

Beloved Dog 19

Chapter 19

I was able to borrow clothes and other items

Ms. Gelda led me to my room and I went inside.

Ms. Lyra was carrying some folded clothes as she waited there for me.

“Mr. Takumi. Please change into these.”

“Thank you.”

Thankfully, the clothes Ms. Lyra handed to me were not butler clothes.

The first was...how could I put this...I think they were called doublets.

A long time ago, when I was studying history, I remember seeing them described as clothes worn in medieval Europe.

But weren't they supposed to be worn under your armor?

Well, while I wasn't going to be wearing armor, this was still better than wearing the same clothes every day.

Aside from the doublet, I was given a waistcoat...which was like a vest.

“Since you are not wearing boots, please put these on.”

“Yes.”

She handed me a pair of pants, which were quite ordinary.

If I wasn't wrong, the style during the medieval era was to wear boots that went up to your knees and shorts.

But since I wasn't wearing boots, they gave me long pants.

I believe they were called Braies.

Though, I hadn't paid a lot of attention when studying history, so I wasn't sure if I was right. Besides, while this place may be similar, it wasn't actually medieval Europe.

Had I been wearing boots, I would have worn Braies over them along with the doublet and waistcoat and upper garments. Then I would have looked like some nobleman.

It wouldn't have looked good on me at all, and so I'm glad it turned out this way.

I thought of such things as I picked up the clothes and was about to change. But then I realized something.

"Um...Ms. Lyra?"

"Yes, what is it?"

"Are you going to stand there while I change?"

"...Ah! Pardon me. I will leave you alone at once."

"Thank you..."

"...But first, Mr. Takumi."

"Yes?"

It was just as I thought about how even Ms. Lyra had a scatterbrained side as well, that she suddenly stopped at the door and turned around as if remembering something.

“Please use this to shave.”

“...That’s a...”

She handed me something that looked like a small fruit knife.

I had wanted something more like a razor that barbers use... Perhaps they didn’t have those.

I accepted the small knife and then Ms. Lyra exited the room.

“...Can I really shave with this thing?”

Perhaps it was the most common way of shaving in this world...

When in Rome...but...I feel like I’ll cut myself.

Feeling too indecisive, I decided to change my clothes first.

The material for the clothes must have been of very high quality, as they were smooth to the touch and just as comfortable as a dress shirt and slacks.

I had assumed that the clothes would be of much coarser material, due to the level of civilization, but was pleasantly surprised.

The upper class sure had it good.

Now that I was changed, the only thing left to do was to shave.

The last time I shaved was the morning before I came here. While I was preparing to go to work.

So it was nearly two days. When I looked in the mirror, the scruff was long enough that I could pull it with my fingers.

I felt a little embarrassed about walking out in front of the others in this state.

Seeing myself like this, I felt even more foolish about how before breakfast, I had thoughts of growing out my beard and looking dandy.

Yes, this needed to be shaved off.

I picked up the knife with a resolved expression and began to shave away.

Ten minutes later, I looked at myself in the mirror.

...There was blood here and there. But it was likely because I wasn't used to doing it like this. At least, I hoped it was the case.

There was a new bowl of hot water and a towel in the same place as this morning. Ms. Lyra must have prepared it. And so I washed my freshly shaven face and then washed and dried the knife.

I put the knife down on the desk next to the bed and then inspected my face in the mirror once again.

"It stung a bit when I washed up, but it seems to be fine."

The cuts were still visible, but were bleeding anymore. And all of the stubble was gone.

"Alright, this is fine."

With the inspection done, I left the room in order to meet the others in the garden.

Ms. Lyra gave me a fright again as she stood waiting in front of my door, but I managed to hide my surprise. She then led me to the back garden.

...I was the type who hated jump scares in horror films...

“Ahahahaha. Leo! Over here!”

“Wou! Wou!”

When we came out into the garden, I could hear Tilura’s cheerful voice.

Tilura was running around, and Leo was chasing her at a purposely slower pace.

“Oh, Mr. Takumi. I almost didn’t recognize you.”

“Ah, Ms. Claire, Sebastian. I feel very refreshed now.”

Ms. Claire stood and watched over the two protectively, while Sebastian stood in the back. But he approached me when he saw that I was there.

“Mr. Takumi. Those clothes suit you very well.”

“Do you think so? That’s good.”

“It was really all we could prepare...”

“Oh, no. It really is more than enough. Thank you, Sebastian.”

“No, I’m at your service whenever you need something.”

I thanked Sebastian and he bowed once and then took a step back in order to stand behind Ms. Claire again.

“Mr. Takumi, so you were talking to Sebastian about changing your clothes. And your beard is gone.”

“Yes. I thought it would be better to consult a man about that. My beard as well.”

“Indeed. Though, I thought the beard looked rather nice on you.”

“You did? But a stubbly beard just looks ungainly.”

Don’t flatter me too much, Ms. Claire.

I might start having thoughts about trying to look dandy again.

“Still, I’m glad to see that Tilura is very well now.”

“Yes, really. And she is able to run around like this because you found the Ramaogi.”

“Hahaha. Well, you did the most by worrying for her so much that you left the house in order to search for it.”

“...Lady Claire. I must say that what you did gave me such a fright. From now on, please take a guard with you when leaving the mansion.”

“Ah, I’m being scolded by Sebastian now.”