

Mistress 4

Only after hearing Melissa repeat her vow to keep it a secret did Rowena change into a man's clothes in the carriage.

"Then I'll wait in the carriage."

"Thank you. It won't take long."

Despite the old and austere first impression, she had of the building, the inside of the publishing company was more spacious and cleaner than she expected.

"Thank you for your hard work. I've read the manuscript carefully."

After looking around curiously, Rowena took a seat and a man offered her a cup of coffee.

The person facing her must have been about thirty years old. He was younger than she had expected. He was well-dressed, tall, and looked like a nice person, but instead of smelling of ink, which was normal for someone who wrote and read books, he had a faint smell of perfume.

Rowena was a little suspicious when the smiling man held out his card.

"My name is William Jenen. I'm the president of this publishing company."

She kept her voice deliberately low, and her neck strained. Fortunately, the other party didn't care much and went straight to the point.

"When I tried to go back to the manuscript again, just to be sure, it was smooth to read. However, there were a couple of things that needed to be corrected."

Rowena asked, blinking, and the president stopped talking for a moment, as if thinking, and soon spat it out.

"The writing is good, but it's kind of... hard to relate to."

"The places the main character goes are very limited. A members-only restaurant, a luxury cruise ship, a top-class hotel. Of course, they were vividly described which would attract young girls... But would a novel that is hard to relate to and wildly absurd be accepted by the general public?"

It was a bone-chilling comment for Rowena who listened to the first decent assessment she had heard since coming to the capital.

"A pub crowded with people, or a park on a sunny day, or a lake on a spring day. Try to include an everyday, relatable background like this."

Hesitantly, Rowena tightened her lips.

"I've never been to places like these before."

"Then let's experience it."

William stood up as soon as Rowena's eyes widened at the sudden offer.

“I have to go out for an appointment now. But I’ll be at Cornwell Park tomorrow and time, let’s see, hmm, by noon. I don’t have much time now, so I’ll leave you to it.”

Rowena left the building as if she were being driven out by the urgent kicking order.

“And the contract? Did you sign it?”

She laughed awkwardly at Melissa’s continuous questions, but by the time she had changed into her normal clothes in the carriage and returned to the Mansion, the sun was already setting.

Rowena got out of the carriage in a hurry and looked up to the window of her bedroom on the second floor.

“it’s not time for him to return home”

Rowena turned her head to Melissa who was following her.

“It’s almost time for you to leave now, isn’t it?”

“Well, go on then. Quickly.”

She hesitated for a moment after she sent Melissa off, however, the hesitation didn’t last long and she soon grabbed the doorknob, twisting it open.

She was greeted by a stiff-faced Mrs Gertrude on the other side of the door.

“You didn’t call the mansion coachman who was waiting for you, did you?”

“It was nearby.... -I thought it’d be a hassle, so I got a carriage.”

“I heard you went shopping, but I don’t see any shopping bags.”

“There wasn’t much to buy today.”

Rowena gathered her courage to change the subject.

“By the way, my bedroom lights were on.”

“The Duke returned home a little earlier.”

Just in case, the prediction she had was right, it was a good idea to send Melissa back first.

A maid came up to the stiff Rowena and helped to take off her coat, while Rowena kept looking upstairs with fear in her eyes.

Killian was a somewhat generous master, both to his employers and to his mistress.

He was gracious enough to overlook small mistakes here and there, and never talked down to people nor disrespected any, even those under his command. Neither was keeping Rowena confined in the mansion for that matter.

He would keep an attendant with her, but he would make an exception if she was accompanied by Melissa. However, there was one absolute unwritten rule that had to be followed.

To be waiting in the bedroom when he returns home.

He was generous as long as she met his minimum requirements, and never crossed the line, but unforgiving when the opposite was the case.

When she remembered the man waiting for her in the bedroom, her mouth went dry.

She could hear the pulse of her heart in her ears, Rowena thought quickly about what she could do, and then spoke in a low voice.

“Then first, I’ll go wash up...”

Gertrude looked at Rowena as if she was a fox burying his head under a rock to avoid a sandstorm.

“He said that as soon as you return, you must go to see him.”

The cold-hearted verdict made her legs wobble. Rowena held the wall with her trembling hands.

There was no escape, and in front of her eyes, was a black beast with its mouth wide open.