

## Mistress 7

“You were right. There’s a smuggling operation this week at the southern port.”

Since the Queen’s strict ban, no alcohol was allowed in Ethelwood, except for the permitted wines. If caught, it was a felony and whoever committed it had to be prepared to face not only confiscation of the property but also execution.

There was only one reason to take such a risk and try to smuggle in wine.

The enormous amounts of money involved.

“What are you going to do? If you asked me to look into it secretly, it wouldn’t be because you now work with the police.”

Felix, who had suddenly become a completely different person than a moment ago, changed his posture. Instead of replying, Killian chuckled and asked for one of the cigarettes in his pocket.

“I’ll take it,.... All of it.”

Felix’s eyes widened. Despite being a member of the queen’s inner circle, he was going to backstab her.

“Isn’t that too risky? also, It’s not my place to say... Don’t you already have enough money?”

Holding a match to him, Felix lit the end of his cigarette. Killian, let out a long breath of smoke and leaned back comfortably against the backrest.

“Money isn’t important to me.”

“What I need is power. Powerful enough so that no one can control me.”

Talk about growing power in the shadows. Felix’s mouth dropped open at the unexpected remark.

“comparable to the Queen.”

He declared calmly, and Killian threw back his head in exhaustion. Tilting his head, there were twelve saints painted on the high ceiling of the room, It was an extremely unsuitable illustration for such an ugly place.

“What about the other thing?”

Felix’s eyes lit up and he rubbed his hands together.

“..I’m really surprised this time. I don’t know if I’m allowed to talk about this.”

Killian looked down at him and stood up to grab his coat in response to his mocking reply.

” Can I ask why before you say anything?”

Felix glanced at Killian as if he didn’t hate him for his quick short answer.

“He met some boy in a nice restaurant.”

Killian’s eyebrows furrowed at the surprise, and Felix nodded.

“Yeah. the owner of the restaurant is a friend of mine, he says that his place is frequented by lovers. The guy was all dressed up. How surprised I was to hear from the messenger.”

Laughing, Killian turned around to leave, his back, broad and firm gave Felix a chill, despite that, Felix, who was watching his back, threw a series of questions at him.

“Are you attracted to men now? Why did you ask me to do a background check on a man like that? Is there a connection to what we’re about to do...? Hey!”

The conversation was over. Killian opened the door, ignoring him, and left the darkroom. His secretary, Genok, who was standing outside the door, approached him.

“The schedule for today is over. Where would you like to go now, my lord?”

“To the mansion where Miss Philone is staying.”

Nodding, Genok tapped the glass that connected him to the horseman’s seat. As soon as he heard the sound of the horses leaving, Killian closed his eyes.

“Put one of your people on Gertrude.”

“Do you want me to put a tail on her?”

He wanted to make sure that no one knew about it. Killian felt tired and stroked his temples. He couldn’t believe Gertrude gone all the way to attract a “no one” for Rowena’s secret affair. He thought it was an outrageous lie, but in reality, it was even more absurd. He wanted to know why Gertrude, who had secretly encouraged him to bring Miss Philone in at first, was now slandering her so much. Who was behind it, or was it a solo act?

Genok, who had been looking sceptical for a while, opened his mouth again when a thought suddenly occurred to him.

“That’s right. Your Godmother sent that she will be visiting today. She probably reached there by now.”