

## **Mistress 8**

Rowena squeezed her heavy eyelids open while turning her head to the side, and found Melissa dozing off in a chair by her bedside. She was thirsty, she could feel her throat burning due to the thirst, she tried to move her dry lips and hoped that Melissa would hear her voice.

It was a low sound, but fortunately it was enough to make Melissa notice her.

Melissa, startled, began to rub her eyes.

Melissa breathed a sigh of relief and reached out to embrace Rowena, who was suffocated by the sudden hug.

Rowena cleared her throat, pushed her lightly. Melissa loosened her arm awkwardly when she heard her cough.

“I’m...I’m sorry. I was just so happy. Here’s some water.”

Rowena looked around as she gulped down the glass of water Melissa had given her.

“It’s okay, more than that.....”

She looked around the room, everything was unfamiliar. This was not the guest room she had been staying in for the past ten days. But then again, the bedroom she shared with him was also different.

The bed had a rosy frame with four pillars and damask draped over it, a fireplace decorated with ornaments, and a carpet embroidered with geometric patterns. There was an illustration of an angel decorating the ceiling, and over to the right was a large glass door that led to the balcony instead of the window.

It was a luxurious space that reminded her of the bedroom at Rockford mansion.

Rowena, who had been looking around, asked quietly.

“Oh... it’s another mansion that belongs to the duke. I’ve never been here before either.”

Rowena blinked at Melissa’s reply.

It was probably one of the other three mansions he owned in this area but it was the first time she had ever been here in three years they’ve been together. It looked twice as big as the other mansion she was staying in.

As Rowena looked around and admired the room, Melissa, placed the glass on a nearby table, and broke the silence.

“By the way, I was really shocked last night.”

“You don’t remember either Miss, do you? I also heard from the maids that last night that the Duke brought a young lady who fainted to us, in his arms, and then ordered to summon a physician.”

From then on, no one was allowed to open their mouths until the physician arrived.

His forehead was full of lines and his eyes were shining with pure anger as if they were looking for blood. It was an atmosphere where it wouldn't be surprising if he decided to kill the first one to make a sound, or shoot a hole through all of their heads.

Coming to a conclusion, Melissa swallowed her words thinking about if she should say anything. But then thought it best not to tell Rowena this much.

Rowena recalled the strong hand that had been holding her firmly, the slight trembling she felt at his touch. It must have been a mistake though. She shook her head and asked hesitantly.

"By the way... what happened to the Marchioness...and Mrs. Gertrude ....."?

It was true that the Marchioness had slapped her on the cheek and Mrs. Gertrude had stood by and watched. But hadn't they been punished enough just by Killian finding out?

Mrs. Gertrude was like a pair of hands and feet to Killian, and the Marchioness of Essix was his blood relative. She hoped that his relationship with them would not be compromised.

The knocking on the door stopped Melissa from answering the question cautiously; however, before Rowena could ask who it was, someone started to speak from behind the door.

Rowena was only referred to as 'Miss Philone' for as long she had been with Killian, but the sudden change in title made her look startled, Rowena looked at Melissa in surprise. Melissa nodded her head, while the woman outside the door called out again.

"Lady Philone, Are you awake?"

"Yes. Yes, She just woke up."

"I see, then, may I come in now?"

Shortly after Melisa's answer, the door slid open and a neatly dressed woman entered the room, carrying a tray in her hand.

She was a tall, slender woman, perhaps around 30 years old.

"It's a pleasure to meet you, Lady Philone."

The woman had a friendly tone, despite the sharp impression she gave.