

Mistress 11

“Who said anything about killing?”

In the blink of an eye, a hole was made in the back of his leg. The man squeezed his eyes shut as he writhed in agony.

“Sounded like pigs being slaughtered.”

Killian, who only brushed off the terrible scream, stepped out of the warehouse.

“What should we do? It sounds like a declaration of war.”

“Cut off a limb and send it in a package. Since we received a gift, it is only polite to reciprocate.”

“There’s no room for conversation at all...”

Before Genok could finish his words.

“Killian! Maximilian! Devonshire!”

The man, drenched in blood, mentioned the taboo full name of Killian. As soon as he heard it, Killian lifted his eyebrows and turned to face him, the man let out a raging scream.

“I can predict it! You will die a horrible death! And your bitch will cry over your dead body, and be miserable.....”

Killian, who had been listening to the flood of curses with a firm expression, paused at the word ‘bitch’.

Killian questioned back, kicking the chair that the man was sitting on, before Genok could stop him.

“When you start a story, you have to finish it. Hm?”

There was no answer to Killian’s repeated questions. It seemed that the man had fainted from the hard blow on the back of his head. Killian, who tapped the man’s cheek with the tip of his shoe to confirm, pointed his gun at the man’s forehead.

Ignoring Genok’s call, Killian shot the man, looked at the dead body and gave an order.

“I’ve changed my mind. Cut the corpse into pieces and dump it in the harbor.”

Killian—Duke of Devonshire, nephew to the Queen, and the Lord of Rockford, which is the most fertile land in Ethelwood—was the man who stood at the top of the aristocracy.

Despite being one of the richest men in the country, he held dignity without any extravagance. His presence had a neutral stance that allowed him to occupy a distinguished seat in the House of Lords despite being royalty; he even founded a charitable institution for the poor.

He was so famous that he was extremely well-known amongst the public.

If it was the role of his right-hand man, Genok Cleavon was there to keep Killian Devonshire’s underground activities completely hidden from the world. Then there was the left-hand man, Baron Benedict Sussex, who assisted Killian Devonshire in the public eye.

Genok lowered his gaze to the ground as he heard the angry voice in front of him. Unlike Genok, who crawled up from the bottom, slowly rising through the ranks and dedicating himself entirely to Killian, Benedict was an aristocratic figure to the bone.

“What were you doing when his Highness made a hole in the head of the Southern Organization Action’s Captain.”

“Hmm? You were just watching with your hands behind your back, weren’t you? No matter how stupid you might be, I thought you could tell the difference between what was right and wrong. Am I overestimating your ability to make a good judgement? Am I?”

Genok drew in a breath for a moment, while being bombarded with accusations. The other party was an old man, a cunning old man, who rummaged through papers in the background while taking the lead. He somehow always managed to never get any blood directly on his hands.

“This is why I had always disagreed when his Highness wanted to let in a guy without a proper background.”

Genok tried to hold back but the last remark that the old man made crossed the line; his inner voice started to come forward as he clenched his hands.

“He said something he shouldn’t have said. Since this matter has already passed and it seems like the only thing you can do is ‘make a fuss,’ then anyone can do it!”

“Make a fuss! This orphan from the slums, you, who had nothing to begin with! Clearly, you don’t even have a brain that can tell you what is okay to say and what is not.”

“Lord Sussex. You are sixty years old, are you not? I thought you were supposed to be enjoying whatever is left of your life, but you don’t seem to want to.”

“See! You’re finally showing your true colors, you stray dog.”

Just as the tone of the dialogue was about to falter, the door swung open. Both men went silent at the sight of their master showing up in front of them. It made the tense situation, that was about to blow up seconds ago, seem as if it had never happened.

Killian approached the centre of the room and sat down on a nearby couch with his long legs crossed and his hands on his knees.

“Then let’s discuss the way forward.”