearly groaned out loud.

She lifted herself onto her elbows and flicked a glance. There it was: a pronounced bump tenting his loose yoga pants. She wasn't imagining it—he had been touching her as a man. Kelly smiled to herself. What had she heard about men with large hands? Maybe he *was* her type.



Slava was petrified. He had let his guard down and was caressing the smooth skin of her thighs the way he would for a lover. He had let his mind wonder and pictured Kelly with her legs apart, his head in there—tasting her. When she turned, he glimpsed her dark aroused nipple and longed to close his lips around it.

Kelly's husky voice reached him, asking him something. Slava tried to concentrate, to dispel the haze in his head, to stop the blood from rushing to his dick, so he could answer her with some semblance of sense.

“Slava, didn't you hear my question? I know I was very late today. Do you have another appointment you need to go to? Or can you stay a little longer?”

Kelly lifted her head, leaned on her elbows, and looked towards his nether regions. Slava knew that he had such a pronounced hard-on that there was no way she was ignoring that. She raised her eyes and he met her amused stare. But there wasn't any malice there—just merriment, as if she was happy he was hard. Slava relaxed somewhat and managed to answer her.

“No, yes, I can. I mean I can stay. Yes.”

“Great. We'll talk after the session. *Bien?*”

Slava nodded and gulped. Kelly stayed mute and chaste for the remaining forty minutes of the treatment. His hard-on subsided, the blood

returned to other parts of his body—including his brain—and he regained some peace of mind.

Slava checked his phone and approved Kelly's payment. He was folding his massage bed when Kelly emerged from her bedroom wearing a thin cotton dress which reached just above her knees. Slava followed her to the kitchen, liking how the light fabric clung to her butt.

“What would you like to drink? Tea, instant, black?”

“Tea, thanks.”

“Sugar?”

“Do you have any jam?”

Kelly handed Slava blackcurrant jam while he sat down at her stainless-steel kitchen island, where he promptly scooped the jam to sweeten his tea. As she took out sourdough bread from the freezer to defrost it, the loose neckline slipped over one shoulder. Slava had just touched Kelly's naked back, yet he couldn't take his eyes off the delicate curve of her shoulder blade.

“Let's eat something Slava, I know I'm starving.”

She took out tomatoes, cucumbers, pickles, and red bell peppers. Slava offered to help, and Kelly let him slice the cucumbers and the pickles. She laid gouda cheese, turkey pastrami, and salted butter onto the countertop.

“We’ll eat and then we do some KYC.”

“‘KYC’?” Slava asked. Her vibrant energy drew him in—a moth to her flame.

“‘Know Your Client.’ We’ll chat and get to know each other.”

Slava was famished, but he waited for her to sit down with her cup of green tea before building his cheese and pastrami sandwich. Kelly smeared butter on one slice, put cheese, pastrami, tomato, and red pepper on it, and topped it off with another slice. She gave a huge bite and Slava followed suit. She smiled at him with her full mouth.

“Couple of good Jews we are, huh? Eating meat and dairy together. Well, if I were in Buenos Aires, I would eat *medialuna con Jamón y queso*. Croissant with ham and cheese. Much tastier.”

Slava followed her tongue as it darted out, licking wayward crumbs. He gulped and helped himself to some pickles and vegetables.

“Not much of a talker, are you, *gordito*? The strong silent type. Well then, I’ll talk. First, how old are you?”

Slava’s size made him look older than his years. He answered Kelly with the truth, sincerely hoping she wouldn’t back out from whatever she had in mind for them.

“I’m twenty-three.”

Her mouth opened into a small “o,” and she looked very amused.

“Do you have a girlfriend?” she asked.

“No, I live with my mother now...you know.” He looked her in the eye. How could he keep a girlfriend when he constantly fantasized about a certain dark-haired, long-legged Argentinian?

“Didn’t you always live with Olga?”

“No. I came to Israel several years before Mama, with Naale, when I was sixteen.”

The Ministry of Immigration’s Naale program encouraged young Jews to leave their parents and come to Israel to finish high school. They were awarded Israeli citizenship when they graduated, and most joined the army afterwards.

“After I got injured in 2014 in Gaza in Zuk Eitan, I was granted family unification and I could bring Mama to join me.”

“Oh? Where were you injured?”

Slava slid from his stool and came to stand before Kelly. He pulled down one side of his white drawstring yoga pants to reveal a bit of thigh and the top end of a scar running along his right leg. At the time, it hurt like hell and he feared he would never walk again. It had been nearly three years since the injury and he still had nightmares about the explosion.

“A shred from one of the Iron Dome missiles. Friendly fire.” He pulled his pants back up. Without any prompting from her, encouraged perhaps by the fact that he didn’t see pity in her eyes, he added, “I was going to study computer science, you know, the usual for us Russians.” He

smiled at her and Kelly smiled back. “But complementary therapy helped me so much I decided to study that instead.”

“Lucky for me, you have very good hands. So that’s the dream, Slava? To be a masseur?” There wasn’t any judgment in her voice, just curiosity.

“The dream is to be an osteopath. But it costs a lot of money. I take courses in massaging, which is a prerequisite. That way I can work and save for a degree in osteopathy.” It was easy to talk to Kelly who was such a good listener.

“How much does a degree cost?”

“Double the tuition of a regular university. Twenty-four and a half thousand shekels per year.” Kelly nodded, and he thought she looked a little sad.

“Okay, Slava, that’s enough poking into your life for one day. Now, I’d like you to know that I like you. Do you like me?”

She liked him!

“Yes, I like you. Yes.” Slava could hear the enthusiasm in his own voice. A flush of heat rose to his cheeks.

Kelly smiled, the smile reaching her beautiful brown eyes. “Good.”

Slava was at ease once more.

“Oh, just one more thing—are you a virgin?”

Slava was astounded for a second before finding the humor in the situation. She thought he was a baby. He laughed and shook his head.

“Do you have any questions for me?” Slava shook his head again. He didn’t ask her for her age, because: a. it wasn’t polite, and b. he couldn’t care less.

“Good. So, Slava, would you like to play a game with me?”



Ilan indulged in his second cigarette of the day. He was alone on the small, elevated porch, slightly above street level, in the restaurant’s designated smokers’ area. His glass of wine was nearly empty. He wasn’t a total brute to mar the taste of Saint-Julien 2ème Cru Classé 1950 Château Léovill—a bottle priced at 2,000 shekels—with a cigarette.

A couple of years ago, Ilan was hired by the restaurant’s owner to find the person who was substituting cheap wine into expensive bottles that were uncorked to be sold by the glass. The owner stressed the need for discretion, as they would never live down the bad publicity. It took Ilan half a day to break the esteemed, dignified, deep-shit-in-debt maître d’. He did one better by visiting the man in his house and covering him into returning several stolen cases.

The stylized Bauhaus building the restaurant inhabited was in the heart of The White City of Tel Aviv, an area that housed many investment

firms. Ilan had been coming here a lot recently, picking at will any wine off the restaurant's pricey wine list. The owner's smile never wavered, and he bore the expense cheerfully.

Ilan tilted his head back, blew the smoke upwards, and thought that now, a month into the investigation, he fully understood Eran's frustration.

ISA compiled a list of investment houses that were most likely to take part in this kind of scheme and gave Ilan the résumés of all the license holders. Ilan decided to do some legwork by posing as a potential client. He wanted to study the lay of the land, meet the people behind the résumés.

When he'd reviewed each bio, Kelly Yuchtman stood out—both as a woman *and* a foreigner. Having immigrated to Israel from Buenos Aires at the age of twenty, she lacked the intricate networking of school-army-university every Jewish Israeli lived through and utilized throughout their personal and professional life. As a woman, she wouldn't be a part of her male colleagues' fraternizing—Saturday morning cycling trips, the Friday afternoon basketball jousts, the courtyard seats at Maccabi Tel Aviv games. She was an integral piece of this world—in yet not *one of* the gang. ISA were vying for a snitch, but Ilan thought he would settle for the next best thing—help from an honest insider who could give him unique know-how plus real-time intelligence.

Wanting to be cognizant before approaching Kelly, he'd saved Cohn's Investments for last. It was a good candidate to be in on the scam as

it was small, focused on private clients, and Matan Levi didn't run a very tight ship. Ilan wasn't supposed to access the sixth floor. Everyone should have stopped him and inquired about what he was doing, but no one had—except for Kelly.

He wasn't sure she would be there, but when he met her, he seized the opportunity. Shaking her up, letting her know he knew her name, then telling her he was a PI. Her instincts were to stand up and defy him, and Ilan's cock stirred when he thought of her blazing brown eyes and her wide mouth so close to his.

“Hey, boss.” Assaf, the young man Ilan had been waiting for, was scowling.



“A game?” Slava asked.

“Yes, with rules. Simple ones. The first one is: when I tell you to do something, you do it. No questions asked. Like in the army.”

“Oh,” Slava said, licking his lips. “What do you mean?”

The tuition Slava was saving for was less than half what Kelly made in a *month*. The setup she had in mind for Slava, she hadn't done with any of her previous sexual partners. Was she taking advantage of this impoverished boy?

But he didn't seem upset—and he told her, quite emphatically, that he liked her.

“When you were in the army, did you talk back to your basic training sergeant?”

“No.”

“How did you call him?”

“Who, my sergeant? It was a ‘she’ and I called her ‘ma’am’.”

“Right, call me ‘ma’am’.” A definite movement in his pants caught her attention.

When she lifted her stare, he looked her straight in the eye and said in a confident voice, “Yes, ma’am.”

A thrill ran down her back and up her pussy.

“Second rule: no kissing.”

“Why?” Slava blurted and his eyes went to her lips, as if the answer was there. “I mean, why, ma’am?”

“Because.” Kelly answered. She didn't like kissing—too often she found the exercise wet and invasive—and she didn't want that from Slava. If he kissed her, he would effectively shut her mouth, and she wanted to keep telling him what to do.

“No kissing and it's non-negotiable.”

His shoulders sagged a little, but he nodded his assent.

“Great. So, you do what I say, and you don't kiss me. Are we clear?”

“What if I don’t want to do something...?”

“Slava *querido!* I can’t and don’t want to force you into anything.

You tell me what bothers you and we adjust. Okay?”

Slava nodded. Then, he got very red in the face.

“Will it always happen right after our massage sessions? I just want to say that...”, his voice trailed, seemingly looking for the right words.

Kelly waited patiently. “Kelly...” She lifted her eyes to meet the sincere blue gaze. “I don’t want to be paid, you know...for this, I...I *want* to do, this, with you...”

Kelly’s chest constricted, and she wondered what kind of offers Slava had received from the women he catered to that he needed to make this clear. She lowered her eyes so he wouldn’t see how moved she was. When she regained control, she told him, “Slava, of course not! I’ll continue to pay you for your wonderful massages, and afterwards we...play. But I don’t do relationships. We play together, we enjoy ourselves, but that’s it. Okay?”

He nodded and smiled. Without waiting for further assent, Kelly reached for his pants and caressed his balls. He gasped and jumped a little, losing his balance. His arms shot forward and he supported himself by leaning on the countertop, entrapping Kelly. Slava smelled fresh and masculine, his mouth breathing very close to hers. It was quite stirring,

except that his huge frame made Kelly feel small in comparison, not a feeling she was used to, plus no kissing meant no kissing.

“Back off, Slava,” she said, but without heat so he wouldn’t scare away.

He straightened, but didn’t move his crotch away from her hand and remained standing face to face, his eyes glued to her lips. Kelly’s fingers continued to fondle him. It was gratifying how fast he was getting hard, his cock shaping under her hand and straining his pants once more. She felt her own pussy flutter in response.

“Take off your shirt.”

Slava obeyed, and Kelly laid eyes for the first time on his naked torso. His skin had a golden hue, and he was extremely fit with a lean, muscular physique. She liked that his muscles weren’t swollen—she wasn’t into the body-building types. His flat chest had only a few sparse blond hairs, and his face was smooth—he probably didn’t need to shave every day. *Dios mio*, this was borderline cradle-robbing.

“Pants and underwear, too.”

Slava shed his pants. The scar’s angry, red ravine continued all the way along his thigh and down to his calf, puckering the skin around it into creases and dents. A hitch in his breathing made her lift her eyes to meet Slava’s wary ones. Did he think she was put off by his injury?

Kelly held his stare. She caressed the wounded flesh, made gentle circles with her fingertips, followed the furrows, traced the bald ruts. He exhaled, the straining around his mouth softening, and he wriggled off his underwear. He revealed dark-blond pubic hair out of which his magnificent cock stood out, long thick and straight, the cockhead already glistening with tiny drops of pre-cum.

“Espléndido, Slava!” Slava didn’t speak Spanish, but there was no way he could have mistaken her meaning. He smiled and looked smug. Smugness just wouldn’t do.

“Grab it.”

He looked bewildered.

“Your dick, Slava, hold it. And masturbate. Do you know the meaning of the word?”

Kelly watched him use some of his juice to lubricate his cock and move his right hand up and down his impressive length. An excited moan escaped her lips and she cleared her throat to mask it.

“I’m going to count to five. If you come before I reach ‘five’, this session is over and you pack your stuff and go. But if you make it, I’ll let you eat me.”

A light kindled in his eyes. **“Yes, Ma’am.”** He sounded confident.

“One,” she said loudly, and watched how he deliberately slowed down his hand’s up-and-down movements. Yeah, right. Did he think it was going to be *that* easy?

Kelly sent out a light finger to smear some of the pre-cum around his warm engorged cockhead. At her touch, Slava’s cupped cock jerked in his hand and he groaned loudly. Kelly laughed.

“Two.” She lifted her finger, wet with his sap, and when she was sure his eyes were locked onto her, she put it into her mouth, tasting his saltiness. His eyes opened wide. He didn’t look so smug *now*. Involuntarily, his movements became more rapid as his excitement grew and his body craved release.

“Three.” She traced his half-parted lips with her finger and Slava closed his mouth, trapping it, sucking hungrily. A direct arrow shot into her belly and Kelly moaned. Her finger in his mouth looked *hot*, and she pumped it several times, fucking him. She pulled it out, not without difficulty, he didn’t want to let go, and Slava looked on as she lifted her dress and reached under her underwear’s waistband to touch herself between her folds. She lifted her ass a little from the chair, looked into his pained eyes, and crushed her clit, needing to take care of some of her own pressure.

“Count. Please. Ma’am.” Each word was accentuated with a gasped breath.

“Four.” She could see he was very close. Slava’s muscled arms and bare chest bulged, coated by a sheen of sweat as his cock swelled more and more. A knotted ball of joy was forming in Kelly’s belly and grew larger as she lowered her head, coming very close to Slava’s cockhead tip. His smell engulfed her, making her a little lightheaded. She blew air on his beautiful cock and heard his pained hiss. Upping the stakes, giving in to her dire need, she darted out her tongue and licked a little of his juice. Slava groaned so loudly, and his cock twitched so much that she was sure he was losing it. Kelly didn’t want that to happen, so she hurried it up:

“Five, Slava, let it go.”

He threw his head back and moaned in relief, and Kelly watched as jet after jet of white semen sprouted and washed over the back of his hand and through his fingers. He continued to move his hand and breathe heavily as the stream continued. Finally, he let it all out.

She recalled her hand was still in her underwear. She was so focused on him she forgot about her own release. Luckily, there was a Chapter B to this bet. If Slava could use his tongue half as well as his hands, she was in for a real treat. Afterwards, she would send him on his way so she could sleep alone. No need for cuddling or pretending with Slava.

Kelly handed him a roll of paper kitchen towels, and when he was done, she interlaced her arms around his neck, wanting to get close to his warm, slick body. Without hesitation and quite easily, Slava lifted her from

her stool. Being a big girl, none of Kelly's previous lovers had ever tried to do that. She wrapped her legs around his naked waist.

"You've earned it, Slava. Take me to bed and lick me till I scream."

He smiled his sweet smile.

"Yes, ma'am."



"There is no apparent pattern, boss." Assaf's pudgy lips pouted, and his pale blue eyes stared at Ilan defiantly. "It's all over the place. Different types of securities: small cap, large cap, bonds. All kinds of players: private, institutions, foreign banks. Suspicious transfers between Israel, Switzerland, Slovakia, London, Cyprus. It's a nightmare, a cacophony of noise. I've been doing this for weeks now and this shit is *boring*."

Three years ago, when he decided to go solo, Ilan fished Assaf fresh off his military service with the 8200 elite intelligence unit and gave him twenty percent of the firm. These guys were so sought after, got such stupendous offers from large hi-tech corporates and cyber companies, that a huge salary wasn't enough—they had to like what they were doing. Ilan gave Assaf what he liked—diverse jobs, each in various fields, and most importantly, on the hazy side of respectability. Assaf loved to hack and Ilan gave it to him, supervising the young man closely.

“Yeah, it was a long shot thinking you alone could detect a pattern that the ISA missed. Drop it. I want you to prepare a full package. About her.”

He showed Assaf Kelly’s LinkedIn page. Assaf’s eyes lit up.

“As in full? As in everything?”

Seeing his reaction, Ilan had second thoughts. But he had postponed this for far too long. Anyway, it was too late: Kelly was too good looking and Assaf would probe her on his own now. Assaf liked to walk on the wild side, and it would be better if Ilan kept tabs on him.

“Yes. We absolutely need an insider, and now, after a month, I’m positive she’s the best candidate. I want to know everything about her. Friends, colleagues, financials, personal history. Everything.” As if it was an afterthought, he added, “Lovers, boyfriends of course, too. I need to be well prepared before I approach her, hence the package.”

“Are you sure, boss? She’s way too cute. Whistleblowers get hurt, sometimes badly. She could lose her job, you know. Let’s pick some ugly douchebag and mess up *his* life.”

The problem with reaching out to someone other than Kelly was that Ilan was quite sure, especially after meeting her, that *she* wasn’t involved, but he couldn’t tell yet who was. Alerting the wrong douchebag would result in the ruin of the whole investigation, not to mention Ilan’s career.

“We’ll keep her cooperation secret, even from Eran Green.”

Assaf was still looking at Kelly's profile picture, his chubby thumb caressing the small photo.

"I bet she's wild in bed," he said.

Ilan instilled real menace into his voice. "Watch it, Assaf. No nude pictures, no dirty nonsense. Capiche?"

He looked again at Kelly's picture and recalled the ballsy girl who stood nose-to-nose with him. Unbidden, an image rose in Ilan's mind—himself looking down on a kneeling, bowed-head Kelly, nude and subservient, waiting for his command.

**Thank you for reading the first chapter!
My book will be out March 31st.**

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