

Mistress 3.2

—Then I'll take care of Rowena.

The adults, startled by the unexpected visitor, opened their eyes.

—You left home as soon as you turned 18, didn't you?

—What have you been doing with your life?

—I won't reply, as I'm sure you're just asking out of courtesy.

The man replied coldly and turned his back to Rowena, who sat down in a corner.

Rowena looked closely at the man. He had blond hair like her mother's and dark eyes.

He looked like her mother, but a little warmer.

Rowena blinked while asking, and the man bent his knees, then sat down so they were at eye level.

—My name is Jeremy Dish, he said, I'm your mother's younger brother.

The man remained quiet for a while, perhaps because he was not good at talking.

He held out his hand to her.

—I've never raised a child, and I'm not interested in it, but... But I think I can be your friend and guardian.

—you can come with me if you like.

There seemed to be a light behind him, and his friendly but gentle voice brought tears to her eyes.

as her shoulders trembled, a large hand embraced her back.

—I think we're going to get along just fine in our way.

Rowena nodded instead of replying.

She had lived in such a place for twenty years. A two-story house with three rooms in a remote countryside area known only to a few acquaintances.

Even though her maternal uncle Jeremy Dish, a poor aspiring writer, became a famous author and earned many royalties, life was always the same. She was satisfied with her everyday life, which was neither lacking nor lavish.

It was a place where every single thing had its unique charm. In the front yard, she grew a small field and raised two hens and a goat. It was a friendly and small valley.

Then one day, a letter arrived addressed to her from a friend. It was a letter from her childhood friend with whom she used to play together when they were young.

[Long time no see. Rowena. How have you been?

I'm fully settled in the capital. I'm living a very happy life.

Are you still dreaming of becoming a novelist?

If so, please come visit me soon. You can even submit your novel to a publishing company and we can spend some time together at my house while waiting for the results.]

At twenty, she was young and naive. And she was too pure.

Rowena hopped on a train to the unknown capital city, relying only on her friend's letter. But her heart, which was full of hope and expectation, disappeared the moment she arrived at the house she had mentioned in her letter.

[Sorry, Rowena. I had no choice, either. Your uncle on your mother's side is a rich novelist, so ask him to pay for me!]

The childhood friend she trusted betrayed her, and bringing her to the capital was part of the plan.

Her friend posed as "Rowena Philone" and left leaving a huge debt in her name.