

The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 21

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Chapter 21

Noah texted his father and told him that his mother was there with him at the Mirror Lake Mansion, and he wanted him to come there as soon as possible.

Perhaps it was luck or just coincidence, but his Father had stated that he was already on the plane and would be there in about three hours.

He warned Noah that his mother was not there and should be cautious around her. If possible, keep her locked in her room, at least till he got there. He brought a witch and two elders with him to have rooms ready.

Noah texted him again, but his father didn't respond.

Micheal offered to go and seal her door and windows so she couldn't escape; he could do it quietly with magic so she wouldn't get too upset. Noah decided that he was going to stick close to Daisy.

He didn't trust her safety to anyone other than himself; he made up a basket of food and goodies and took them upstairs to stay with his lovely Mate.

He wasn't sure he wanted to tell her about his mother yet, perhaps wait for a bit, maybe after they ate and then let her know. She hasn't been eating much, and he didn't want to ruin her appetite further.

Raymond Deslaires was getting pissed off; the Ghost was no longer answering his calls, the Elixir potion was almost ready for its final ingredient. He had to have that blood.

He let out a sigh as he watched the night go by from the window of his private jet. (This novel will be daily updaed at)

He was just going to have to go and get what he needed himself. After getting the blood, he would rip the Ghost a new one.

After that, he would report to the council that Blane the Ghost was still alive and rogue. That should take care of his problems, and he will be free to make as much as the super elixir as he wished.

He didn't even need a lot of the blood, just enough to fill a syringe, at least to start with; that amount would make at least fifty vials of the Elixir. Then he could make more long-range plans for the girl.

Perhaps if she is pretty enough, he will just marry her that way; she would be his legal property in the eyes of his vampire world. It was an old way, but it was still considered legal.

Yes, perhaps it was time for him to settle down. Having a wife would also help him gain his position on the council.

He had his unique talent for mind control. It would be easy to gain her consent. All he would have to do was drink a little of her blood.

He started to laugh as his plane came in for its landing.

Daisy watched Noah's face as he came in the door. She knew that something terrible had happened, and from the look on his face, she knew he wasn't going to tell her unless she pried it out of him.

He sat down the tray and smiled at her; the smile didn't reach his eyes. She knew that she had to find out what it was that he wasn't telling her.

"Perhaps, my handsome mate, you tell me what is eating away at your mind. Tell me what has happened? Do not worry about me; I am stronger than you think."

"We are mates. Didn't you tell me that there were no secrets between mates? (This novel will be daily updated at)
So why are you keeping this one from me?"

Noah stared at her for a minute, and she could tell he was debating on coming clean on what he had been holding back on telling her.

She just waited. She knew he would tell her eventually, but she had a strange feeling that she needed to know everything now.

When she first told him she wanted to know what he was holding back, the only thought that he had was the word, "fuck". He didn't want her upset ever again, but she was right. She should and needed to know what was going on.

"Do you remember Edna Johnson?"

"Yes, she was a nosey but really nice lady. she was a friend of my mother's."

"She has been murdered, and her body was found in the choir balcony of the chapel on the same day as your mother's funeral."

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"A rogue vampire is running about that your father is trying to catch, and I think the local Sheriff is trying to catch him too."

"My mother has been taking something called the Elixir. She has gone or is almost close to going insane from taking it."

"Your father thinks that this Elixir is made from an ancient recipe. The final ingredient to make the Elixir of eternal youth is your blood."

"I think whoever is wanting your blood is going to come here to get it. How they found out about you, I don't know; I am not even sure I believe all of it. It is a bit to get your head around."

"My father is on his way here; he will be able to decide what happens with my mother."

"We are keeping my Mother locked up until my Father arrives and your father talks with him about it;(This novel will be daily updtaed at)
I think there is more your father hasn't told me, but I think he wants to tell my father first."

She just stared at him for a little bit and then let out a sigh.

"Noah, my life will never be the same again, I don't even care about my life in New York anymore, and I really should because I have a business starting up that has a lot of potential, and I also have artwork hanging in, a very high-end gallery."

"Now though, that all seems so far away, I don't want to and won't give it up, but I am letting my assistant handle the day-to-day things till I get back. At the same time, I just want to go off and be with you for the rest of my life."

"Daisy, you don't have to give anything up, not your business or art career. None of it you can have all that and me as well."

With that, they started to nibble on the food and drink some wine. She felt strangely relaxed now that she knew everything. She sensed that things were going on around her that she needed to know, and now she did.

"Noah? I am going to ask something of you, and I am sure you will be more than happy to grant my wish."

"What wish is that, my sweet little flower?"

"I want to complete our mating and seal each other together forever. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)
I don't know why I feel this way, but I feel that it will be important in the days to come."

Noah smiled.

"Raja and I have no trouble granting that wish whenever you want to make it and as many times as you wish to do so."

He pulled her to him, and their night of passion had just begun and wouldn't end till late in the morning. When it was all done, they were mates for true.

Sheriff Thompson went over to the Mayor's place to check up on them; they were not answering their phones.

The mayor said he would be gone for the next couple of days, but his deputy reported that the mayor's car was in their driveway when he was out on patrol.

He pulled up to the house, and sure enough, there was his car. Getting out of his car, he walked up to the BMW and looked inside. It seemed fine. He went next to take a peek in the garage window.

So far, nothing was out of the ordinary,

Inside he could see the wife's car was inside. He went up to the house next, with a feeling of foreboding in his gut. The front door was unlocked; he opened it slowly. He was calling out for anyone who was home.

There wasn't an answer, and the house had that empty feeling. He noticed the mayor's shoes and another lady's shoes red high heels; he didn't know if they belonged or not.

The next thing he noticed was Mrs. Davison's purse. She never went anywhere without it.

Going through the house, he didn't notice too many things till he got to the main bedroom, and there were clothes all over the floor, and the bed was all messed up. It still smelled like sex in the room.

Again no one, going back down to the living area, noticed that the sliding glass doors were wide open. (This novel will be daily updated at)
He followed out into the garden. The only thing he found was the end of a joint; it was wet and had been there for a while.

He couldn't get the feeling out of his gut that this was the next crime scene of his serial killer. Knowing that perhaps he did interrupt the killer's schedule of victims, this was the retaliation of his not playing the game.

If "The Wraith" thought that this would make the sheriff's department play by his rules well, he was happy to disappoint.

Still, this spoke volumes. This guy was strong and clever enough to take on two people, maybe three. What else can he do? He was beginning to think he wasn't dealing with a human.

Perhaps it was time to call a friend of his from his military days; he was retired from the FBI and was a sheriff now.

He decided that he needed to contact David Whitmore, tell him what he was dealing with, and maybe get some solid answers for a change.

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Chapter 22

The next day, he decided to go and check on his guests. He had a feeling that one of them might have already checked out. Sometimes they surprise you, but he didn't think that little slut was made of strong material.

He did a walk around the room to see who made it through the night, and to his disappointment, only the wife was left alive.

It just meant that he would have to break up the threesome; he'd thought about that this morning

anyway.

Perhaps the Mayor and his slutty secretary would make an excellent piece for their town. Yes, a lovely centerpiece for the little park in the middle of town.

He felt that keeping the wife alive was a good thing; her blood was so exquisite when it was laced with the pot that it was something he didn't want to let go of just yet.

Deciding that if he was going to keep her for a little while, he should move her to another room to have room for a new project.

At the last moment, he changed his mind; (This novel will be daily updated at) he had an idea pop into his mind that would be just perfect for the center of town.

He lit up one last joint and helped the wife smoke it all, then he bit deep into her neck and drained her of all her blood. He was so high that he laid there on the basement floor laughing till it hurt.

Feeling like he was on top of the world, the Sheriff was clueless and would never figure out who he was dealing with; his asshole employer would have to come and get his own hands dirty, and he knew he was never going to get caught.

Just wait till they see my latest creation; it will be the talk of the town.

Sheriff David Whitmore was no stranger to serial killers. His time in the FBI got him acquainted with just about every evil soul from human to shifter. He was more than happy to help out an old friend.

He had less than a hundred miles to go; he should be there by nightfall, if not a little sooner.

Leaving the Sheriff's department in Jack Dawson's hands, he felt he could focus better on helping his friend Brad Thompson. From what he told him, it sounded more like a type of vampire rather than a shifter.

Leaving Maggi wasn't easy, but she assured him that she and the baby would be fine for a week or two until he got this case wrapped up. She had Nova's help and the other clan females to help out.

Still, he didn't like the idea of not being with her every night. It was their first time apart, (This novel will be daily updated at) and it didn't feel very good.

The idea of that serial killer moving into his neck of the woods upset him even more than being without Maggi for a couple of weeks. Hopefully, it won't take that long.

Micheal Deveroe was informed that Raymond Deslaires was heading his way and to be on the lookout for him. He has gone off the grid and is no longer doing the work of the council.

Letting out a sigh, he ran his fingers through his hair, something he always did when agitated. He had to stay here and help with the wendigo problem lurking and with his daughter just getting to know him. He couldn't leave her and her mate unprotected.

Yes, he was sure that Noah could protect Daisy, but this is different; if that woman gives way to a wendigo, it will be virtually indestructible.

To destroy one would take many people, including a native American shaman. Who may or may not wish to offer help. They had strict rules on who and what they dealt with. There were many factors they had to take into consideration before providing aid.

Hope comes in the form of Noah's father; perhaps he will know how to stop this before it goes incredibly wrong

Micheal was almost entirely sure that Raymond Deslaires was the cause of all this town's problems and those of the shifter communities.

Perhaps he should wait, let the wendigo form, and give Raymond its first snack.

Judith Lucas wasn't feeling too well, she had just taken her next to the last bottle of Elixir, and she was feeling better, but she wasn't feeling herself anymore.

Thinking that maybe she needed to take the last bottle as well. She hesitated, though, cause there would be no more, and she didn't want anyone to see her as anything but beautiful.

Jazz wasn't making any sense anymore. She was constantly craving meat, and it had to be rare. At first, it was easy to soothe her. Now it's all she wants's, and the bloodier it was, the better.

All she could do was stare at the two girls on the ride here, (This novel will be daily updtaed at) wondering how they would taste if they would taste the same or different. Perhaps, they would taste sweet like barbeque sweet or salty and full of rich flavors.

It was maddening, and she had all she could do to distract herself with other thoughts. Still, they would intrude like they are now.

When she would sleep, she would dream of running through the forest as her cat, but when she looked at herself in a pool of water, she woke up screaming.

Deciding on going down to the kitchen to see if they had any raw meat on hand, she reached for the door handle, and it was locked

Pounding on the door in a frenzy of hunger and rage, she started to make deep growling noises. It was deafening, and it felt like it shook the room. She stopped and looked at her hands. They were covered in blood from banging on the door.

She licked her lips and bit down on a finger; it tasted so good she never noticed the pain. 2

David Whitmore pulled into the sleepy little town; It was hard to believe that there was a serial killer on the loose just by looking at the place.

He pulled up to the Sheriff's house where he would be staying and was greeted by Brad's wife Madaline; he forgot how friendly and kind she was. Brad was right behind her.

He stepped out of his truck, and a feeling hit him right away; no wonder Brad had called for help; there was pretty nasty shit going on; he could feel it in the air. It was so tangible you could cut it with a knife.

He shook it off and headed inside with the couple to get the briefing from Brad on what exactly had been going on here.

David had a feeling it wasn't going to be very good and that it was about to get a lot worse. (This novel will be daily updtaed at) An incredible evil scream went through the air as they were about to open the door.

All three stared at each other for a little bit and then got inside. Brad started to hurry and put on his uniform and gun belt as David did the same thing.

Whatever was going on is going on now. There will be no time to be briefed. It was trial by fire this time.

Everyone held their breath while Judith was pounding on the door. The noises she was making were like nothing anyone had heard before.

Noah thought he'd stopped caring for his mother because of her attitude towards his Father and himself. He looked a little upset by the sounds. He still loved her even though he was pretty sure she never loved either him or his father.

Still, the sounds coming from that room were gut-wrenching and even a bit threatening sounding. They made Raja's fur stand on end. Raja would pace back and forth in his mind, and all he would talk about was getting their mate out of there.

When he asked Raja why he would say we got to leave now. No time left, must go now.

Just as he was about to go and pack a few things, grab Daisy and get the hell out of here, the door opened, and there stood his Father with two others.

Nicholas walked to his son...

"Has she started to eat flesh?"

Noah, unsure how to answer that question, stared at his father dumbfounded. (This novel will be daily updated at)
Daisy came up behind him and wrapped her arms around him.

"As far as we know, Sir, she hasn't had any food yet."

"You're Daisy, my new daughter in law and you don't have to call me Sir, just Nicholas or dad will do; if she hasn't had any meat or flesh, then we can still put an end to this before she turns."

Nicholas looked up at the person coming down the stairs in almost disbelief; it was Master Vampire Deveroe. Reaching out his hand to introduce himself with a bit of relief that the Master Vampire was here, he would have a vast knowledge of what they were dealing with.

Just then, in the west wing, a roar with the sound of crashing furniture and glass was heard. Even the pictures on the walls shook and fell.

Whatever time they thought they would have, had just run out.

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Chapter 23

((Heads up, the Native American tribe name is made up along with the characters names, they are fictional only. I didn't want to step on anyone's toes or show disrespect.))

Chief Joel Storm Walker of the Fire Blaze Tribe sat around a fire with his two trusted advisors. Shaman Terry Dancinglight and foreseer Iris Nightsinger.

The whole tribe felt a great disturbance, and now they must discuss what it was and what to do about

it or let it pass.

Whatever this was, it was dark and not of the earth or sky. This was a creation not made from the great creator but of the evil of men.

Soon the Chief felt that they would be asked to help, and they needed to know what they would do and what would be involved.

Their Tribe was small and sacred; they were all shifters but not like those that roam on earth today; they could take any shape they chose and had spirit animals to help them see what must be seen and what direction to take.

Fire Blaze Tribe was modernized to a point; it practiced the old traditional ways and kept the ancient knowledge of all peoples. (This novel will be daily updated at)

They made a point to stay hidden from the modern world.

Only other Chiefs knew of their existence but not their location. You had to go to many places and leave messages to gain an audience. Then if they felt your need was worthy, they would contact you.

After the meeting, they all knew that they would have to intervene and take care of the problem themselves from the ordinary people. It was a great evil that they had unleashed, and they had no idea how to stop it.

As payment, they would ask for the one responsible for creating the Monster. They will not speak the evil ones' name in fear of invoking it upon them.

Be ready. We three will be the travelers and help the others from their ignorance. We wait for the great bear to come to tell us the time to go.

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While all this excitement was going on, The Wraith had his plans; he was aware that something nasty was happening, but he was pissed that it would take the spotlight off of him, and he wanted the spotlight.

You know what they say you are only as good as your last show. Got to keep the audience happy, or you might as well pack it up.

He liked talking out loud to no one. It made him feel that out there was someone who was reading his story or listening to it.

Getting all the bodies in position; three was more challenging than one. It was well worth the effort when he gazed at his creation; it was magnificent. He should have put it in an art gallery.

The Park bench was right smack in the park's center and could be seen from all directions. Anyone walking along or working in the buildings would be able to see his latest piece of art.

Giving it one more once over, he quickly vanished into the night.

Noah grabbed Daisy and carried her up the stairs to their room. She was going to pack some clothes, and they were getting out of here. He would come back if his Dad needed him, but there was no way Daisy would stay in this house.

As they were packing, there was a knock on the door. "It's Micheal. May I come in?"

Noah opened the door, allowed Micheal to enter the room, and quickly locked it behind him.

I know you want to leave and keep Daisy safe Noah, but there is more going on than you know. I think it is best to sit down and tell you everything.

I told you about the Elixir and the fiend that was killing everyone; I still have held back something. (This novel will be daily updaed at)
I haven't told you who Daisy is in the Vampire community.

You both and most of the world know me as Micheal Deveroe, and that is the truth. It is part of my name. I am Micheal Devenari Caspien Thomas Deveroe of the house of the Blood Rose

"No insult to you, but what does that all mean? Noah asked impatiently. He wasn't trying to be rude. He just wanted to get Daisy out of here as quickly as possible."

"It means, my dear boy, that you are now part of the royal family, I am for all intents and purposes the King of the Vampires, and Daisy is my only heir. She is a princess, and you are now a prince.

After that revelation, both Daisy and Noah were a bit dumbfounded.

"What does this mean? Do we have to become vampires now?" Daisy asked.

"No, you are fine as you are, but there will be some oldtimers who will no doubt form a protest. They are not listened to anymore, and their ways are ancient before women had any rights at all."

“There might also be a small fight between the families because you are already mated, and they may wish to challenge it so they can offer you their sons.”

“This isn’t going to be an easy road, but I promise you that I will protect you and guide you through it all.”

“All that I ask of you two is that you keep an open mind and don’t run away. I would also like it very

much if you don’t go too far away until I can arrange a guard for your transport.”

“You can go anywhere you wish. I ask that you go with my guard, who will be quite pissed at me for sneaking off on them. I felt that I could get more done if I was alone. They will not be that understanding.”

How about tonight you both go and stay at The Lake House. That will give you a little distance, and I put safeguards on the house so that no one can come inside without asking for permission first. That should keep everything unwanted out.

It will also keep all vampires no matter their unique abilities. Also, like my daughter, you, Noah, will be able to resist the pull that some vampires like to use to get others to do their will.

If something should decide to use force to get in, then the spell will also work to rebound them back to where they started on their way to your house.

You should know that in that situation, it will only work once. You will need to either seek another shelter or be prepared to fight.

Micheal reached over and tentatively touched Daisy’s hand.

“I know I missed out on most of your life so far. I would love to have an opportunity to get to know you in the future and be a part of your life if you want me to.”

Daisy was in tears, but she wanted him in her life, even as messed up as it felt at the moment. She wanted to have her father with her and one day be with his grandchildren in the capacity he was denied for her.

Sheriff Brad Thompson and Sheriff David Whitmore were staring at the single most horrific thing in all their long careers that they had ever seen.

On the bench in the center of the park sat three people or what was left of them.

It was a gruesome version of the ‘Hear no evil, see no evil and speak no evil.’ (This novel will be daily updtaed at)

They were all recognizable in their faces only.

The mayor's wife was so white she looked like drywall. Her hands were glued over her ears. Looking at her compared to the other two, it was like she was better-taken care of, almost as if the killer didn't want to humiliate her.

The mayor was missing all of his genitals; the skin on his hands and his eyes were gouged out, his hands were also glued over his mouth. There might be more, but there was no way to tell until they removed them from the bench.

The other female they recognized was Kimberly, the Mayor's secretary. At least that is who they thought it was; all of her skin had been removed except for her face, breasts, and genitals. Her hands were glued over her eyes.

"Geez, Brad, what kind of town is this? We go out because of a real blood-curdling scream that wasn't human and find this instead. It is as if your serial killer was jealous of something poaching in his territory."

"I know, David, it is getting out of hand fast; I don't have any idea what that was that let out the scream. It sounded like it came from the other side of the lake. As for this asshole, he enjoys tormenting me and likes to play games."

"I wanted to inform the people about what was going on. The Mayor ordered the Sheriff's department to not say anything in fear of causing panic and because it is tourist season."

"That shit doesn't matter now, though, because there sits the mayor. That means that I am in charge now, David, and I will not wait or be worried about tourist season. That is why I called you in on this; I need your help. This asshole isn't human."

"Well, let's call this in and get the coroner out here to take care of this, whatever this is."

You should also know David that I think there are quite a few more nonhumans here. I felt them, but you know me, I can't tell any more than that as to what they are, I don't know.

"It is ok, Brad; I will help out. Perhaps have another few of my kind around to help out too. They will stay out of sight but will let us know when they see things out of the ordinary and provide a little extra security for the people of this town. Also, I intend to seek out the non-humans around here and find out why they are here and what they are doing; perhaps they can even help find and stop this asshole turd."

"There is one other thing I should tell you about this turd; He likes to leave notes in places that only the coroner can find them; they state where he is looking for his next victims, it is an act of narcissism and ego on his part just like any serial killer. I don't care if he is brought to justice in the normal sense; I want him dead and gone."

Nicholas Lucas and Micheal Deveroe were not prepared for what they came face to face with.

Whatever that was, it was no longer his wife. It wasn't done forming yet, but it was straight out of nightmares.

It was in a fetal position, and a clear cocoon substance covered it but what was inside was not a butterfly.

"I guess that answers the question of whether she found flesh to eat." Nicholas pointed to the half eaten hand twitching. It looked like it was in the process of growing back.

The other hand was horrific; it was growing as well, but in its current form, the fingers were at least ten inches long, and the nails were razor-sharp and added another five inches.

The rest of the body was just as gruesome. It was also in the process of growing, (This novel will be daily updated at) and it looked like she was developing a set of antlers.

They left the room, and Micheal put up the strongest safeguards he knew, and the elder that Nicholas brought along cast several spells to bind it, hopefully. For how long was anyone's guess.

"Nicholas, we are going to need help that none of us will be able to find in our communities or clans. We are going to have to find a native shaman. I am not even sure she can be killed, but at least they will know how to deal with her, so no one gets hurt or worse eaten."

One thing was for sure, what time they did have wasn't going to last for long.

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Chapter 24

Raymone Deslaires arrived in the small town. It was not what he was expecting; of course, it was the same old small town crap. He never understood why anyone would want to live in this type of place, human or otherwise.

On the other hand, this place has intense and dark energy. He didn't think it was a permanent part of the town; no, this felt new. It was swirling about in the air like a nasty fart as it waited for someone to walk into it. (5)

He could sense that The Ghost had been around, but there was another feeling, something that he didn't like at all. It was like a deep evil rage was sleeping and on the verge of waking up.

Whatever the fuck was going on in this town, I am getting that blood as soon as possible, and then I am getting the hell out of here.

He couldn't find a place to stay this late at night, so he decided that he would go and see if he could hunt down The Ghost and find out what the hell he thought he was de

If I can't find that asshole, I will try to find out at least where my blood donor is living so I can get an idea of what I am dealing with. At least I still have her address.

Jack Dawson wasn't happy about learning what was going on just two hundred and fifty miles from his clan. (This novel will be daily updaed at)
A fucking Wendigo, who the hell decided it was a good idea to mess with the laws of nature. You have to be some sort of unique piece of shit to do that.

Seriously, what is with these people? What happened to committing ordinary crimes? They got bored and had to change things up. Where are they all coming from? They are popping up like fucking dandelions.

As it was, he found himself traveling to the Fire Blaze Tribe. It wasn't an easy ride, and once he got far enough in, the road ended, and then he had to shift into Brutus and let him run the rest of the way in.

They would not let you near their territory unless you came in animal form. Only the bear clans knew about them. No other shifters knew, nor would they be allowed to know.

It would have to be in a great time of emergency, and then only one representative would be permitted to enter with a Werebear escort.

Jack pulled up to the end of the road, shifted to Brutus, and they were off at a full-out run. From the sound of things, there was no time to waste.

Sheriff David Whitmore was at the Lucas mansion about to knock on the door when the door opened, and an older couple came out; they both had a small bag packed and appeared to be leaving in a hurry.

They were both startled when they ran into him and almost knocked him over. They were not just leaving in a hurry. They were running.

"I am sorry to startle you; I have come to see if any of the Lucas's are in residence at the moment and if I could speak with them?"

"Yes, Sheriff, the master is in; his son was here but left last night. Just go on inside, and I will go and tell him you are here. Then my wife and I will be leaving to go visit her sister in Denver."

He followed the man inside and waited in the main living room area for Mr. Lucas to show up. He couldn't help but notice that the feel in the air here was overwhelming and heavy. It made you feel on edge, like you were being watched or stalked.

His bear Finnick was on edge and was watching through David's eyes as well. (This novel will be daily updated at)
Something really bad was happening here. He could understand why that couple was leaving in such a hurry now.

If he found it uncomfortable, then normal humans would be terrified.

Finally, Mr. Lucas came into the room; he looked horrible; he was pale and had dark circles under his eyes; he looked like he hadn't had any sleep in a long while.

"Hello, I am Nicholas Lucas; how may I help you, Sheriff?"

David could tell that the man knew he was a shifter; it takes one to know one after all.

"Mr. Lucas, are you aware that there is an active serial killer in Millersville and that it is a vampire?"

Mr. Lucas stared at him in surprise and then let out a sigh; rubbing his hands through his hair, he looked back at David with weary filled eyes.

"Well, Sheriff, this little town sure does have its share of evil descending upon it. There is more going on than you know. In the west wing of this house is a cocooned Wendigo, and no one is sure when it will come out."

"There is a lot more to the story than that, but there is a possibility that all of this is connected somehow."

David wasn't sure he heard the man right. Did he say Wendigo? Why the hell is one of those here? How did it get here, and how the hell did you get rid of it. He wasn't sure about it, but he had done some reading. If the rumors were confirmed, there wouldn't be any killing. It is an actual immortal demon.

"Perhaps, Mr. Lucas, you should fill me in on what is going on and how you think it is all tied together."

Daisy wasn't sure how she felt to be home again; she'd just got off the phone with her assistant. The report was good; her art was doing well in the gallery, and she had three potential buyers. Her other

business was shut down right now because she couldn't be there in person.

Even so, Daisy wasn't happy that part of her life seemed too far away right now. She was grateful that she had such a competent and loyal assistant.

Still, here she was in her childhood home once again; the house had a better feel to it this time. Perhaps it had to do with the safeguards her father put on the house, or maybe the evil finally dissipated.

Looking out at the lake gave her a sense of calm. She felt like her mother was with her here. It was hard to think of her as her mother, but it was starting to sink in now.

At this moment, Daisy was alone in the house. Noah didn't want to leave her, but she insisted that they needed to stock up the house on food and needed items if they were going to stay for any length of time.

She would cook him her Aunts/mother's recipe for lasagna and homemade garlic bread; she had the bread rising. It was almost ready to be baked.

She was almost falling asleep when Noah came through the door carrying all kinds of bags. Far more than the list she gave him would have needed, he then winked at her and went back out to get more.

When he was finally done bringing them in, she looked at him in wonder.

"Did you buy out the whole store?"

"Nope, my little flower, I bought out two stores. I figured that if we are staying here for a while, you should want for nothing; I even picked up several movies."

I will turn time here into the most spectacular little hideaway you could ever hope for.

He pulled her in for a passionate kiss. It only whetted their appetites for each other, (This novel will be daily updated at)
Noah was getting that look in his eyes, but Daisy had to put the brakes on because she had dinner to make.

Raymond Deslaires tracked The Ghost. It was pretty easy because he put a tracker on him the last time they were in his office. The Ghost was clever, but Raymond was better at it. He smiled to himself as he came upon a cabin deep in the forest.

He went up to the door and knocked,

"Open up, Blane. It is time for your ass-kicking. Get out here and take it like a good vampire."

There was only silence for an answer, and it was true silence because not even a bird or a bug was making any noise. He tried the door handle. It was unlocked, thinking, wow, pretty sloppy of you, Blane.

He walked inside, and it looked like something out of the past. It was quiet, and still, Raymond couldn't feel any kind of energy that would tell him that Blane was home.

Walking around, he came upon another door he thought would lead to the bedroom but instead, it was a stairway going down into the dark.

Stepping down into the dark, he started to feel a tingling sensation throughout his body. When he realized it was too late, the door above slammed shut, and he could tell there was a spell on it.

He made his way down the stairs with no choice but to go down. He used his night vision to see; it was not a pleasant stairway. It was dingy and damp, and the steps didn't feel like they were too safe.

Once he reached the bottom, he opened another door, and it led into a vast basement; it wasn't the original one that was with the house. This one was enhanced with magical properties.

The door behind him slammed shut this time. He cursed at himself for being stupid, looking around at what he could only describe as a torture chamber from the Dark Ages.

He started to walk, looking for another exit, when laughter filled the room. It was an unpleasant yet happy sound. It was Blane.

"Well, Well, look who has come to pay me a visit; (This novel will be daily updated at)
it was very kind of you to drop by and save me the trouble of finding my next masterpiece."

"Blane! stop playing around and show yourself this instant!!"

Raymond realized that he had acted stupidly. He trusted that Blane would still answer to him, and he was way too arrogant and overlooked the fact that Blane could have lost all his marbles.

"Blane? Who is Blane? Only The Wraith lives here."

Just before Raymond passed out, he could hear Blane's laughter, and what he said not only pissed him off, but he felt terrified. O

"Oh, look at you, Mr. Bigtime, we are going to have so much fun."

The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 25

[/ The Elixir by Lori Ameling](#)
Chapter 25

Micheal had sent Enid off to another one of his estates; He even had a driver come to take her away, making sure she had whatever she needed and that when she arrived at his beach house estate that she would be treated like a queen.

After keeping their secret and all the crap that has happened, he decided that she would get a much needed vacation.

Once that was taken care of, and he was sure that she was well on her way, he went to discuss what they were going to do with Judith. She was his wife though Micheal sensed that there wasn't a lot of love left there.

Nicholas looked at Micheal, and he already knew what he was thinking. It was what he and his cat Nicu had already been talking about.

She wasn't their true mate, so there wouldn't be any ramifications in that way. Still, she was his wife, and they did have a son together,

There was no going back. She would have to be destroyed; knowing that there was no cure, (This novel will be daily updated at) no magic potion that could change her back, the path became more apparent. They had to kill her if that was possible.

"I will not stop anyone from doing what they must to stop her; if that means you have to kill her, then so be it. Whatever that is inside that cocoon is not my wife."

They both turned when the door slammed open, and the Elder came into the room in a hurry.

"You both have to come now. There has been a disturbing change in the cocoon; we are unsure what it means. Please come look now."

Running to the bedroom where it lay, they looked at the cocoon, and it had indeed made an alarming change.

Not only had it increased in size, but it was now seven feet long. It was no longer transparent but now a solid black; It wasn't smooth though it looked like a statue carving. It was the face of the statue that was disturbing.

On the front of the cocoon was the face of Judith Lucas, and it was frozen in a state of total horror and

pain.

Noah and Raja were lying on the couch; they had eaten so much that Noah felt like he was as big as a blimp, and the only way to move him off this couch was to get a forklift.

Raja was worse because there was no control over him once he got a whiff of that lasagna; he started to overeat. Noah didn't remember if they ate the salad or not, but the bowl was empty, so they must

have.

They had put a movie in, but Noah couldn't concentrate on it. He was so full. Raja decided to chime in right then.

"You know, kid, there is a great way to wear off all this wonderful food."

Noah understood what Raja was getting at. They waited for about an hour to let their body catch up with digestion, and then they looked over at their lovely mate. She got up and went into the kitchen.

She said something about dessert. They were not paying attention as they stalked in behind her; she bent over into the fridge and pulled out a chocolate cake.

He stopped cold in his tracks as a naughty idea came over him. Why dirty plates if you can lick it off your mate instead.

Oh, the places he was going to lick it off, (This novel will be daily updated at) he felt a tightness in his jeans that had nothing to do with overeating

When she set the cake down, Noah came up from behind her, wrapped his arms around her, and took careful hold of her breasts. She was so perfect. They were round and full, just like he liked them.

He kissed his way up her neck to playfully nibble on her ear as she let out a giggle; someone is ticklish. He groaned when he heard her tiny breaths of pleasure come out.

Bitting down playfully on his mark, she let out a moan of pleasure as her body arched into his. Before he knew it, she had turned to face him and was unbuttoning his jeans.

Looking into her eyes, he could see her wild arousal and the need she wanted him and wanted him now. He ripped off his T-shirt as she started to rub his chest frantically, and oh, god, she began to nibble his nipples.

She had his pants on the floor as she licked and bit her way down his happy trail leading right to his hard as granite cock. She put a little bit of chocolate frosting on the head.

He almost fell when she licked his shaft from the balls up to his head, and then she swirled her tongue around it-sucking and licking off the frosting.

He was lost when she took the whole thing in her perfect mouth and began to suck. It was pure heaven of temptation and pleasure; he threw his head back and let out a low growl of pleasure.

Looking down at her, he was surprised to see that all her clothes were off except for a tiny red lace thong. Oh, god seeing her like this, he was going to lose what little control he had.

Gently he grabbed her head to get her to stop, (This novel will be daily updated at) he wasn't ready for this to end yet, and he wanted to do

some licking of his own. Too bad there wasn't any lasagna left.

Raja was out of his mind panting; she drove him over the edge. He was actually inside his head, rolling around and chuff purring.

Standing her up, he picked her up over his shoulder as she let out a little surprised giggle. He set her down on the kitchen table; she lay back, showing him all of her body and those red lace thong panties. Damn, too bad they had to go.

Grabbing hold of the sides, he slid them off of her. Well, mostly, they were still hanging on her right leg. (This novel will be daily updaed at) She let out another giggle, and with a flick of her foot, the panties went flying.

He wasted no time taking what he wanted; he took his finger that was loaded with chocolate frosting and made a line from her breast right down to her mound of venus. O

Then he touched each of her nipples with the frosting before he put his finger in her mouth as she sucked at the frosting.

Daisy couldn't help herself. She was feeling needy, and she wanted him. She wanted everything; she wanted to lick, bite, and taste him. She was out of control, and she didn't give a damn if she ever got it back.

Feeling the cool frosting on her skin and then on her nipples as they hardened to little stones. He stuck his index finger full of frosting into her mouth and she sucked off every little bit of the chocolate.

His eyes went from their usual golden hazel to a deep golden it looked almost like they were glowing. It made her even more excited.

She giggled again looking at him...

"Mr. Kitty Cat don't you know it is rude to keep a lady waiting?"

That was all it took he attacked her nipples like he did the lasanga she arched her back off of the table as he made his way down to her core. Licked and sucked all of the chocolate off her, while making low

groaning noises.

Letting out a mewling scream as he found his way straight to her clit. she started thrashing about in her orgasm she could hear things falling off the table but she didn't care.

He sucked and nibbled her taking all of her honey as it poured out of her. In an instant she let out a little cry as he stopped what he was doing and entered her in swift desperate stroke.

She lost her mind as he pounded into her hard and fast taking them beyond anything they ever experienced before. Letting out a deafening roar Noah came filling her core with his hot seed.

Covered in sweat and panting neither could even speak as they heard a cracking noise as the table finally done with the abuse gave out under them.

They were so much into each other and what they were doing that they didn't realize they had an

They were so much into each other and what they were doing that they didn't realize they had an audience.

After trying to get in and couldn't, the Wraith was a bit ticked off; he decided to go and look through the windows to see who was living there.

He found the kitchen lights were still on and decided to take a peek. Holy shit was all he could think of to describe what he was seeing.

Well, a fucking shifter has moved in with my target; this will complicate things. He decided to give it up for the night and go and check on his new guest and make arrangements for him.

Walking back down into the basement, he started to whistle happily at his new project;(This novel will be daily updaed at) he had never had another of his kind before and was looking forward to the challenge.

Looking around and then in the corner where he left his new plaything. His latest toy was gone.

His whistling stopped when he realized that his prize had escaped; he let out a roar of rage and took off into the night after him.