

The Elixir by Lori Ameling Chapter 31

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Chapter 31

When Micheal had returned, the place looked like it did before it all had started; Chief Storm Walker was performing a cleansing on the house and the grounds; all remnants and evidence of the Wendigo and what happened was gone.

Micheal waited till the Chief was done with his cleansing.

“Chief Storm Walker, is there no way to get Nicholas back from that dark place? Has he no hope? Is there anything that can be done?”

Sitting down next to Micheal, he looked at him and smiled.

“There is hope, yes but not the kind you are wishing for; once he went through the portal, his physical

him out of that dark one and on to the next life.”

Micheals’s heart was saddened at that, but there was a chance for Nicholas’s soul to be free, (This novel will be daily updaed at)then he would do whatever was needed to get it done.

“What is needed to get it done? If it is within my power, I will do it.”

The Chief smiled at him again...

“You are a good person; I will tell you what has to be done and where you need to go first. You will need the tears of a willing widow and the blood of the son. Only a little bit is needed of both.”

“When you have these items, then bring young Noah and Daisy to my tribe, ask Jack he will guide you to where you need to go, you have to be there by the light of the first full moon of the summer solstice, That is about three weeks away.”

Jack had left, so he wondered how the three tribe members were getting home he was about to offer when the Chief walked over to his tribe members, and before he could blink, they were gone.

After everyone was gone, Micheal called for the caretakers to come back as he went to the lake house to get his daughter and son-in-law some clothes and a few personal needed items.

He hoped he picked out the right things. If they are not, he will get them what they wanted; he put them all into a suitcase and transported himself to his beach house.

His last thought before he shimmered was, where the hell am I going to find and collect the tears of a widow?

Noah was lying on the beach's white sands; the place was spectacular. It was a massive beach house on an island all by itself. Daisy sat beside him as they both stared out at the vibrant blue-green of the ocean.

It was peaceful, the waves gently coming to shore as they held each other, it had been three days since the battle with the Wendigo, and he was feeling better physically, but his heart was still aching.

He would get memories of his father playing with him as tigers running and jumping and his father's face when he was proud of him.

One of the first things he had to do when he was able was to call his remaining family members and their community and tell them about his father's death.

Micheal was able to help with making all the funeral arrangements which weren't easy without a body. He had to explain things more than once to several prominent members and Elders; it helped that his father had brought along an Elder.

He was able to convey what had happened and what he had witnessed, which finally calmed the others

down.

Enid was a godsend for those first two days and nights; she cooked for them simple things to help build back up their energy and strength, she did whatever she could to help them.

Micheal stayed there till they were both able to move about and take care of themselves, but then he (This novel will be daily updated at)"left to take care of other matters; never saying what those matters were, he would come back for an

hour or two every evening, though.

Finally, about two nights later, he came back and kicked the garbage can in frustration. All three of them could hear the ruckus and some very inventive swear words coming from outside.

Noah cautiously came out onto the deck and looked at a very disheveled Micheal. He looked like he had lost a fight with the wind.

"Need to talk about something Micheal?"

"Yeah, I guess I do."

"I know this is going to sound strange, and I don't know what you are going to think of my part in it, but please keep an open mind, Noah."

"Micheal, after what we all have been through, I doubt there is much you could tell me that would be surprising anymore."

Micheal smiled at him, knowing that this was going to do just that surprise him once again.

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"Well, when I went back to the Mansion to help with the cleaning up, The Chief and I discussed how to get your father back from the dark world."

Micheal saw Noah's face gain some hope, and he wanted to kick himself in the ass for being the one to put it there.

"I am sorry, son, but his physical body was killed once he went through the portal. The only way we can help him now is to show him the way out and let him travel on to the next stage."

"That is what I have been doing these last couple of days, and it is frustrating the hell out of me. The Chief said that I had to get two things and then bring you and Daisy to his tribe."

"These two things sound simple, and I think that the latter one is but this first one is turning into a nightmare; I almost got my ass handed to me by two elderly ladies. I am coming up short at every try I make."

"Well, ok Micheal, let's hear what they are, and maybe a fresh mind could help you get what we need."

"Ok, here it is; I need to gather a little bit of each of these items; the first is the tears of a willing widow, the second is the blood of the son."

Noah started to laugh, and then he was rolling around on the deck laughing; Micheal didn't see what was so funny about this situation, but part of him was glad that Noah was having a good laugh.

"Ok, enough already. What the hell is so funny about having to get the tears of a willing widow?"

"It isn't the task that is funny. The picture in my head of you, ancient power and wise Vampire going from funeral to funeral trying to get tears from old ladies. No wonder they wanted to beat you up."

Micheal started to laugh as well.

"Ok, I see your point; believe me when I tell you, the willing part is harder than it sounds. Normally, I would go and put them under a spell and take them, but they have to be willing."

"Trust me; they are not willing. The first one called the police, (This novel will be daily updated at)the second one and her sister beat me and called me a pervert. This last one sicked her dogs on me in front of all kinds of humans, so I had to drag myself behind a tree to escape."

It was at that moment that Daisy came out and sat between them.

"Hey, you two, I heard laughing wanna share I could use a good laugh about now."

After explaining everything to Daisy, they all had another good laugh at Micheals's expense. Daisy went silent and was working out the problem.

"Well, Dad, I think it's pretty simple, really; you need a willing widow. You are a widow Dad; use your tears."

Micheal looked at her for a moment, dumbfounded by the simplicity of it and at his stupidity for not thinking of it himself.

When Jack got home, Nova came out to him as fast as she could, waddling like a duck all the way. He didn't dare laugh, though. The last time he did that, he got a slap upside the head, and Brutus was told that he had to go on a diet.

So anytime Jack thought that something Nova did was cute and wanted to laugh, Brutus would growl at him so loud that he would jump up in the air. O

As soon as she reached him, he scooped her off her feet and carried her back into the house, kissing her all the way, no more darkness for them.

When Archer returned home, he picked up Rachel and went to their bedroom, laid her down on the bed, and curled himself around her body, just laying there both him and Solis trying to forget the evil they had witnessed.

Rachel calmly just laid there with them, sensing that what they needed right now was comfort and security at the moment.

Later around a bonfire, he told Rachel and the others what had happened as they all said a prayer for Nicholas Lucas that he would stay strong in the dark world and find his way home.

A mist slinked its way through the forest; it was almost to its destination. It circled Raymond Delsaires mansion; all the safeguards were still in place, which meant he couldn't get inside.

The mist hovered above the backyard as it made its way to another place where he might find his new toy. He wasn't going to give up that easy; after all, anything worth doing was worth doing well.

The factory had the same safeguards as the mansion; the Wraith swore to himself, well, then if I can't go in and get him, I will have to find a way for him to come out to me.

He smiled a sinister smile. I knew just the right bait to use to lure him out. (This novel will be daily updated at) Then he drifted off to one of his old safe houses to plan his next move and find and build his new workshop.

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Chapter 32

Millersville was starting to go back to normal. It had only been days since what the locals call the night of silence; nobody had a reason, nor did anybody want to talk about it to find an explanation.

If it was talked about at all, it was in hush whispers and behind closed doors; everyone seemed afraid to mention it out in the open like they were worried that to speak of it would somehow invite it to

return.

The only person that knew the whole story was Sheriff Brad Thompson, (This novel will be daily updated at) and he wasn't talking about it to anyone, not even his wife.

A story was made up telling everyone that the serial killer was responsible for all of it and that the Sheriff had killed him in a shoot-out just outside of town.

No one questioned it, nor did anyone ask for proof. They just nodded their head and went about their business, trying to make things go back to the happy normal it was before.

The caretakers returned to the mansion across the lake, and the lake house was being packed up and would remain empty until Daisy decided what she wanted to do with it.

Micheal decided that he would like Noah and Daisy to stay with him, but he wasn't sure. Noah now has more responsibilities with Noah's dad being gone.

Tiger shifters didn't have clans or packs. Sometimes families would get together and form small communities, but that was it unless it was like in the Lucas family, which were well established as a hierarchy in the Tiger shifter world.

The old families as they were called might not accept Daisy as Noah's mate; that could be trouble. He also knew that Noah was all Daisy's and hers alone. He was amused at the thought of when those snobs find out who she is.

Micheal had a feeling that the whole Elixir business was just getting started. There were still at least three women Tiger shifters out there who he knew were taking it. There was no way of knowing how many more there were out there waiting to turn into monsters.

Chief Stormwalker clarified a few things that Micheal couldn't find in the ancient books. Everyone who takes the unwilling elixir will become the monster that their soul and personality resemble the most.

The problem was each individual taking the elixir is affected by it in different ways; some could take it for years upon years and eventually shrivel up and die, turning to dust.

While others turn into demons of various kinds, there was no set number of doses that it would take to turn someone either.

For sure, there was no cure; once you willingly take the unwilling elixir, you are doomed to a horrible death at the very least.

Dear God, Micheal thought, let us hope that Judith Lucas was the worst of the bunch and not the best. What other things could be born from this Elixir?

Not only that, he wasn't a fool to think that the Ghost, aka The Wraith, was gone for good either. He knew that bastard still had a part to play in all this he just hoped he could stop him before he got going again.

He stood up and went to his private garden. It was time to collect those tears.

The Wraith was so happy with himself that he managed to establish his workshop and living quarters right under all their stupid noses, Raymond would choke on his tongue if he knew where he was sitting right now.

He giggled at his cleverness and creativity; now that he had his workshop up and ready to go, (This novel will be daily updated at) all he needed was a new play toy to mold into the perfect masterpiece that his audience had come to expect from him.

Thinking of his next victim carefully, he would have to have a test subject; at least, after all, his primary guest is royalty.

Searching his map and the register of living humans and vampires in the community, he was almost drooling over the possibilities; he wanted to start with a test subject before going after his primary target, who at this moment was not here.

The gossip, if it were to be believed that his main target would be here for the grand introduction ball of the new princess. He thought, now how will I get an invite to the ball.

He started to laugh maniacally as he thought he should ask his fairy godmother. Perhaps she could even give him the glass slipper treatment.

Laughter could be heard echoing off the dark corridors deep in the earth where only the shadows could listen.

Raymond paced in his bedroom. He started to hear rumors of what was going on in that shit town. There was no way that the Elixir he was making was flawed unless, of course, the only blood that would work was that of the girl and all other blood makes the Elixir evil.

He wasn't deterred, though, as he stared at the amber-colored vile on his nightstand. He still made one more large batch. He had to keep his customers happy till he could offer the super Elixir.

I will have to bid my time, that is all. Once the girl is in my possession, I can make as much as possible; she will become my cash cow.

The only problem was that he didn't know where the girl was anymore. (This novel will be daily updated at)He'd heard rumors of Lucas bringing his true mate to the princess introduction ball; he knew that Lucas was there in that town while he was but is she the one?

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He was going to have to get out his list of contacts. Those who owed him favors or, perhaps if needed, someone off of his blackmail list to help him find out if she was the one.

He wasn't worried he would find someone who knew; his indexes were extensive and went back many

years.

All he has to do is get the information, and then he could plan on how to obtain the girl; his only problem will be if she turns out to be someone of high society, then she will be missed, which could lead to more significant troubles.

Perhaps he could buy her if those she was with were willing?

Miss Tanya Harrison was an elite socialite and another Tiger shifter; she was 32 years old with long beautiful deep red hair and bright greenish-grey eyes.

She was every man's fantasy, and she knew her favorite pass time was to seduce married males so she could break up their families.

. Her worst hatred was of children of any species, nasty little needy things always wanting something or crying or getting snot on things; they should all be put somewhere away from people until they were of standard size.

She drank down her Elixir and watched as her body transformed into a goddess,(This novel will be daily updaed at) letting out a giggle; she smoothed down her skin tight almost hip-high black dress and put on her three-inch heels.

She didn't need the Elixir. She was still vibrant and beautiful even with her being older, but she didn't want to leave anything to chance, and the Elixir made sure that she was received well.

Feeling perfect, she went out the door into the waiting limo right into the arms of a seventy-year-old human male, he was filthy rich, and he had a wife that was thirty years his junior.

"Hello, my dear. You look ravishing tonight."

"Thank You, and you look dashing tonight, Jason."

Right at that moment, her stomach let out a horrible sound. She had eaten, so she shouldn't be hungry now, but it sounded like.

Jason started to laugh when Tanya turned all red from embarrassment.

"It is ok, my love. We will get dinner before we go to our room, or would you like to order room service instead?"

She didn't know what was going on, but her Tiger Silky was going crazy hungry on her; (This novel will be daily updaed at)she had all she could do not to shift right then and then, and oh god, she could feel Silky wanting to eat Jason.

Without any warning, Silky took over, and her eyes went from greyish green to a deep emerald. Tanya could do nothing but watch as a very hungry Silky manipulated the situation to her needs.

In her most sweet and sultry voice, leaning into him so he could see down the front of her dress as she whispered to Jason...

"Room Service, please."

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Tanya Harris was in her tiny apartment balled up in the corner of her bedroom, crying her eyes out. Her Tiger Silky wasn't a tiger anymore, at least not any that she knew of; she was evil anytime Tanya looked at her. She was black, oily, and cold.

She felt sick and cold all the time. She couldn't get warm. Not even taking a hot shower helped. (This novel will be daily updated at)Her skin was grey and peeling away as if she was shedding; anytime she tried to eat something that was raw meat, she would throw up violently.

The worst, though, was her beautiful hair. It was falling out in clumps; it was everywhere in the apartment. She felt that she was going insane.

Silky wouldn't shut up unless she went off someplace. Any time she was with Tanya, she chanted over and over..."Got to find children."

Silky wouldn't answer her name anymore, and when Tanya asked her what her name was, Silky laughed and said..."Lamina."

Who or What was Lamina? She waited for it to go into a slumber, she didn't think it slept, but it seemed to go somewhere else. Once it was gone, she ran to her laptop and looked up Lamina.

The laptop's light was the only light in the darkness. As tears ran down her cheeks, she stared at the screen in absolute terror.

The Wraith had found himself a nice if not a little plump older tiger shifter. She was a beauty, or at least she thought she was; he didn't even have to put much effort into catching her.

Once he had her tied to the X table, he soon realized something wasn't right with this shifter. (This novel will be daily updated at)She even smelled off. The smell was familiar to him but not coming from a living being.

She smelled like death and rotten fish. It got so bad that he had to leave the room and get some air. Finally, he started to laugh a little; it was the first time he was ever stunk out of a room.

He returned and sat on the stairs looking at the female; she didn't appear to be dead or rotting. She looked fine. So, where the hell was the smell coming from?

Looking all over the rooms and finding nothing, he returned to the female he had tied up and got a little closer; the stench was coming from her. But How?

It was then that black oozy stuff came out like tears from her eyes and then from her ears and nose, she started to convulse and shake.

When she opened her mouth to scream, something huge and rotten shoved its way out of her mouth, splitting it from ear to ear.

dead and rotting tiger. He looked back at the woman, and she was now just as the tiger was.

Snatching up the female's purse as he ran back up the stairs and into the open air to breathe once again, not that he actually would suffocate, but it felt like he would have if he stayed any longer.

He opened the female's purse and dumped it out on the ground, and in the middle of a bunch of stuff was a little amber bottle that The Wraith was all too familiar with.

Well, Well, what do we have here, Mr. Deslaires? You have been a very busy guy. This side effect, though, I think it might put you out of business.

Picking up the little bottle, he put it in his pocket and smiled, knowing exactly what he would do with it once he modified it just a little bit to make it perfect, he should have told Raymond how to make the Elixir, but he couldn't bring himself to do it.

The Wraith laughed into the empty night; here I go thinking that I am the only one making masterpieces, but Moron Raymond had to go and do it without even trying.

- Something is going to have to be done about that. Enid had finally made it to Micheals's palace and, at Micheals request, directed the servants to get the place ready for guests and for the upcoming ball that would introduce Daisy to the court and all the vampire world.

The ball was to be held in less than two weeks, and many things needed doing yet; Enid was also in charge of the guest lists and the menu. Even though she wasn't a vampire herself, they all followed and were loyal to Micheal.

When she was put in charge of the menu, she was slightly concerned; it was a vampire ball, after all. Was she supposed to order up a bunch of humans for snacks? Do they eat regular food? She had to go to the butler and have him help her.

He assured her that at formal balls and such, they eat regular food, but there is a unique wine ordered that was mixed with blood for the vampire guests. At no time do they ever call humans from some store?

With that all settled, all that was left to do was wait for Daisy to return, and they would go shopping for her ball gown and everything that would go with it and have her fitted with the proper jewels.

Enid let out a sigh, I wish that Clara could be here to see this day. (This novel will be daily updatad at)Telling all those stupid snobs where to go. At least Enid would get to watch their faces as Micheal introduced his daughter to them all.

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Micheal, Noah, and Daisy stood in a wildflower clearing where Jack had told them to wait. It was a peaceful place, and the smells from the flowers were to die for.

Just as the sun was setting, they could see Chief Storm Walker approaching them, holding up his hand

and waving in greeting. He didn't speak to them, just gestured for them to follow him into the forest.

The forest was even more enchanting than the wildflower clearing; it was old and had a deep forest kind of smell; there were little giggles and whispers in a language they couldn't understand.

It was a magical place, but when the Chief went under a stone arch, they found themselves standing in an even more magical place if that was even possible. This place, though, felt sacred and ancient.

Storm Walker directed them to stand in a stone circle; it was more like two circles overlapping each other, so there were three places to stand.

They stood in the first more extensive-standing area, and Storm Walker stood in the opposite, more significant section leaving the small overlap section between them.

Then he took the two vials of blood and tears and poured them into the center overlapping area.

Storm Walker raised his hands into the air as if welcoming someone; when they all looked up into the trees, there were thousands of tiny lights that all twinkled like stars.

The lights started to descend from the trees and surround them until they encased them like a wall of light.

Storm Walker then looked at Noah, "Son, stand close to the line that overlaps, making the inner circle, but please do not step inside the center."

Noah did as he told it was then that one tiny little golden light started to twinkle in the air before him, and Noah wanted so badly to reach out and touch it but didn't dare.

That was when everything turned white, and Noah couldn't see anyone anymore; it was just white all around him and the stones of the circles.

When he looked up, his father, Nicholas Lucas, smiled brightly in the middle overlap area and looked happily at his son.

"Hello, Son."

Noah stood there in awe. Could it be, could it be that he lives?

“Dad?”

“Yes, it’s me, son.”

Noah almost jumped into the center to be with him, but his father held his hand to stop him.

“No, you must not step inside with me to do so would cost you your life. You have way too much life yet to live to trade it for but a small flicker of a moment.”

“You saved me. I am free now of that dark place, and my ancestors are calling just beyond your sight to take me home.”

“Father!, No! please don’t leave, please stay. I need you; I don’t want you to miss out on the future

with your grandchildren, please, please; Noah was crying and begging desperately.”

“Stand up, son, you are a Lucas, and a Lucas does not behave this way; you know that this is what must be, and when it is your time, I will be there for you again.”

Noah gathered himself from his grief and stood again before his father.

“I am proud of you, my son; I will always love you, but you have to go back into the world of life, and I, as your father, will go before my son, into the next realm as it should be.”

“I am allowed this one thing though, my son; Nicholas reached over and hugged his son; (This novel will be daily updaed at)though his feet remained inside the center, his arms were still allowed that one last touch.”

“Goodbye for now and take care of your mate; continue to make me proud, son.”

Noah felt his father’s arms and the warmth of his love that last moment and then the light got so bright that he couldn’t see anymore; when he opened his eyes again, he was with everyone else again inside the double circle.

He stood there in silence and then looked up to the sky and whispered...

“Goodbye, Papa.”

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Chapter 34

When Noah and Daisy arrived with Micheal at his castle estate, it was beyond their imaginations, Noah came from money and had incredible estates, but this blew everything out of the water.

Raja practically jumped in excitement when they were given a tour of the gardens; he could spend a long time there playing, exploring, and sniffing out all the animals and plants.

Their tour went on, and on room after room, they found out that the whole west wing was set out for their personal use; they had their own servants and anything they could possibly want or need.

Daisy was a bit uncomfortable with their entire wing but decided it would be rude of her to ask for something else, preferably smaller.

Noah pointed out that it wouldn't do her any good anyway because she is now the princess heir, (This novel will be daily updated at) and she needed to get used to it, at least some of it anyway. He could understand he didn't like all kinds of people fussing over him either.

They settled in their bedroom and sitting area and decided other than the office area that the rest of 'the rooms could be closed down if needed or serve as guest quarters for their friends.

Also, they decided that they didn't need so many servants but didn't exactly know what to do about it, so for now, they kept four principal servants, and the rest could serve as helpers or whatever they wished to do.

An older-looking vampire butler suggested that they needed a lead butler to oversee the other four and coordinate schedules and events. Hence, everyone understood what their duties would be from one thing to the other, what would be needed, and so on. Noah, to the butler's surprise, chose the older-looking vampire. His name was Garret Mathews.

He was tall with salt and pepper hair and blue eyes. Very proper and well-spoken but not stuffy or stuck up like some of the higher servants.

Daisy liked him from the start, and Noah thought that this guy would be loyal only to them; that is what Raja told him anyway.

"Very well, Garret, I will trust you to pick out the four servants that we will need or others if you think they will be required, just so you know, though, Daisy and I don't care for all the hustle and bustle and being fussed over or ass-kissing."

Garret smiled and nodded his head in approval.

"Yes, Sir, I will see that it is done according to your wishes, and I will choose servants who don't have wandering tongues."

"One other thing, Garret, in public, the Sir title is fine, but in private, you may call me Noah, or if that makes you uncomfortable, then Mr. Lucas will be fine."

"Also, please, whoever you choose, including yourself, will stay here in the west wing with us; if there aren't servant quarters for that, then use the other rooms to your liking."

Garret stared at him for a moment, stunned at the generosity that Mr. Lucas was showing. He nodded his head in agreement and left the room to do as instructed with a slight bow.

Garret Mathews was impressed; Sir Michael had sent him to oversee the arrangement of servants for the two new heirs. Still, he had no idea they would be so generous and considerate and down to earth, not the usual condescending snobs that usually appear with royalty.

Garret decided that they were worthy of the total package of servant quality; he chose only servants known for the skills and those loyal and would not gossip.

He also decided that it would be best if they all stayed in the west wing in the servant's quarters. (This novel will be daily updated at)Also, he decided to open the west wing's kitchen and stock it up with foods that the couple would want for snacking or perhaps a dinner or two they would like to make themselves.

The kitchen would also serve as the servant's kitchen where they could take meals and have meetings on the days of upcoming events and duty assignments.

- He was a loyal and practical Butler. He could also provide all kinds of needed information the couple will need to navigate the royal and palace rules and etiquette and let them know who to trust and who not to. He would also see that any messages sent from the couple to the master would be kept confidential and not snagged by one of the royal gossips. He wasn't expecting to be the Butler again, but he thought that this felt right and that he was needed; Enid will, of course, want a full report as to what is happening; he was growing pretty fond of her. She was a strong but gentle soul, and she was charming.

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Maybe he could talk her into staying with them in the west wing; he wouldn't mind her company at all.

He was smiling as he went to get things started. Happy for a change not to listen to the other guests' endless complaining and petty arguments, and bad childlike behavior.

The Wraith looked at the creature before him and realized it was another demon. The tiger was dead, spewed out by the devil that was in the place of its human companion.

At first, he thought they were both dead, but the female's body started to twitch and then change color. It grew scales, long claws, and a wider than normal jaw full of jagged teeth.

He was so busy staring at the spectacle of horror that he remembered just in time that he had to act fast or things were going to get ugly for him quickly.

He ran upstairs to his ancient chest of concealment and opened it, grabbing the only thing in it, a blue flame dagger. It was the only thing that could kill a demon; he knew he had to use it. He hated to waste it on this, but he didn't want to be eaten either.

The blue flame dagger came from his early days as a vampire in ancient times when evil things

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roaming around were more prevalent today. Unfortunately, he could not possess a sword that would give him unlimited killing power.

Once a blue flame dagger is used to kill a demon, it will lose its power and become an ordinary metal dagger. He unsheathed it and ran back down to the basement just as a tentacle tried to reach out and grab him.

Swearing as he dodged it just in time, he turned to mist and rematerialized right next to it; without wasting any time, he plunged the dagger straight into its heart as it let out a terrible wail. Then it exploded; there were pieces of it on every surface of the room, including The Wraith.

He sat there so disgusted that he forgot some demons would explode when killed with the dagger and forgot his damn raincoat. This is another sin at your door, Raymond. You are so in need of killing. He was thinking to himself as he spits out a piece that had got into his mouth. (This novel will be daily updated at) He would have to be careful now of who he decided to bring to his playroom again. I can't have another like that one. I am fresh out of blue flame daggers.

He decided that he would have to bump up his timetable and go and get the bait so he could get Raymond once and for all. He couldn't wait to see the look on that bastard's face when he finds out that The Wraith has the only thing he covets most on this wretched earth.

Suddenly, he had a brilliant idea; he would box all this shit up and send it back to its creator. He started to think up a pleasant little surprise to put inside with it; that way, he could have just as much enjoyment as he was getting right now.

Raymond tried everything and anything he could to get invited to that stupid ball, but he found out quickly that even though he had contacts, influence, and blackmail material, it didn't help one little bit. That asshole Micheal Deveroe spread it far and wide that Raymond was black-listed and under investigation.

"BLACK LISTED!!! THAT BASTARD BLACK LISTED HIM!!!"

Raymond was livid; he decided it was time to change tactics; he would take what he wanted and fuck the world if they didn't like it, no more politics and bribery.

He was about to get up and get dressed for a night out when the doorbell rang, and his butler brought in a rather large package.

"Just leave it there on the floor; George and I will check it out after I get ready for the night; that way, if it isn't anything important, you can dispose of it while I am gone."

With that, Raymond whistled as he made his way to the bathroom to get ready for a night on the town, and he had to look good tonight because he had a date lined up with another potential client. He had a new suit tailored and ready to go for just this sort of occasion.

She was one of those sexy ladies; she was a wolf shifter that loved the high life and the fast lane. She looked good and knew it and didn't want to stop looking good.

As he turned on the water and let the shower of water run down his back, he was hoping not only for just a little taste as a snack but some bedroom sports as well. It had been a while since a female of any kind aroused him, and he wanted to take full advantage.