

The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 7

Chapter 7

They pulled up to Noah's house or rather a Mansion; if this was his idea of a house, then she wasn't sure she wanted to see his vision of a mansion. She could see that they lived in two different worlds.

It wasn't like she had anything against people with money, but living in New York gave her a big eye opener of how some of them viewed the working class. (

She learned to stay away from their inner circles, having had to deal with them in her line of business, but that didn't mean she was taking any of them home.

He stopped the car, and a woman came out. When Daisy stepped out, the woman reached to shake her hand. She was a pleasant woman in her late 40's early 50's. She seemed the type who wanted to be friends with everyone. There was something familiar about her. "Hello there, My name is Mrs. Enid Ross. I am the housekeeper. If there is anything you need or want, just let me know, and I will see what I can do for you." "Thank You." (

Daisy stopped and looked at the woman; she knew that name. She knew this woman!!

Without even thinking, Daisy gave Enid a great big bear hug and started crying, though at least they were happy tears this time.

Oh, my God, it is you; you are back here in Millersville. Why didn't you send me a message and tell me?

"She is gone, Aunt Enid."

"I know, sweetie, I know. I am here and not going anywhere. From the looks of things, you also have a great guy as well."

"Oh, no, Enid, we are not together like that."

Enid looked back and forth at them and then smiled. She noticed that Noah looked a little disappointed at that statement. She knew the boy was smart; he would figure it out. If he doesn't, then he is a fool.

"As far as I am concerned, Daisy, you have always been family, and even more so now more than ever. She never stopped talking about you. She was so proud of her Daisy. She called you her little flower." (

When Daisy started to tear up again, Noah must think she was some weeping niny.

“Oh, that was so insensitive of me. Here I am going on, and you are just grieving for her. Oh, sweetie.”

She then hugged Daisy again, this time not so forcefully.

With that, they went inside. Enid was over the moon happy as she guided Daisy into the house to give

–her a tour and meet the other caretakers. Then she would show Daisy to her room to rest before

dinner.

When Daisy got to her room, the first thing she noticed was an old teddy bear on the bed. She recognized it right away. It was Oscar, her old security bear.

She remembered the day that she gave up Oscar; it was the day that Enid had moved away; she gave Oscar to Enid so that Enid wouldn't feel alone and that if Enid were to hug Oscar, it would also be a hug from Daisy too.

She was looking at Enid with tears in her eyes. (

“You kept him this whole time?”

“Of course, I kept him little flower; he has been with me through thick and thin. Sometimes I felt alone, and I don't mind admitting that I held that old thing tightly through many sleepless nights.

When Noah had called ahead and said he was bringing you as his guest, I ran to my room, took him out of my cedar chest, and placed him right there on the bed. I thought that maybe you might need him back for a little while.

Noah watched as she sat down on the bed and held the bear; he had to admit it made him a little envious of that teddy bear.

He understood though she was feeling a little lost and lonely with her only family now gone. She would heal in time, and he would help her have another family all her own. (

Noah watched everything unfold; who knew that this would happen. He was happy, though. This meant that he could get Daisy to stay here longer without having to trick her or seduce her into it.

Yeah, he knew those were not the noblest of thoughts, but he had no intention of letting her go. He grabbed the things that Daisy had packed and headed into the house. He was almost skipping inside to catch up to them.

Now he can take his time and be there when she needs a shoulder to cry on or someone to talk to. He wanted to get to know her, everything about her.

He stopped for a minute; his mother isn't going to like this much. He didn't care what she thought, but he didn't want any of her nastiness to come to Daisy's door. He would protect her from his mother. It was time that his mother stopped trying to find the most perfect of artificial ladies.

She would have to accept that he had found his perfect lady. She was real, and she was beautiful in every way. Perhaps it was time for his father to step in and retire mother to a lovely tropical island if that was not good enough.

There was one fact that Noah and Raja had to deal with right away, protection of their mate. They had a feeling that she was in danger. They were not sure from what or who, but they knew it was coming; Raja's whiskers were never wrong.

Micheal had also found the scent of a shifter; he followed it to the Lucas summer mansion. He checked it out. It was a good solid mansion in good repair. He looked through one of the downstairs windows. and that was when he saw her.

His daughter was beautiful; he could see her mother in her and see himself in her. He stayed in the shadows and watched her for a little while. (

It was painful to have to leave, but he was not done hunting yet; he knew that she was safe for now, and that was all that mattered.

He could not be there for her when she was growing up; he would be here now to see that she was safe. Someone had found out about her special blood, and he had an idea who it was.

That little bastard, if I find out he is behind this, I make him rue the day he was turned. Raymond was a snake in the grass. Micheal was pissed. Raymond applied to be the regent of his territory.

He couldn't say anything about it at the time because he didn't want anyone to find out about his secret. He couldn't let any of them know that they existed. However, he was able to stop them from giving over his territory.

He hadn't lived for over two thousand years just to be defeated now; he was tired of all that crap that was going on in his immortal world. He had been working on correcting it. But with the loss of Clara, he was finding it hard to go on.

He had a daughter to think about now; what would Clara say if he gave up now? (

He had just gotten back to this backwoods shit hole; he wasn't worried about being bored anymore. He was almost jumping up and down with happiness. Finally, s

ome fun after so many long
years of having nothing but endless nights of the same old crap.

He decided on a little forgotten cabin as his home base in the woods. It was perfe
ct. He had to fix a few things, but it was sturdy now for what he needed it for. (

He even bought an expensive camera for this adventure. You can't poke a stick in
to the sheriff if you can't show and tell. Everything was ready. Tomorrow night he
will go hunting his new target of fun.

He already had an idea who it was going to be; he rubbed his hands together in an
ticipation of it all.

He would get the blood the moron needed, but he would do it his
way; she would be his last target. When she disappears, everyone will assume tha
t she was just another victim. (

After finding his first
victim, he will catalog every detail before killing her. He also had a funeral to loo
k forward to, he couldn't be there in person, but he will be nearby to watch all th
e tears fall.

He was always fascinated by the emotions of others, especially
anything to do with sorrow
or compassion. He never understood those emotions; of course, he didn't have th
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Sheriff Bradly had just gone home for a quick bite to eat and a shower.
Then he went through all those reports he
received this morning and similar cases.

There had to be something his gut was telling him that there was, and it is usually
never wrong. He also had a
feeling that it was just getting started. He hated this feeling. It was the kind of fe
eling he would get as a detective in New York, the kind when you
realize you are dealing with a serial killer. (

His wife snuck up behind him as he just started to look through the reports. She hugged him around his shoulders. She could always tell when something was bothering him.

She knew that he couldn't discuss the details of cases, but that didn't stop her from showing him that she was there if he needed her. He took comfort that she would be visiting her mother in Long Beach for their annual girl's get-together by this time tomorrow morning.