



AWARD-WINNING AUTHOR
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**SWEET
WHISPERS**

*of
the* **Devil**

Sweet Whispers of the Devil

Sierra Kay

Excerpt

“Your mother should’ve let me shoot that bastard years ago,” Monique growled. She emerged from the Louisiana bayou and prided herself on her ability to shoot an alligator’s eyeball.

Her ballsy stance seemed opposite of her job as a social worker. She explained once, “There is nothing that keeps folks in line like the potential for a bullet in the ass.”

Tori gripped the edge of the kitchen table before collapsing into Luke’s chair, reclaiming that space as though holding at ground zero could make him appear. She mentally reviewed previous days, wondering what, if anything, she had missed. Wondering how Richard knew about her children. “Where the hell did he come from?”

Monique sat in what was normally Christian’s seat at the table before crossing her legs at her ankle. “Sweetie, what you don’t know about your father will fill a football stadium.”

“But I haven’t seen him since that day. What more was there to know?” Tori demanded, eyeing her with guarded interest.

Monique exhaled and stared out the sheer curtain covering the kitchen window. The neighbor’s car rolled up to their rear garage. “Your father never bothered you again, but he reached out to your mother, demanding money or joint custody.”

Tori buried her head in her palms before sharing thoughts with Monique. “I begged Mom, begged her to leave. She had done it before. She could do it again.”

Antoine came over and massaged Tori’s shoulders. She covered his hand and gave them a squeeze of thanks.

Monique explained, “Richard is a bounty hunter. He has resources at his disposal and knowledge of legal and illegal methods of getting information that law enforcement only wish they had.”

Understanding rained on Tori illuminating the sacrifices her mother made to protect them ... to protect her.

“He bled her dry for years, forcing her to pay for leaving him. Why did you think your mother didn’t have any money—no pension, no 401k, no nothing?”

“And because we didn’t run, she sacrificed every penny she had. She would’ve told me.” Tori and her mother shared a history, having survived the devil whose velvety voice caressed an ear with its deep timbre, but its words ... its words branched through the quadrants of the brain before wrapping it in a vice grip of terror.

“No, she wouldn’t share something like that,” Monique contradicted. “She said he gave her you, so she didn’t regret that part of things. She did whatever was necessary to keep you safe. That meant writing checks.”

A piece of the puzzle clicked into place: revenge, money. “Oh my God,” Tori exclaimed. “Now, she can’t pay him anymore. Luke is Teddy’s son. Could he know that?”

Tori met Teddy Wieland III during her freshman year at Carlington University. They attended a fundraiser at the Engineering department, where she worked as an office assistant. In addition to being one fine specimen of a man, he had finesse, polish; and before she knew it, he’d finessed his way into her life and polished off her virginity.

Of course, the Disney fairytale she’d been spoon-fed since birth didn’t apply to this situation. When she excitedly told Teddy the news of her unexpected pregnancy, he smiled, embraced her, went out for the proverbial gallon of milk, and kept it moving.

Enter the wife, the one he neglected to inform that Tori existed; the wife, who wrote a check and told Tori she’d hand it over the minute their family physician confirmed the termination of her pregnancy.

Monique’s weathered hands, which still sported the diamond from husband number two, stroked Tori’s. “Sweetie, you have to listen to me. It’s not about the money. I don’t think it ever was. Your father mentally tortured Honey for years. Somehow, he always knew exactly what kind of cash she could get her hands on. Always with a laugh and a thinly veiled, ‘We could always go to court.’ Or when you were older, ‘Maybe I’ll drop by and see my baby girl.’ This is about control. He needs a puppet.”

Tori could feel her muscles tighten, even though Antoine continued to knead her shoulders and back. She leaned back, her head resting on Antoine’s stomach. “So now it’s me.”