“You will not meet with my master tonight, he is away for his health, you may, however, sleep here tonight…

a word of caution. I suggest you cut your fingernails as my master is very… particular about certain things.”

You find on the dresser, a nail clipper on a small metal tray. With a note attached that reads as follows: *please deposit clipping in tray, the floors will not be cleaned tonight*. Dex check. They are gone when you return

—-

Next day, dinner.

He looks down his nose and extend his right hand, do you reciprocate?

He grabs your hand gently, but instead of shacking it, brings it closer to him and turns it round in order to check your nails. “Good gods, very good. It is a pleasure to meet you finally in person.”