

Mistress 2

As if she knew already, Melissa glowed.

“You said your uncle was a very famous novelist, right?”

Melissa, who applauded the familiar name, jumped around.

“Mystery Thriller Writer! I’ve heard of his name a lot! He’s so isolated that he doesn’t show his face to the public. What does he look like?? Does he resemble you my lady?”

Since they are blood related, he must be very handsome if he looked like my lady

Unlike Melissa, who was full of expectations, Rowena’s face was darkened.

“Well... I don’t know, we may never be able to meet again.”

Her uncle was the one who raised her when she lost her parents early due to an accident.

—Please come back whenever you are in trouble. Rowena.

—I will do that. Thank you, Uncle.

The last time she saw him was three years ago, just before going to the capital to become a novelist with an excited heart.

Had she not met the Duke by chance on the coming train....

No, had she never trusted her friend who urged her to come to the capital just to backstab her...

It was a useless argument. Nothing could change now.

Melissa, who was looking at Rowena’s sinking facial expression, quietly shut her mouth. Someone knocked on the door when she was almost done with her lady’s hair.

“Miss Philone. I have something to tell you. may I come in?”

The hard, cold voice belonged to Mrs. Gertrude, who managed the townhouse. The former Duchess of Devonshire’s old maid of honor, who had never hidden her dislike for Rowena since she first met her.

Nervous Rowena straightened her back.

Looking at the door opens; Rowena was determined to be firmly on the inside.

Because the news she brings is usually bad.

Managing three townhouses, she was a target that everyone was afraid of. It was because her personality itself was very meticulous and strict, and there was no way to laugh with her.

Not only the maid and servant, but also the smallest thing, could not come in without her permission and could not go out.

So Rowena was always nervous when she stood in front of Mrs. Gertrude.

To her, she was nothing more than a doll of the owner to manage.

Mrs. Gertrude, on the other hand, was a substantially powerful opponent, powerful enough to take care of the owner's bed.

—He likes experienced and mature women. So, you have to be seductive, so that it doesn't feel like it's your first time.

After joining the duke, the first thing she greeted by a teacher in "experienced Courtesan" matters, that was brought secretly by Mrs. Gertrude.

—This should be enough. You have a talent. As much as you have learned, you will be rewarded. Miss Philone.

When Rowena faced her, the shame and humiliation of that time were the first emotions that got to her. So, it was hard to make any type of eye contact, and they rarely had any conversation like this.

"The reason I visited this morning is... .."

Rowena's heart beat quickly with Gertrude's distinctive tone with a long end. She tried not to show that she was afraid of the woman in front of her.

The mug she grabbed with great effort was hot. Gertrude, who glanced at Rowena's trembling black tea, took the lead.

"We need to move Miss Philone's residence to Rockford."

It was an unexpected story. Rowena, with her eyes wide open, asked carefully.

"It's still the social season...That's it?"

"The schedule has been moved up."

It was warm early July. Even if the parliamentary work was over, it was not until August each year that he returned to the country house.

'What has happened to him?'

Rowena, who usually had a hard time facing Gertrude, courageously opened her mouth again.

"Is the Duke leaving too?"

Her heart fluttered at the cold answer. But she didn't have the courage to ask more questions.

"I'll tell the maid to pack your luggage tomorrow, so get ready. We'll be leaving for Rockford by lunch the day after tomorrow."

Gertrude, who finished talking with a blank face, got up from her seat.

She stopped at the doorknob. Then held something out to Rowena.

"I received a letter for you. I heard it's from a publishing company."

Rowena's darkened face brightened at once.

Gertrude, looking at her laughter with a subtle glance, soon turned back and left the room.

Early summer sunshine poured through the office window.

The voices of people laughing and chatting continued, but it was someone else's business.

The Duke of Devonshire had many lands and islands to which belonged to him. He couldn't finish managing it even if he spent half of his day. Unlike the predecessor Duke, who mostly used agents and regents, Killian Devonshire made everything go through his hands except for one island.

Gertrude reported, looking at countless documents he flipped with his neat fingertips.

"I delivered it to Miss Philone as you said."

"Thank you for your hard work."

Killian, who didn't even raise his head, briefly praised her.

He was not the one who gave the same order twice. Gertrude knew it better than anyone else. But she couldn't go out just yet.

Gertrude who clenched her fist cautiously said.

"Isn't it time for you to let her go?"

He lifted the gaze that had been nailed to the papers. Gertrude, who shrugged her shoulders spoke with a low voice.

"The Marchioness of Essex, your aunt, spoke to me....."

Killian put down the pen he was holding.

He was the only child of the Duke of Devonshire, but there were still few elders of the family.

"A while ago, the queen invited a foreign-born lady of marriageable age, she said that the Duke is wise enough to understand what that means....."

Her mouth kept getting dry while she was talking. With a few hesitations, Gertrude lowered her eyes and continued

"Because the lady's father... ."

Killian, who tilted his head, smiled.

"You're acting deviously. What are you going to get in return for?"

Gertrude shouted at the words she hadn't heard or seen. However, the person who spoke ruthless words was calm.

"Miss Philone seems to have reached the end of her value."

The royal family had a rare taste.

The Duke of Devonshire was no exception.

Three years ago, after his fiancée died of a fall, the next marriage candidate person should have been decided, but the queen couldn't choose one, because he brought another woman right after his fiancée's funeral.

On the day she made her official appearance in society, the queen was shocked.

Blonde hair shining like pure gold, shimmery green eyes, sharp nose and thick lips.

Because everything looked exactly like the dead fiancée.

He asked a single question to the astonished queen.

— "Will you kill my mistress too?"

— "I have no idea what you're talking about"

The queen, sitting on a high platform, clenched her fan with a calm answer.

He was expressionless all the time, but the intention he was trying to convey was clear.

A warning that he will not stand still if she didn't control herself.

The tight, thread-like air pressured the two people. It was only after a long silence that the queen, who had been staring at him fiercely, gave way.

— "If it's any consolation to my noble nephew....."

— "A girl or something. — I'd be happy to overlook it."

That day, Rowena Philone was recognized as the Duke of Devonshire's woman.

"Because it is a problem that cannot be delayed any longer."

Though it was short. A cautious voice crossed the heavy silence.

Gertrude, whose dry lips were moistened with saliva, continued to talk.

"She also said... blonde hair and green eyes. The Marchioness, who saw the lady in person, said she looked more like the deceased than Miss Philone....."

A chilling sharp laugh cut her off. Killian, who crumpled the documents he was looking at, called her in a dreary voice.

"I don't even remember the face of a dead woman."

Naturally, he would forget a woman he saw once in his childhood. It was not even funny; he wouldn't even know her if she showed up on third-rate magazine but he was pleased with the misunderstanding.

He met Rowena Philone on the train back from the funeral.

— I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I got the wrong seat...

-it's okay. It was a boring ride anyway.

Cheeks dyed like peaches in the middle of summer.

— This is meant to be, so why don't you be my friend on the way? Miss...

— ... Philone, it's Philone.

Long eyelashes spread like a fan and the scent of valley lilies brushed the tip of his nose lightly.

While recalling their first encounter and the last time he saw her shy smile, a disappointed voice penetrated his ears.

"Even if she was still useful... You have to kick her out."

It was a cute pet. There was no reason to throw it away.

"It was for her to move to Rockford's country house early."

"But if she's around the marriage....."

Killian cut off the annoying conversation.

"I thought my mother died long ago. Isn't it right?"

It was a question of how dare you to take the role of my mother. She lowered her head and open her trembling lips

"As you wish, your grace"

A cold sweat ran behind her back. Before Gertrude could give an excuse, he waved his hand as if chasing an annoying bug.

A sense of humiliation poured on her, but she couldn't back off here.

Just in case, Miss Philone, no matter how hard she tried to implant suspicion in her from the beginning, she couldn't make it. She wasn't the only one tied up here. Gertrude pulled up the corners of her mouth so hard that she was convulsed.

"Lastly... can I say something?"

"Miss Philone seems to have a man."

Crack. The tip of the pen broke. The moment Gertrude saw the Duke's face slowly raising his head, she could no longer keep her smile.