

Mistress 9

“It’s a pleasure to meet you, Lady Philone.”

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

“My name is Bianca. I am the manager of this townhouse.”

Smiling awkwardly, Rowena nodded to greet her, the other person already seemed to know who she was.

Instead of introducing herself again, Rowena threw a glance at the tray Bianca had brought with her.

Warm poached eggs, crispy bread and tangerine jam, cream, and fresh orange juice. Even a single flower in a pretty vase, all of this setup was made of her favorite things.

Bianca softly asked Rowena who was admiring the little details.

“Do you like it? It’s a meal prepared specially for you, Lady Philone.”

Rowena smiled at her and turned her attention towards the balcony.

She saw a round table and chairs, and wondered if she could eat there, she tried to stand up and move to the balcony but Bianca shook her head in denial.

“The cold breeze could be harmful for your body My Lady, I was ordered to serve your meals in bed.”

Although the subject was omitted, there was only one person who could give orders here.

“The Duke left early this morning to discuss this year’s tax issues with the island’s regents. He said that he would be back around noon.”

Bianca answered kindly as she bent down and pulled out the table from underneath the bed and placed the contents of the tray on the table one by one.

“There’s a bell on the bed side table, you can use it to call a servant any time, please don’t hesitate to ask if there are any inconveniences.”

Instead of replying, Rowena opened her mouth in surprise.

This was far too polite an attitude towards her, as a mere mistress.

This was different from the attitude of the employees at the previous mansion she had been at. Not that they had been rude to her, but they just showed the minimum amount of courtesy, but there was no kindness or politeness in their behavior.

It was easier for Rowena, too, because she knew that she was only considered part of the Duke’s property, nothing more. Moreover, the woman was a mid-level employee of the duke’s residence, she would at least be of the higher class.

It would not be surprising if she secretly mixed formal and informal language, like Mrs. Gertrude, but this was also polite and kind.

Bianca, who had finished her work and was about to leave, turned around. Rowena opened her mouth slowly.

“You don’t have to speak so politely to me.”

While Bianca froze at the sudden words, Melissa scolded Rowena with her eyes.

“What’s wrong with being polite? You deserve to be treated that way Miss.”

As soon as Melissa ended her sentence, Bianca agreed with her.

“I was told to make sure that there would be no shortage in any way, for whatever service Lady Philone needs. Therefore, I hope you will feel comfortable while staying here.”