

# The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 2

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Daisy sat in her apartment entirely at a loss for anything. She didn't want to speak; she didn't want to eat; she didn't want to do anything. That is what she did, nothing. She was lost in a sea of pain.

It had been only an hour ago since she got the phone call that devastated her. She called the airlines since the flight was a small one, she was able to get the next flight out, which was in 5 hours.

She was like a robot on autopilot as she got dressed and packed her bag; she sat on her sofa dressed to be ready to go.

She just stared at the floor. Her only family Aunt Clara was dead, and the police wouldn't tell her anything; they would only tell her that she had died until she met with them face to face. (

She couldn't think of what it could have been, Aunt Clara was getting up there in years, but she had regular check-ups. The only thing that bothered her was her arthritis. The whole thing felt surreal.

Looking at the time, she decided that it would be best to start early. She was having dressed all in black and grey. It wasn't because she should wear this while in mourning; it reflected how she felt inside.

Grabbing her mail, she left a note to her landlord that she would be gone, ran out the door, and got into the waiting taxi.

Watching the scenes go by through the back window. It was raining, perfect, she thought. The Day should be dull grey and wet.

Everything was a blur to her. She was running on autopilot. The next thing she became aware of was landing in a little airport.

They didn't have much to pick from at the car rental booth. Daisy didn't care as long as it ran well and got her where she needed to go. When she got to the parking lot, she started to laugh a little. The rental car was instead a rental van, and it looked like it had seen better days. (

Great I get to pull up to the Lake House looking like I'm some pedo asking kids if they want candy.

Upon opening the side door, to put her bag on the other seat with a sigh. That was when the smell hit her. Oh my god, what the hell is that smell. She slammed

the door shut, trying not to barf, and walked back to the guy she rented it from. She didn't need this kind of crap tonight.

Finding the older guy from whom she rented the van, She noticed that he was doing something at a different booth. It seemed he had all kinds of duties in this tiny airport.

He explained that fishermen would rent it to haul their fresh fish to market, and there was a Greek restaurant that would sometimes use it to transfer their feta cheese and other items for their business.

They didn't always clean it when they returned it, and he had not had the time to do so either.

Unfortunately, she was stuck with it because the only other rental car they had was rented the night before. He told her that he would take some money off the rent as he handed her one of those green tree air fresheners.

Going back out to the van with a sigh, opened all the windows, and hung up the tree. It only made things worse. She used a wet wipe from her purse to wipe down the steering wheel and the buttons on the radio and heater.

Getting behind the wheel and headed down the road. She thought that she would be better off hitching a ride on the back of a manure truck. (

Millersfield, here I come, she whispered. Aunt Clara will laugh her ass off when she sees this van. It hit her again that she was alone; Aunt Clara couldn't see anything anymore.

Wiping away the tears so she could see to drive, she wasn't sure if it was from her erratic emotions or the fumes coming from the van.

Sheriff Brad Thompson is also Millersfield's only detective. He was a detective for the NYPD for 18 years before he finally got burned out, and he and his wife Madaline moved back to her hometown of Millersfield.

He looked over Ms. Clara Collins's house; it was clean but lived in. There were no signs of a forced entry. There was nothing.

Edna called it in; she always met Clara by the mailbox to chat and gossip. She wasn't there this morning. She saw that Clara's Jeep was still in the drive. She thought that maybe Clara had fallen and needed help.

So she went to see the doors were all locked and the windows. So that was when Edna called for a wellness check.

Deputy Cory Clark was the first to arrive at the scene, and he broke the window by the door handle to get in. Until he went into the bedroom, he found Ms. Collins and called it in.

It was like the rest of the house when Brad came into the room, and even her bed covers were undisturbed. At first, he thought that she had died in her sleep. She was an older lady. It wasn't uncommon to come to that conclusion.

When he got close enough to see her, he knew that something wasn't right. For starters, she was almost an ashy white color. There were no visible signs of trauma for all matters. She was asleep then died. Still, something wasn't sitting right.

Clara Collin's body was taken to the county coroner's offices to be examined. When they moved her, he noticed that there wasn't any of the blueing that occurred with death. He contacted the state police to locate any next of kin and notify them if they were out of state. (

They checked out the house to see if anything was stolen or seemed out of place, but there wasn't anything to go on. No footprints even though the ground was soft from rain.

Every door was locked, and the windows too—no prints on anything. There was nothing.

Sheriff Brad didn't like the feeling he had deep in his gut; it told him that something had gone sideways, in his corner of the world.

He hated sideways; it was one of the reasons he left the NYPD. Too much crap is always going sideways.

He loved this little town. It took a bit to grow on him, but now he felt home. He will be royally pissed if all that kind of crap he left behind comes to this town.

He will do his best to make sure it doesn't stay in this town; he didn't care if he had to call in every favor that was owed him.<sup>9</sup>

Noah sat on the porch at the manor, just enjoying the quiet. He had gotten in late last night, and he wasn't sure he was going to make it with that piece of a crap rental car. It was either that or that horrible van. He would have shifted into Raja first and ran to the manor.

He should have just called for a service, but he didn't want to alert his mother where he was. He paid cash for everything, so there wasn't a trail to follow. Still, he felt sorry for the poor bastard that got stuck with that van.

As soon as they pulled up, he shifted into Raja, and they went for a nice run. They didn't stay out long though something felt off in the air, and Raja didn't want to linger. (

Feeling for the first time at peace, something he hasn't had for a very long time. The caretakers are great people an older couple and the housekeeper Mrs. Ross got along great together. All his needs were met before he even knew he had them.

Most importantly, though, he could do what he wanted when he wanted to do it. He told the three of them not to go too crazy with doing things for him. Cooking and cleaning that was about it.

He sent the rental car to a garage in town to fix everything in it before he had it returned. So the next person will not necessarily have a fancy ride but at least a safe one.

Deciding that he might stay longer than he told his father; he could do his work from here; there were no perceivable issues; for now, their clients are all happy and stable. Production factories were running at optimal. So he could conduct any minor meetings or paperwork from his laptop.

Looking across the lake at the old lake house and noticed all kinds of police cars. He hoped that the people were ok. Also, it wasn't some mass drug bust or something.

Making a mental note to ask Mrs. Ross about who lived there now if it was still the same ones before. Raja was also looking at the lake house. He wasn't happy about it, and he said something was off there.

Perhaps Noah thought he and Raja might go and check things out after all the excitement had calmed down. He always felt pulled to the lake house, even as a child. He was never allowed there in his younger years. No one ever said why.

Knowing that he should have left right away, he couldn't help but watch as they tried to figure out who, what, when, and why. He smirked to himself. At least they had the where. (

The Ghost was fascinated watching all the police looking for anything to give them a clue. He left them nothing. When he started to have an idea, perhaps he could have some fun after all...

Yes, he thought I was going to get my fame after all. He thought about what Raymond would say but laughed. He never cared what the turd thought; he never did. He only would hang with him cause he got to do his favorite hobby. Killing.