

# The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 4

## Chapter 4

Sheriff Brad Thompson was getting ready to go to the Lakehouse. He hated this part of the job. The discussion with the family what happened to their loved one. He never tried to go into too many details; it didn't do anyone any good to know everything.

It was always better at this time to comfort them with the knowledge that they didn't suffer. Later he didn't mind if they wanted to come back and discuss the death in more detail only after they had had time to process the loss.

He didn't miss the rat race of the NYPD. Being a detective was good a good job, but bureaucrats and laws that seemed to protect the guilty were making the job disappointing. (

Finally, his wife wanted to move back to Millersville, her hometown, and the town needed a sheriff. That is how he ended up here; it was a great job, it was a bit slow, but compared to the rat race he had before, he loved this job.

Not too sure if he should tell Clara's niece if she was murdered or not. He would have to feel the waters, so to speak, before he jumps in.

Either way, he was out the door and on his way to talk to Miss Daisy Collins. Maybe she could give him some insight into what happened at the Lakehouse.

He didn't think she could, he checked her out, and she was not in Washington State at the time of the murders. The old saying goes...You never know till you know.

Still, it all felt like the beginning of something nasty. He wanted to hope that he was wrong, knowing he was probably right. He always was when he felt that familiar feeling in his gut.

She was running so long she felt that her chest was going to burst. Still, it kept coming for her laughing at her from the darkness. She couldn't see it, only hear it sometimes. The laughing was distant, and then it was right behind her ear.

Daisy woke up screaming from a nightmare soaked in sweat, trying to get air into her lungs. Holding her head, trying to remember the monster, but only remembering that laugh and the fear.

Standing on wobbly legs, she walked to the shower and stayed in there with the water running along her body, soothing her and calming her down, letting out a sigh and turning off the shower.

Saying to the empty house...(

"Time to start the day, time to figure this out."

Not realizing how late it was, looking at the kitchen clock, it was 11 am. The Sheriff was going to be here soon. Looking down at herself, she was wearing her lazy clothes, and she didn't care. Opening the cupboard, she knew where her Aunt kept the coffee.

Just as she was about to pour herself a cup, there was a knock at the front door. She looked out the window, and sure enough, there was the sheriff.

Opening the door and staring the Sheriff in the eyes, as she thought she should welcome him inside of something, at first nothing would come out her mouth. (

"Are you Miss Daisy Collins, niece of the late Clara Collins?"

"Yes, that is me. Please would you like to have a cup of coffee with me in the kitchen? We can talk in there and answer any questions."

He followed her to the kitchen. It didn't get him that she had a few herself that she planned to ask when she said' any questions. He also noticed the van outside.

"I do have a question to get started. Where did that van come from?"

"Oh, Lord, don't get me started on that thing; that was the only rental they had at that little airport. I rode two hours in that thing, and I still think I need another shower."

"Ok, Sheriff Thompson, what can you tell me about what happened to my Aunt. How did she pass? "

Sheriff Thompson noticed that she was trying to hold back tears. He didn't try to push her for information yet, deciding on waiting till after the funeral. He knew she wasn't near the house or her Aunt for the last two years.

"She died as far as we can tell in her sleep; there were no signs of forced entry, everything was locked uptight. She didn't have any defensive wounds, so we believe she was unaware of her death." (

"From the way you stated the part about no forced entry, no signs of defensive wounds, do you believe that she was murdered?"

"What I can tell you is very little, to be honest; yes, I believed that she was murdered. I can't tell you how it was done, who did it, or why. When we found her in her bed, she was drained of all her blood."

"How is that possible? Did someone stab her?"

"There were no visible markings on her body. She was just lying there as if asleep. Without a single drop of blood in her body."

"I will be honest with you. I have never seen anything like this in all my time in law enforcement. I am very sorry for your loss, Miss Collins. If I have any more questions, is there a number I can reach you at?"

"Sure, you can call the house phone; reaching into her purse, she handed him a business card with her cell on it. You can also use my cell if I can get service. It was pretty touch and go last night."

"Well, I better get going. I will take all the tape down before I go. Again, I am so very sorry for your loss. If you need anything or find something that could help the investigation, please let me know."

Handing her a card, he quietly let himself out of the house. She watched him walk over to the van to have a peek inside. She smirked when she saw him almost turn green.

She wasn't interested in going out, thinking it was best to stay as she was for today. She wasn't even interested in getting dressed. The funeral home texted her that they would be receiving the body later that afternoon.

They needed her to come first thing in the morning or soon as she could, to bring them what she wanted her Aunt Clara to be buried in.

She needed a day just to relax and grieve. She opened the fridge and found some leftover cheesecake. Taking her prize to the living room and flopped down on the couch, turning on the TV.

The local news was there with a picture of her Aunt and the House right there for everyone to see. She felt a little strange seeing it like that. Then they showed them loading her body into the ambulance. Feeling cold and angry, she shut off the TV and grabbed a book.

Noah decided that he would go and pay the new resident of the Lake House a visit and see if they would let him in on why there was so much excitement. Also, he wanted to meet the guy who could drive that Van for two hours.

He brought a bottle of wine from their cellar. Thinking it would be a nice friendly gift to give to the new neighbors.

Once outside, he decided to walk it; it was only just over half of a mile by the trail around the lake. He was enjoying the calm of nature as he was walking down the path; they were almost to the lake house when Raja stood up with his mind on full alert.

"What is it, Raja? What do you sense?"

"I am not sure yet it isn't human; he started to sniff the air through Noah. That was when they both went still; simultaneously, they declared...Vampire!!"

“What the hell is a vampire doing hanging around here? This isn’t a place that would interest those leaches.” It was just one, at least.

Proceeding down the rest of the path to the house, the scent became more pungent here. That didn’t bode well for who was ever in that house. Still, they don’t kill. They just have a snack and move on. No one was the wiser about it.

He saw the Van in the drive next to a jeep and walked over. He was almost 8 feet away before Raja pleaded for him to stop.

“If you get any closer to that thing, I will make us both barf right here on this spot.”(

Backing away from the van, he went up to the door. There wasn’t an answer when he knocked, and he decided that he should knock on the door one more time; moving isn’t easy, and hearing a knock on a new door could be easily ignored.

Just as his fist was coming up to knock again, the door swung open. He was face to face with the single most beautiful woman he had ever seen before. However, she didn’t look like she was doing too well at the moment.

She looked like she hadn’t had any sleep; she was crying? What the hell? Why was she crying? She tried to hide it by ducking her face behind the door to wipe her tears off with the sleeve of her robe.

“Can I help you, sir?”

“I am your neighbor from across the lake. I just came over to say hello and welcome you to the neighborhood.”

He held out the bottle of wine showing his intentions were exactly as he said.

She stared at him for a moment; then, she reached for the bottle. When their fingers briefly touched, he felt sparks between them.

“You seem like a nice guy, but I am just not in the mood for company. My aunt was murdered, and I came in late last night in that van over there. I have to deal with her estate and arrange for her funeral.”

“I don’t think it is a good time for exchanging niceties right now. Thank you for the wine, though.”

With that, she began to shut the door. Raja yelled at Noah...(

“DO NOT! Let her go...she is our Mate!”

“Wait, please, don’t shut the door. I can help you find the killer.”

Noah didn’t know why he just blurted that out, but out it was no going back now.

She stopped with the door halfway closed and turned to look at him, and her eyes were narrowed in suspicion.

“Just how do you plan on doing that? Mr. ??”

He looked down. It was subtle, but he noticed the movement. She wasn't holding the bottle in her arm; she was holding the neck of it in her hand, ready to strike at him if she needed to.

He put his hands up in surrender...

“I mean you no harm, I promise. My name is Noah Lucas. I am here on vacation for a couple of weeks, and I just came here to welcome you and to see the person who could drive that Van for two hours.”

She stared at him intently for a minute. He got the feeling that she could see straight to his soul, perhaps even see Raja. It was not a comfortable feeling.

Finally, she let out a sigh as if deciding something and held the door open wider for him to enter.

“Hurry up then and get inside.”

They were wasting no time. They practically lept into the house.