

a lazy afternoon

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Kapitel 1: a lazy afternoon

Cain was sitting in his favourite chair in the library of Hargreaves Mansion. It was late afternoon and the weather outside simply seemed to wet and windy to leave the house, even for a short walk. Cain had sprawled his legs over the sides of his armchair reading the weekly chronicle. There seemed to be no new files, no unsolved mysteries, not even a missing cat. London was getting quite boring nowadays, he thought. What is a man to do if there is no crime to investigate? A knock on the door took his interest, it might be a visitor. The so called visitor turned out to be his tea. His butler brought the tablet to the little mahogany table in front of the sofa and served the tea into the single cup he brought.

"Your tea is ready, master Cain", Riff said bowing slightly.

"Thanks Riff", Cain smiled "but I'd rather prefer something stronger."

Riff raised his eyebrows.

"And what might that something be?"

"Don't know maybe an unsolved murder, a great affair in the city, or just a drop of scotch added to my tea."

Riff smiled before bowing slightly.

"As my master wishes" he uttered leaving the room to fetch the scotch his master had proposed to like added to his tea.

It was the right weather to utter a wish like this he thought. The coldness kept creeping into the house however high the fires were burning; the servant part was even colder. Riff sneezed; he had to enter the cellar to get the bottle he was searching, the kitchen supplies were used up too. Not a single drop left due to the lingering coldness and the freezing servants. Riff sighed fetching a candle. He took the silver chandelier next to the kitchen trespass to the dungeons. He didn't like the dark down under but there was no way to spare him the search down yonder. With another sigh he opened the door, took the chandelier with four candles carefully lighted and began climbing downstairs. It was only two flights of steps but the air in this part was unbearable cold, it was too far away from the heating room. It had to be cold though otherwise the food down there would spoil, and the wine too. Riff sneezed again; maybe he was getting a fever. His sight got a little unclear, but he was used to such things by now and he was never ill, especially not when his master was asking something from him, like a few drops of scotch for his tea.

Kapitel 2: waiting for the spirits

Meanwhile upstairs in the library his master was getting even more bored. Ten minutes passed without Riff re-entering the room. The tea would be cold when Riff came back, he supposed. He liked tea especially if it was Riff who brewed it for him. It made him feel safe to be able to drink some hot liquid once in a while without having to wonder about its ingredients or to smell for ill substances. Riff knew about this. Riff was the only person who knew about his father trying to poison him with arsenic. If it weren't for those roses he'd be dead by now. And if it weren't for his wounds to be salved and cleaned every now and then he'd be dead by some infection. He could have been dead by a thousand reasons, but for the sake of Riff's caring presence and obvious interaction he wasn't. Why did it take his butler so long for a short trip to the kitchen? , he wondered. Maybe some of the staff had left it disordered and Riff stayed there to put things right, but it was utterly cold down there. Cain didn't like the idea popping up in his head, he wanted his butler to stay in the warmer part. But if it was just the kitchen it was quite alright, because there was still the fire in the oven. Maybe he was still searching for that scotch he had wished for. While waiting for Riff to come back, Cain sipped the still quite hot liquid into his stomach. It made him feel so warm. Only a few things could ever make him feel this comfortable. Another 30 minutes passed and Cain had returned to reading while sipping the tea. Some other things must have been important enough to keep his valet occupied. Maybe the staff had some of their problems and were keeping Riff to find the solutions. Riff was good at those things; he himself had not the nerve to listen to their chatter. He was glad that Riff saved him from that last part of being the heir of a great house, so his uncle was quite unsatisfied with him. Uncle Neal didn't like the idea that he had made himself that dependent on his valet. Another 20 minutes and the tea was gone, the hot liquid had left him feeling hot, so he got quickly rid of his jacket and his vest.