

Mistress 10

After what felt like an eternity, Killian, who had been looking down at her body, fixed his appearance and stood up without a second thought. Rowena grabbed him as an attempt to stop him when he tried to leave the place.

He ignored her and tried to move on, but then he stopped. It had been a long time since she had called his name.

Looking at his back as he stood there without answering, Rowena placed her hands on the ground to support her exhausted body. As the words kept spinning in her head.

'Do you love me? Do you even... love me a little?'

But she was afraid to hear the answer. Up until now, she had assumed that he loved her, but her trust was slowly being shaken.

Just tonight, he was a man who had changed from a sweet lover to a merciless and brutal master.

"-ever get tired of me...?"

'You're not going to... abandon me, are you?'

Her speech trembled with fear and sorrow. Shaking off her hand, Killian turned around and said:

Turning pale, Rowena stood up with her back to the wall.

It was the conversation at the restaurant that started this whole thing. There must have been a misunderstanding.

"To be honest. Actually I..." .

Let's tell him the truth. If she confessed that she loved him first, and then told him honestly, perhaps all the worries in her mind were baseless. It was now time for Rowena to gather up her courage and speak up.

Killian approached the door and turned the knob.

"Be quiet for the time being. Don't make me get tired of you."

These were the words he had said the other day, the day before he had neglected her.

A deafening scream echoed through the old warehouse.

Sitting on a separate couch, Killian silently stared at the man who was tied up. The man was slowly breaking down, and it was a wonder where his initial spirit had gone.

When Killian's men began to remove his fourth fingernail, he began to shout for them to kill him.

"You've been doing and saying the same thing over and over for so long. It's disgusting. Is it so difficult for you to say, who are you working for?"

Killian, who had raised his hands to stop the torture, approached the man.

“Or are you more stupid than I thought?”

Reaching out, he lifted the exhausted man by his chin. His sweat-soaked face was flushed from repeated torture and lack of sleep.

Killian removed his hand and clicked his tongue.

“Seeing as how you tried to sneak around like a rat and steal information from me, I’m sure you’re not a man without nerves or a brain. Isn’t that right?”

The questions were consistently directed at the subordinate who stood behind him throughout the entire process. It was Genok, his secretary and right-hand man.

“I’m sorry, my lord. it’s because of my short—”

“I’m not here to hear your apologies.”

The horrified words made the attendants surrounding him stiffen.

For Genok, there were plenty of excuses for the situation. It had happened when he and Felix had gone to the South for the investigation.

But making excuses was pointless. After seeing the warning look his master had given him. No matter what words he could come up with, nevertheless, the problem had occurred already.

“God, some of those southern guys are smart. I didn’t think they had calculated ahead of time what that I would come up with.”

After a cold silence, Killian clenched his teeth and reached out to take the pistol he had placed in his back pocket. Seeing that, The man shouted loudly, as if waiting for him to remove the safety switch.

“Kill..Kill me ! You won’t get anything out of me! Come on! Kill me!”

One of the attendants approached Killian silently and held out a handkerchief.

Killian took the handkerchief, used it to wipe the spit that fell on his cheek and twisted his mouth.