

# The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 8

## Chapter 8

Raymond Deslaires was waiting for one of his customers; he didn't particularly like this woman. She was one of those wealthy and fancy women.

She always has to look and act perfect. If anyone around her was not as she deemed an excellent breed, then they were of a lower life form in her eyes. Oh Still, she paid a lot of money for the Elixir, and she was bringing other women into the fold, and they, in turn, paid more money. (

At first, he never knew that the Elixir had sinister side effects. The more you used it, the more you needed it. The more you took it, the crazier you would become. It would suck the life out of the client, and they would never realize it was till it was too late.

It would make you look 20 or more years younger and give you the vitality and vigor of life. But when it wears off in a couple of months, you find yourself with less energy and beauty than you had before, and so you end up needing more.

If you stop taking it after seven doses, you will die. He watched it happen to a test subject. She painfully shriveled up and turned to dust.

Shifters, for some reason, have a lower tolerance than humans, and they were unsure yet just how it affects the animal part of the shifter. He hoped to one day soon capture a shifter to find out.

It had no effect on Vampires except leaving a bad taste in their mouths.

He didn't mind. They never questioned anything; they just kept coming back to buy more. The less Elixir he had, the more they would pay to get it. (

It was a vicious cycle that he was enjoying going around in. Once in a while, some one would question the elixir, but he had all the safety protocols in place and answers for everything.

If anyone started to look too close, he would set out to destroy their credibility and then make them disappear. Humans were harder to get rid of than Vampires.

Humans were curious little bastards; if one of them goes missing, the next thing you know, someone comes around sniffing at your feet looking for them.

On the other hand, vampires are unpredictable and sometimes disappear for decades.

Judith Lucas (Noah's Mother) sat at her dressing table, looking closely at her face. She could see the wrinkles appearing, and she had another age spot forming. (

It was time for more of The Elixir. She unlocked her top drawer of the desk and took out the last bottle of it she had, pulling out the cork and drinking the whole thing down in one shot.

Instantly she could feel it working, she felt more alive, and her energy was coming back; she rushed

Scanned with CamScanner

back over to her full-size mirror to look.

There she was as she had been in her youth, her hair shiny again, Skin radiant, not a wrinkle in sight. Her eyes were bright again, no dark circles. She looked like she was in her twenties again.

She ran her hands down her figure loving the way she looked. It was all that mattered to her anymore. that and getting her son married. (

She knew it was just a matter of time before her mate discovered her secret. She fought with him and was giving him the silent treatment. It won't last for long. The next time he tries to mind link with her, he will know something is very wrong.

Jazz, her cat, had become unstable mentally; one minute, she was fine the next; she was a killer without thought. Judith had managed so far to keep her under control she worried if the day would come when there was no stopping her.

She suspected the elixir had something to do with it, but that was impossible. She was assured it was safe to take and that there would be no side effects other than wearing off and taking more. (

She gave it no more thought as she maniacally turned her attention to finding where her son was hiding; she was going to see him soon. She was planning a ball next month, and he would announce his new bride. It did not matter if he liked it or not.

Feeling exhausted and overwhelmed, Daisy lay on the bed after taking a hot shower; the shower was excellent. It was like no thing she had ever used before. Her whole body felt relaxed, and with all the tension gone, she drifted in and out of sleep.

Thoughts kept coming and going from her mind. She would sometimes grab hold of one and think on it, and others she just let slip by. (

The terrifying ones were the ones she imagined of her Aunt just laying there empty of blood. Did she even know she was dying? Did she know her killer? Why did they kill her? Who killed her? It was a mess inside her mind.

Then the feelings of being in the Lake House, the terror, and the feeling of being hunted. She was running through the woods, and something was chasing her no matter how far she would run or how fast it was always just behind her but out of sight.

Her lungs felt like they were going to burst, and her feet felt heavy, but still, she ran, and it was still there just behind her.

Just as she made it to the edge of where the trees met the lake, she thought she was finally free; instead, it pushed her into the water, where something from underneath the dark depths reached out and grabbed her foot.

She screamed and started to kick at what had her foot. She looked down, and all she could see was a black hand around her ankle. She kicked some more, trying to get it off. It just kept dragging her down into the darkness. She could feel it surround her body as her lungs started to burn. She couldn't breathe. Her body wouldn't move.

She was just about to give in to the surrounding darkness when she heard her name being called from a distance. She tried to move to the surface, but she couldn't. (

It was then that a warm light surrounded her, and she could hear the voice clearer. It was Noah, but he wasn't alone. Next to him was a magnificent and massive Tiger. The Tiger leaped into the darkness, and she felt the arms let her go as she floated to the surface.

She woke up to Noah holding her tightly on her bed, stroking her hair, and whispering calming words to her; behind him was Enid, and she was crying with worry in her eyes.

Once again, she felt herself relax into Noah's arms; he must not think she is a nut case if he always saves her with his powerful feeling arms.

Still, where did the tiger come from? It saved her from that thing. She sat up with Noah, still trying to keep a hold of her as she looked around the room.

She could have sworn that the Tiger would be there when she woke up. She could even feel its presence faintly about in the energy of the room. (

She decided not to tell Noah she didn't want him to think she was an even bigger nut case than he already possibly thought she was.

"I am alright. It was just a bad nightmare, that is all, thank you for helping me, but I am fine now."

Noah looked at her suspiciously, not believing her story. To her relief, he got up off the bed and headed for the door; he looked at her as if deciding something.

"If you need or want anything come to me directly. I don't care if I am in the middle of something; come to me."

She nodded because she could find no words to match his intense demeanor. The more she looked at him, the more and more attractive he became.

He finally decided on a new name for his new persona. "The Wraith" sounded sinister and still kept with his other nickname, The Ghost that will be for different occasions. His new name was just for this little backwoods town.

Feeling proud of himself for his quick thinking and getting everything set up and ready for his first guest. This little forgotten house was rather cozy once he fixed it up. The basement was exceptionally comfortable for his guest's enjoyment.

He already had her picked out; she was a relatively easy choice; he decided quickly would be best for his first one; that way, he could figure out techniques and find what excited him. (

She should feel honored to have such an essential part in his growth and development. Perhaps he will gift her with a bit of monument when he is done with her. It only fits, after all. You have to mark the milestones in your life.

Funny how things turn out for the best in the end. He was finally living his dream. He walked into the wooded area around her house; he knew her schedule already.

At first, he thought that she would be another boring older woman, but now that he has been watching, he found out that she was a rather naughty lady after all. (

It goes to show you that old lesson; You can't judge a book by its cover. If the good citizens of Millersville only knew what this naughty woman was doing behind their backs.

Watching her gave him an excellent idea of selecting his victims. After everyone hangs up the closed signs, let us see how sleepy of a town Millersville really is.