

# **a body near the water**

## **all beauty must die**

Von alanqi

### **all beauty must die**

He flung himself recklessly into the water and heaved his whole weight against her. Her struggle was weak. She could use little strength from the awkward angle she was trapped in. The man did not move. Nonetheless the girl kept trying against reason and still she had failed so far. She took all the strength left in her and pushed again.

Riff sighed loudly. The world was always the same. He stood next to the body. A beautiful woman had she been. Kain was talking to the couple who had found the body. It had been displayed. The woman was wearing a white dress. A rose had been placed beneath her clasped hands. Maybe the murderer was a catholic. Kain's voice drifted along the shore. Riff's eyes strayed towards his charge. Now the brunet was talking to the police. Gerard and Mc Neal had arrived first. Not that they knew much. Kain suspected they had been surprised. Corpses in water never invited to a second look. She had not lain there long, that was as clear as day. Riff saw Gerard reach for something. He offered his master a purse. Count Cain Hargreaves nodded. His eyes met his butlers over the scene. Kain smiled. Riff smiled back, which was only visible to Cain, his butlers silent observer. A wordless conversation was held. Riff walked over. The blond had seen enough. Enough to know she wasn't murdered in that particular dress. The headwound had bled, her blood had fed the meadows. A dress as white as snow on a ground as black as blackwood. This probably meant the murderer was a purist in spirit. Cain watched his butlers movements and waved. Riff drew closer. Now the ever faithful servant could see what his master was smiling about. The purse he had been handed belonged to the victim, even a photograph was inside. A small black and white photograph showed the victim in profile. She smiled with dreamy eyes at someone outside of the frame. Kain turned the photograph over on the back was written what appeared to be her name: Eliza.

Brown suit and yellow tie a mismatched pairing to the eye. A woman pounded her fists fruitlessly against the tall man, she turned her face away, so that her attacker would not see the helpless frustration she felt. She had strained every muscle to near breaking point, and lost her footing countless times in the current.

Back in the manor a little girl had a bad headache. Merry was wearing the new scarf her brother had brought her. She had been delighted to receive such a beautiful lace-scarf. Unfortunately ever since that moment she had what felt like piercing painful seizures in her head. Three days it had been now and three days was enough. The woman in her head was more than a figment of her imagination. Merry winced. The pain in her head increased. Pictures flowed into her conscious mind and showed her moments of the past, she thought - the present, she believed sometimes at others it seemed yet to be. The woman - water - pain - blood. Merry sighed. Wouldn't it ever stop? Unless she yet had encountered enough mystery in her life to know by now it never stopped. She observed the scarf with tired eyes. It wasn't hers by feeling and the owner now seemed dead. Her body near the water. Merry knew. She wanted to ignore the call of her cards. Tiredly she sighed again. The bonetired girl walked over to the table and touched her cards. Her visions were always improving even as she wished they weren't most the time.

In her hand she held her sister's small gold-necklace. She shouted at the top of her voice, before breaking into the fastest pace she could manage. She kept constantly shouting as she moved on. Tiring muscles were becoming a problem soon but she kept moving.

A servant girl entered the room at 2. Merry answered her knock. A man talked about water. Merry sighed. Another weirdo in her mind, great opportunity or moment for despair. The man called himself Joe. Apparently he was an artist. He said he was the great something. Merry nodded quietly listening to the voices. But even as she did she only listened half. Her mind was otherwise occupied. Harriette had asked her preferences for dinner. She was an impatient girl but polite and a great maid to the house. Merry had no reason to offend her by ignoring the loyal request. Joe talked about a black house with a white stripe. Merry considered carefully and listened closer. Blond no brown was his hair. The blond maid tapped her feet. Later. Merry winced at the sudden flash of pain. Harriette asked if she was alright, needed something else but dinner. Headache Merry rasped. The voice went dead and Merry convinced the faithful servantgirl that she was alright, pancakes were alright, too.

The woman stared at her lover. The same tub that had seemed so benevolent a moment ago, suddenly became her enemy. He knelt beside the tub a rock in his fist. The woman tried to gain an inch by raising herself up.

Merry was at the door. She waited for her brother's return. The cards had informed her that they were on their way, would be back soon. She stretched her neck to spy out of the little window. Her brother's car rounded the corner. As usual Kain and his butler chatted. Nothing uncommon. Kain exited the car, Riff's hand was on Kain's back as always. As soon as they had passed the door Merry sprang forth. She informed them of the call. She explained they possibly knew the man. That said man called himself Joe the great. Riff stared blankly. Kain just smiled. They knew a lot of people named Joe. The man had mentioned water – a scarf – white – and death. Kain pointed at Riff and motioned to the door. Riff sighed and turned around then opened the door for his young master. Kain smiled and waved goodbye. See you later Merry!

She took a tentative step towards the water, then another all the while watching her lover, who did his best to smile encouragingly. The scarlet roses were really beautiful.

Kain looked at the picture again while remembering the crime scene near the water. His mind showed him Riff observing the corpse. Next to him were the meadows and a small rosebush. Wild roses Kain smiled at the recognition. Scarlet ones at that, Crimson as blood. As soon as they arrived on the scene Kain left the car. Gently his hand brushed his butlers as he exited the car. Crimson had the glass been, too. Crimson rivulets carrying life. Riff smiled politely, turning to the side. The butler had not seen them before. Those roses were on Kain's mind. He grabbed the magnifying glass from his servant's hand. The bushes were small and crimson. Suddenly he knew. One bush looked ambushed. Carefully he approached the plant. The colour was the same. The bloom was similar. And suddenly the wisdom froze his mind like snow. The murderer knew this place well. He knew about the roses. He knew not to bring a rose himself. Kain smiled all they had to do was wait. The murderer would be back.

The water had climbed from her chest to just beneath her chin. Her head had numbed a little. She had noted the rising water a while ago. She couldn't move, she was trapped inside her body. She recalled her boyfriend had knelt above her with a rock in his fist. She could not hold her face above the water.