

# The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 11

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## Chapter 11

The Wraith watched as his trophy drifted off into unconsciousness once again. He found it fascinating that the human body could endure so much for being so fragile.

He was almost done with her just one last thing to do, but it will have to wait till she wakes up again. He fed on her as she screamed in fear and pain; it was a potent brew. Her blood was laced with endorphins. He got a high from it.

He sat in a recliner watching the recording of his work. It was almost as good as actually being there. He pondered how he would preserve her body, and it hit him out of the blue as he fed on her.

He managed to purchase all the necessary equipment and chemicals without any suspicion. Of course, it helps if you just take them.

Yes, he couldn't wait for her to wake again. For her Grand Finale'. Also, I will have to sew up all those holes if this is to work. Yes, more fun he thought, getting up and running down to his happy-happy

room.

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Sheriff Thompson couldn't find any records or any strange murders or disappearances. He didn't expect much, just hoped there might be something to go on.

He had been keeping his eye out for any missing persons reports. Nothing in that arena either. It was frustrating to sit and wait for the killer to make their next move.

With nothing but a note to go on, he had hoped that it was just a prank. His gut was telling him something else entirely.(This novel will be daily updaed at )

He jumped a little when his phone started to ring.

"Millersville Sheriff's office, Sheriff Thompson speaking."

"Hello, this is Edwin Taylor at the post office; I was wondering if someone could do a wellness check on Edna Johnson; she didn't show up for work and didn't answer her phone."

"Very well, I will go myself and check on her."

With that, he put on his hat and was on his way to Edna Johnson's house; her not showing up for work was a very odd occurrence.

It was a short drive to her place. Everything seemed in place. The house was locked up tight. There wasn't an answer to any of his knocks. Peering in the windows showed nothing out of place. Still, something felt off about the whole area.

His Deputy Cory showed up as Sheriff Brad filled him in on the situation. He decided that the only way to make sure everything was alright was to break in.

Making as small of a hole as possible in her front door, they gained entry. Once inside, they divided up the house, Brad to the upstairs and Cory the downstairs.

As Sheriff Brad walked the upstairs hallway, everything seemed normal and quiet; it was when he searched her bedroom and adjoining bathroom that he knew who the serial killer's first victim was.

There wasn't anything out of place except for her nightclothes neatly piled on the hamper and the missing shower curtain. (This novel will be daily updated at ) He knew, though, that this is where it had happened.

Calling for Cory to get the forensic lab to come and see if they could find anything, he knew it was a long shot at best, but you never know unless you try.

With a sigh, he left the house to go and search the area around the house as Deputy Cory taped off the site.

Daisy started reading the letters; at first, they were like pen pal letters, but they became a deep friendship and understanding over time. Till finally, she started reading a letter that made her blush.

Holy cow!! Aunt Clara did have someone in her life. Wondering why she never told her, she kept reading, and each letter was more and more heated. Finally, another letter was her Aunt being all excited because he was coming to visit.

It wasn't till she read the end of the letter that she realized who her boyfriend was. It was the same guy in the picture, the same one that waved to her that night. Clearly, they were lovers; she just didn't know what had happened to Micheal. Did he leave, or did he die?

He had to be the reason she would find her crying now and then.

Micheal Deveroe.

She put all the letters and photos back into the box. It was time she talked to Edna about the past and

Aunt Clara.

Nicholas Lucas was going through his expenditure journals for the last three years. He wasn't happy with the pattern he was finding.

Every month for the previous three years, his wife had taken out Eighty-five thousand dollars. Along with the monthly stipend, he gave her twenty thousand to maintain the household.

Not to mention the extra she needed for her personal use. It was well over Two Hundred and thirty thousand dollars. What the hell is she doing with all that money because he found out today that she hasn't been paying the servants their bi-annual bonuses either.

He also discovered that she was planning a costly and lavish ball to find their son Noah, a bride. No matter how many times he told her to back off and let Noah find his mate, she would just amp up her

activities more.

He was sitting there in disbelief, realizing that he would have to investigate his wife. They weren't all that close, but still, she was his wife, and they did have a son.

Deciding it was best to contact Noah and tell him what he found and about the ball his mother would ambush him with.

A loud snickering could be heard as a servant approached, cringing that was never a good thing to hear coming from that witch's bedroom.(This novel will be daily updaed at )

Judith was snickering at her cleverness; she put a bug on her husband's phone; low and behold, she found out where her son was hiding.

She would make that servant pay for lying to her. She never liked that woman anyway. It was like she could always tell when she was up to something, and she would run and tell Nicholas.

Not sure of how to catch her son. She decided that she would wait till it was closer to the ball to fetch him, that way he would have less of a chance of escaping her this time.

Yes, that is what she would do. Act like she was being a concerned parent and letting him have some time to himself and then go and announce his rest was over and that it was time for him to choose one of the females she had chosen.

Thumping her perfectly manicured nails on the surface of her desk, she contemplated what else her husband had been up to.

He better not get in the way of this ball; she needed to also get into the account again; she needed more Elixir. It wasn't lasting a full six months anymore. It was lasting only about a month now. (This novel will be daily updated at )She needed it before the ball.

Edna woke to incredible pain; there wasn't a place that didn't burn or have stabbing pain. When she was able to look down, she discovered that the evil son of a bitch was sewing up all of the stabs and cuts that he inflicted on her.

She was sure that he wasn't doing this to save her life. It was just more torture for her; she watched his face through blurry eyes. He was enjoying himself.

He looked up at her; she wished she could at least swear at him, but she was silent as ever, and the asshole smiled at her like he was making love to her.

He used a sponge and warm water to clean her off when he was done. She had one spark of hope at that moment. Perhaps he is going to let me go. Maybe he is washing away the evidence and will drop me off somewhere.

She knew there was no hope left to have; he got out a long tube with a huge IV needle on it. It wasn't

anything normal you would see in a hospital. It was too big.

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Her eyes widened in horror as he shoved the needle into her upper arm. The pain was worse than anything that he had inflicted on her before. He injected another one in her other arm.

That was when she realized through all the pain that he was killing her right now. She passed out with the last thought that he was embalming her alive.

He watched in fascination as live tissue became dead. He knew the minute her heart stopped beating. Second, later her breath stopped. The convulsions were beautiful and exciting to watch. He wished he had popcorn.

When the process was completed, he took her off the x shaped bed and put her in a red dress. He decided that he wasn't going to keep his masterpiece. Instead, he inserted his scroll into his statue, ensuring it was where the Sheriff should be able to find it.

Now my pretty, it is time to display you where our good sheriff will be able to gaze on your beauty. He did hope that the Sheriff wasn't too much of a backwoods moron that he couldn't enjoy good art.

It would be a tragedy if his hard work were wasted on someone who couldn't appreciate the finer things in life. Still, that is the burden of the artist. Too many just don't understand great art when they see it.

He patted the corpse on the ass. Don't you worry, I will make sure you are noticed. You will be remembered now, that is for sure. He laughed into the forest and the dark of night.

## The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 12

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### Chapter 12

Enid felt a bit guilty this morning; Daisy came to her about what she found in Clara's keepsake box. Looking through the box at the pictures brought back so many memories it was almost too painful to look at them all.

The love letters she also knew about, she was there with Clara when she wrote them. They were best friends, of course, she knew everything.

She knew it would only be a matter of time before things would start coming out; she couldn't bring herself to tell Daisy about the truth of her parentage before the funeral.

It would only make things worse; she felt her decision to wait till after the funeral and grief had died down a little to tell Daisy the truth. Perhaps her father will decide to come out of hiding now that she is an adult.

Truth be told, she wasn't so sure she wanted shifters and vampires in Daisy's world; perhaps it would be better if she just returned to her life in New York as she was before.

She saw how Noah looked at Daisy though she knew it was already too late for her to return to her everyday life.

Daisy was so confused as she was getting ready for the last time she would ever see her Aunt again. (This novel will be daily updated at )The funeral was in three hours, and she just looked at the black dress she had put down on the bed.

She didn't want to put it on; Aunt Clara always said she looked best in blue. She wanted to wear blue one last time for her Aunt. She went to the closet where she put her things and found the royal blue sleeveless dress.

Tears stung her eyes as she remembered that this dress was the last thing that her Aunt had given her.

It was on her birthday last year.

She snuck out early this morning to find her Aunts favorite flower; she found some on the edge of the property, forget-me-nots.

Enid didn't answer any questions about the box of letters and photos. She did confirm that Micheal was Aunt Clara's boyfriend but would say nothing more after that. Finally, she just got tired of trying to pry open that door and gave up for the time being.

She put her hair up like her Aunt had always liked it, arranging a few forget-me-nots into the style, and slipped into the blue dress. She didn't care if anyone thought that it was not appropriate.

There was a knock on the door; Noah called from the other side. She went and let him in. He looked very handsome in his dark suit. She wished that someday he would show up to her door looking that handsome.

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Sighing, she realized that this was not the proper time or thinking for today, and she felt a little guilty about it. She should only be thinking about Aunt Clara.

He stared at her for a little while, smiling at her.

"I know this is not the right thing to say to someone when they are going to a funeral, but you look beautiful, Daisy. May I ask why you are wearing blue?"

"I am wearing blue because Aunt Clara always liked me to wear blue she said it was my best color. (This novel will be daily updaed at )This is the last present I received from her on my birthday last year."

He reached up and wiped a tear from her cheek.

"It is time to go."

He held out his arm to her, and they walked down and out to the driveway; Enid was there waiting for them. Enid got into the back seat as Noah held the passenger side door open for her. Once inside, he went around and got behind the wheel

It was a misty day, not a dark rainy day but not a dry clear day either; the air was cool and the sky grey. It was perfect for how she was feeling.

They rode to the funeral in silence, Noah reached over and held her hand in comfort, and she was grateful for his presence. She wasn't sure if she would have been able to keep it together this long without his help.

The funeral was being held in the only Chapele in Millersville. They were let in first before anyone else was allowed inside.

Daisy walked slowly down the aisle. Her legs felt heavy as she approached the coffin to see her Aunt Clara one last time. The tears in her eyes wouldn't behave, and they were falling freely down her face.

She brought out a small bouquet of forget-me-nots and placed them under her hands. She wanted to hug her; she looked like she was sleeping and needed waking.

Knowing that it was not so that this is the sleep of forever, her mind understood, but she knew that her heart never would.

All she could hear and see was her Aunt Clara's smiling face and laughter. All she wanted at this moment was to be able to see her smile one more time. Hug her one more time.

Noah came up to her and held her; he put a white rose next to the forget me not's. Enid came from the other side of Daisy and placed a small handmade wreath of white Gerber daisies.

Daisy wanted to reach out and touch her, but she knew that it wouldn't be the same; the warmth of life had left, and her body would feel different now with the embalming. She didn't want that to be attached to her last memory of her.

People were coming in now to say goodbye; most if not all were townspeople that Aunt Clara had known, friends and old school friends.

Enid greeted most of them as they came to pay their respects. Everyone was looking at Daisy; some came up to her to say how sorry they were. She couldn't talk, so she just nodded her head.

Soon they will all be in a procession taking Aunt Clara to her final resting place cemetery. The preacher came in and stood next to the coffin and said a blessing for her.

It was then that Enid saw the slight shadow movement in the front of the chapel; she knew that it was Micheal coming to say goodbye. She watched. If she didn't know what to look for, she would have never known he was there.

He left as quickly as he came. Enid let out a sigh of relief. Now wasn't the time for Micheal to meet his daughter.

He watched in the shadows of the trees, waiting for when the discovery would be made. He was only being nice to his first victim, The other lady was her friend, and she deserved to go to her funeral.

He didn't dare get too close. He sensed the shifter, but more importantly, he felt another Vampire, much older than any he had to ever deal with. Whoever the older vampire was, he could blend in without the shifter knowing about him.

Getting a little impatient because his masterpiece had not been found yet, he decided it was too dangerous to stay.

It didn't matter anyway. All he had to do was either buy the local newspaper or go online; it wasn't the same as in-person but staying and risking being discovered was not what he wanted. He was just getting started.

Turning into the mist, he floated his way into the forest undiscovered and unseen by anyone.

Still holding Daisy, Noah led her to a sofa off to the side to let her rest before more people would come in.(This novel will be daily updaed at ) She leaned into him as he wrapped her in his arms to let her cry.

Noah and Raja hated that their little mate was so sad, they understood, but they still hated it; Raja wanted to come out and curl himself around her and growl at anyone who would come near her. Noah wanted to do the same thing.

The best they could do was be there for her, her lighthouse in the storm. There was no taking away this pain. Only time could help with that. He could also feel waves of loneliness coming off of her.

She was truly alone now in the world for all reasoning to her. He wasn't going to let her feel that way for long; She had him and Raja now. No more will he ever let her feel alone after this day.

He had to admit Enid did a fantastic job arranging the funeral. The flowers were beautiful. She even set up a card box and a registry. Any money received was going to Aunt Clara's favorite charity.

The only thing on his mind was getting Daisy through this and then safe and sound back home. No more crying in sorrow for her, not for a long time anyway. He will spoil her rotten until she is done with the initially hard part of the grief.

Perhaps take her away to some tropical island for a bit of vacation. Staying around here couldn't be easy with all the reminders lurking around every corner.



He scanned the room as Raja was sniffing for any unusual scents. That was when he picked up a very odd scent. It was coming from the balcony of the chapel. Oh, god, it smelled like death and chemicals.

He gently let Enid have a turn at holding Daisy as he went silently up the back stairs that led to the chapel. He didn't want anyone to notice him just in case there was something nasty up there.

He would not let something like this ruin an already sad day for his mate. What could it be, though? The smell was bizarre. Perhaps an animal got inside and died?

Once he reached the top, there were eight chairs for the choir, and in the center chair, in the light of the stained glass window, sat the mutilated dead body of a woman in a red dress.

## The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 13

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### Chapter 13

Micheal Deveroe wanted to reach out and comfort his daughter; He took some comfort in the fact that her mate was Noah Lucas, a well-known Tiger shifter from a prominent family.

Not that status mattered to him. No, he likes that should trouble come their way, he would have resources to give him back up and keep his little girl safe.

Enid recognized him in his shadow form, but she didn't give him away. There was a bad feeling in that chapel, and he would have liked to go and investigate what it was, but he didn't want to alert anyone of his presence.

He had a pretty good idea who the Killer was; he was not happy; that dog was supposed to be put down long ago. He wanted to know who freed him, and he knew that it wasn't going to be easy to go after The Ghost.

He did it once he would do it again. He knew something else as well; if he needed help, he could go to the sheriff.

He isn't of their world, but he does know of it; it has been a long time, but perhaps he should introduce himself. Give him some much-needed information to help him along in the investigation.

Now granted, he wasn't going to let the fiend go to prison; he was going to kill him in the worst way possible. (This novel will be daily updtaed at ) He would not rely on the council this time to do justice; he would hand it out to that sick fuck personally.

Daisy was in her own little world at the moment; the people came and went. However, all she could see was her Aunt Clara and all the happy memories they shared.

The Saturday night cookie-making and pizza party. Watching old movies and even tossing popcorn at each other and spent a day on the shore of the lake looking for shells or anything they could to make a collage for the day.

Learning to ride her bike and Aunt Clara teaching her to drive a car. So many things, bedtime stories, climbing trees, making forts in the forest. Just memories. All of them were floating by on a sea of her

tears.

She vaguely remembered Noah getting her to the car and Enid sitting next to her in the back seat. It was time to see Aunt Clara to her final place on this earth. She didn't want to go to the cemetery. It felt so final.

It had to be done, and she was going to do it. She felt strange all day, she knew she could feel several strange auras, but she didn't have it in her to pay them any attention.

She made a mental note of them in her mind so she would know if she ever came across them again.

Sheriff Thompson wasn't sure what to think when Mr. Lucas came up to him and told him that there was a dead body in the choir balcony of the Chapel.

When he went up there through the back way so no one would get alerted during the funeral, he knew who it was as soon as he saw the body.

Edna Johnson looked like she had been through hell before she died. Her face was stuck in a pose of pain and horror. It was as if the killer wanted her to look that way and froze it just so.

The red dress was made of silk, very expensive, and outdated in today's fashion. She was embalmed, but it wasn't professionally done. It looked odd in places like it wasn't finished. It made her look bumpy, and the areas that didn't get embalmed were decaying.

He called for his deputy, and they waited till the funeral proceeded to the cemetery before calling the coroner to come and investigate and take the body away.

In all his years, he had never seen something so grotesque; only the hands of evil itself could do it. (This novel will be daily updaed at ) He wasn't sure if even the devil could be this cruel. This was the work of someone who had killed before and not just one or two times.

This was done by an evil killer that was getting bored with his usual manner of killing and needed more now to get excited.

God, he wished that the world would stop creating these sick fucking monsters. Hasn't the world got enough assholes in it?

Enid chose to bury Aunt Clara in a peaceful and beautiful place close to a majestic old oak tree. There were also wild forget-me-nots scattered around the base of the tree. It was perfect, and it lightened her heart a little to know this is where her Aunt would rest.

The service went by in a blur as she stood there looking down at the coffin in the ground; she tossed a white rose and some forget-me-nots on top as others came to do the same.

The ride home was quiet and sad. No one felt like talking, though, for different reasons. Noah didn't want to tell them what he found on the balcony; Enid didn't want to talk about Daisy's parents. Daisy

didn't want to talk.

As soon as the car came to a stop at the front steps, Daisy was already on her way to her room, she wanted out of her clothes, and she wanted something comfortable to wear while she just sank into the big plush sofa in her room.

That is precisely what she was doing when Noah knocked on her door. She didn't answer. She wasn't sure she wanted to be around anyone right now.

The door opened anyway, and there stood Noah holding a big tray of different kinds of finger food and

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snacks. There were also two bottles of Pepsi and what looked like a movie disc case.

He set everything down on the table in front of her and then sat next to her on the couch.

"I know you want to be just left alone right now, and I understand that, but I think you have been alone long enough. It is time for you to come mingle with the rest of us."

"I brought us a bunch of anything I could find and a funny movie to watch, what do you say? Want to binge on some bad for you snacks and watch a movie with me?"

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She did something he wasn't expecting; he expected perhaps a small yes or a no. I want to be alone. Instead, she leaped into his arms and wrapped herself around him.

"Please, I know this is very forward of me, but please, Noah, please..."

"Please, what, Daisy, what do you want me to do?"

"Please, Noah, make this pain go away, take away this coldness that is in my soul. Please help me to stop crying. Just hold me and don't let go."

He wasn't sure what she wanted him to do, but he tightened his arms around her and tried to move his body around hers as much as possible. It was then that Raja started to purr.

She stopped crying for a minute and listened. She looked at Noah and his chest. (This novel will be daily updated at ) She shrugged her shoulders and put her head on his chest. As soon as she was comfortable, she was lulled into sleep by Raja. 2

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"Raja, why did you do that? She is going to freak out once her mind clears, and then what are we going to do?"

"I don't know. I couldn't stand to see her in so much pain, she needed sleep, and she needed comfort. We provided that for her. Now hold her while she sleeps. We will figure out what to tell her when she asks."

"There are some very dark things going on in this town, Noah; I don't like for our mate to be in the middle of it."

"I know, Raja, I think once things get calmer, maybe as soon as tomorrow night, we are going hunting to see what we can find. We also have our mother to worry about as well. There is something wrong with her. She isn't playing with a full deck anymore."

"We are going to have to protect our mate from her, Noah. She would go crazy if she knew that we have our mate, and it isn't one of those sluts she likes to pick out."

"I know Raja. That is why I want to claim Daisy as soon as possible without her thinking I took advantage of her in her time of weakness. That way, it won't matter, Mother could do nothing about

it."

Raymond cringed when he was told who was here to see him again. Judith Lucas, the wealthy shifter socialite, was back for more. She was just here a month ago. Is it wearing off that fast for her? That could only mean one thing, the bitch was already crazy before she took the Elixir. O

She walked through into his office like she owned the place; he laughed to himself; she had bought so much of the Elixir that her money was the benefactor of his new office.

"Mr. Deslaires, I know it is sooner than usual, but I need more Elixir, at least three bottles of it this time."

"Three more bottles? Mrs. Lucas, It hasn't even been a full month since the last delivery. Is there something wrong?"

"I NEED THREE MORE BOTTLES OF THAT ELIXIR. ARE YOU GOING TO SELL THEM TO ME OR NOT!"

"Of course, Mrs. Lucas, relax. It was only a simple question made out of curiosity."

She let out an impatient huff noise as he went to his room safe to take out three more bottles. Smirking to himself, he grabbed one more bottle.

He set all four down on the table as she handed over the money.

"I only needed three."

"Yes, I know Mrs. Lucas, but you are such a good customer that I decided to give you a free bottle; soon, my assistant will bring me purer ingredients that I will need for my supreme Elixir."

She looked at him in intense interest as if he said he could bring God down from the heavens to sit with her.

That familiar twinkle lit in her eyes, and he knew he had her hook, line, and sinker.

"How much is the new Elixir going to cost?"

"For you, Mrs. Lucas, since you are such a wonderful customer, (This novel will be daily updated at ) I will give you a discount on what you pay now plus ten percent more."

"I will pay you now in advance to reserve me the first two bottles."

She put the money down on the table.

"Very well, Mrs. Lucas. I will reserve the first two just special for you."

With that, she left the office.

He chuckled to himself; she wouldn't make it through the last four bottles she had with the symptoms she was displaying. Just a matter of time before things turn ugly for the Lucas family.

## The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 14

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### Chapter 14

Daisy woke up feeling better than she had the last few days; perhaps it was because she had finally cried herself out, or maybe it had to do with the warm couch she was lying on.

She woke up completely and realized that the warm couch was Noah. Normally she would have jumped out and escaped, but she didn't feel like doing that. She liked where she was. It felt right.

Listening, she could hear him breathing softly. He was sleeping. She didn't want to wake him, and she didn't want to leave, so she just tucked herself in a little more and decided to close her eyes and pretend the world wasn't out there waiting.

She cleared her mind and drifted back off to sleep; Raja was the only one left aware; he guarded over them both. (?)

Sheriff Thompson was called to the coroner's office; they found something inside (This novel will be daily updated at ) Mrs. Johnson's body that he needed to see.

He wasn't pleased about that; Edna Johnson was badly brutalized, and then to find something inside,

one had to wonder if she was still alive at the time of its placement.

He went through the double metal doors as the smell of death hovered around in the air. He didn't care how long he had been doing this. He will never get used to that smell.

The coroner, Pete Jackson, greeted him with a grim look.

"So Pete, what did you find?"

"It isn't pretty, but we found this scroll wrapped in plastic and put in her vagina."

"Pete, why was she sewn up if he just planned on killing her anyway?"

"She was alive when they were sewn up; I believe that he sewed her back up because he embalmed her alive."

"Mother of God, what a sick fuck, Poor Edna."

With that, he went over to the metal counter and opened the plastic around the scroll.

Dear Sheriff,

I am sorry that I had to give up my trophy; I know I told you she would never be found.

I didn't want to keep her. She wasn't worthy of being in my collection after all.

She did, though, really want to go to her friend's funeral, so as the gracious host that I am, I made sure she made it on time and had a good seat.

I have already chosen the next particular worthy person as my next guest; it is a fifty-fifty shot depending on who leaves last.

Sincerely,

The Wraith

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He re-read the letter three times; something in that last paragraph had tweaked his interest. It was a clue to who the next victim was. He knew that he just had to figure out who in Millersville it was.

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He watched from across the street; there was a perfect little nook that one could tuck themselves into so no one would know they were there.

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The library was lively until about five in the early evening; then, it was dead. He stayed there till seven o'clock and waited to see which of the sisters would leave first.

He waited, and sure enough, the first one came out; he was happy because he didn't want the fat one. It would be too challenging to move around. They were twins how one was fat and the other almost too skinny he didn't know or care.

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Finally, ten minutes after her sister left, she locked up the library and walked home. He waited till she was halfway through the park.

Just as he was about to grab her and pull her into the shadows, the Sheriff pulled up along the other side and was waving the woman down.

Pulling back into the shadows and becoming mist, he was pissed; how dare the Sheriff figure out the clue so fast.

He misted his way back to his playhouse empty-handed. He sat in his recliner and stewed on his anger. Now he would have to go hunting again. It took time to find the right one, and he was so excited to play tonight.

Enid called Micheal, and he answered this time; he agreed to meet her outside town. (This novel will be daily updaed at ) There was a small bar and restaurant. She sat waiting at one of the little tables when he finally came through the door.

He looked older. She wasn't expecting that; she didn't think that vampires aged. He looked older through grey hair at his temples and a few age lines by his eyes.

When he sat down, they looked at each other; it was as if time did not pass. She could see the pain and sadness in his eyes, and it touched her heart.

"Do you know why I called you, Micheal?"

"I know it is time that my daughter learns who she is. Who her parents were and why things happened the way they did."

"She has been asking all kinds of questions. She found Clara's memory box, and read all the letters and photos, and came to me with it wanting answers. I knew I was not my place to give them."

"It is time you meet with your daughter and tell her everything; I also have a feeling that she might be in danger as well. It could be just the worry of an old woman, but I have had these feelings before and have never been wrong."

"Tell me, Enid, who is the young man she is with? Are they mated yet? Can he be trusted?"

"His name is Noah Lucas. I am sure you have heard the family name, and yes, he is from that family. He is a Tiger shifter, and he is interested in Daisy; they are mates, but the timing is a bit off at the moment with the funeral and all."

"Enid, I will go and see her in a little while; I have some hunting to do first. I should warn you that there is another Vampire here, and I believe he has gone insane."



" I know that you can sense me, Enid. That means you are sensitive to energies; just know if any other vampire comes around other than me, you are not to let him enter or know about Daisy. You are to call me, and I will deal with it."

With that, Micheal got up and walked out the door, got into a black town car, and was gone out of sight.

Enid shivered at the thought of an insane vampire. She hoped that Micheal would be able to handle it.

Noah woke up feeling content. He looked down, and there was his little mate snuggled up to him as

close as she could get. She was warm and soft as silk, he didn't do much exploring, (This novel will be daily updaed at )but he did caress

her arm.

Her scent was intoxicating as well; he looked at her. She was perfection. It may take him some extra time, but she will be his mate forever. He knew there would be no other that would be even close to

her.

He was just lying there enjoying the warmth of her against him and listening to her softly breathing in her sleep. It had to be close to noon now from the look of the light coming in from the window.

He found he didn't care, let the world wait for a while; he was taking this moment in time for himself.

He felt her stirring after about half an hour as she woke up. He looked down, and those big blue eyes

were staring back at him.

She reached up and touched his face and smiled at him; he was struck speechless at that moment. She pulled his head down to hers and gave him a whisper of a kiss.

She let his head go, and he pulled back up, looking at her as if he was a lowly ant that was granted an audience with a Goddess.

He lowered his head to hers again, kissed her lightly, and then stopped. They looked at each other, and then she started to giggle, which made him laugh right alongside her.

It wasn't the heated, passionate kisses nor the wild and crazy ones that curl your toes. It was something else entirely. It was the first declaration of their love. The first budding flower of spring opened up to the love of the sun.

It was perfect and beautiful. She sat up and scooted closer to him, and they stayed like that for a long while before it was time for the moment to end and the world to start spinning again.

Once they were ready to start the day, they met up in the kitchen. Each had a cup of coffee and a bowl of cereal. Daisy thought about cooking, but she didn't want to mess up the kitchen schedule; she made a mental note to ask if she could cook a meal.

"So, my little flower, what would you like to do today?"

"Hmm... I don't know. Perhaps you can explain to me the purring sound you make that makes me sleepy and content?"

"Then I have something I would like to share with you; it was a box my Aunt Clara had. (This novel will be daily updated at ) She has all kinds of photos and letters. I want your opinion on them."

###mind link###

"Raja, you idiot, now what am I going to tell her?"

"Well, you could try the truth. You will have to show her if she is to believe you, and then you have to hope she doesn't think we are nuts or that she is going nuts too."

"She is going to find out sooner or later. Perhaps it is best to just get it out there in the open."

"You are right, Raja; it is time we did show and tell."

"So that you know, Raja, this one is on you. Don't scare her away."

Raja's reply was to give Noah a short growl.

"As if."

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"Well, for you to fully understand, I think it is best that we go outside into the gardens for some privacy so I can show you as well as tell you."

As they walked to the gardens, Noah felt insecurity and fear in himself for the first time in a long time. He hoped that she would at least hear him out instead of running and screaming into the house.

They made it to the gardens, and Noah turned to Daisy with a small smile.

“Ok, here is the reason I purr.”

“I am a Tiger shifter, I have another half that is a Tiger, and I can shift into his form at will; we are one.”

He wasn't sure what she thought. She just stared at him for a bit of a while like she wasn't sure she heard what he said right.

What she said next took him completely off guard.

“Show me.”

## The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 15

[/ The Elixir by Lori Ameling](#)

### Chapter 15

Micheal Deveroe sat at his desk trying to figure out how to tell Daisy that he was her father. There wasn't any easy way to do this.

He couldn't just walk up to her and say, hey there, I'm your father. Nice to meet you. He let out a sigh, he was well over two thousand years old, and he couldn't figure this problem out.

The truth was he desperately wanted her in his life, but at the same time, he was scared that she would reject him and not want anything to do with him.

There was the old fear of the vampire community finding out about her special blood, but he didn't care about that threat anymore. He was in the highest position you could be in unless you're a royal.

He had already had to give up everything to protect her and her mother. Look where that got them, he lost his true mate, and his daughter doesn't even know him.

Things are different now, and he didn't want to waste more time. He laughed at himself, he was an immortal Vampire, and he was worried about losing time.

Sherrif Thompson wasn't sure if he guessed right or not, but he knew that the twin librarians of Millersville, Martha and Milly Carthwright, might have been dead ringers for what was in the note.

When he found Milly in the park, he could feel that eyes were watching, and he knew he had to get her out of there.

He hoped that son of a bitch was pissed right now, knowing that he wasn't as clever as he thought he was. He had a feeling though someone else would get the brunt of the anger.

What was he to do, though, until they find that asshole, no one will be safe. He was going to have to have a meeting with the mayor and tell him what was going on so they could come up with a plan to protect the citizens of Millersville.

He groaned when thinking of calling a meeting though, the Mayor and his wife had a very high opinion of themselves even though they were only ten-cent millionaires. Corry Davison was bad enough, but his wife Susan could be unbearable.

With a sigh, he picked up the phone and called Corry Davison. There was no help for it. (This novel will be daily updated at ) My job is to protect and serve Millersville's citizens, including suffering through a meeting with the Mayor.

That damn Sheriff, how did he figure it out so quickly? Who does he think he is not to follow the rules of the game?

I had so much fun planned out for the next guest. He realized that he was letting his anger control

—

him, and that was never a good thing.

Taking a deep breath, letting it go, and then looking down at his list of potential guests, he selected another; yes, I think she will be much more deserving of my accommodations.

This time I am not leaving that miserable fuck any clues. He can wait till I am done playing before he gets another. If the sheriff doesn't want to play by the rules, I will change them. It is my game, and I will play it as I want to.

He wasn't expecting her to say "show me" he was expecting disbelief or laughter at a joke he was playing on her. She looked at him again as she did the first time they met, as if she could tell if he was telling the truth.

With a shrug, he shimmered as he shifted into Raja.

Raja sat down and stared at Daisy and started to purr; He sat there as if it was perfectly normal for a tiger to be in these gardens and some far-away place such as India.

They watched her, watching them. Her knees buckled, and she sat on the ground. Not wanting to scare her, Raja lay down with his head on his front paws.

Daisy wasn't sure if she was dreaming or hallucinating, but sure as there was a sun, there stood a magnificent Tiger where Noah once was.

She felt her knees give out as she sat down on the grass. She just stared at the Tiger. He was a very handsome Tiger and big. He lay down and put his head down on his front paws in a way he looked like

a lost little puppy.

Not feeling any danger or negativity from him, she moved closer to him. He stayed lying on the ground but moved a little closer to her. She couldn't help but let out a giggle. He was so cute.

Enid, along with the caretakers Brenda and Jon Terry, watched as the two young lovers went into the garden, they knew they were not lovers yet, but it would happen soon.

They all hoped it would be soon because they all had a feeling that things were going to go south and that those two would need a strong bond between them.

They sat around the kitchen table, having their afternoon coffee break and eating some of Enid's homemade banana bread.

"How long do you think it will take his mother to figure out where he is?" (This novel will be daily updated at ) (This novel will be daily updated at ) Mr. Terry asked with some

sarcasm.

Enid pondered before answering.

"Well, she called a couple of days ago. I hope that I was convincing enough that she won't be looking

here again, but that woman is a persistent pain in the ass."

"She is an evil nasty woman. How she managed to have such a wonderful son, I will never know." Mrs. Terry wasn't at all fond of Mrs. Lucas ever since she accused them of stealing.

When it was quickly proven that they were not the thief, the woman still refused to apologize. She sent them off to be caretakers of this mansion. She thought it would be a punishment, but instead, they were ecstatically happy.

Not only that, but Mr. Lucas takes care of the Mansion and other summer homes, and their wages come from him. Mrs. Lucas had no say in the matter.

“That woman is a nightmare, and I wish that Mr. Lucas would take care of it because, mark my words, she is going to cause him great trouble soon.”

They both looked at Mr. Terry. He never spoke about anything with such conviction before.

Judith Lucas sat in front of her mirror, getting herself ready to meet the last two debutants for the ball. They were gorgeous, and their families were all well off; they were not very bright but you can't have everything

Her stupid husband gave away where their son was hiding, and she would go and fetch him in about a week and a half. The ball was in two weeks, so she didn't want to give him too much time to run again.

If these two ladies fit the bill, she would take them with her to meet her son first; perhaps they could seduce him into seeing things her way. Maybe it was a bit underhanded of her, but that was how she got her husband.

She was taking the Elixir almost every week now, and it was wearing off faster and faster, and each time it wore off, (This novel will be daily updated at ) she was older and older. Raymond better hurry up with that new Elixir, or I will rip off his balls.

Her friend Marcy was having the same problem as she was. Marcy was pissed off when she learned that she had bought the last bottles for herself and wouldn't share.

Good thing that Raymond ended up making a few more, or Marcy was going to look like a raisin left out in the sun too long.

She should have seduced a vampire instead of that stupid shifter of a husband; then, she wouldn't need the Elixir so much. She married for money when she was beautiful, and now she needs the money to stay beautiful.

She laughed loudly at that.

He watched in the darkness for his next guest to show up; she was a middle-aged woman. He could tell that she had expensive tastes, but their home wasn't all that impressive, so more like she liked to

pretend she had more money than she did.

She would also probably think that she was better than anyone else; they always were like that, he found. Dressed fancy acted fancy, but inside they were just as common as the rest.

Finally, she came into view, she was sneaking out of the house to have a joint, something her husband didn't know about, but it was only fair. He was pretty sure she didn't know about him having an affair with his secretary.

Once she was close enough, he reappeared behind her and bit down hard on her neck; she didn't scream because his bite caused her to go into a trance like the suitable little prey that she was.

He drank enough blood so that she would pass out. Then when he was carrying her into the forest behind their house, he laughed cause the mayor was still at city hall fucking his little blonde secretary. Time for all your sins to come out into the open now. Your fun is over but mine has just started.