

Mistress 7

The smiling Marchioness of Essix gave him a light hug.

Killian who was standing like an ice sculpture, threw a glance over her shoulder. To the woman who was looking down at the ground like a sinner.

A low voice called her name, the trembling woman lifted her head, causing something to snap inside his head. There was a red mark on her cheek, which had been as smooth as a porcelain doll.

“Did you get slapped on the cheek?”

What was the pale marchioness going to say for herself in defence? Then Killian, passed her, and held the wrist of the woman who tried to step backwards.

His eyes flushed bright red and his heart skipped a beat. This woman was his, and no one else should dare touch her. With a face like a fierce beast covered in the blood of its prey, he asked again.

The Marchioness of Essix who was called the very definition of a noblewoman.

Her life, as an example, had originally been an ordinary one. A noble girl born into a distinguished family who received a classic lady’s education. She was recognized by the Queen during the first year of her debut in the social world. She married into a prestigious family according to her father’s order, and was also known as a chaste widow who wore only black mourning clothes after her husband died decades later. Perhaps the only misfortune in her life was that she and her husband weren’t blessed with children before his death.

It was natural for the Duchess of Devonshire to accept such a woman as a godmother to her boy.

She is the acting Duchess of Devonshire.

A high honor, with enormous authority, and a large fortune in pensions to go alongside it.

So she naturally took her position in the Devonshire Dutchy. Everyone respected her and listened to her. Even her nephew and now Duke, Killian Devonshire, respected her.

For this reason, Rosaline could not understand the current situation.

It was Killian! He was always the one who had maintained his proper posture and an expressionless face, even during his father’s funeral. But now he was furious. The deadly, heavy air coming from him was choking her.

It was a situation she hadn’t expected. She thought that he was finally over with that filthy thing... Therefore, she was only trying to clean up the little piece of dirt that had been dumped in the Dukedom....

Her muffled pleas were mercilessly silenced. A hoarse voice in the back of his throat called her name repeatedly.

“Your master is talking to you.”

Rowena raised her head and replied in a frightened voice.

“I was foolish enough to...to the Marchioness... I was rude. So, that’s why.”

Covering the swollen area of her right cheek with her hand, Rowena bit her lips. She could feel her ragged breath brushing up against her chin, and her whole body being pressured by the look in his eyes, as if he were about to eat her at any moment.

Killian’s mouth tilted and he turned around. He threw a sharp look at Rosaline, who had stiffened like a mouse in front of a snake.

“What disrespect has my foolish, humble and lowly mistress done to my noble Aunt?”

The direction of his anger was clear, as it reached its peak, even though she was just trying to undermine the woman behind his back.

On the other hand, the expression of his face was bizarre, because it was no different from usual.

No, no. His eyes had darkened a bit.

There was a chill creeping down her spine but Rosaline kept her mouth shut. She had a strong feeling that if she made a slight mistake here, she would be in trouble.

The Marchioness turned into a living corpse at the sight of her blood relative being angry for the first time in her life. Gertrude, who had read the atmosphere, decided to approach and intervene carefully.

“There seems to be a misunderstanding..”

“How can it be a misunderstanding when all I asked is to hear how my mistress was rude to my noble Aunt?”

Killian’s mouth twisted and he took off his coat with irritated hands. His knuckles became white at the back of his hands, while he passed the coat to Gertrude as if tossing it.

He asked slowly, almost as if he were asking for advice.

“Isn’t this weird...Godmother?”

Every muscle and bone in her body twitched and quivered in fear, while standing in front of him; she felt like she was standing naked in front of a raging beast with its fangs exposed.

When her mind went blank, Rosaline turned her head to Gertrude as if looking for a life line. Gertrude clenched her fists at the earnest look in her eyes, then she bent her back so that her head almost hit the ground.

“Mis...Miss Philone has spilled tea on the marchioness’s coat, I was coming down the stairs when she accidentally did it. The marchioness was so surprised that....”

“It was Miss Philone’s mistake. So that’s what you mean.”

Killian’s brow furrowed at the hastily made, yet logical, statement. Rosaline nodded, finding some small hope.

“Well, yes. That’s right! It was for educational purposes! How dare this lowly creature spill the tea on me!”

Even though he was immensely powerful, the Marchioness was still a highly respected lady who often spoke with the queen.

Besides, she was his “elder” and bloodline. It was impossible for their relationship to fall apart simply because of a mere mistress.

As Gertrude and Rosaline both turned their heads, Killian turned around to Rowena who was standing still. He lifted her cheek, wiping her bright red eyes and then brushed his thumb across her swollen cheek.

His eyes looked down at her as if asking her to confirm the truth in what they were saying.

Rowena opened her bloodless lips.

“That’s right, Duke. Mrs. Gertrude is right...my hands slipped... I made a mistake. That’s why I got hit.....”

Rowena had to do something with this tense atmosphere, doing nothing seemed dangerous at the moment.