

The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 1

Chapter 1

My name is Daisy Marie Collins; I was born in the back of an ambulance as my mother was dying. On their way to the hospital, my parents were hit head-on by a Semi truck going left to center.

They managed to save me, but my parents died on the scene. I was rushed to the hospital, where I stayed for two months.

The only other relative is my Aunt Clara Collins, my father's older sister. She came running to the hospital to see me; she was always with me until I could go home.

Aunt Clara's house on Mirror Lake, 10 miles from Millersfield. My Aunt Clara raised me as her own; I wanted for nothing. She taught me everything, cooking, cleaning, ice skating, swimming and drawing, and painting...

She was terrific to me. It was just the two of us. My mother and father were the last of their families other than Aunt Clara. To be honest, I didn't miss my parents; I never really knew them. Aunt Clara, though she kept a little scrap album for me to remember them by.

We would sit on the beach, and she would tell me stories about them. I would fall asleep to her voice while the sun would set.

I went to school in Millersfield and graduated; she then insisted that I go to college. I studied fine arts and design. Received my master's degree one year shorter than most. I also had a second degree in business.(Daily latest update www.noveljar.com)

I had four paintings in a gallery opening this weekend in New York. I also have a business that I am starting as a house designer and interior decorator. It is small, but it is paying the bills.

I have a small, tiny apartment over a pizza parlor. At first, I was over the moon, freshly made pizza right there whenever I wanted. When everything I own smells like pizza, I no longer find it so great.

I especially love it when I'm with a client; I will be showing them different ways to show the room or other paints or furniture, and all they do is sniff the air and want pizza for lunch. This creepy guy just followed her around, sniffing the air behind her.

Things will be going well for her. If her business keeps gaining clients, she will get a hefty commission from her paintings. Then she could get that bigger

apartment and leave the pizza behind her.(Daily latest update
www.noveljar.com)

She didn't do much dating; she didn't have much time for it. Unfortunately, there were a few, but they were duds. One liked too many other women, and the other turned out not to like them at all. She is ok with that sort of thing, but she wasn't going the friends with benefits route if she was to date.(Daily latest update
www.noveljar.com)

She was on her way home in a taxi after a long day; she was looking forward to a long hot bath and then fuzzy pj's with an hour of watching re-runs of the Big Bang Theory, her favorite show.

She also had to pack a bag for the weekend, which she was going to spend a couple of days with Aunt Clara at the lake house. She was excited about revisiting the Lakehouse; she and Aunt Clara were going to have fun.

Mirror lake was something she also missed; she needed some time from the rat race of the city. Her last client was a complete snobby asshole. She loved her work, but sometimes she didn't care for the people it attracted.

As things are in real life, she needed to eat and live indoors, so she will have to play nice with the jerks for now anyway.

When her cell phone went off, the ID on the phone said Washington State Police...(Daily latest update www.noveljar.com)

Noah Lucas was flying home in his private jet. He had been visiting the various factories and business offices of his holdings. He headed to his parent's private manor house up on mirror lake.

Yes, he was handsome. 6'3 Carmel skin, black hair, and golden hazel eyes. At first, he liked the ladies hanging all over him. As he got older now, at 28, he found the artificial world of the rich to be lacking and dull.

On the other hand, his mother wanted him married five years ago. She has manipulated, arranged, and tricked him into meeting all kinds of women.

He didn't like the females she picked, they were pretty, and all were refined ladies. They were also some of the worst vipers in the pit. They wanted only more money and power than what they already had.

The best of everything and a sultry voice. The worst of the worst was the coy ones. They were so open about what they were, selfish and petty, while all the time was pretending to be something virtuous and kind.

He had to get away for a while from it all. He told his father where he was going and that he would be out of contact for at least two weeks, maybe more. His father understood and agreed not to reveal Noah's location.

He and his Tiger Raja were both tired of it all; they needed some alone time, where there was a vast expanse of forest to explore. Raja had the personality of an ancient king. He would get angry around the various women. He didn't like any of them.

He wanted their true mate. Noah had given up on that dream. A woman who would love them for what they were, not for who they were. He couldn't wait to land and get to the manor. They were only three servants working there full time, and they could be trusted to keep his presence a secret, Perfect.

He was coming in late, but he did call ahead of time to alert them that he was coming; they didn't need to do much. Just get him a room ready, and things can be sorted come morning.(Daily latest update www.noveljar.com)

As his jet landed on the runway, he still had two hours to drive before reaching the Manor.

Clara Collins was cuddled up with a good book. She was sitting on her back porch watching the sun go down—her favorite time of day. The orange and pink glow was sparkling on the water of Mirror Lake. It was one of the reasons she chose to live in this house, of course, the other reason, Micheal, she never spoke about.

She conjured his memory into her mind with a sigh, so handsome, it would always take her breath away no matter how old she became. She wished to see him again, but she knew that could never be.

A slight breeze came in from the lake and gave her a chill. She went back inside to get some hot tea and read some more of her book.

Clara was starting to get excited. It was Thursday tomorrow night. Her little Daisy will be coming for a couple of days. She had all kinds of things planned to do. She also had some shopping to do in the morning to get the ingredients for Daisy's favorite dinner, Lasagna.

She shivered again, sighing; she was going to have to stop staying out on the porch so late; her old bones just refused to take it anymore. She drank her tea which warmed her up. After almost falling asleep on the couch, she decided it was time for bed.

Clara didn't realize that the chill wasn't from the breeze or the wet air that caused her to ache. It was from the glowing impatient red eyes watching her from the trees on the other side of the beach, waiting for her to go to bed.

Around midnight the lights in the lake house were all out. That old bat was finally going to sleep. He made no noise as he made his way up the long flight of stairs from the beach to the house.

He waited in the shadows of the house to make sure there wouldn't be any interruptions. He didn't hear anything. She had to be asleep, she was old after all, and don't all old people go to bed early?

He turned himself to mist and slid under the kitchen door. He loved his unique talent; it was a rare one for his kind. He rematerialized and walked about the house in the dark. There was something about being inside someone's house while they were asleep. It gave him a sense of power.

He skulked around her house, floating silently like a ghost. He enjoyed the feeling of having someone's life in his hands. Looking at all their things as they slept unaware.

He walked around for a little while, running his hands over all her possessions, stopping to look at the picture of a beautiful woman. He wouldn't mind having some of that. She looked like she was in her early 20's lovely dark hair and those big blue eyes.

He even looked in her medicine cabinet, various things of the usual nature. No prescriptions; that is a good thing. Some of that crap could throw off the balance of the mix and make them taste bad.

After visiting every room, touching everything, he stood in front of her bedroom door, turned into mist once again, drifting his way into where his prey was sleeping.(Daily latest update www.noveljar.com)

There she was just completely oblivious to his presence, to her death. He wished that she would know he was here looking at her on some level.

Alas, it is not to be this time. He was to take the blood, nothing more, and leave. Pity, he was getting bored with these midnight runs. He always admired serial killers. They had such freedom and the joy of expressing themselves without the worry or details of your race's rules.

He went about his work as he was told and left the house with a sigh. His only pleasure was knowing that no one would know how he got in and how he killed her.

He loved being the cause of mysteries. What he really wanted was fame, someday they will know him and fear him. He will become a God of death and all will be afraid.