

Mistress 8

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

What caught his gaze was a sword hanging on the wall. It was mounted into the wall as decoration, but its blade was still sharp. As he made his way toward it, someone hugged him from behind and he stopped moving.

A small, weak voice, as small as if it were coming from an ant. The arms which hugged his broad back were slender and fragile, barely wrapping themselves around him, even when they were spread out to embrace him.

“Even if it’s for me.... Please.....”

Rowena buried her face into his back while crying fearfully; his back started to become damp with tears.

For the past three years, he had appeared to be a gentleman, but it was hard to tell when he will show his beastly instincts and attack back.

The man who sat in the seat next to her, with his side profile looking out the window, had a bored look on his face. His eyes and nose were sharp and sculpted, just enough to give her goosebumps.

The first impression of Killian Devonshire was so strong that Rowena remembered it until this day.

A man who was always calm and collected.

That’s why she was afraid of what he looked like now. Scared that he was losing his reason, that she didn’t know how far he would go, which made her hands quiver even more.

–Miss Philone, Do you have any idea how much of Killian’s reputation was tarnished because of you alone?

–Since he’s at that age, any woman he takes now is fine, it’s better than me going around to find one. That’s the only reason why I’m putting up with you.

–Please take your birth control pills properly, if you carry a dirty bastard child in your lowly belly, I won’t be silent.

The insults poured down continuously upon her, but when she heard that last line, her blood froze from head to toe. However, she had to accept it obediently, just as she had always done so far.

She had to be patient this time as well...patient...

If only it weren’t for these rebellious thoughts, that she never even knew she had, which appeared in her head.

–So if we were to have a child... it won’t be as Godmother wants.

It was okay to insult and humiliate her, she is used to that by now.

But she couldn’t stand the idea of treating a child, who hadn’t been born yet, as trash and filth.

It’s her child, but it was also Killian’s child. It was their child.

It was the next moment that the Marchioness's face distorted and her hand swiftly came down on her cheek making a loud sound.

Everything that had happened to her was a result of her own actions. Her impulses got the better of her.

Rowena hugged the man who stood still like a wall of ice, neither pushing her away, nor hugging her back, but he was her lifeline.

Something pressed down on her chest, blocking her airways, she couldn't breathe, her sight went black, her consciousness began to fade and she felt the strength leaving her hands.

A large, firm hand supported her body, yet her consciousness was still slipping away.