

## **Mistress 9**

Killian came home around the time of sunset, it seemed that he had finished his work late. He heard a knock at the door, Bianca, who came in bowed down.

“Thank you for your hard work today.”

“What do you have to report?”

“There is nothing in particular to report.”

He handed Bianca his jacket while she quietly answered, Killian suddenly looked up. At the same time, his eyes met Rowena’s, who was looking down at them from the top of the stairs.

The moment her gaze met his, Rowena froze like a startled rabbit.

Killian looked perfect as always, he had neatly brushed black hair and blue eyes as pale as ice, his broad shoulders, firm chest, and long, straight legs....

Her heart raced and her face instantly turned red as Killian spoke to her.

Rowena gulped, Last night had seemed like a dream, and he looked like his usual self.

He spoke in a cold, calm, and low-pitched voice.

“Have you eaten dinner yet?”

“Then let’s eat together.”

Rowena replied shyly. Killian, said with a faint smile.

“Then go get ready so we can go.”

The place they went to was a restaurant along the Blodel River which is known as the “The Capital’s Lifeline”.

It was a two-story building with a magnificent view. When the gas lamps along the river’s side were lit up, the light was reflected in the ripples. The river itself flowed quietly, glistening like stars in the night sky.

Rowena liked to gaze down at it endlessly.

A low voice called out to her. She was sitting on the terrace, gazing at the river, when she raised her gaze to look toward the call.

It was a cool, breezy night.

Killian brushed his hair casually, he had his bangs brushed down on his face as if he was at home, a pair of blue eyes, as clear as an icy river, stood out from beneath the jet-black bangs, catching her attention.

“How did you like your new sleeping quarters?”

“It’s nice..... It’s bigger than I thought.”

Her previous residence was large, but her new residence was twice as wide.

“What about Bianca and the servants?”

“I haven’t seen all of them, but still, they all seem to be kind and friendly.”

Smiling awkwardly, Rowena took the fork in her hand.

Today was full of all kinds of weird stuff. He was a duke, one of the wealthiest and most modest in the empire. Although he always gave her the best of everything, he never threw lavish parties or showcased his wealth like the other nobles.

Tonight, however, was different. The terrace and the entire second floor was empty. They were the only people seated there, as if he had reserved the entire space for her.

On a table covered with fine, white-lace tablecloth was a luxurious meal that would cost a commoner a month’s salary to eat.

“Good, we will stay there for the rest of the social season.”

Satisfied with her honest reply, Killian, unusually calm, sliced bite size pieces of steak and placed them on her plate.

“The sooner you get used to it, the better.”