

Mistress 8

“It’s not a big deal. So.....”

She squeezed Killian’s hand tightly, as if in fear of what might happen. Her cold, smooth hand tingled.

“...Please don’t be angry....”

Instead of replying, Killian quietly looked down at her, the woman who was pleading desperately. It was almost as if he would, even now, turn around and shoot dead the two old women.

In fact, if he wanted to, he could do it and nothing would be able stop him. There were plenty of attendants and physicians who would gladly kill the two women right now, in any way he described. Then they would simply clean up the mess left behind, and take care of the trembling servants who were gasping for breath inside the kitchen.

However, his mistress was a “weak woman”. The scene of murder would be engraved in her mind for the rest of her life and she would suffer.

It was fine to watch her tremble in fear, but it had to be in front of him alone.

There was a hovering silence, as if walking a tightrope.

He said, just as Rowena was about to lose her patience over the tension in the room.

“Now close your eyes and cover your ears.”

Rowena was startled awake by the warning coming from him.

She wanted to ask why, but the eyes facing her were as dark and blue as the barrel of a gun. Rowena shrugged her shoulders at the feel of his hand over her eyes.

As soon as she covered her ears as ordered, she heard the sound of something cracking. Rowena put her hand on the stair rail as if to escape a bomb blast then left the place as fast as she could. But when she reached the stairs, she stopped in her tracks. She turned around at the sound of a piercing scream.

Rosaline gulped when she saw the shards that went flying past her face, a thin cut appeared on her cheek as a small droplet of blood began to form.

Rosaline backed away in horror, everything before her became black. In any case, Killian didn’t stop there, and went to pull another teacup out of the display cabinet in the parlor.

He took a brief look down at the cup, his gaze casual, as if he were examining it. It was one of the tea cups the Queen had given them, his mother treasured it and brought it out only when she had important guests.

“No! Not that one, please! “

Rosaline muffled in a tone almost as if she were about to cry and Killian replied with a short laugh.

“You wanted this tea cup, too. So please take it. In return for educating what’s mine.”

“Please make sure that you catch it this time, Godmother.”

As soon as he finished speaking, he threw the cup as if he were disposing of trash.

Roseline curled up her body, squeezing her eyes shut as pieces of glass shattered when they hit the wall. Gertrude, too, sat there with her lips trembling.

In the face of raw fear, there was no chance in keeping up appearances, and no dignity to be maintained. It was basic insanity and rage, it served as a warning to anyone who dared to touch his property without permission.

The porcelain utensils that once decorated the entrance were mercilessly smashed and shattered.

“Oh my. What will you do if you can’t catch one?”

Killian turned his head away when everything was crushed by his brutal hand.

“Come to think of it, you wanted that Jewelled Sword before, didn’t you?”