

Mistress 10

It was about an hour later when they returned to the mansion, having left earlier in a warm and friendly atmosphere.

When they were greeted, Bianca noticed the unusual atmosphere and acted quickly, according to the situation. She prepared a bath for Rowena, who clearly was trying to appease Killian while avoiding him at the same time, and sent the servants who served Rowena home early.

Except for Melissa, Rowena's personal maid, who stayed behind to attend to her master's bath.

"Miss, are you uncomfortable?"

Melissa asked carefully as she rubbed her back with a soft sponge. She had never been a very lively or cheerful person, but today she seemed to be somewhat nervous, which was surprising.

"No, it's not that. I just ate too much and my stomach is upset."

Shaking her head, Rowena hugged her shoulders remembering the coldness in the carriage, which even now, is lingering around her.

The silence that followed forced her to keep her mouth shut, for she had an ominous feeling that if she said even one word wrong now, she would regret it.

'No way, if Killian had found out about the plan.....'

Her heart fluttered at the thought of what might happen, but Rowena shook her head.

As she had assumed at the restaurant, knowing his personality, if he had truly discovered the plan, he wasn't going to act with impunity or ask so many questions.

Then there was one conclusion to be drawn.

She made a mistake! And as if to make the matter worse.... a mistake that even she was unaware of.

She hugged her knees in the bathtub as she imagined how great it would be if she could just dig herself into the ground, the sponge that had been wiping her back and arms suddenly stopped. It fell to the floor, and Melissa flinched as she stood up.

Curious, Rowena turned around. Her whole body froze the moment she caught a glimpse of the man beyond Melissa, who bowed her head carefully with both hands clasped together.

The man leaning his back against the wall was looking down at her .

As the stream of water continued to flow. Startled, Rowena moved back, covering her chest. She was still in the tub, but there was nothing else she could do.

Killian, who had watched her, ordered Melissa:

She stared at Rowena, pale and trembling. Killian furrowed his brow at her hesitation, he could never get past someone who doesn't follow his orders.

Rowena hurriedly called for Melissa.

Rowena had no choice but to nod, and then she smiled weakly as Melissa left the bathroom.

As he approached, Killian sat down on the chair and reached out his hand. He lifted Rowena's chin with a familiar touch, as if stroking a dog, and tilted her pale, exhausted face up.

She could see his eyes and nose clearly in the glow of the lamps burning here and there. At one moment she felt that the originally clear walls surrounding her had turned red. Rowena recalled the demon she had often heard about, the one who guarded the inextinguishable fires of hell and how beautiful, brutal, and breathtaking they were.

"Have I done something wrong, my lord?"

Killian answered plainly and lowered his gaze. Rowena, following his gaze, suddenly blushed at the thought of the place where his gaze was fixed on. Instinctively, she shrugged, and a low voice came out of her throat.

"Take your hands off me."