

#### **Mistress 4**

Killian Devonshire's first impression of Rowena Philone that she was a "frail and innocent woman".

She was from a remote countryside that is not highly populated, incapable of suspecting others, and ignorant of the world...

When I heard on the train that she was twenty, I felt my blood go cold. I was 28 years old, and this woman who had just reached adulthood was too young for me.

The minimal morality and innocence I possessed prevented my instincts, and my insidious imagination also came to an end.

The fun lasted only a short time, and when the train reached its destination, I simply said goodbye, despite my desire to mark that white neck.

—We've arrived, I had a great time. Miss Philone.

—Oh ..... Yes, me too Mr. Killian.

I remember the way her shoulders dropped a little as if she was disappointed. That woman was actually a child, though the sweet water trickled down from her like a well-ripened fruit. The after taste will be bitter because it was not ripe yet. Unable to speak, I turned away from the woman who was staring at me without regret.

It should have ended there.

Normally, I should have forgotten all about her the moment I left the train. But I failed to, seeing how powerfully the woman had made a deep impression on me.

On the way to the carriage that was waiting for me when I got off the train, and even after I arrived at the mansion, the image of the woman kept haunting him.

At first, I thought it was simply a desire. It had been a while since I held a woman, I recalled that I broke up with an actress I dated two months ago, and never held a woman since.

After that, I went from one meaningless party to another. There were many women who were willing to spend a night with me, but none of them was enough to cool down my burning desire, the more I tried to satisfy my thirst, the more miserable I became.

There were many reasons why I couldn't have this woman.

First of all, she was a twenty-year-old child! and she was a middle-class woman, so much lower than his state, but that flimsy conscience did not last long.

The conclusion I came to after suffering from incessant sleeplessness, frustration, and endless unsatisfied thirst was a realization.

If you're twenty, aren't you an adult?

What does status matter when I'm not looking for someone to marry?

Maybe once I have her once, all of my interest will cool down.

–Rowena Philone, blonde hair, green eyes, arrived in the capital the other day. Find her  
Gertrude was surprised by the sudden order, but it was a fleeting state.

The news I heard a few days later was shocking.

–she is a high-end whore who used her blonde hair as a weapon to enchant every wealthy man in her way and then ran away, leaving a very large debt behind.

It was like someone had poured cold water on the top of my head. Gertrude lowered her head.

–Do you want me to bring her?

I thought she was a pure country girl...

I burst into laughter. It was such a wonderful performance that even I, who thought that I was cunning to some extent, got surprised and deceived.

My jaw clenched. It was killing me, but the funniest part was that I couldn't get out of that situation for days over such a woman.

–All right, Get out of here.

This was the moment when I coldly ordered her to leave and grabbed my pen again after leaving it for a while. Gertrude, who was hesitating, asked gently.

–Your grace... She looked a lot like the dead Lady Angela.

–She seems to be in trouble with money right now... It would be quite useful if you use it well. I'm sure the Queen will bring you another marriage match.....

At that moment, a bell rang in my head. It was quite a reasonable story.

–Then, I will work on it immediately to...

Gertrude's complexion became brighter and turned around to leave.

–Not now. After she tumbles a little more.

Only a person who had fallen to the bottom and crashed into the ground knew what subject I would present her to.

I could wait as long as I want because after rolling through the mud, she would be docile.

And as such, my thoughts were right on point.

After a long wait on the wet ground, the woman easily grabbed my hand when I reached out to her. She nodded at my suggestion, "Be my mistress in exchange for paying off your huge debt."