

The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 16

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Chapter 16

Daisy wasn't sure if she was dreaming or hallucinating, but sure as there was a sun, there stood a magnificent Tiger where Noah once was.

She felt her knees give out as she sat down on the grass. She just stared at the Tiger. He was a very handsome Tiger and big. He lay down and put his head down on his front paws in a way he looked like a lost little puppy.

Not feeling any danger or negativity from him, she moved closer to him. He stayed lying on the ground but moved a little closer to her. She couldn't help but let out a giggle. It was so cute.!)

The Tiger picked up his head and tilted it as if trying to figure out why she giggled. She started to laugh now outright. He was cute though she didn't think he would like to be called that.

She was reaching out a tentative hand to pet his soft-looking ears. They were super soft, and as she stroked them, he began purring louder. He moved and put his head on her lap.

Before she knew it, she was no longer petting the Tiger. Her fingers were now caressing Noah's face. She thought it was a clever, sneaky move on Noah's part, but she didn't mind.

Deciding to show him that she wasn't afraid and believed him, she leaned down and kissed him. She moved back and smiled at him.

He moved back onto his knees and then slowly maneuvered his body so that she was now lying beneath him.

He kissed her. This kiss was different than the others. This one was demanding and needy. Their tongues danced around each other in a desperate dance. He trailed his kisses down her neck and them back up to her lips once again.

When finally she pushed at his chest to stop, he was a little disappointed but did as she commanded. When he looked down at her, she held her breath for a minute. He was so handsome, and she didn't want it to end.

Reaching up to caress his face...

"This is wonderful, but I think that we should perhaps continue this in one of our rooms instead of out here where the world can see everything."

Noah couldn't believe his ears. Did she just say to bring it inside? Not to stop but continue. All he could do was smile and nod his head in agreement.

They held hands on their way back to his room. To say they were walking wasn't precisely accurate. (This novel will be daily updated at) It was a fast walk only because they didn't want to run.

Halfway to the stairs, Daisy suddenly felt her feet leave the floor as Noah lifted her and took off again. Either she wasn't going fast enough, or he didn't want her to get away.

She was laughing so hard that her sides started to hurt. There was no way she would tell him to stop: she decided that if this was the time to start her life again, she intended to begin, and she planned to

continue.

When they got to his door, she turned the door handle, and they went in. He walked her to the bed and put her down on her feet next to it. He pulled her to him, and he kissed her this time; it was a deep passionate kiss that made her tingle all over.

Before she realized it between her excited moans and his low growls of pleasure, she was completely naked before him; She looked at him. He stood there with nothing but his jeans; she wanted to see everything like she saw that first day.

Perhaps sensing what she wanted, he slowly unhooked the button and pulled down the zipper revealing a trail of dark hair straight to his groin.

He watched as she licked her lips, and he slowly pulled them off. She could see how much he wanted her, and he was impressive.

She walked up to him and reached out to touch his shaft. She caressed it, and then she grasped his balls in the same gentle manner, and he threw back his head in absolute pleasure.

When she stopped, he looked at her, and she could see that his eyes were now a molten gold color like the tiger she met in the garden.

"Tell me, what is the name of your Tiger," she asked in a low husky voice.

"Raja"

She was starting to feel herself getting wet. Just the sound of his voice when he said the name Raja. Made her want to come for him, standing right there without him even touching her.

Not wanting to waste any more time, she turned and got onto the bed laying there seductively just for him.

Feeling his weight as he came to her on the bed, he wasted no time and went for her breast, kissing and licking them and gently nibbling the nipples. She arched off the bed in intense pleasure, letting out a high-pitched keening noise.

He just laughed. It was muffled from the fact that he had his mouth full at the time; he made little circles with his tongue as he slowly made his way down her stomach to her mound of venus.

His tongue lazily slid down to her core; he sucked on each of her lips, spreading them apart to get at the wild nectar, sucking and lapping up as much as he could as she kept giving him more and more.

The pleasure was so intense it was almost painful. She came twice and was on her third when he stopped and kneeled between her thighs. He placed himself at her heated entrance and swiftly thrust into her as she screamed out another climax.

They were wrapped in each others embrace completely one, as Noah thrust faster and faster. She was

perfection, and he couldn't get enough. He knew that he would never get enough of her.

They were both past the point of rational thought and were one mind and body. (This novel will be daily updaed at)As Noah felt himself going over the edge of ecstasy, he let out a roar and then bit down on Daisy's neck.

Daisy was out of her mind with pleasure one minute she thought she could take no more and then she was rising to the clouds of joy when he bit down on her neck. She couldn't help it, her mouth watered and felt tingly as she bit down hard on his neck.

As soon as she bit him, she realized that something wasn't normal anymore. She felt as if she had bitten him deeply, beyond what her regular teeth would have done. She ran her tongue along the surface of her teeth and was shocked.

She panicked and ran for the bathroom on wobbly legs. She locked the door behind her and looked into the mirror, and sure enough, holy crap, she had fangs.

There was knocking at the door as a concerned Noah wanted to be let inside. She felt her fangs receding to normal. The door broke in half, and a troubled and confused Noah stood looking at her.

He kneeled in front of her, taking her hands in his she looked at his neck as blood ran out of the two places where she bit him.

All kinds of thoughts were running through her mind, his rejection, his thinking she was a monster. Ten million times, it raced through her thoughts just as the thought of what exactly was she.

He looked at her in the eyes, and finally, she gave in and pointed to his neck. He reached up a hand and looked at it as it was half-covered in blood. Not only that, but she kept staring at the blood, thinking she wanted to lick it off of him.

Noah, I, I, I have fangs. I don't know where they came from, and I never knew of them before tonight, but Oh my God, what the hell am I?

He brought her to him in an embrace...

"Shhh, it's alright we will figure this out. Don't worry; I am not sending you away or rejecting you. That would be very stupid since I can shift into a Tiger."

"You do know that we are truly for all time mates now; by biting me back, you sealed us together forever. You are my only, and I am yours."

"Oh my god, I didn't mean to do that to you; you must be angry with me to trap you like that. I didn't mean it, to be honest. I just felt like I was supposed to do it, and I did."

He let out a chuckle.

"Silly girl, that was my line; I should have been forthcoming with information before we sought to have our pleasure. You do realize, though, we are going to have to find out some information on your parents and what they were."

"Well, I think Enid knows more than she is telling, (This novel will be daily updated at)and there is the box I found with all kinds of love Lattare and nhatonto. A..-nl

letters and photos to my Aunt Clara."

He picked her up and brought her back to bed...

"We will go through that box together in the morning, and then we will go and ask Enid a few questions to know that this has happened and we are now mates. She might be a little more open about what she knows."

They decided just to enjoy the rest of the evening and then go down and see what they could raid from the kitchen. Not knowing the Enid had made up a bunch of finger foods for them.

Tomorrow will come soon enough.

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Chapter 17

Corry Davison got home at four am in the morning; he told his wife not to wait for him; they had a lot of things to do now that they had a possible serial killer in their midst.

If truth be told, it was the Sheriff that had a lot to do. He on the other hand did not, that was the life of the Mayor to tell everyone else what to do. He was going to be way too busy playing doctor with his new secretary. Kimberly was a tall blonde big boobed goddess he ordered from the agency. She was everything his wife wasn't and more.

He knew that his wife suspected he and his secretary were having an affair, but she could never catch him. It didn't matter now either because they agreed that she would go to her sister's house to stay till all this killer stuff was over with.

So when he went through the house to shower, he never bothered to notice that her purse was still on the stand by the door or that her car was in the garage.

He was planning a picnic with Kimberly in an hour and a half. He rushed through the house to put together a basket of wine, cheese, and fruit. They would drive about an hour out of town, so no one would see them that knew them.

As he was heading out, he noticed that the patio sliding door was wide open; he closed it and made a mental note to bitch to his wife about it later. He was out the door and pulling out of the driveway off to be with his Kimberly.

However, since the wife was out, they would not be checking into a hotel. He was bringing her back to his home and sleeping with her in his bed.

They will have fun playing house for a couple of days. Maybe they will even tap into his wife's stash of pot. (This novel will be daily updated at) That was one good thing about her. She had excellent taste in pot.

Enid sent a message to Micheal Deveroe via email; it stated simply that it was time that his daughter knew everything and that he was to hide no more. It was time he took a stand.

He didn't like her tone in the email, and the poop emoji was a bit uncalled for, but he supposed he did deserve it. Only Enid could have gotten away with that disrespectful tone with him.

She was right though he couldn't wait any longer she had a right to know, and she is approaching the age of change at twenty-five years old. When vampires get their extraordinary powers, he isn't sure how it would be for her, though.

All the races mixed her blood, though since he was her father and a pureblood vampire, her blood would have more of his vampire blood.

The only other way her powers would manifest is if she experienced some profound physical like mating with your true mate. ?

She could be just human with no special powers to speak of. That would be ok, too, though she would be hunted for her blood if she isn't already.

He remembered seeing her with that Lucas kid and wondered perhaps he should go there as soon as possible,(This novel will be daily updaed at) tonight even.

Still, he had to find The Ghost and end him; he was an impossible asshole, that is why he is called The Ghost. He caught him before, and he was determined to do it again.

God, help him if he goes after Daisy.

Noah and Daisy cornered Enid in the kitchen that morning and told her everything that had happened. She gave a little shocked look, but it wasn't that believable. Noah could tell she knew a lot more than she was speaking.

All she would tell them was to have the both of them go through her Aunt Clara's box of letters, read them all, and look at all the pictures because though Daisy might not know who anyone was, that didn't mean that Noah wouldn't.

They were in Daisy's room with all the pictures scattered and reading the love letters, and Enid was right Daisy didn't know anyone but Noah sure as hell did.

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He recognized Micheal Devoroe right at the start. When they were done with everything, Daisy just sat there in a state of shocked disbelief. Was everything that Aunt Clara told her a lie?

Not Aunt Clara at all, as it turns out she should have called her Mother. Then finding out her father was Micheal Deveroe, a famous and infamous vampire lord. She had no idea what to make of it. All her mind completely froze up.

It also brought to her mind how her mother died; all of her blood was gone. Did that mean that a vampire killed her?

Noah sensing her distress, climbed on the bed behind her and wrapped her body into his. He just held her like that, no words, just comfort.

"It is alright; someone has a lot of questions to answer. We will find them all and put this puzzle together. (This novel will be daily updaed at)Even if I have to let Raja out to bite a few in the ass to motivate them."

"I don't care if you're a vampire that sprouts purple horns and green wings, you are mine, and that is all there is to it."

At that moment, Raja began to purr again, relaxing her. He didn't care what she was. He already knew what she was, and that was His.

She whispered to them...

"Naughty Tiger always knows what I need to hear."

He chuckled and held her tighter into his warmth and loving understanding.

Sheriff Thompson didn't like long silences when it came to serial killers; it was never a good thing they were either laying low and waiting for time to pass, or they had another victim and were busy with that.

Either way was terrible; he suspected it was the latter of the two and that he had a new toy to play with. Letting out a sigh, he was pissed at the Mayor.

The jackass didn't want to let it out to the town that a killer was running around because this was fucking tourist season. Then the jackass leaves town for a few days with his secretary because of "business" Does he think we are all stupid.

He was half tempted to go and find his wife and let her in on a few things she might be interested in knowing. He wasn't that vindictive; everyone will find out soon enough. It wasn't like they were being discrete about it.

Anyway, his focus was on the serial killer "The Wraith." How was he getting in and out of places without being seen? Who was his next victim? Did he seem to like middle-aged to older women?

A serial killer likes victims for different reasons, but they usually want easy access or those that can't fight back.

A Middle-aged woman wouldn't be as strong as a young one, but they could still put up a fight. Perhaps that is what he liked. Who the hell knows what goes on inside their sick heads.

Still, he did make a list of all the middle-aged to older ladies in the area. That way, they could at least keep an eye on the ones they knew of anyway. It won't be easy, but it can be done.

Raymond Delasaries was impatient for the Ghost to return with that blood sample. What was the sick fuck up to this time?

He was sure he didn't want to know what that crazy idiot was doing, but it was interfering with his plans. (This novel will be daily updtaed at)He needed that blood, and without a sample, he would have no idea if she was the right one.

If he isn't back within a week, I will have to go looking for that asshole, and I will make him pay if I find out he has been playing this whole time.

His clients are getting greedy and fighting amongst themselves to gain another bottle. He needed the new Elixir to calm things down; he didn't want their families to start asking questions, not until he made all his money anyway.

He managed to find another boy to make the current recipe of the Elixir, so at least he would be able to supply more bottles to his clients, but he knew it was just a matter of time when the final stage would come and the Elixir would stop working.

He intended to be long gone when that happened; he wasn't staying around for that shit show.

The Wraith was on the floor of his playhouse rolling around higher than a kite; wow, whatever she was smoking must have been the excellent stuff. He hadn't felt this giddy since he drank the blood of that mean-ass leprechaun.

He would have to have her smoke some more of it. He wanted to feel this way at least one more time. He decided with his new toy, he would give up on the embalming that wasn't a good idea at all.

This time, he would play, but he would remake her into something even more beautiful than the last one.

She was a much more classy lady than the last, so he would have to go shopping for something as extravagant as her tastes. This time he was going to go with his next favorite color, blue.

He would have to get into her house to find her stash so they could have some more fun; he hoped that she wasn't smoking the last of it that would be disappointing.

Maybe when he goes back to her house, her husband will be there in bed with his juicy secretary, and he could have a little snack. Perhaps he could bring her husband here to have a Menage a trois. That would be fun for the whole town.

Rolling around on the floor, still laughing, he had tears of blood rolling down his cheeks as he held his stomach because it was hurting from all the laughing. Yes, he would have to have her smoke one

again.

So much fun and so little time. And then he started to giggle again.

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Chapter 18

Micheal Deveroe stood outside the doors of the Lucas mansion. He knocked and waited; Enid came to answer the door. She gave him a tentative smile and ushered him inside.

They were all waiting for him in the living room. They saved him a chair; he felt a little like the fox caught in the hen house as they stared at him.

Daisy's stare was the most disturbing to him. She had his eyes, but everything else was all Clara. It pulled at his grief. He was also feeling a sense of joy to meet her finally. She was gorgeous, just like her mother.

It was silence in the room for a little while as everyone looked at him, and he looked at Daisy. It wasn't as scary as he thought it was; he couldn't feel any anger coming from her, just confusion and maybe happiness.

"Well, I suppose you would like to know who your parents were and how it all ties to what you have going on right now. (This novel will be daily updated at)Ask me anything I will answer if it is within my knowledge to do so."

Daisy just stared at him. All she could think of was the night long ago when she was little, and he was standing outside her window.

"You are my father, and Aunt Clara was my Mother; it was you outside my window that night."

"Why did you leave?"

"Why did my mother pretend to be my Aunt?"

"Why?"

"Waiting so long to tell me, were you ever planning on letting me know that someday I would grow fangs? Or that I would start to crave blood?"

"Well, just Noah's, but still. I bit him. I wanted to lick off the blood. I thought that I had turned into

some monster!"

"First, I am sorry that I wasn't there for you; you were in danger. We had no choice but to do our best to hide you from the hunters."

"This is a long and complicated story that I am about to tell you, and it goes back thousands of years. It is the only way to have the whole picture of things and understand the reasons your Mother and I did what we did."

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namastory of the past^^^^^^

For starters, I am 2130 years old. I believe that this started even before my time. There are rare individuals in this world called pure blood. It isn't what you are thinking, though, Not pureblood shifter or vampire or whatever.

These pure blood are of all the created races of the earth, every race. It is believed that they come from the firsts of creation. The only references in the old books were, "They were of all things, and all things were of them."

It is said that they were true immortals and walked the earth for a very long time, there was no mention of exactly what happened, but the Gods came and took from the Firsts and created different individuals from them.

Therefore giving birth to all the supernatural races of the earth, all except humans. Humans were created by their god.(This novel will be daily updaed at) A God was more powerful than the others. It is said that this God was also the creator of the firsts, and he wasn't happy with the other gods.

So he created a pure-blood individual whose blood would be magical and give eternal youth. These individuals born once every millennium would be taken as normal humans with no knowledge of the power they possess.

The tome also states that their blood can only be used with their permission; otherwise, whatever is made with the stolen blood would be foul. Nor can It be sold or taken from the individual; you can only with permission.

Unfortunately, those who hunt specials do not go far enough in the books to discover that they need permission.

When you were born, it was determined that you had this blood, though I am pretty sure that there is more of my blood than the others. There was very little information left about how it all works. I think that was also deliberate.

We knew you had to be hidden. The friend who tested your blood for me was murdered; he didn't give out any information, thank god, because that bought us more time.

We decided that it was best for you to never learn of your true parentage that if another ever scanned you, they wouldn't find anything other than an ordinary human girl.

I put out that I was having an arrangement with a french vampire princess; she was a good friend of my family and agreed to help.

After that, you already know. I stayed away except for one night I had to see you. I had to know at least what you looked like. I didn't dare stay long, but I had to know.

#####end of story#####

"That brings us up to now I believe."

"You should also know that Clara was murdered, and I intend to make him pay. I believe that he is working for another and that you are the intended target."

"However, I believe that The Ghost has gone rogue, and Raymond no longer has control over him. At least, that is what I think is going on. I don't have proof yet."

"Now, sorry to pry, but I have come to the understanding that you two have become mates and that you have marked each other."

Micheal noticed that they looked at each other Noah smiled, and Daisy blushed but looked confused.

"Did something odd happen?"

Susan woke up tied to what she could tell was a large X-shaped table. She couldn't speak. She tried, and nothing would come out. She could smell chemicals and something metallic was it blood? She couldn't tell.

Heavy footsteps came up to her from the head of the table, and the next thing she knew, she was staring at a very handsome person. She wouldn't say he was human though he had a feral look to him and his eyes were glacial. They looked so cold.

"Hello, my little new toy. I have explained this once already, but you are new here, (This novel will be daily updaed at)so I don't mind doing it again; you can not talk at all. It is a potion; you will not make any sounds for three to four days.

First things first, though, I must compliment you on your exquisite taste in pot. That was the most delightful high I have had in a long time. I am so happy that I am going back to your house tonight to find where you hid it.

Perhaps I will find more guests to bring here, and we can all have a fantastic party. After all, it does get lonely, being all tied up alone down here.

I will be back before you miss me too much, don't worry about me. I will be right back.

The Wraith went out swiftly into the night right back to his precious toy's house; there were lights on now awww so they are home now. That is so wonderful; he giggled to himself.

Misting under the door, he lurked in all the nooks and crannies, but he couldn't find where she hid the pot. He made his way silently to the bedroom, and there they were in the middle of what looked like some sloppy sex.

He looked at the side table, and low and behold; there was her stash of pot. Those low lives were not only doing it in her bed but also smoking her pot too. Tsk, Tsk well, we can't have that. It is time to teach the Mayor how to share.

Ascending upon them, he drank from them till they were good and passed out for a couple of hours.

It was also good because he waited for them to climax before drinking, so he was high from that rush and the pot they smoked beforehand. He ended up drinking more from the slut.

Wow, what they say is true; you get the munchies from smoking pot. He laughed and laughed for about an hour, and then he was off with his other two playmates.

He couldn't wait for the Sheriff to see his next exhibit. It is going to be big.

Nicholas Lucas wasn't the big fool his wife thought he was. She felt that she had him fooled and that it was easy to do.

She didn't know yet but would soon find out that he had cut her out of the accounts. She has to have permission from him to spend any more money. She will also have to explain why she needs it, not more wants.

Finding out that she had spent millions of dollars without giving any accounting was terrible enough, but he found out that she was firing all their loyal servants. Some of the older ones she moved to the country.

Not only did she fire them, she never reported them to be fired and was collecting their wages. He found this to be intolerable.

He decided that she could have her ball, and at that ball, he was going to announce his divorce to her. He had all he was going to take.

There is no way he was going to let her ruin their sons life. He didn't know her motive and (This novel will be daily updaed at)he didn't care. Their son was off limits.

Everything with her is because of what someone might say, keeping up an image that had long since faded. See how she handles public humiliation as her punishment.

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Chapter 19

Nothing like a rumbling thunderstorm in the night to set the backdrop for his fun. It was perfect. He wasn't sure who to start with. He had never had more than one guest at a time, and now he had three.

Finally, deciding who it would be, the mayor's plaything was going first and then the mayor. He thought that perhaps the wife should have a little revenge in the end. He tilted Susan's table up so she could see all the fun. What kind of revenge would it be if she couldn't witness it for herself. He was always the thoughtful host.

He loved the fact that none of them could talk. It made it so much more exciting to know they can't plead nor beg for their lives, such a loss of dignity he wouldn't wish on anyone.

Screaming females was something he couldn't stand; it was like nails on a chalkboard, and it always made him lose his sense of decorum.

The Mayor's little plaything was bent over a table; her arms were straight out tied to the other side, her legs were connected to each of the table legs, and he had kept her dressed in her little barely there red lace slut clothes.

"I must say, Mr. Mayor, that you have exquisite taste in females, so ripe and juicy this one is."

He stepped between her legs and rubbed her back down with special oil. (This novel will be daily updated at)She tensed up; perhaps she thought that he would rape her.

"Oh, no, my sweet juicy little toy, I would never rape a female; to me, that is the ultimate sin. Given the current circumstance, it is a bit twisted, but it is what it is."

He rubbed the Oil of the Flame all over her body; just as he was doing the bottom of her feet, her body started to move within the confines, and he could tell by the silent scream that it was beginning to

work.

The Oil of the Flame came from ancient Greece. It very slowly burns off all of your skin. It takes two days, maybe a little more. He left her breasts, sex, and her head alone.

He had always wanted to use it but never had the circumstances to do so. He was very interested in seeing the results.

Then he turned his attention to the honored guest, the mayor of Poodunkvill. He had him strung up from the rafters; his feet were shackled to hooks in the floor he was spread eagle.

Still holding the pot of Oil in his hand, he waved it in front of the mayor's face.

"Do you know where I am going to rub it on you? Just so you know, I don't swing that way, but since you are all tied up, I guess I don't have a choice."

Looking down...

"Well, Well, Mr. Mayor, you kinky devil, you liked watching me rub your juicy secretary, didn't you?"

He gently rubbed the oil on the Mayor's Penis, Testicles, and Anus. Instantly he began to move and try to get loose, opening his mouth in a silent roaring scream. So forceful was his silent cry that you could hear the air hissing from his lungs.

Turning back to the wife, he smiled at her; he lit a joint and held it to her lips. Without hesitation, she took a significant long drag and let it out. He continued to do that for her till the joint was gone.

Licking her neck and even nibbled her ear before he sunk his teeth in deep and took his fill of her drug-laced blood. He whispered in her ear...

"Now, my favorite little toy, I will leave you to enjoy the pain and anguish of your cheating husband and his sluttly secretary. It is my gift to you; enjoy."

Cory watched as this man came into view. He tilted the table up, and there was his wife, (This novel will be daily updated at)Susan. He watched as the man went over to the table, and that was when he saw his lovely secretary spread out naked.

He couldn't help it. The scene gave him an erection. He tried to get it to go down, but the harder he watched, the harder it got.

Looking over at his wife, he could see her look of hatred and disgust on her face. He could also see her pain at his betrayal. He could not blame her. This isn't the way he wanted her to find out.

Kimberly started to move. It wasn't much, but it was enough that he could tell that something terrible was happening to her; her face was all contorted in pain.

He tried to move to do anything, but he couldn't even speak. Nothing came out when he tried to talk. He could make this creep a deal. He had money, well it was the town's money, but it didn't matter. He could do nothing but hang there in silent dread.

Watching the creep walk over to him with that evil grin on his face with that pot in his hand.

Not being able to hear what he said, he concentrated on that pot of Oil. When the creep rubbed it on his junk and his anus, he felt a warm tingling sensation, and then it ramped up into an intense burn that never stopped.

He was screaming, but no sound was coming out. In his pain, he watched as the creep walked over to his wife and lit a joint. The bastard then held it to Susan's lips as she took a long drag. They did this till it was gone.

She smiled at him with satisfaction. It was the satisfaction that she knew she would die, but at least she would get to watch him go first.

Then just before he passed out from the pain, he saw that creep licking his wife's neck and nibble her

ear, and then perhaps it was just the pain, but he could have sworn that he saw fangs as he bit down on her neck.

She watched as he started to writhe in pain, and though she was in the same situation and would surely die, she took great comfort that her bastard husband would go first and that she got to watch his pain.

That Cheating Bastard.

She closed her eyes and let the darkness and drug take her away for a while. In truth, when he bit her, she didn't feel any pain, only a weird kind of pleasure.

Sheriff Brad Thompson was a little miffed about why the Mayor didn't want him to involve the state police or the FBI.

It probably had to do with his, not so secret affair with his secretary. Everyone in town knew about it; the only one who didn't was the Mayor's wife.

Perhaps he was doing more than just fucking his secretary; Brad wasn't interested in that; (This novel will be daily updated at)he had a serial killer to catch right now. He was going to call his buddy in the FBI anyway. This will get out of hand if he doesn't get more men soon.

In the morning, he was going to the Mayor's place and telling him that he had called the FBI and that the Mayor would just have to deal with it. If the Mayor was doing something illegal, then it was his problem.

Brad didn't like the feeling in his gut; it told him that more bodies would be found before it was all

over.

Judith Lucas was furious; she went shopping this morning and found out that all her credit cards had holds on them. She then went to the ATM, and her bank card wouldn't work either.

Calling her husband and getting impatient because he didn't pick up right away. That miserable prick was always trying to make her life hell.

Finally, Nicholas answered her call.

"Hello, my Dear. Is there something wrong?"

She paused for a moment. His tone of voice wasn't the same as it always was. Usually, he was bored. This time he seemed amused.

"You wouldn't happen to know why I can't use my credit cards or access our bank account?"

"Yes, I do, my dear."

"Oh, why can't I then? Is there something wrong did we get hacked or something?"

"Nope."

She paused again; why was he this way? It was as if he was a fat cat with all the cream. What was he

up to?

"Well, Nicholas, are you going to tell me, or are we going to play twenty questions?"

"You see, my dear Judy, all your accounts are frozen and will no longer be accessible for you to do as you please. (This novel will be daily updated at)From now on, you have to get my approval if you want to spend money, and I am going to want to know what it is for before I agree."

She was stunned into silence. Her blood was boiling, and she wanted to scratch his eyes out of his face.

"HOW DARE YOU DO THIS TO ME, YOU BASTARD!!! I AM YOUR WIFE. I HAVE A SAY ON WHAT I BUY, AND IT'S NONE OF YOUR BUSINESS WHAT I DO WITH MY MONEY!!"

“My dear Judith, you are very wrong; you married into money, not the other way around. The money is legally mine, and I have done what I want to do with it. You are cut off.”

Judith kept slamming the off button on her phone; she did it so hard that the phone’s screen broke in half.

She would have to push her plans ahead of schedule and rush around packing. She got out her backup phone and called the girls to be ready by morning. If her bastard husband won’t give her any more money, perhaps her son will.

She needed more elixer. She needs it every four days; now, she is afraid she wouldn’t do well without the money. She was going to have to get the money one way or another.

Alex Mitchel was on his way to see his friend Noah; He had found all kinds of things about the past and the present. None of which were good. He had to tell Noah that he was walking into a shit storm.

Noah had asked him to do some digging, and he did just that, not realizing what he would find in the old records and what he found out about who was behind it all. He was not happy to be involved in it. Still, Noah was a friend, and that trumped any danger.

Alex also had to tell him something disturbing about his mother and friends. It wasn’t something he wanted to just text to him. This sort of nightmare had to be talked about in person.

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He was also aware that there was an old master Vampire in that town, along with possibly a crazy Killer Vampire rogue. The fucking Ghost. That guy was supposed to be dead.

Well, as dead as a vampire could be anyway.

The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 20

[/ The Elixir by Lori Ameling](#)

Chapter 20

Daisy sat in silence, looking out the windows into the rainy mist hanging on the trees and along the shoreline. She couldn’t believe all that she had just learned, not only about her Aunt, who, as it turns out, was her mother.

To be honest, it wasn't that big of a stretch for her to think she was her mom; Clara raised her as hers. She now had a more profound understanding of why Clara never allowed her to call her mom.

The part she had trouble with was her Father's identity. An ancient master vampire. She was a vampire princess. She is sure as hell didn't feel like a princess, definitely not a vampire one.

Her father assured her that she wouldn't crave blood or other vampire particularities. The senses she has always had came from his line, and she would always have them, and they may even grow into other talents.

He did go into the sex part of things. When she bit Noah, (This novel will be daily updaed at) she was supposed to take some of his blood and seal the marks with her tongue. But because she freaked out, that didn't happen, so it would have to be done again the right way.

Not only that, but Noah also has to bite her and take some of her blood into him. Somehow Raja was supposed to help with this.

Her father assured her that she would only crave Noah's blood and only in the thralls of their sexual climax. In time she would learn to control it if she wished.

It was decided that her father would be staying at the mansion with them. There was plenty of room, and they could meet his needs. That way, he would be close by should anything else change, or something new should happen.

She let out a sigh, and everyone turned to look at her. Still, she didn't remove her gaze from the window; in truth, she was much farther away in her mind than the window. She remembered a few more things that her mother let slip.

They were primarily little bits of memories, nothing special, just little things,(This novel will be daily updaed at) remembering the last time she told her she loved her. When she went off to college, she said..."Your father would be so proud." At the time, it didn't mean much, but now it meant everything.

That was when she felt fur rubbing up against her and the vibration of purring. It was warm, and she leaned into it while still in thought.

She came out of her thoughts when she felt something wet and scratchy run along her face. She looked, and there on the couch sat Raja. She looked around the room, and it was empty.

She stood up and patted her leg for Raja to follow. He didn't seem to mind. She took them upstairs to his bedroom. Once inside, she turned, and there stood Noah, he held out his arms, and she went straight into them.

Enid walked Micheal around to show him the rooms he could choose from. He chose a room that had been little used; it overlooked the garden instead of the favored ones that overlooked the lake.

"My god Enid she looks just like her except for the eyes she has my eyes. Now that I have met her in person and gotten to know just a little about her, I don't ever want to be left out again."

"There were some considerable threats to her life; she understands that you didn't stay away because you didn't love her, Micheal, just the opposite."

"Her mate is impressive as well that I am pleased about, Enid. There is still one more threat to deal with, and it isn't going to be a pretty ending. I have to find the Ghost and destroy him for good and all time."

"Is he that dangerous, Micheal?"

"Yes, Enid, he is, worse for the fact that he is totally and completely insane now."

It was then that everyone in the mansion heard the doorbell ring; it made everyone's nerves stand on

end.

Judith Lucas stood outside the locked front door to one of their summer houses. (This novel will be daily updated at) She was pissed. She had both Britney Myler and Brandy Pember with her, and here she was being treated like some

stranger.

Britney and Brandy stood unimpressed at the moment.

"HOW DARE THEY TREAT ME LIKE I'M SOME COMMON STRANGER.!"

At that moment, the door swung open, and Enid was staring back at the one person she hoped never to see again. With a sigh, she had only one word come into her mind. Shit.

"YOU!! YOU'RE THE LIAR THAT TOLD ME MY SON WASN'T HERE; HOW DARE YOU TAKE SUCH LIBERTIES WITH ME. I WOULD FIRE YOU RIGHT NOW, BUT I KNOW THAT YOU AND THOSE OTHER TWO FUCKTARDS ARE THE ONLY SERVANTS HERE."

With that, she pushed past Enid and went into the house with her other two companions behind her. Right now, coming down the stairs was Micheal Deveroe; Judith didn't know what to think.

"What is he doing here?" she said with her voice full of awe.

“Mrs. Lucas, this is Micheal Deveroe, and he is a guest here at your son’s request.”

“Speaking of which, where is my son? He should be down here to greet his mother.”

“He is at this moment upstairs comforting his mate in her grief and asked not to be disturbed.”

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Judith stood there for a moment, letting what Enid just told her sink in; he has a mate? How dare that little asshole do that? She had his mate right here with her. He can choose between the two, not select a backwoods nobody.

Everyone watched as Judith’s face turned several different shades of red; she looked like a madwoman on the verge of losing what marbles she had left. Everyone took a couple of steps back, except for

d to move from his place on the stairs. As if he knew that was where she would go.

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When Micheal refused to move, she started to yell for her son; no answer came. She tried to get past Micheal, this time using her Tiger to do it; he only daughed at her.

It was Enid who stepped in, Mrs. Lucas; if you are kind enough to wait here for just a little bit, we can have your chambers in the west wing ready in no time, and you can have a rest before dinner.

Judith suddenly realized that her crazy was showing. She stopped and nodded to Enid to everyone’s relief. Brandy and Britney were the most relieved they had to endure the trip here with the woman.

As soon as they were away from her, they both called their families to get them out of there. (This novel will be daily updaed at) Noah was taken, and his mother scared the hell out of them. There was no reason to stay.

Noah came down the stairs shortly after his mother had left.

"Is Daisy alright?" a concerned Micheal asked.

"Yes, Micheal, she will be fine, she is still grieving, and then all this other information comes out. It is just a lot to process. She needs some rest. I have come to see what that old battle-ax is up to."

Micheal looked questioningly at Noah.

"No, Micheal, there isn't much love left in me for my selfish and vain mother. I don't think my father has much love left for her either."

Micheal put a hand on Noah's shoulder. Son, I think you should know something about your mother other than that she is insane.

Noah looked at Micheal, unsure of where this was heading.

"Your mother is insane, so is her Tiger. What worries me is that she smelled like death when she was in the room. It isn't something any of you could pick up. It is my senses as an ancient that allows me to smell and sense it."

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"Why do you say this, Micheal. What is it that you know?"

"I can not be sure, but I have only smelled that smell of death once before a very long time ago; I told you about the elixir and how that the blood has to be given freely; otherwise, it turns foul."

"Well, there were some who took it anyway, and the elixir turned them into the walking dead. They would take the potion and then need more and more till finally, the elixir would drain them of all their

life."

"As long as they took the Elixir, they would look normal, but when they could no longer get any within days to a week, they would turn into something that you would think of like zombies; they go insane and start to eat whatever. Flesh they can find including their own."

"I am not entirely sure, but there was a rumor that those who drank more than three doses had gone past the point of return."

"I think your mother has been taking the Elixir and that she doesn't have long to go before she becomes something else."

"It was unsure in the books that I read or the rumors what exactly happens, but it has something with the two sides of the shifter merge permanently they are insane, and the elixir has done something to their soul, I am sorry buy it was very unclear."

"I believe that what they are called in their final state would be something akin to a native American legend, The Wendigo."