

# The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 38

## Chapter 38

Garret took the small package from the porter and slammed the door in the little turd's face. The porter was one of the countess's lapdogs; Countess Alissa Martin was one of the worst of the bunch. If she weren't constantly lying and scheming, you would see her friends and servants doing it for her.

None of the castle servants wanted anything to do with them. They were gossip mongers and backstabbing jerks, the whole lot of them. The worst is that they never even bothered most of the time to be discrete their evil crap right out there in the open for all to see.

Not to mention how she throws herself all over King Michael whenever he is in reaching distance. The King has been trying to get rid of that witch for years, but nothing ever seems to stick.

Now she wants to befriend the princess, he let out a sigh and rolled his eyes, and he took the box and put it in the King's office instead. If it were harmful for some reason, it wouldn't reach the princess. He would still toss it in the trash even if it weren't dangerous.

He will not let that creature get close to Daisy; he doesn't think Daisy would be fooled. He didn't want Daisy breathing in all that toxic air that the witch gives off, nor did he want Daisy to be traumatized by the witch's appearance.

Garret made his way to the kitchen. The smell coming from inside made his mouth water; he laughed that he was an old vampire. He should be drooling for anything but blood. That is what the Princess's true power was. She brought people together and showed them true friendship.

They were hunting well into the next day, but there wasn't a trace of the demon anywhere; it was very disappointing knowing that that thing was roaming, freely to do as it pleased.

However, Noah wasn't as disappointed, just worried they had wounded it pretty well. He didn't think that it was out roaming about. They would have found it; no, he felt that it had gone to the ground to lick its wounds.

To be safe, Noah had little Danny, and his mother to move into the west wing until this thing could be destroyed. He didn't think they were in too much danger, but he didn't know if that demon would rise again hungry or looking for revenge.

Michael and Noah headed home for some rest and food; they would have to go out again. Michael decided to break up the guards into shifts, so there was a constant search going.

When they were close to the castle, Noah put his nose to the air, and his eyes were glowing; Michael looked at him curiously.

“What is it, Noah? What do you smell?”

When Michael noticed Noah’s same scent, his mouth started to water. What the hell? Why is his mouth watering for food? When he looked back at Noah, he could tell that his Tiger Raja was behind

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c those eyes as Noah took off at a run.

Michael started for the castle kitchens after Noah in amusement.

“Come on, Michael, last one, there is a rotten egg!!”

“Haw! You wish, kid. I may be old, but I have some mad skills!”

They both ran off racing each other until Michael cheated and teleported to the back steps waiting on Noah. They both looked at each other and started laughing. It was like a needed release after all the evil energy they had to be around.

The Wraith found the perfect spot to wait things out, the dungeon was a wonderful place it was vast and quiet, just the perfect place for him; not only that, but the older end of the dungeon is where he chose to stay. Due to its age, it was walled off from the rest of the castle dungeon. It was perfect for him because, in his mist form, he had access to the whole bottom floors of the castle that were above it, it didn’t give him access to the west wing or the king’s chambers, but it gave him access to the ballroom.

He also found that he could go in and out of the main quarters and bedrooms of the royal guests that resided there from the ballroom.

Spying on your fellow vampires was forbidden, but what did he care about rules? It was very liberating not to have to follow all those stuffy laws.

Still, he had to be careful because other vampires could pick up on his energy with their unique abilities; he made sure to give those rooms a wide berth.

He searched every nook and cranny and found the perfect spots or ambushes and for hiding. His plan was coming together now. He had to wait for them to resume their normal activities.

Perhaps he should be gracious and help hunt down that demon; it might speed things up a bit and would also take care of his boredom. He would have to be very careful though he didn’t want the King to pick up on his trail; the King was the only one that could take him out.

There was also the matter of Raymond. He sensed that moron was in the castle too, no doubt trying to get to the female. He would have to find out what he was

doing so he could ruin Raymond's plans. It was not going to be any fun if that moron got the female first; that would destroy all his pleasure and entertainment.

He got up and misted into the day hunting another demon that that moron created.

Raymond knocked on Alissa's door, one of her lapdogs answered, and after went into her private chambers. He was told he could proceed into her bedroom. He was dressed for the occasion; gaining an audience with this slut was easy, getting away not so much.

Once you let her rake her nails down your back, she won't let you go quickly. She had problems with men fucking and going. Not that Raymond blamed them; good god, her voice was like listening to Fran Drescher after she inhaled too much helium. O

She is a gorgeous woman until she opens her mouth; he hoped that tonight at least he could fill up her pretty lips with something other than words.

He needed this bitch to have a place in the castle to stay until whatever bullshit the King was off fixing was done, and they would loosen security. He was already aware that the female he was searching for was the princess and that she was too well guarded to sneak in and take her.

Not only that, but he had the complication of when she goes missing, the whole castle will become link a bunch of angry hornets on a killing mission.

That was the other reason he chose Alissa. He hoped that she would aid him in his plans; she was easy enough to bribe. He could also give her any empty promise he could think of to gain her help.

He walked through the doorway and was immediately ambushed. She was already at his pants, and the door wasn't even shut yet; he smiled. It was going to be easier than he thought it would be.

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"Slowly, my Countess, slowly we have all day and night at least for this kind of play; I will let you have all you want. Just take it a little slower."

"I don't want slow today, Ray, I want it fast, and I want it hard. I want to scream in pain and ecstasy, and then I want to do it again and again. Then maybe we can do slow."

She didn't even let him get his pants off before she had her mouth around him, swallowing him whole. He grabbed her roughly by the hair and pulled hard as she moaned in delight.

Raymond let out a sigh; it was going to be a long time before he would be able to talk business.

It found a cave; it was so angry and hungry. The pain, the pain!! It watched as its wounds healed themselves; the cave provided the best kind of darkness and dampness.

Revenge, I want revenge!!! It screeched out into the darkness, kill that little piggy, eat that little piggy. I want to eat all the little piggies.

Deep inside, a woman wept and waited for the evil thing to sleep; perhaps she could put a stop to this. She felt that she had only one chance before the beast had complete control, and her soul would be ejected into hell.

She pulled images from the beast's mind; she was horrified at the small boy it was chasing. She knew that if she didn't find a way to stop it, it would go after him again; she also knew that she couldn't let it eat a child.

That was when she heard it speak to her...

"I know you're there; you know that soon you will be gone. I am eating your soul to sustain me till I

feed. Once I feed for the first time, you will be gone, and I will be indestructible."

"You think that you are going to go to hell, but I can put your mind at ease with that; you will not go to heaven or hell; you will simply no longer exist."

The woman couldn't even remember who she was or her name; she just knew that she had this one last chance. She went deep inside and shut it out. Waiting.

It laughed at that pathetic human. It was no more than a yoke in its egg, something for it to devour and become stronger. Nothing more. So hungry. I can't wait to sink teeth into all that tender meat of the little piggies.

It hated the light and would have to wait till the night to feed; it closed its hands to shut its eyes and waited for the sun to set.

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After visiting with his daughter and watching the horror of his son-in-law devouring lasagna, Michael was tired. He didn't always feel tired, but it seemed that the older he became, the more tired he was, mainly it was mental.

Until he had met his beloved Clara, life was empty. There were so many places you could see in so many ways, there were only so many wonders to witness. Different types of people so many things to learn or books you could read before it all comes to end.

Things did not hold that much meaning to him anymore, even the simple joys of enjoying a good glass of wine with blood or a favorite song. They didn't have anything for him anymore.

That was until he was able to be with his daughter again. (This novel will be daily updated at )She was a lot like her mother, but he could also see some of him in her too. It, for the first time, made him feel alive again that there was something left in this world to enjoy. There was a future for him as well with grandchildren. He knew that some of this Elixir crap was his fault, and the way the court royals acted, he had become complacent with it all because he didn't care. That was all about to change. It was time he was alive again.

He reached into his desk drawer and pulled out the only thing that had kept him alive all those years. It was a picture of himself and Clara on the day they brought Daisy home after she was born.

It was a sunny day, and the water was reflecting the sunlight of the lake in the background, giving Clara an almost angelic look and her thousand-watt smile he loved so much.

It was the best day of his entire existence and being two thousand one hundred and thirty years old, that is saying something. He still had dreams about this day, and the memory was as clear as that day.

He could even hear Clara's laughter and how it felt when little Daisy grasped his pinky finger in her tiny hand. He closed his eyes holding the picture over his heart, smiling as he dozed off.

Just as he was almost totally asleep, a knock came on his door. He knew who it was already. It was his trusted friend who was nearly as old as he was.

"Come on in, Garret."

Everyone thought that Garret was just a butler, but in truth, he was nothing of the sort; he had been his trusted advisor through many a difficult time. He was also Michael's spy though no one knew it because Garret hated gossip so much, he considered it one of the deadly sins.

Garret didn't look very happy as he came to his desk; Michael noticed that he was holding a small golden box as if it might bite him.

"What you got? Old man?"

Michael couldn't help but smile at Garret's face when he called him old.

“Old? Who the hell are you calling old? I am five hundred and two years your junior; if anyone is an old codger, it is you.”

Garret set the box down in front of Michael with a thud, as if it was some nasty piece of garbage.

“I will have you know Michael that this little gem came from the Countess as an introduction present; she is seeking to sink her claws into your daughter.

I have not told the Princess of this gift.(This novel will be daily updatad at ) I thought, considering the source, that it would be best if it were checked out first before sending it to your daughter.”

Michael now looked at the little golden box like it was a pit viper about to strike; he wished he could find some proof of this witch’s misdeeds, but nothing ever sticks; either her father gets her out of trouble, or the victim clams up.

Michael reached into the bottom drawer of his desk and took out a unique pair of gloves. They were magically enhanced for protection, it could be a bomb and blow up, and his hands would be untouched, and no poison could get to his skin or curse touch him.

He opened the lid to the box and stared at what was inside.

“Holy shit, that bitch finally gave me the proof I have been searching for.”

Pulling the little golden bottle out of the box, it shimmered in the light on his desk; it looked almost alive and had a malicious feel about it when you looked into the glass.

In his hand was the reason for all the demons and other things it was doing to the shifter females. Right here was finally the crucible, the crux of it all. Now all he had to do was question Miss Alissa, aka The Countess, and what she had to say for herself.

After all, this is a deadly potion, which is considered an attempt to assassinate the Royal Princess. He decided he would let her think that her plan was coming together. He wanted to get so much crap on her that she would never be able to shake it off.

She waited for it to go to sleep. She knew that it was fighting to stay awake, but without food other than the little of her soul that that monster was sucking from her, it couldn’t go long without needing to rest. As soon as she felt its presence leave, she leaped forward and took over the body.

The more she tried to remember who she was or where she came from, the less there was to find; it was because that thing was eating her soul.

She had to grasp this one last chance; If she could kill it before it woke back up, then she would still have a little of her soul left for the next life, and that monster would go back to hell where it belonged.

Running out of the cave wasn't easy because she had to hold out her hands to see; it was strange though she had very few memories left. She did remember basic things like having eyes in her head, not in her hands.

What kind of monster had she become? Once she was out into the sunlight, her skin began to tingle. It

was an unpleasant feeling, but it was bearable.

Having eyes in your hands did have some advantages, though; she could see everything from every angle, side to side, front to back, and any other combination she needed.

Now all she needed to do was find the nearest person who could kill her, she wanted to try killing herself, but she was afraid that it would wake up the monster. (This novel will be daily updated at )She was already trying to push the tingles out of her mind.

She ran through the forest and was about to give up any hope when she could hear males talking in the distance; they were not too far away. She bolted into the fastest run she could manage, making as much noise as she could they had to hear her.

Laughing to herself, ready or not, here I come...

The Wraith sat in the upper branches of the tree, he could feel the evil energy. He couldn't pinpoint its location, it was frustrating, and he could hear the hunters just in the distance searching as well. They were so loud though a train could plow through blowing its whistle and they wouldn't notice.

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He wondered about his actions of late. He was doing all this because he was pissed that someone was stealing his spotlight. In truth, wasn't he the hero here instead of the villain?

He stopped his thinking when he heard crashing and snapping of branches; to his horror, there it was, running all out straight for the hunters. What was it trying to do, eat them all, or commit suicide?

Letting out a sigh, he doubted that those bumbling idiots would know that the only way to kill a Lamina was to rip out its heart and then stab the heart through with a shank or spear made from the Rowan tree.

He jumped down from his lofty perch and ran to intercept the demon.

The Lamina was the Queen of Libya who had an affair with Zeus; Hera had found out, and either took away or killed Zeus's children from the union.

This drove the Queen into madness, and she started killing all the children and eating them thus turning into the demon. Hera made the Lamina blind so it couldn't find the children. Still, Zeus felt pity for his former lover and gave her eyes in her hands.

The only way to kill it was to rip out her heart, so she doesn't feel the pain of her missing children anymore. It was a sick and sad twisted tale, but it was what it was.

The ancient Gods were assholes; the funny thing was they were not even Gods, just fallen angels that were egotistical narcissists with the need to be better than God's creation.

He had already found a lovely young Rowan tree and fashioned the spear he needed. (This novel will be daily updated at ) Now all he had to do was catch up with the thing and rip out its heart. Easier said than done.

Before catching up to the demon, he had one final thought: what other creations had Raymond made? Were they all mythological demons? Damn, that Elixir sure is the ultimate asshole potion.

For some reason, he thought that making that potion was going over the line, which was strange because he didn't follow the law or any rules.

He heard a loud screech as the demon turned to face him; it didn't move at him, though, which he found strange. He looked into its eyes and realized that it wasn't the normal all-black but a rather pretty pair of human or human-like eyes.

The Wraith started to laugh; this was an exciting turn of events, so the monster was on a suicide mission, after all; he had to admit that he had cured his boredom.

For the first time since he was forced into turning, (This novel will be daily updated at ) he was grateful that he was a vampire because his human self could never have the strength to do what he was about to do.