

There's That Tea You Like, II

by Cindy

The same tea, again?" Wong asked. Kipper nodded.

Wong prepared Catherine's special, medicinal blend.

"Her ribs are better?" Wong inquired.

Kipper shrugged. "Don't know. Vincent tends her."

"Vincent? Not Father?" Wong questioned.

"Nope. Just Vincent. Reads to her, every day. Stays close. They talk. Grownup stuff. Boring."

A canny eyebrow raised. Indeed? If only I made love potions...

"Father says it's okay. She'll forget about us, when she goes back."

Ah. Wong impulsively did something he'd never done, before. He added pinches of rosemary to each bag, then closed them.

"Perhaps," he deflected, handing it over.

Rosemary is for remembrance.