

A. Nocturne's 244

Chapter 244 Portraits

The next morning Ann saw very few people in the corridors as she made her way to the room that Bartholomew had set aside for use for the portrait today.

Maeve had already been insufferable today, waking her early on with her insistent chatter and asking whether or not she should shower and bemoaned the fact that no one was around to rub fragrant oils into her coat.

She didn't take kindly to Ann's suggestion that no one really liked the smell of wet dog anyway and had skulked back into the recesses of Ann's mind with a petulant face.

As she entered the room and saw Bartholomew helping the artist set up the backdrop and props, she wanted to turn around and walk straight back out.

She had no idea how they did it, but they had managed to somehow create Maeve's vision perfectly, right down to the crimson silk and crown.

Ann winced as Maeve rattled around her head excitedly, pra