

# The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 6

## Chapter 6

Enid had called the funeral home and arranged for the flowers. It was the least she could do for her friend and Daisy. She had also sent a letter to Micheal at the address she had. She had no idea if he would receive it or not.

She let out a sigh;  
I should have never moved away. If I had stayed, I might have been in the house with her that night.

Deciding that she would go over to the lake house and see Daisy again first thing in the morning. She needs someone. It isn't a good thing to be alone at a time like this. (

The phone rang. With a sad sigh, she got up and went to answer it. It was Mrs. Lucas, Noah's mother.

"Hello, Lucas mirror lake residence how may I help you?"

"Has my son arrived there yet?" (

"No, My Lady, no one has arrived here. Should we expect him and get the place ready for residents?"

"NO, YOU TWIT. IF HE ISN'T THERE, THEN HE ISN'T GOING TO BE THERE...I WANT TO KNOW WHERE MY SON IS."

"I am sorry, My Lady, he isn't here. No one has been here for a long time. Would you like me to inform you if he should arrive here?"

"YES, YES, AND DON'T TELL HIM THAT YOU TOLD ME, OR YOUR SERVICE WILL NO LONGER BE NEEDED. DO YOU UNDERSTAND ME?"

"Yes, My Lady."

There was no reply after that. She just hung up on her.

Smiling, Enid went to start getting dinner ready. She used to like Mrs. Lucas but the last few years she was there, the woman became insane with getting her son married to shifter with power.

Sheriff Bradly was going through many old records looking for anything that could give him some clue about the murder. Anything similar to his modern-day Murder. There just wasn't anything other than about twenty-some years ago.

It was a vague report at best about someone sneaking into other people's houses without leaving a trace. No one was hurt, though. Just a few things were stolen. (

That was it; it wasn't like he was going to find much anyway; Millersville isn't exactly New York or Detroit. There are more reports on fishermen taking swings at each other at the local bar than anything else.

Still, there has to be something somewhere, so he expanded his search to neighboring counties and some of the bigger surrounding towns.

This would take a long time to compile, even with the computer doing the work. So he decided that he would go for a drive and take another look at the shore and surrounding area of the lake house.

There has to be something; there is always something, no matter how small.

The Ghost was sick of just playing in the shadows. He wanted to have some fun. He will get that damn blood, but he would take his time doing it. He decided that he would act out something he read in a book.

It was about a serial killer; he would taunt the police, always staying a step ahead, the killer did get caught in the end, but that didn't mean that he couldn't write his version of the back to the story. (

He was giggling with glee. This is going to be so much fun. Deciding that he would deliver his taunting notes to the sheriff himself, he was going to leave them right on his fucking desk. That way, the good Sheriff will have something to enjoy over his morning coffee.

Going through his stuff, he found what he was looking for a lot of old parchment paper, his ink well, and quill. Only he wasn't going to use ink. Nope, he was going to write his love notes in blood.

Squealing loudly because he was so excited that he almost forgot to get the scroll binders. Not going to be just some old plain stationery for this no way he would do his best and most formal work. He laughed when the thought of them trying to trace the paper and ink. (

He would also have to go hunting for his next victim again. This is so much fun it should be outlawed; oh, wait, it is. He laughed his way out of his storage room.

On his way to his room, he realized that he didn't have a name for himself. There was no way he could use his nickname that would put an alert out to the wrong people. He will have to give more thought: it had to be perfect.

Noah waited for her to get done talking. He knew it was from nerves and all the emotions she was going through with grief and dealing with her mother figure being murdered.

Raja and himself wanted her moved out of here until they knew it was safe for her to come back. They also decided that they would do some investigation of their own.

There is more here than meets the eye, and they will find out what that is.

"Daisy, I know that we just met, and things are at best strange. It would be best if you didn't stay in this house at least for a couple of days." (

"How about we get the stuff that you need for your Aunt's funeral and get your things packed up, and you come and stay with me at my place across the lake.?" "That is very generous of you, Mr. Lucas, but I don't want to impose on you. After all, I am just a stranger. I will try to find something in town till after the funeral. I will close up the lake house for a while, and I will go home and deal with it all at a later date."

"There isn't anything in town since the old B&B burned down. Please, you won't be imposing in the least bit. I would like to know you are safe and can have a safe place to grieve."

"Honest, it is a prominent place; you can have your room and come and go as you please. You won't have to interact with anyone if you don't wish to."

"Noah, if this were one of those murder movies, I would be taking my first step in to my grave. However, if you are sure I won't be imposing on you or anything, I will stay with you. I don't know why but I trust you.

Raja was doing a little happy dance in Noah's head.

"I have a request, though. Will you go with me upstairs? You don't have to do anything, just be there. I don't like being alone up there. You probably think I am a wimp or something, but I am not really. It is just the feel up there is all wrong."

"That isn't a problem at all; let us get you packed and out of here."

When they reached the upstairs, Noah and Raja went on alert; nothing was there. It was just the

feeling. It was so heavy. And the scent of a vampire was overwhelming here.

Something was wrong with the scent, but they couldn't figure it out. It had a kind of earthy rot smell like deep woods mossy rot. It wasn't like anything they had ever scented before. (

Raja was on edge; he wanted to get her out of here right now, stuff or no stuff. Whatever was here, they had a feeling it wasn't done.

Finally, she announced that she was ready to leave; it couldn't have happened any sooner. They were prepared to toss her over their shoulder, run through the forest to their house and lock the door behind them.

Daisy put her stuff in the jeep with a tired sigh, knowing what chores lay ahead of her and feeling so drained. She just wanted to crawl up into a ball and forget the world ever existed. (

She had called the Sheriff and told him where he could find her, and he texted back that he thought it

was a good idea for her to leave the house.

Noah called the airport to ensure that someone came for that stinking van. They assured him that they should be there within the hour. They drove to the funeral home and dropped off all the requested things.

After picking out a coffin and signing the paperwork for the funeral, they even had her pick out music. Daisy had to get out of there. She couldn't breathe, thinking of her Aunt in the coffin being put into the ground and never seeing her again.

Finally, they were heading to his place, and he made a mental note to contact a few friends and have

them start looking to see if there was a vampire overlord for this area.

See if any rogue vampires were roaming around that could have done this sort of thing. It was strange, though. Even rogues don't act like this.

Micheal Deveroe arrived in town just as the sun was setting. Going straight for the lake house. It was too painful to see all he had to give up, not wanting to face so many memories again. (

As soon as his feet touched the grounds of the house, he sensed something was wrong. Another vampire has been here recently. He didn't like the smell of him either. It had a tint of madness to the scent as well as age.

The house was quiet. There were no vehicles in the drive. No one was home. Of course, there was no one home; His love was dead. He had hoped to find his daughter would be there. Even if he didn't talk with her could make sure she was ok. To see her in more than just pictures. (

Still, the scent lingered in the air. As he got closer to the house, it got stronger. He didn't like where he thought it was going. Was his love murdered by one of his kind?

Deciding that he was going to go inside the house after all. He needed to be sure he needed a solid scent to follow. Whoever this was, he was going to hunt them down.