

The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 40

Chapter 40

Raymond and Alissa were on their third round of sexual deviance; no one knew the kind of kink that 'The Countess was into. She loved all sorts of things that were not the usual thing, she loved Bestiality, but she loved to watch it even more.

He found out that she liked to make her male servants have sex with all kinds of animals and the females she usually saved for special occasions because she didn't want anyone to know what she wanted the horses for.

She also liked several sex partners at once; basically, if she could think of it in her twisted mind, she would try to make it a reality.

He was getting a bit bored just watching all the time and decided that he would take one of her servant girls and have some fun with her.

That was when all hell broke loose, the doors to the chambers were rammed open, and several palace guards came bursting through. (This novel will be daily updaed at)Raymond had no idea what was going on until Michael Devore strolled through the door.

Raymond looked at Michael's face and knew instantly that all he was working for was in jeopardy. He was glad that he hadn't said anything to Alissa because he knew The Countess would throw him under the bus to save her own skin.

Michael was furious he had sent a summons to Alissa Martin the Countess of Bathen twice. The first time the summons came back unanswered; there were no servants to take it, and no one went to answer the door.

The second time a servant did answer the door but told the messenger that the countess wouldn't even consider the summons for at least a day or two.

That was the last straw; no one ignored a summons from the king unless they were suicidal. He didn't follow a lot of the stupid and ancient outdated rules, but a few were to be obeyed, and answering a summons was one of them.

He accepted most excuses but being told outright that his summons was to be ignored was something he wouldn't forget.

Michael was going to be diplomatic about getting the information from her, but now he was going to barge his way in and take what he wanted, and he wasn't going to be friendly or diplomatic about it.

Time to crash the party, as Michael called for all his guards to come with him to that bitch's chambers. He hoped she had company.

The Wraith was about to attack the Lamina when its eyes started to change from the friendly human version to the all-black abyss of the demons.

It was too late, though; he stabbed the Rowen spike through its breastbone with all his strength. It tried to twist and pull out the spike, but it wouldn't budge. The Wraith had to cover his ears for a second because of the deafening shriek. He pulled out the spike as its black blood oozed from the wound, again with all his strength, he punched his fist through the hole left by the spike and grabbed onto its heart.

The demon started to move violently in one last effort to save itself; it raked its claws down the side of his face. They went deep and bled, making the Wraith look like the monster he indeed was.

By this time, the other hunters caught up and were horrified by the site they had just stumbled onto. They were so shocked that it was as if their feet were rooted to the ground.

With a sickening wet suction sound, he pulled out the black heart of the demon. The demon started to convulse and move wildly while holding out its hands like it was searching for its heart to put it back

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He then chanted a spell, and a sword of hot orange flame appeared, and he cut off the demon's hands so it could no longer see. Then in a blur of speed, he stabbed the heart through with the sword.

It made a sound like someone letting the air out of a balloon, (This novel will be daily updated at)and then it popped and became a pool of black muck; the fire from the sword ignited it, and then it was gone.

Turning to his audience...

"That, my friends, is how you kill a Lamina Demon. Not all that glorious or pretty, but that is how it is done."

Giving them a bow with a graceful flourish, he turned to mist and was gone, leaving the hunters stunned and trying to search for him, but he was already high in the sky and heading back to the castle,

Noah and Michael got word from some of the hunters that the Demon was dead and that the vampire who had killed it disappeared, and no one knew who he was.

They did give them a description of the vampire, and Noah noticed a look come over Michael's face; the best he could describe that look was one of rage.

After the hunters left the office, Noah looked at Michael, unsure if he should ask if Michael knew who that vampire was; he reached out instead and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Is there something you want to tell me, Michael? You know that vampire, and from the look on your face, it is not a friendly relationship."

"No, Noah, it is not a friendly relationship at all; I want to kill that bastard with all that is in me; he

killed Clara. I don't know why he did it. I think there is more to all this than I can find out, but one thing is sure. I want that son of bitch dead; then I want to bring him back to life so I can kill him again."

"I want to keep on killing him till this horrible and painful emptiness in my heart subsides. I know it won't fix it, but I want to keep doing it to that bastard till one of us feels something again."

"He is close by. If he is in the forest, then he is near, or inside my castle, THAT BASTARD IS IN MY HOME!"

Michael slammed his fists onto the desk, and it broke into five smaller pieces, and everything that was on it scattered everywhere.

Noah stopped him from getting more destructive by holding him in a hug; he wasn't sure why Raja told him to do it. Michael needed it and that it would help calm him down.

After a little while, Michael returned the hug, and then Noah could feel that his body was also not as tense and that he was coming back from the rage.

"Come on, Michael, I know just what you need, Don't worry will find that asshole and make him pay once and for all time. Right now, though, I think it's best if you calm down and get your head back in the game."

Michael followed Noah over to the west wing and right into the kitchen; inside was his daughter and all the staff; they were working, but they were laughing, and the atmosphere in the room was like coming home.

At the table sat a wonderful woman and a ten-year-old boy. (This novel will be daily updated at)It was Danny Miller and his mother, Arlene Miller. They appeared to be helping with dinner; Danny sat in front of a large bowl while his mother snipped green beans from the gardens.

Michael and Noah were both impressed by the young man of ten years. He was very devoted to taking care of his mom; he was also fearless and a quick thinker. He had to be to get away from that Demon.

They both just watched from the doorway for a little bit as they soaked in all the positive and warm energy. It felt like it was cleansing their souls, like sitting in warm sunshine after being cold for far too long.

It didn't take long before young Danny noticed them and came running over to greet them with a huge smile. Michael found out that they didn't have a home,

that they were in the process of finding someplace they could afford when the Demon took Danny.

Michael didn't have one ounce of reservation. He told them that they now had a home for as long as they wanted to stay; they were set up quarters in the west wing as well.

Arlene Miller insisted on helping in exchange for their new home, but Michael told her that it wasn't necessary, which made her even more determined to help.

Arlene didn't know it yet, but Michael also set her up with an expense account so she and Danny could get the things they would need or want in the future. He also set up an account for Danny to access

when he turns of age to have money for college or any other future endeavors he wishes to have for a

career.

They fit right in with their Daisy-made family. Daisy may have unique talents, but Michael thought that this one was by far the rarest and most precious of all gifts to have. She brought people together for the sake of being together,

Michael stared at Arlene as she and Danny snipped the beans; she was beautiful. He could tell that Danny got his looks from his mother; she had soft golden hair that was now up in a messy bun, her big green eyes were full of warmth.

Michael looked away; no, it was wrong to be having these thoughts right now. He promised Clara he wouldn't love another other than her, and he intended to keep that promise.

Michael didn't know that Daisy watched him watching Arlene and smiling ear to ear as Noah hugged her from behind.

Raymond could hear Alissa's screeches from his lovely room in the dungeon. She was just down the hall from him. He was being sarcastic when he said his room was beautiful.

It was a dark, damp hole in the wall with bars overlooking another wet and dark hallway. The only light came from a torch somewhere on the farthest end of the hall, so very little light filtered through to him. He had night vision but closed his eyes instead and laid down on a mattress on the floor, trying not to hear the temper tantrum coming from down the hall.

He had a bad feeling about being down here, not because he was in some trouble.(This novel will be daily updaed at) Instead, he felt like he was being hunted and chose the wrong hiding spot.

Shrugging off the feeling like nothing more than just being in this uncomfortable situation and not knowing what the countess had gotten him into.

Rolling over to face the wall, he willed himself into sleep.

The Wraith watched with glee. It was like he was being rewarded for his good deed of killing the Demon; he came back from his fight feeling a bit down; things were not moving very fast and were growing stagnant.

Then he is on his way to his new home, and what does he find? The Moron and his lover are sitting in their cells next door to his home.

He wouldn't have been happier even if they gift-wrapped them for him. Put cute little bows on their heads. He went back to his home to make his plans. He wasn't sure what to do with the female, but he knew exactly what he was going to do with Raymond the Moron.