

Mistress 0

Chapter Intro

"I have enjoyed it so far. Miss Philone, this is a token of my sincerity."

A white envelope was placed over the messy trail while the man rubbed his cigarette onto an ashtray and finally spoke out some parting words.

"If it's not enough, please do tell me."

A neat and cool voice, as if measured by a ruler. Rowena bit her lips while watching him deliver a disgustingly cold breakup notice.

She felt like a vulgar woman who sold her laughter for a single piece of silver.

"Ha... haha... .."

So.. this is the end.

She let out a miserable laugh, instead of releasing her anger. The man who was trying to turn the doorknob stopped and looked back at the sound of the flat laughter.

Rowena blinked desperately, as if attempting to capture his expression through her blurred vision.

A black suit which completes a perfect silhouette; his body, perfectly proportioned with broad shoulders, a tall stature, and fine muscles. Black hair neatly brushed without any strands going astray, sharply arched eyebrows, and pale blue eyes that were indescribable.

Frowning his brow, he questioned her.

"What is funny?"

"At least once....."

"...."

"Did you love me at least once?"

A heavy silence fell with her trembling question. Blinking slowly, he replied.

"Not at all."

Hot tears ran down her cheeks. The pledge to never to cling to each other has melted into resentment, anger, and sadness.

Rowena raised her back slowly, glaring at the villain.

"You are the devil. You played with me, didn't you?"

"....."

"I was just... a young, innocent girl who was excited about going up to the capital."

A dark shadow fell over her head. As he approached, he swept under her chin with his index finger and lifted it

“So.”

She swallowed a harsh breath at his deep, low voice. His hand was hot, and it felt as if she had been burned, even though it was just a simple touch. He asked, looking down at Rowena, who was unable to move.

“Did I force you to get drunk?”

“.....”

“We enjoyed it together. We were both drunk.”

The man stroked her lower jaw a couple of times, as if dealing with a dog, then turned around.

“Well, take care. Miss Philone.”

Killian Devonshire, third in line to the throne, the queen’s nephew, with three titles, four islands, and a seat in the supreme council.

It was only 15 days later that the Duke of Devonshire of Rockford was married.

That was five years ago.

That’s why.

“Rowena.”

She couldn’t understand him, who naturally stepped into her territory as if he had just broken up with her yesterday.

“You must have a lot of money, after all, the amount I gave you wasn’t small. However you’ve chosen to live a miserable life anyways.”

Her heart was torn by his actions, how he looked at the small house as if he were looking at a dumpster. Rowena raised the blade as she rolled up her lower lip and said.

“.....be careful of what you say. I have no idea why you came all the way here.”

Killian, who came in without sincerity, changed into indoor shoes, and sat down on the couch. He searched through his suit, pulled out a cigarette, and suddenly said.

“Start over.”

...*what?*

Her head turned white as if it were bleached. Rowena, who only blinked her eyes in response, couldn’t believe she was hearing such words; she opened her trembling lips.

“You...”

“.....”

“Don’t you remember throwing money and abandoning me?”

“That’s why.”

“... .. I beg your pardon?”

“I’ll pick up what I threw away.”

Killian, who answered plainly, sat comfortably. His back against the couch and his long legs crossed.

While she was frozen, due to the uninvited guest’s invasion without warning, he calmly lit the fire at the end of his cigarette. She felt suffocated by the scent of cigarette smoke spreading in the air.

“That’s right..!”

It was the moment when Rowena, who came to her senses belatedly, roughly took the cigarette from his hand.

A profit from one’s talent.

An old door creaked open from the inside.

“Demian!”

“Mom...?”

“Close the door!”

Rowena, who shouted at the slightly visible child, moved toward the door as if to protect her son from him, and stared fiercely at the intruder.

“I— get out.”

Rowena swallowed, but her mouth was dry. Her heart rate was increasing steeply, as it beat rapidly her hands began to shake.

Did he see his face? Did he notice that the child looked like him?

While she was as blue as a prisoner about to be sentenced to death, a short, dismal laugh penetrated her ears.

“Ha ha!”

“...Killian.”

“I didn’t expect you to have been so quick, but in the meantime, it must have been very sweet.”

His mouth was smiling, but his gaze on Rowena was dreadful. He stood up from his seat, showing his desire to break the door down and grab the little child in the room right away.

“You must have met a new man? Hmm?”

The man who quickly erased her from his life, as if changing into a new mask, was still elegant and just as perfect as she remembered. However, Rowena backed away from Killian, who was approaching her.

“Ahhhh...”

However, her escape route was cut short. It wasn't long until she felt the hard wall against her back. He slowly narrowed the distance between them, and only stopped when he was facing her.

“Ugh!”

With his head looking down at her, he held her chin in one hand and lifted it up. He engulfed her lips as she struggled, but when he bit her lower lip, she had no choice but to open her mouth in pain.

“Ha...”

Their lips entangled and shortly she was enjoying herself as if the five-year gap was natural to overlook.

The bitter taste of cigarettes with smoke filled her, permeating every inch of her throat.

A fire broke out in Rowena's eyes.

Part

The next moment, he slowly straightened his head and parted their lips. As soon as their eyes met, Rowena inhaled sharply for a brief moment at the madness she could see.

“Choose, Miss Philone.”

Crazy..... crazy person.

Killian, who smiled satisfactorily at her white face, tapped Rowena's cheek with his index finger.

“Will you be my mistress again, or will you die with your child on the street?”

Rowena closed her eyes tightly, as despair fell upon her head.

It wasn't a choice.

It was a notice that he would make it so.

Killian Devonshire, the devil, is a man who'll remain unchanged.

She knew it.

After all, she had been that man's mistress for three years.