

The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 10

Chapter 10

Daisy giggled when she woke up the following day; she didn't have one nightmare. She did, however, have a very hot dream about Noah. She wondered what he would say if he knew how he had kept her demons away again last night.

It was a rainy day today; tomorrow was Aunt Clara's funeral. She let out a sigh at that thought. She called her assistant to arrange an extended stay here until she got all of her aunt's things sorted. (

She decided on keeping her Aunts house; it was a part of her history and some perfect happy memories. Feeling better today than she had for the last two, she figured it was because she had gotten all her crying out.

Making her way down to the kitchen, she passed by a slightly open door; not resisting the urge, she peeked inside.

It was Noah's bedroom; she could smell his unique scent coming from inside; she opened the door just a little more to have a better look. When she saw him, he was asleep, and he slept naked from the looks of it. (

The sheet was draped over just enough to cover the parts she saw yesterday; he looked even sexier asleep, his dark hair a mess, and all his delicious skin and muscles there for all to see. (

Realizing what she was doing, she started to close the door just as he rolled over, facing her, and there was his perfectly sculpted butt; closing her eyes, she closed the door softly, making her way as quickly as possible down the stairs.

Going straight into the kitchen to find some much-needed coffee and, after that, looky-loo through the door, perhaps something a little more substantial. (

Fanning her blushing face with a napkin, she was sitting in the living room watching the birds come to the feeder as she sipped her coffee.

Hearing someone come down the stairs, she looked over, and there he was dressed only in PJ bottoms, nothing else. It was a good thing he didn't notice her cause she almost spit out her coffee. (

Noah laughed to himself, feeling a little smug with himself; Raja had told him that their little mate was peeping at him from the open door while he was sleeping. He had been sleeping with the door cracked open just in case Daisy would have another nightmare.

Now he was thinking of doing it all the time. Now he doesn't mind if she wants to take a look. He decided that after the funeral, he would try to bump up t he seduction of his mate.

She came into the kitchen, probably looking for a refill on her coffee. It was a good thing he was standing behind the island counter so she coul dn't see the tent in his pants. (

Noah could hear Raja snickering at his dilemma.

Edna Johnson woke up to a nightmare; she was tied to what she could only describe as an X-shaped table. She was bound at her wrists, ankles, and waist.

Strangely she had a cushion under her head; the room looked like an old basemen t that had been fixed up and modified. It was dark. There was only a tiny lamp lit on a wooden desk. (

She opened her mouth to let out a scream hoping that someone was nearby, but no sound came out of her mouth. She couldn't get her h ead around it. She wasn't gagged, so why can't she talk?

She stopped holding her breath as she heard a door open and footsteps coming d ownstairs that she couldn't see.

"Good morning; I trust you had a pleasant sleep. I don't like my guests not getting enough sleep. That would be very lax of me." (

"Please, don't trouble yourself to answer; the potion I gave you will not allow you to utter a sound for at least the next couple of days."

He came into her view, and she was taken aback at his strange beauty. He had lon g white hair, light blue eyes, and almost translucent skin.

That was where the beauty ended, just looking into his cold eyes was enough for her to know that he was a monster. A feeling settled inside her. She knew then that she wasn't going to make it out of this. (

Micheal Deveroe searched Clara's house for her box that he knew she kept of all t he letters and photos of them. It was her only way to hang on until little Daisy came along.

He stayed as long as he could. He never regretted being with his mate. He was angry at the world for a long time because he had to cut any ties or evidence that he was her father to protect little Daisy.

If they found out about her, it could cause a war in the vampire world. Her blood would be sought out, and vampires would be hanging from the rafters trying to mate with her. (

He looked everywhere for the box, but it was gone; perhaps Daisy had taken it. It wouldn't be wrong if she found it, but if she started to read those love letters, she would find out some things she might not be prepared to handle.

The time was closing in when he would have to tell her who her parents were. He hoped she wouldn't be too upset; who was he kidding? She is going to be big-time upset. (

He can't be helped. He had to tell her when she knew he was her father; he could protect her openly.

Till then, she was in the wind and unprotected. (

For now, he would stay in the shadows at least till after they put his lovely Clara in the ground, his heart skipped a beat in pain at that thought. He should have turned her when they first met, her protests or not. At least she would be safe now.

TV3 all the times they got time to launch, the Centre sprchombui restrz a good book in the silence as rain fell outscos

Halh date at Untouched as it was when he found it with a sigh. He decided to go to the tiny cement he and to rent and sleep to ease some pain. (

Daisy decided to look through the boxes that she brought from the Lake House; the funeral home wanted some pictures for a memorial DVD. The big-box had all kinds of images of them through the

She found that most of them were of her, Aunt Clara didn't like taking pictures of herself. She did find some of her and Enid together, it looked like it was some sort of camping trip. (

She found a few more with Aunt Clara herself when she was a toddler. She laughed when she saw herself at that age in a little purple tutu and fairy wings; it looked like it was from Halloween.

Not finding a whole lot from the first box, she went to the second box that she found hidden behind the others

Upon opening it, she realized that this was something else entirely; there were carefully preserved letters and photos along with other memorabilia. Reaching inside, she carefully took out all the items in the box and set them on her bed. (

She just looked at them. First, it was kind of like she was about to look at private things for another, and she shouldn't be doing it.

Still, Aunt Clara kept them, and she was gone. She decided that she was going to start with the photos. Picking up the first one, it was in a small intricate frame wrapped in black silk.

She was looking at the picture of a handsome man. It brought back one small memory she had from when she was a little girl; she must have been around five or six. (

AAANAA^Memory

It was around nine o'clock, and it was her bedtime. She didn't want to go to bed yet; she looked out her bedroom window when she saw him standing there.

He reminded her of the prince in one of her storybooks. She usually would have gone off screaming to Aunt Clara, but this time she didn't.

She didn't feel anything sinister coming from him, and she knew he was good for some reason. She waved and smiled at him. He was surprised but waved and smiled back. (

She turned to call for Aunt Clara to see the nice man outside, when she turned around to see him again, he was gone. She felt so sad for days afterward. She told Aunt Clara about it but she only smiled and told her it must of been a dream.

She also remembers when she would go look for Aunt Clara and find her crying. She asked her why she

She turned to call for Aunt Clara to see the nice man outside, when she turned around to see him again, he was gone. She felt so sad for days afterward. She told Aunt Clara about it but she only smiled and told her it must of been a dream.

She also remembers when she would go look for Aunt Clara and find her crying. She asked her why she was so sad that time. All she said was that she missed some one.