

The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 3

Chapter 3

Raymond Deslaires sat in his office at the back of one of his clubs, drumming his long fingernails on his desk; he was not happy. He was annoyed at one of his collectors. The Ghost had never let him down before. This time though, it was a big letdown.

He was one of the few people who knew the Ghost's name.

"Blane, tell me again why you brought me the blood of an old woman?!"

Blane didn't answer. He just played with his dagger as if he was cleaning out his fingernails. He had little or no interest in anything but the kill anymore. He was getting too reckless. (

"You said Ray, Go and get me the blood of the female that lived at the lake house at 1990 south Bend Rd in Millersfield. I brought you the blood of the woman who lived there; she was the only one living there."

"There is supposed to be another female there as well, and she is the perfect age for the one we seek. I have waited for years to harvest her blood."

"She was the only one; there was a picture of a younger woman in her house. She didn't live there; I would have felt her."

"Fine, Blane, perhaps all is not lost then, surely if this is a daughter, perhaps then she will return to the town for the old lady's funeral. I want you to go back and watch. Don't engage yet; just get information."

"If you can bring me back a blood sample. I want this one alive, Blane, Alive! No more of your funny business."

With that, Blane gave Raymond a slight bow and left the office. They needed this girl. She had to be the one that he had been searching for. Raymond was pretty sure about that. (

The children are giving less and less, and their blood isn't entirely pure. He can't run out of that crucial ingredient for the elixir. Without it, he will have to stop making it. He had found out about a rumor that a young girl was living at that house.

She was supposed to be mixed blood of all the races, but there was no more information on the subject, and some that spoke it into the whispers of the night would no longer speak of it again.

That was something he wasn't about to do. He was making a boatload of money off this, and he wasn't willing to let it go. Besides the money, it will also gain him a place on the council of the seven leaders.

This girl had to be the one. He had to have her

Daisy arrived at the lakehouse surrounded by yellow crime scene tape. The Sheriff said he would be over around 11 in the morning to take it all down and talk to her about her Aunt.

All she could think about was a long hot shower with lots of soap. After two hours in that van, she felt like she would never smell good again. She is sending that nightmare van back to the airport as soon as possible.

Unlocking the front door to the house and stepped inside. The house felt odd and empty. It was like all the good was sucked out of it; Aunt Clara's presence was gone. It was just a house now. (

Sitting down at the kitchen table, resting her head in her arms as she started crying. She could not hold back the sorrow after entering the house. All the memories flooded back to her; looking around, she saw the recipe card for lasagna on the counter, and she couldn't hold it in anymore.

Feeling cried out, she was exhausted, heading straight for her old room and the shower. Taking out what she needed getting some towels from the hall closet. Taking the longest shower of her life, she was in there till the hot water was almost gone.

Once she was in her cozy jogging pants T-shirt and fluffy robe, she went and checked out the house. She wasn't sure she wanted to know, but she had to see her Aunts bedroom where they found her.

When she entered the room, she got a cold chill that ran down her spine. She was always sensitive to these kinds of things, nothing distinctively clear, just feelings. (

Letting out a gasp, she instantly knew that her Aunt Clara had been murdered. Looking around the room and saw that nothing was missing or out of place that she could remember.

Her cell phone and jewelry were still on the dresser; her purse was in the living room. It was all intact, and she still had three hundred dollars in cash and all her cards. So it wasn't a robbery.

She went back downstairs to her Aunt Clara's living room and looked for the boxes where she kept her keepsakes and photos.

Having an uncontrollable urge to see her Aunts face again. As she was going through the boxes, looking at all the photos of them together, she came across an old shoebox hidden behind the others.

Inside the box were many letters, all addressed to Clara Collins. She took the box of letters and two of the photo boxes upstairs with her to her room. For some reason, she didn't understand. She felt safer with them in her room as she slept.

Why would anyone want to kill Aunt Clara? Was it a random serial killer thing? She didn't think that Aunt Clara had enemies. Too tired to think on it anymore, she checked all the doors and windows, making sure they were all locked.

She was making her way up to her old bedroom, putting the boxes just under her bed. She wasn't sure she could fall asleep, so she opened a box and pulled out her Aunt's photo holding it to her for comfort. (

She was more tired than she gave herself credit. Within minutes she was deep in sleep. She was still holding her Aunt's picture to her heart

Noah and Raja were out for a night run on their vast property. They stopped to look at the lake house as they came upon the lakeside of their trail.

It was dark and quiet now all the police and other people were gone. In the light of the moon, they noticed another vehicle in the drive.

They couldn't believe their eyes. Is that the stinking van from the airport? No way, who would be desperate enough to drive that thing anywhere?

It was clear that their curiosity would get the better of them. Noah would have to pay a friendly visit to the lakehouse and see who rented the van.

Anyone brave enough to drive that thing the two hours it took to get here had to be worth checking out. He made a mental note to try not to mention that he was the reason they were left with only that choice.

As they left the drive, they went along the lakeside of the house; stairs were leading down to the dock. Once they were at the bottom of the stairs, their whiskers picked up some residual energy. (

There was a scent, but it was too hard to pick up. It was mingling with all the other scents of the police.

They will have to come back, hoping it was a strong scent that can linger while others are dissipated. They were feeling an attachment to the house. It was like a draw.

It was getting late, and they didn't want to be seen walking about; tigers are not common in this country, and they didn't want to find themselves on the front page of the local newspaper.

Raja decided he wanted to swim back to their home; he slipped into the water silently and swam to their house, staying in the shadows.

Enid Ross loved Millersville; she had just come back to stay at the manor house as a kind of retired position; the master was easy to deal with, not like the other Lucas's; the father was though a bit reclusive, was a great boss.

Mrs. Lucas and her ladies were not. It was a welcome change when this position opened up. She couldn't pack her things fast enough.

She and Clara were great friends, and in the last year and a half she has been back, their relationship picked right up where it left off. Things were perfect.

When Clara announced that Daisy was coming for a visit, she was overjoyed though a little unsure; she did leave to go to a better job when Daisy was still young.

This morning it all changed; that was when Edna had called and told her that Clara was found dead in her house. No one had any answers yet. Edna said she would still keep an eye out for more information and let her know.

Edna was a lovely woman. She would do anything to help out. She was also the town's worst gossip. Unfortunately, she was the town's only mail deliver.

Sitting down in her room, Enid was in shock; Clara was gone. She was murdered if Edna could be believed. She wondered if anyone had told Micheal yet.

She wasn't sure it would be wise to tell him; he did have a right to know, though. It was also time that Daisy should be told the truth, all of it.