

Damien Pet 14

Chapter 14 - Run!

Penny who had been in one of the rooms of the Inn had successfully jumped down from the room through the help of the sheets by which she had descended down from the window. Her hands had been free which had made it easier to get down while holding the bedsheets tightly with her legs hanging before falling on the ground. It had been a struggle to go down with her feet bound through the shackles but that was nothing compared to her where she tried to walk as quickly as she could with small steps due to the restricting chains which didn't have enough length to move freely.

She didn't dare to look behind and continue to walk through the forest. Walking by the road where the carriage passed by back and forth wasn't safe. She didn't know who the dead woman was but whoever had killed her was still in the mansion. Though not wanting to be thankful for it, due to this mishap it had bought her time to escape. This was the window which she had been waiting for since she had arrived at the black market. It was obvious that the man would be busy, searching for the murder or involving himself in the mystery for him to lock her in the room.

The deserted forest filled itself with the sounds of the crickets, chirping and hiding behind and on the trees and forest ground which was wet and slippery. Since the time she had been kidnapped to be brought to the slave establishment, the privilege to wear shoes had been stolen away from her where now she walked on her bare feet.

The rain on the previous night had been heavy enough to leave puddles around the land. Unfamiliar with the place, she headed straight without deviating from her path. Penny didn't know how much time she had before the pureblooded vampire would notice her disappearance.

She didn't heed to the possible consequences she would have to face because it never occurred to her human mind that the man would come to search her. Instead of worrying about it, she put her thoughts in escaping from here. The farther she walked, the closer her freedom and independence appeared.

She heaved for air as she ran but it looked more as if she were walking. At one point she had also thought to pick up the stone to break the shackle but she had no time for it. The more time she would spend here, there was that much possibility of being caught. If it weren't for the sounds of the crickets, the forest would have been quiet except for the constant chimes of the metal clinking back and forth with her movement.

At one point, Penny's leg moved forward which the other couldn't follow and she fell on the ground. She huffed for air now that her body had stopped, the wet mud sticking to her dress which made her body feel cold. She pushed herself up to hear in time the sound of galloping hooves of the horse that approached through the forest.

Not knowing what else to do, she rolled around the ground to fall down the little slope and hide under the large roots of the tree and the mud which had moved up enough to hide her.

Penny hadn't expected the pureblooded vampire to catch her this fast but then she didn't know how much time had passed since she had escaped from the Inn. This was her only chance and she was well aware of it. Escaping from the slave establishment was difficult due to their tight security. The guards would catch her before she would be able to pass through the gates. Waiting until they reached the

pureblooded vampire's mansion was not feasible too. Penny didn't know if she would be able to see the light outside without anyone not having a close eye on her.

This was her chance and she had to make use of it. Covering her mouth and nose with her hands, she tried not to let her harsh breath be heard by him.

Raising her head up, she saw the man on his horse whose back faced her. The hooves of the horse moving back and forth as the man continued to pull the reins of the horse. But then Penny noticed, this wasn't Damien Quinn who had bought her for three thousand gold coins. This man was different. He had dirty blonde hair which had been combed back for the hair to smoothen until the nape of his neck. Just as turned, Penny ducked down behind the large roots to hide.

Whoever this man was, he didn't seem like someone who had come to stroll through the woods. Rather it seemed like he was searching for someone with ferocity. At first, it made her wonder if the master had sent one of his servants to fetch her but this man appeared to look off. After some time the man finally took his horse in the direction he had come in.

With the man gone, Penny continued to walk to hear the loud growl of the thunder and in less than a minute it started to rain. The water was cold as it fell from the sky on the ground. The droplets falling from the trees turning heavier than the actual drops, she continued to walk where some of the mud that had stuck to her body started to wash away. She prayed to God for her to get to the next village fast.

Finally reaching a village in the rain, Penny found another Inn and walked towards it while also making sure there was no one to see her shackled legs. Getting inside, wet from head to toe. Now that the rain had stopped falling on her she shivered before getting to the little desk where an old man hovered over a series of parchment papers which was bonded with threads.

Penny's dress ends dripped with water as they were soaking wet. Her feet had left imprints on the wooden floor which she couldn't help but turn back and notice.

With a bright lamp burning at the top of the desk, she brought her wet hand up to hit the bell that stood next to it.

"Oh my! You surprised," the old man replied with a startled voice, staggering slightly at the sudden sight of a young woman who seemed to have drenched in the rain.

The girl smiled, her smile polite and warm where she tucked a piece of her wet hair behind her ear when it fell on her face, "Excuse me but might you be having room to stay?" she asked the old man.

The old man though appeared nice from the front, his first question to her was, "Do you have a silver to spare for one night?"

"Yes, give me a moment," said Penny pulling out a silver coin and placing it on the desk while also hoping he wouldn't ask her for more as she didn't have even a nickel to offer.

After Mr. Quinn, the pureblooded vampire had locked her in the room she had decided to run away while also knowing she would need some sort of money later on. She had searched through the little room to find a coat hanging on the back door but there was only a silver coin in it. Believing something was better than nothing, she had carried it along with her while blessing whoever that coat belonged to.

The old man leaned forward, sliding the coin across the desk to put it in his pocket, "Let me show you the room," he said, picking up the lantern which was hanging on the hook of the wall behind him.

Penny followed the man where he showed her the room before exiting from there. She closed and locked the room. A silver coin was too much for one night to stay here and though Penny would have liked to argue on it, but right now she was supposed to keep low and not call attention to herself.

Feeling cold she pulled the blanket that was laid on the small bed. There was nothing that could stop the tremors of shiver that ran up and down her body. Every time she heard someone walk by the door, she looked at the shadow moving left to right or right to left keeping her alert as if the pureblooded vampire had come to fetch her.

Unable to keep herself awake, her eyes closed such that the night passed for the arrival of morning. Penny was woken up by a woman's voice outside the door and she squinted her eyes.

"She's not here," said the woman.

Suddenly she stood up and went to the door carefully. Placing her ear on the door and pressing it she heard footsteps coming from the other side of the room for the woman to say, "Are you sure? That little ginger cat never comes up here," hearing this, Penny let out a sigh of relief. It seemed like any and everything made her feel as if it was about her.

When the footsteps and the woman's voice faded away, Penny turned the lock and peeked outside the room to see no one. The sky had started to turn lighter and she took it as her cue to leave the room. If she stepped out of this inn when the villae folks would be walking by, she didn't need anyone reporting her.

She had to find a blacksmith. Once she felt it was safe, she sneaked out of the room and walked out of the inn while gliding her feet to avoid the shackles make noise. Finally out of the inn where the old man was nowhere to be seen, Penny started to walk away from the inn to hear the last voice she wanted to hear,

"Did you have a good sleep, little mouse?" Her eyes widened, her head snapping around to look at the pureblooded vampire not standing alone. Next to his feet laid the old man who had given her a roof until this morning. Seeing the old man not move, fear and panic struck Penny. She gulped, seeing the two punctured wounds on the old man's neck.

Damien wiped the blood on his lips with the back of his hand, a sweet smile on his lips that scared the living lights out of Penny right now.

And she started to run again!