

## Novel Excerpt

### *From Chapter Two – Jules & Diva ...*

In only a few short years, twenty-four-year-old Jules had evolved into the first locally renowned dom performer, “The Dapper Dom.” She looked like a mixed pretty boy, too feminine to be dom, but too boyish to be fem. Her short, curly black hair added to the confusion.

Sidewalks doubled as red carpet for Jules. The Hollywood type, she dressed in flashy silk shirts and kept fly fems on her arm. She liked women who liked her, but loved the single life. Jules vowed to never settle down until she landed the best woman, the one and only Diva.

Abandoned at birth by her drug-addicted mother, Jules had got her game from Neo, who raised her after her father died. Neo lived by three rules: never trust a female, never get caught, and never fall in love. Scorned by women in the past, Neo believed that most of them weren’t worth a second date.

She loathed “bloodsucking broads” who always had their hands out for something, and ran their mouths about everything. “Needy broads” who harassed her for attention, and fell in love the first week, disgusted her even more. Worst of all were the “fake wannabes” like Diva who were visitors passing through the life just long enough to ruin someone else’s.

Jules had witnessed Diva and Neo’s tragically revolving drama during the years in which they all lived together. As a teen, she studied the master and mistress and awaited her go-round. Now at age twenty-four, Jules was ready to throw her first pitch at the plate.

With all the game in the world, Jules still didn’t seem to stand a chance with Diva. She refreshed Diva’s margarita when she returned to the bar.

“Are you dancing tonight, ma?” Jules asked.

“Are you?” Diva licked salt from the tip of the glass and popped her tongue. “You know something that I don’t?”

“Pops wanna holla at you.”

“Where she at?” Diva perked up.

Neo was waiting nonchalantly in the lounge. She’d decided to humor her ex for Jules’s sake. However, the low-key Diva wouldn’t dare deal with another woman in Neo’s presence. Let her tell it, Neo had been her first and only relationship with a woman, and she had no time for females, who “had the same thing” she had.

Jules pointed to Neo in the lounge and Diva strutted up to her. “What’s up, daddy?” Diva asked, leaning against Neo’s broad chest.

“Boo, you can wait upstairs for me if you need a couple of dollars,” Neo said, meaning that she would break Diva off the old-fashioned way. She radioed security to let Diva into the office.

Diva mouthed a magnificent smile, and brushed her breasts against Neo’s midsection. She switched her butt as she walked away, and blew an air kiss to Jules as she passed the bar.

Jules flung her cell phone back open. “What’s up, chief?”

“We have to trick her,” Neo directed. “I’ll relieve you at show time.”

“Good looking out,” Jules thanked Neo. Her stomach cringed as she rolled her tongue ring.