

# SISTERS

*A Tale of Good and Evil  
in a World Where  
Magic Reigns Supreme*

By

Eileen Sheehan

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This eBook contains a sneak peek at another great read by Eileen Sheehan at the end.

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## Chapter One

“There is an old saying, ‘Be careful what you wish for, you just might get it.’ I think the saying stops before completing the thought. It should be, ‘Be careful what you wish for, you just might get it in a totally unexpected way and an unbelievably different form’.”

Dr. Joseph Covington said nothing as he continued to move his pen over the pad of paper he kept propped against the highest point of his bent knee as his long, lean leg rested across the top of his other leg. He looked far more comfortable than Davina felt. She shifted in her seat as she waited for him to say something, anything. If he didn’t soon she promised herself she’d reach over and grab that pen right from his boney hand.

When he finally uncrossed his legs, leaned forward to better focus on her and questioned whether she felt she’d gotten what she asked for, she was so elated to finally hear him speak that she didn’t bother to get upset by his question. It wasn’t until he asked her to reiterate on why she felt she’d gotten what she’d asked for that she blew a gasket.

“I’ve been here for the better part of an hour telling you just that and you want me to repeat it? I thought you were keeping notes. What have you been doing? Doodling?”

She leapt from the sofa with the intention of seeing exactly what was on that pad of paper, but the good doctor sprang to life with the speed of a panther ready to pounce on

his prey. He hugged the pad as if he was afraid of losing it as he stood with his narrow chest heaving, full cheeks flushed, and grey eyes bulging with emotion beneath his thick, black glasses. “I’ve had just about enough of your outbursts, young lady. It is not for you to decide or dictate how these sessions will go. If I choose to have you repeat your story one-hundred times, it is my prerogative.”

Her neatly shaped brows furrowed over watery violet eyes, and her full lips puckered together in disappointment beneath her straight Greek nose as she dropped back onto the sofa. She was completely mindless of what her disregard for her body weight of one-hundred- twenty-five-pounds plummeting onto the inner-springs of the seating with such force might do to them. She was so frustrated with him at that moment that she’d happily damage his entire office and feel justified in doing so. Was he even a real doctor? At this point, she had her doubts.

“Do you expect me to start at the beginning?” she asked with a sarcastic flair.

“Let’s remember why you’re here, shall we?” Dr. Covington said with a sneer. “Your antics have caused you to become a ward of this facility. Part of the procedure of rehabilitating you is for you to visit me once a week to discuss why you are here and see how we can adjust your behavior so that you can re-enter society. I’m aware that you don’t care for me and wish to be somewhere... anywhere else, but the fact of the matter is you’re stuck here. So, if you want to

cease being required to visit my office, you will hold that tongue of yours and do as I ask.” He leaned forward to emphasize his words. “All that I ask. Otherwise, I might deem it necessary to meet more than once a week. Perhaps, daily?”

She sat back and glowered. How had it come to this? What happened to put her in such a position? Louella had finally found her golden reason to do away with her. It wasn't death, but it might as well be. She knew, deep down, that her sister intended on keeping her here where she'd be out of the way and required to depend upon Louella as her proxy in all matters. As hard as she tried, she couldn't remember beyond the last six months that brought her to being institutionalized.

She'd been accused of murdering a man she called T. J. The problem was that she couldn't remember ever meeting this man and there was no body to prove that he'd been murdered. In fact, when she asked her lawyer, Edward Murry, Esq., to investigate the situation, but he informed her that it was impossible without his full name. Unfortunately, Davina's paranoia over her sister's prying eyes prevented her from entering it into her journal. All she had was a few photographs of herself with this very handsome man that Davina suspected were expertly photoshopped. Of course, Louella's team of clever and crooked lawyers ran circles around poor Edward at every turn and they managed to expound upon the photos instead of the false name and lack

of birth information. They even managed to produce an expert to testify that the pictures weren't photoshopped, but were very real. Since the sim card that the pictures were on was produced, Davina had no recourse but to accept their legitimacy.

How clever Louella was.

Because the accusations of murder were just that; accusations by a sibling who claimed to have met her lover and insisted that he mysteriously disappeared while in her company, she hadn't been tried and sentenced. Not by a judge and jury, anyway. Her family had done it by committing her to a privately owned and operated mental institution. Although, those in charge cleverly labeled it a recovery house, it was nothing more than a prison for those whose wealthy families wanted to get someone out of the way... like Louella had done with her. In her brief stay, Davina had met more than one poor victim of such an act. One woman just completed her thirtieth year there. It seemed very few recovered in this state of the art recovery house.

It was her twin sister, Louella, and her band of lawyers who was behind having her committed. She'd been looking for a way to be rid of Davina since they turned twenty-one two years ago, and their inheritance came into effect. You'd think that splitting three million dollars plus the estate and vineyard would have been sufficient for Louella, but it wasn't. Unlike Davina, who was generous to a fault, Louella



wanted it all; lock, stock, and barrel. That meant finding a way to be free of Davina.

Short of killing her, this was the next best thing. With Davina deemed unsound of mind, Louella gained power of attorney over her sister's half of the inheritance. It was her goal to keep Davina in the hospital until she had the good sense to roll over and die. One of her methods was to make sure that she was treated by the ever so incompetent and easily bribed Dr. Covington. Between his diagnosis and the drugs that they pumped into Davina at a level that was just enough to make her seem out of it without seeming drugged, she was sure confident she'd managed to be free of her. Her sister had managed to find a doctor who was just as greedy and crooked as she was.

Where Louella had purposefully retained some of the most ruthless and conscience free lawyers she could find upon her twenty-first birthday to help her manage her inheritance, Davina had stayed with the old attorney her father used while alive. He was extremely knowledgeable when it came to her inheritance, but was worthless defending her sanity against the false accusations her sister's lawyers peppered her with. It was like sending a lamb to slaughter.

The fact that Louella had managed to convince her two aunts to support her claim that Davina was unstable didn't help matters. Her aunts were loving souls who would never deliberately want to hurt either of their nieces. It was

unfortunate that they couldn't see through Louella's façade whenever they were around. They believed her wicked twin to be a loving and caring angel instead of Satan in disguise as Davina depicted her to be. It was because of Davina's mistake in trying to get them to see the truth – combined with her loss of memory for the last year- that they backed Louella with the idea of committing her for her own well-being.

It was all because she had no recollection of this guy. Nor could she remember the year of her life when she was supposedly with him. It didn't help that as soon as her mind began to clear, they'd pump a pill down her or come at her with a needle, but it wasn't the reason she couldn't remember. Her memory lapse began long before that.

Realizing she had no choice, she, once again, told the good doctor the last recollection she had before she woke up in her room six months ago, naked and wet with no recollection as to why.

Her sister claimed that she'd befriended a young man and things were getting serious with him to the point she expected an engagement to happen. If that was the case, wouldn't she remember such a man? Not only couldn't she remember him, but she couldn't recall the year she'd supposedly spent in his company. It was as if she'd gone to sleep and awoken twelve months later.

The very last thing she remembered was taking a long walk through the vineyard. It was something she did often. It

helped her to think and relax; as well as brought back memories of happier days before her mother and father had that terrible automobile accident that took their lives.

Dr. Covington scratched his chin as he waited for silence between them. After waiting long enough to give his words the best dramatic effect, he asked, "Why is it then, Davina, that you feel you've gotten what you've asked for. Did you want your parents dead?"

"I loved my parents. Don't ever say that. I wanted to be free of my sister. With my parent's gone, she's out of control. She should be the one in here, not me."

"Why is that?"

"She's greedy. She'll do anything to get it all. She wants everything

we've inherited. Her share and mine." Davina smirked and gave a slight chuckle. "It's embarrassing at times."

"Your sister embarrasses you?"

"At times." Davina looked at him quizzically.

"Didn't I just say that?"

The timer went off just as he was about to reply. It was like a scene from a high school television show. He picked up his precious pad of paper and stood up abruptly. "That's the bell. Time's up. I'll see you next week."

With that, he hustled her out of his office and closed the door behind her.

## Chapter Two

Louella relaxed in a chair at the bistro table that was strategically placed on the veranda of their Tuscan inspired family home to allow the afternoon sun to warm whoever sat there during the fall and winter months while enjoying an afternoon glass of a new aromatic white wine from her recently inherited vineyard. She smiled with satisfaction over the events of the week. She'd managed to convince her aunts to back her in having Davina committed to the Sunrise Sanitarium. Not that she needed them to accomplish it, but the fact that they supported her decision gave more validity to it. One never knew when something like that might come in handy.

She was a person who was careful to dot her 'i's' and crossed her 't's' in life. Unlike her twin sister, she took her time to plan out important moves. It was because of her patience, diligence, and devotion to details that she was able to seize the opportunity Davina's amnesia and her lover's disappearance offered.

Davina didn't have a mean bone in her body. She had no doubt in her mind that her sister was incapable of killing anyone, but that didn't stop her from making the accusation; secretly and within the family, of course. She'd been conferring with Derek, the lead lawyer in the firm of Arthurs, Montana, and Smith, about ways to gain control of the entire estate ever since her parents died when they were eighteen

and she learned they'd come into their inheritance upon their twenty-first birthday. She was sly with her endeavor and didn't even divulge her relationship with the law firm until they attended the signing of the paperwork on the day following her birthday.

She could still recall the look of bewilderment and surprise on Davina's face when she showed up with her team of lawyers in tow. She'd lamented over her ignorance in thinking she didn't need a lawyer and then turned to her father's lawyer who was officiating the signing for representation. Poor old Edward had foolishly scoffed at the fact that Louella had legal representation during the signing of the inheritance papers while assuring Davina that there was no need for it, but he'd be happy to be placed on a retainer for future circumstances that might arise. What a boon for Louella. Even then, she was working out a plan to seize control of Davina's half of the fortune; for no other reason than the fact that she begrudged her sister all things in life.

In her opinion, her sister should have died in the womb, or, at the very least, during childbirth and left Louella to enjoy the pleasures and attention that awaited an only child of such a rich and indulgent couple. Instead, she not only had to share her parent's attention, but she had to share birthdays as well. She hated that she and Davina were expected to behave as if they were joined at the hip simply because they were identical twins. Their looks were

the absolute only thing they had in common. Personality wise, they couldn't be more different. Where Davina was reserved to the point of being considered shy and prudish, generous to a fault, and sensitive to the degree that in her desire to hurt no one she was often taken advantage of. Louella, on the other hand, was strong-willed and outgoing. She knew what she wanted in life and would stop at nothing to get it; no matter who she plowed over or hurt in the process. She learned soon after puberty that her body was an excellent tool for manipulating others -both male and female- into giving her what she wanted, and she had no qualms using it. In fact, she'd taken each member of her law firm, as well as their head secretary, Alice, to bed on more than one occasion as an extra measure to assure they'd give all they had to finding a way to get Davina out of the picture.

More than once, during their formative years, Louella had done something that brought repercussions from her parents and then blamed it on Davina. Since the victims couldn't tell the two apart and Davina was too dumb to do much more than stand there and deny it while Louella manifested a false alibi, her sister was labeled a troublemaker. This went in Louella's favor when it came time to accuse her of foul play to her aunts.

She didn't need to make any such accusation to Dr. Covington. All she needed to do was to flash the appropriate amount of money in his direction and their deal was solidified. It mattered little to him what Davina could have

done or whether she was actually in need of treatment. As long as he received his monthly stipend, Davina's fate was sealed.

Louella was born two minutes before Davina. So, technically, she was the eldest. This was something she never ceased to remind Davina of. It was also something that she impressed upon her lawyers when she had them petition the courts for her to have power of attorney over Davina's financial and medical affairs instead of Edward. The old fool lawyer didn't take the case as seriously as he should have, thinking Louella to be the angel of the two sisters. He was both surprised and ashamed to have been taken down so easily; not to mention unhappy about the loss of a steady retainer.

She scowled when she spotted Derek's black Mercedes Benz making its way up the long, winding drive toward her house. Although she still required legal representation, the ultimate heavy job of getting Davina out of the way was over. It was time to cool things down with him.

She'd never found Derek attractive. In fact, he was the hardest of the men in the law firm for her to bring herself to go to bed with. In the early days, she would often have to sneak off and vomit from the physical disgust she experienced during intimacy with him. None of the men of Arthurs, Montana, and Smith were sexy and appealing. If they weren't fat and repulsive, they were old and wrinkled. She considered giving her body to them a necessary evil to

make sure that they did all that they could for her cause of acquiring total control of the family fortune. For the sake of millions, she suffered their kisses and endured not only their touch, but having to touch them, until she eventually hardened to the experience.

Now, with Davina safely locked away, she saw no need to have to whore herself out to them any longer; especially to this disgusting specimen of a man. A feeling of elation permeated her body at the thought while she watched him pry his paunchy belly out from behind the steering wheel and balance the waist of his pants as best he could over his overly large stomach and ridiculously flat ass once he was successfully out of the car. Satisfied that he was put together after his struggles, he looked her way, gave a small wave of his hand, and smiled.

Had he been paying close attention, he would have realized that the slight smile she gave him in return was forced at best.

She shuddered as his hand cupped her breast while he bent down to kiss her full lips in greeting. A look of concern came over him when she pulled his hand from her breast and turned her face from him to shorten their kiss.

“Is something wrong?”

She sighed. “I’m just not feeling it today.”

Derek scowled. “You weren’t feeling it yesterday, or the day before, either. In fact, you haven’t felt it since Davina was committed.” He sat down opposite her so that he could



look her in the eye. “If you’re missing her that much, I can easily get her released.”

“Not without my say so,” she said with false bravado.

He looked at her with a smirk and a raised brow.

“Which one of us is the legal wiz? You’ve been with me long enough to know what I can do. But, then, if you no longer need me, perhaps poor Davina could use my services. I’m sure she’d appreciate a shark in her corner after the fiasco having that old fob of a lawyer brought to her door.”

Louella scowled. She’d lost, and she knew it. Derek had no intention of giving up sex with her and there was nothing she could do about it. With a sigh of recognition that there was always a price to pay and nothing came free, she downed the rest of her wine and stood up. He smiled, knowingly, and

followed her into the house.

His eyes never left her ass as she swayed her way through the main part of the house toward their bedroom. He could feel himself getting hard with anticipation.

Derek had no illusions. He knew he wasn’t a catch. He was fat with boils on his back that he couldn’t get rid of no matter what dermatologist he patronized. His face was round with a distinct double chin and his teeth were a warm pearl in color that bordered on yellow. He’d made an appointment to get them whitened, but had an emergency come up that caused him to miss the appointment and he just never found the time to reschedule. He did his best to

keep his breath fresh, stay clean shaven, and make sure the hair was plucked from his nose and his ears, but that's the best he could do for her.

In a way, he felt sorry for forcing her to service him like this, but he knew he'd never get someone as hot as her into his bed any other way. Besides, she came free of charge. In fact, he not only got to bed her, but he got paid by her on top of it all. For him, it was a win, win situation that he had no intention of ending. He knew that, as long as she needed his firm's expertise to keep Davina locked away, it wouldn't end until he said it would end, no matter how Louella felt about it. He was aware that she bedded his partners, but, since he had no illusions about what he had with her, he didn't mind. She could bed the whole valley as long as he got a piece of her at least once a week. He'd heard rumors that she even took his secretary, Alice, to bed. He'd considered approaching them for a threesome, but Alice was too crafty a woman and he couldn't risk her screaming sexual harassment on him.

By the time he reached her bedroom she was already undressing. He leaned against the door frame. "How about a show today, baby? It's been awhile."

She stopped pulling off her tee shirt and went to the nightstand and took the remote for her Bose sound machine and selected music to strip by. With a face completely devoid of emotion, she gyrated while removing her clothes. She'd

performed a strip tease for him so many times over the years that she didn't even need to put thought into her actions.

He licked his lips in anticipation as she turned for him to see her firm, plump breasts. She played with her rosebud nipples until they were puckered and hard and then proceeded to remove her pants. As much as she dreaded having him touch her, she wanted it over with. So, she did her best to arouse him to the point that he could stand no more and would do the deed and be gone.

She was bent over, swaying her naked hips at him, when her phone rang. Without stopping, she gyrated to the nightstand where the phone base rested and picked up the receiver. She got onto the bed on all fours and continued to taunt him with her booty while she spoke in monosyllables to the person who called. Derek found this incredibly hot. He was at the bed with his hands exploring her smooth, flawless flesh before she'd finished her call.

She flinched as his stubby fingers groped her womanhood while she returned the receiver to its cradle, but, otherwise made no indication that she was aware of his actions. "You'll need to hurry it up. My aunt will be here in twenty minutes."

"You forgot that she yells," he chuckled. "I heard her say forty-five minutes, but I can probably finish in twenty."

She cursed the old telephone that she hadn't bothered to replace. She knew it allowed people who were close to hear the person on the other end of the line if they spoke

loud enough. Since her Aunt Tillie was half-deaf, she yelled whenever she wasn't speaking face to face, thinking the person needed the extra volume to make up for the lack of lips to read like she did.

Louella went to turn onto her back, but Derek held her firm. "Stay on all fours, baby."

She was always happy when she didn't have to lay on her back and look at him. She may have hardened to the act of being with him, but there were still times when it repulsed her. It was especially difficult at that moment because she'd had it in her head that she would be able to finally stop having sex with him.

He crouched onto the mattress and positioned her so that when he nuzzled his overly round face, his thick tongue could reach her sensitive nub. She closed her eyes with revulsion as he slowly teased her. Little by little, her mind receded into blissful nothingness and her body took over. At that point, it didn't matter who was sexing. It felt good and that was all that she cared about.

When he was sure she was ready for him, he pulled his pants down far enough to allow his thick rod the freedom it needed to enjoy her. Moving off the bed, he took a condom from his pocket before letting his pants drop to his ankles and kicking them off. Moving to her front, he jabbed her cheek with his rod. Knowing that his swollen manhood rested between an enormous overhang of stomach flab and overly hairy legs, she closed her eyes and turned her face so

that her mouth could receive him. After a few moments of torture, he removed it and covered it with his condom. She sighed with relief as he returned to the bed and rammed it into her with the force of a bull.

She loved the sensations of sex, no matter who was doing it to her. As long as she didn't have to look at him, she could empty her mind and let herself enjoy the sensations of his oversized tool moving in and out of her with the speed, force, and friction that would bring her to her peak several times before he reached his; even if the session was a short one.

She'd taken great pains to bring him to the brink of pleasure while he was in her mouth in hopes it would shorten the session. From the way he was pumping and grunting, she was fairly certain she'd accomplished that.

When he bent over and kneaded her breasts as a farmer would knead a cow's udders, she knew it was almost over. If Derek was nothing else, he was predictable. Sure enough, he pulled at her nipples while he gave one final thrust and a long grumbling moan before he fell onto the bed beside her. She'd managed to peak a few times, so the needs that were aroused in her body had been satiated even with the shortness of the sex session. This pleased her. She stole a peek at his once oversized tool that was now a shriveled occupant of a used condom. It was barely visible beneath the flab that blanketed it, making her think of a kangaroo's pouch.

She smiled to herself as she leapt off the bed and quickly dressed. Their coupling was abnormally swift, yet she felt the sensations in her breasts and her womanhood that she normally felt after a long session of sex. Perhaps she'd found the secret. Avoid him until she absolutely had to be with him and then do what needed to be done to make it short and sweet. After years of long, tortuous sessions in the bedroom with his fat, sweaty body, she was sure she could continue with these short and less tortuous with no problem. In the meantime, she'd work on a plan to be free of him. She hoped she'd be able to do something similar with his partners. They may not be as repulsive to touch as Derek, but they were still a disgusting crew that she longed to be free of.

Derek was just pulling out of the drive when her Aunt Tillie's car pulled up. Louella's body still tingled from the effects of rough sex as she watched her aunt's driver, Benjamin, open the door and assist her from the car. Now, there was a man she'd like to get into her bed. She looked at his lean, manly physique and shuddered, once again, at the memory of the vile creature who'd just been rutting inside of her. Not having to close her eyes and empty her mind while her body rose to the occasion was a novelty she'd like to experience once again. She longed to keep her eyes open and enjoy the eye candy as he had his way with her.

She'd tossed Benjamin a flirt or two during her aunt's recent and frequent visits while they decided over Davina's fate and believed he'd be receptive. When he turned and flashed a knowing smile in her direction, she knew she could have him if she wanted him and, boy, did she want him. If for no other reason, she wanted to wash away the remnants of disgusting Derek.

"There you are, dear. I'm so glad I caught you home," Tillie said as she approached her niece and kissed her on the cheek.

"So am I," Louella replied. "I have yoga soon, but there's time for a glass of wine, or tea, if you prefer."

"Actually, neither," Tillie said as she moved past Louella into the house. "I've come with a mission in mind. I simply couldn't sleep these past few nights thinking of poor Davina locked up in that place."

Louella's heart raced. It was important that her aunts support her in Davina's confinement in order for things to run smoothly. "Now, auntie, we agreed..."

Tillie waved her hand to hush her niece. "I'm not saying that I want her out. What I want is to go through her room and select a few things to take to her. Perhaps she'll adjust better with a few of her belongings around her."

"I'm not sure what the hospital will allow her to have."

"I've already spoken to them. I know

what I can and can't select." She turned to her niece and then looked over her shoulder at Benjamin as he leaned with sexy arrogance against her car. With a knowing smile, she said, "Why don't you keep my driver company while I go look through Davina's things. I'll be at least thirty minutes, maybe longer. He gets so fidgety when he has to wait. I know I spoil him, but he's so handsome I just can't resist."

With a soft chuckle, she walked into the house without looking back to see Louella's reaction. If she had, she'd have seen the confusion on her niece's face. As much as she wanted to bed Benjamin, she'd just finished having sex with another man. Doing it back to back with two different men was something she'd never considered.

She was so busy staring after her aunt while she debated over what to do that she didn't notice Benjamin coming up behind her. He put his arm around her waist and pulled her close. Whether it was because her body was still primed from her recent sex with Derek or whether Benjamin's pheromones were just that potent, she had no idea. All she did know was that her breasts stood at attention from his touch and her abdomen was contracting with desire. She knew then that there was no way she was going to pass up this opportunity.

"Have you seen our little guest house?" she asked as she took his hand and pulled him behind her. She made a mental note to find a way to thank her crafty old aunt.