
Prologue

Yolan Belle walked into the Ensemble Theatre for the premiere of *'Dream Girls'*; her yellow, custom-made Romeo Hunte form-fitting gown with the thigh-high slit caused her bronze-colored skin to glow.

She was turning heads as she walked, the liquid beading made it look as if it was melted and molded to her body like a second skin.

Her hair was perfectly coiffed, touched by the magical hands of Khyrs and Jaidyn who dropped everything to fit her in when she called.

Her manicured toes were wrapped in Ferragamo open-toed sandals from Shay and Monet's boutique that matched her gown perfectly, needless to say, she was perfection personified; her best friend and boss Tayana aka Whisper would be so proud.

As she reached the bar, she was the center of attention, men lifted their glasses to her behind their date's backs, eyebrows lifted in hopeful question, looking for an upgrade.

Yolan barely acknowledged them. One thing she hated more than anything else in the world was a whorish, cheating

man and she made sure they knew it with her trademark deadly glare.

Her face lit up when she spotted his familiar tall frame at the back end of the bar, his back was to her as she moved his way. His custom gray suit hung from his 6'9", fit-thick frame highlighting his broad shoulders and muscular arms. At 5'2", Yolán had always been attracted to tall men, it was his height that first attracted her to Thomas 'Tower' White.

Yolán walked past him and slid onto the stool directly behind the pretty peanut butter hued female he was leaning in talking to, his perfect pretty boy smile on display as the woman reached up and stroked his face.

Yolán and Tower had been together for 2 years and 5 months and had lived together for almost as long. Imagine her surprise when he informed her he had a dinner meeting tonight, the same date and time she saw printed on the theatre tickets she had discovered in his suit jacket pocket a week ago when she went to drop off his clothes at the cleaners.

Yolán didn't trip or even ask a single question, instead she began to plan, and now she grinned with wicked excitement, as the last leg of her plan was about to go down.

She ordered an amaretto sour smiling sweetly at the bartender just as Tower looked past his pretty date and his eyes fell on her. She noted with pleasure as the color drained from his face, a look of fear dancing in his brown eyes.

She flashed him a cover girl smile and took a sip of the drink the bartender had just placed in front of her.

Thomas threw the rest of his drink to the back of his throat, moving his head when his date tried to touch his face again. He whispered something to his date and moved over to stand next to Yolán.

The woman, now feeling rejected, quickly rose from her seat in a huff glaring over at Yolán and Thomas and stormed off.

“Take it easy, Yo, she is just a business associate. There is nothing going on between us, I promise you,” Tower explained running his hand over his bald fade haircut nervously.

Yolan smiled up at him as she continued to sip her drink. To think at some point, she was actually in love with this wayward dick ass joke of a man.

Not saying a word, she pulled a phone out of her clutch and after cueing up one of the videos it housed, she set it in front of him and pushed play.

Tower watched in horror as the video of him and his pretty date being a little too friendly played on the screen. They weren't having sex but they were damn close.

“Yeah, so that being said I'm going to need my keys. To the house and to the Bentley I bought you for your birthday,” Yolan stated quietly smiling up at him again, relief washed over her as she said it. If she had to lie next to him one more night she might have killed him.

“Get the fuck outta here, you are really acting out, Yolan. Now if you want to go home and talk this shit out, cool, but nah, I ain't giving up the keys to anything for shit!” Tower growled quietly leaning on the bar signaling the bartender to bring him another drink before glaring at her.

Yolan finished her drink and stood up next to Tower, even in her stilettos she was barely past his waist.

“And here I thought this would be easy, pity.” Yolan sighed and leaned on the bar looking up at him, shaking her head.

“Yeah, you got me all the way fucked up. I think you forgot who I am huh, Yolan?” Tower snapped, snatching his drink off the bar throwing it back, wincing when it hit the back of his throat.

“Correction, Tower, you have clearly forgotten who the fuck I am,” Yolan said calmly as she slipped back onto the stool, crossing her legs. Her dress exposed her upper thigh

and the yellow silk garter that cradled her all-white 357 'Angel'.

"I know you're crazy, Yo but you ain't crazy enough to shoot me in front of all these people. So yeah, go ahead and try to punk somebody else with all of that." Tower smirked, still clutching his empty drink glass rattling the ice around in it. "Now, like I said before, we can talk this all out at home where my shit is," Thomas said with steely determination, glaring down at Yolan. He stood upright to his full height so he towered over her. She smiled even brighter, this idiot was really feeling himself tonight!

"I have never been crazy, Tower, not in the least, but let me ask you this, did you forget who I run with or how deep we are willing to go to get results?" Yolan asked stirring her basically untouched drink with the straw in the glass. "Did you really think I wouldn't find out about your little double-cross you tried to blame on me?" Yolan asked, reaching over and cueing up a second video on the phone resting on the bar, this one of Thomas lying to save himself by throwing her under the bus about some missing money, the third and final video was him tonguing down his boss Bismark's wife, his hand down her shirt, his dick in her hand.

This was why they were here at this crossroad, not only had he been dumb enough to cheat and disrespectful enough to bring the bitches back to their house, he was also fucking his boss' wife, while stealing from him and lied on her about it!

She had no fucking clue until the day Bismark stepped into her office at Royalty Realty making idle threats in front of her clients about his missing money.

Yolan made a call to Tayana and Jazz who green-lighted her to handle the situation and was told to make them both disappear.

Thomas for disrespecting her and bringing trouble to her business and Bismark for overstepping his boundaries and

going to Royalty in the first place. No one disrespected the crew and moreover no one fucked with business!

She was ordered to bide her time until moves were put in place to take down Bismark's entire operation with no man left standing. Thomas was the last man to fall because Yolán wanted to be there when it happened, you know since she 'loved' him and all.

Yolán watched with satisfaction as Thomas began to sweat, looking downright spooked before grabbing the phone and snapping it in two, his breath came out in panicked pants as he ran his hand down his face.

"What's done in the dark always comes to light, Tower. Now, for the last damn time before I really lose my patience, hand me my keys," Yolán said sweetly holding out her hand, her long lacquer painted nails glistened in the light that shined down from above the bar.

Tower reached in his pocket and dropped his keys in her outstretched palm.

Yolán dropped them in her purse, placed enough money on the bar to cover her tab as she moved to leave.

"Hold up, what about my stuff, Yo? And does Bismark know the truth about all of this?" he asked her cautiously, his face was covered in nervous sweat.

Yolán sighed, shaking her head like she hated to be the bearer of bad news.

"Why don't you ask him yourself? I'm sure he's *dying* to talk to you. As for your stuff, try the Salvation Army on Austin Street, I'm sure some of your stuff will still be there if you hurry," she said, smiling sweetly as flashing lights announced '*Dream Girls*' was about to begin.

Rini stepped up behind Tower, pressing her gun into his ribs. One of Jazz's security staff, a man they all called 'Pressure' fell in line on the opposite side of Thomas and nudged

him in the opposite direction. Thomas cast one last regretful look over his shoulder at Yolán as he was escorted away.

Yolán paused long enough to make sure no one noticed them leaving out the back door that led to the alley and their ‘work van’ before sighing and walking towards the theater entrance.

Thomas’ date, the woman from the car dealership he slipped his number to as Yolán sat in the manager’s office signing the paperwork for his birthday present, a paid in full, black on black fully loaded Bentley stood next to the entrance of the VIP section of the theatre waiting on Yolán.

“Damn, Yo remind me never to piss you off,” Meika said, shaking her head and taking the keys Yolán discreetly passed to her, the keys to Thomas’ new Bentley.

It was already arranged that the car would be taken overseas, new VIN numbers and papers would be placed on it before it was resold at auction. It was a shame really, it was a beautiful car, for what was a beautiful man.

Right after he drove off in his new car, Meika, – an old neighborhood friend – who now worked for Joy and Rini at The Firm told her about him inviting her to their house to ‘get to know each other a little better’.

After her visit from Bismark, Yolán sent Meika to plant more cameras in the house to see what Thomas was really up to. She was almost finished when Thomas came home early, so she slipped out of her clothes and was waiting for him in her bra and panties in the middle of the bed when he came into the room, pretending to be there waiting on him, telling him she wasn’t afraid or worried about Yolán if he wasn’t.

“This is not about being pissed off, Meika or even about him cheating on me, this was about business. Tower was getting greedy and he was getting sloppy, two things I have no time or respect for. If I was a dumb, clueless female, he would have fucked around and got a price put on both of our heads

Love Don't Live Here Anymore

with that dumb shit he pulled and I ain't having it. Sometimes the one that holds you closest at night as you sleep is the very one sharpening the knife to drive into your back. Tower was just too stupid and cocky to notice my knife was bigger and sharper.”