

Damien Pet 15

Chapter 15 - Little mouse

Seeing the dead man lying next to the pureblooded who stood casually before taking a step towards her, it led to Penny to start running. Maybe a rabbit had better luck in hopping and escaping from the scene than her because of the shackles that restricted her from running.

Damien stared at the girl with an amused look on his face, his red eyes sparkling with mirth at the sight of her. Before Penny could increase the distance between them, he had started to walk towards her slowly catching up to her but the girl surprised him when she turned around.

"Don't come any closer," she warned him. It was true though, thought the pureblooded vampire. A slave was never outspoken and the last time he had seen her was a week ago which meant that she hadn't got to go through the harsh disciplinary system of the establishment. There was fear in her eyes as she stared at him, her throat moving down and up when she swallowed to calm her nerves which only excited him further.

"For a slave, I should applaud you for your valour," he clapped his hand which didn't seem least bit genuine but as if he was mocking at her, "You need to be punished for running away from me. For disappearing and making me come after you."

"I didn't ask you to come after me," she said keeping a safe distance between him and her.

He tched, a sigh escaping from his lips, "Don't be like that, little mouse. You were so well behaved until we reached the inn, did the death of the woman damage something up here," he pointed his finger to his head.

"I am not a slave-"

"I know that."

"I was brought wrongly-wait what?" she asked him confused. As if the sun had appeared from behind the dark clouds, Penny smiled out of relief, "You know that I am not a slave?"

"Mhmm," he replied with a twinkle in his eyes. Then why was she shackled? "Wondering why you have those still intact?" he asked her to see a nod, "You were the one running since yesterday. Shouldn't you know it better?"

"..."

"I know you aren't a slave by just your behaviour but that doesn't erase the fact that I bought you from the slave establishment," spoke Damien looking down at the ground before raising his head, his steps circling her like a predator who was going to pounce on its prey while making sure its meal didn't have the opportunity to escape.

"You cannot do that! I don't have the slave brand like the others!" she blurted out, moving two steps back to stop him from circling.

Damien stopped in his tracks, gauging the girl with his eyes. The smile that had fallen down came up again making Penny worried, "You don't have the branded mark? No worries. Let's take a small trip to the slave establishment so that we can complete it."

"NO!" she exclaimed quickly in panic. She cursed herself for blurting out the last hope from her mouth to him. Mr Quinn was a daunting man, his unnatural smile staying on his way that wrecked her nervous system before making it go haywire.

"Why not?" he tilted his head, "I thought you the little mouse was upset for not having the mark on the skin. The slave establishment has a rule to not send the new slaves for auction, no matter what they are disciplined, punished made to heed the very word of the guards so that they can be docile with their masters. Yet, here you are after a week out in the market ready to be sold. How did that happen?" asked Damien keeping his eyes on her keenly, "Were you exceptionally well behaved that the warden recommended your name or did you recommend it yourself," he licked his lips to see her eyes widen and a wide smile came upon his lips.

Penny felt her head go dizzy due to the adrenaline rush in her body by his words and question. No matter how much she tried to hide it, the man had caught her plan. She didn't want to go back to the slave establishment. For a slave to meddle with the list of the slaves who were to be auctioned, she would be punished in ways she herself couldn't imagine. Fear and panic were becoming one of the known emotions of her for a week.

Wait...she thought to herself. How did he know that she was in the slave establishment for a week?

At the same time, Penny caught sight of a couple who were walking from the far end of the muddy road which led towards the inn and then to where they stood now.

They were the village man and woman, she could ask them to help or gain their attention. After all, she still didn't have the mark being placed by the establishment which meant she still had the opportunity to run and to be his slave.

As if he had read her mind, she heard Damien warn her, "Don't even think about it," and her eyes moved to look at him. Taking a much more casual stance, he said, "I will take me less than ten seconds to snap both their heads in front of you if you plan to involve them in this little escapee of yours. Think carefully, mouse. Your one wrong move towards me will lead to two deaths. Correction," he raised his hand, "Three. Forgot about that one," he turned to look at the old man over his shoulder.

"I will keep you happy if you come with me," he gave his word to her, the smile falling down and his expression turning serious.

"You left me hungry," pointed Penny.

"I promise to feed you," he replied instantly, "All meals."

Penny could hardly breathe, the anxiety of fear of not because he was a vampire but because she saw her freedom slipping through her fingers like sand, "Why did you kill him?"

"I had my reasons," there was a glint of anger that passed through his face in a blink of an eye, "Come, little mouse. Play nice and I will be the master you will ever need to serve," he said, waiting for her to come.

Seeing her not take a step, he exhaled. Walking to her than wait for her, he bent down which startled her. Penny saw him fiddling through the shackle chains on each side of her leg. When the metal gave out a loud click, suddenly her legs were free and the chains were removed.

Damien stood up, "Such an expensive and troublesome slave," he looked her in the eye and Penny felt as if it were a black space that could swallow one if one continued to look into his eyes, "Let's go back to the mansion now," he ordered her.

Penny only followed him, not seeing the thorn that was lying on the ground she placed the same leg where she had previously stepped on a nail in the confinement room of the establishment. And when her feet did take the entire thorn into the arch of her feet, she felt her soul evaporate from her body to come back with the pain she felt.

"Mr. Quinn!" someone called the pureblooded vampire, and a woman appeared with neat and polished clothes.

"Greta," Damien greeted the woman. She was a human, her features soft a smile up to her lips and cheeks that covered itself in blush at the sight of the man in front of her. But when the woman looked at Penny who stood to stare at her feet, the woman's face turned sour. Her smile faltered but she quickly fixed it putting her attention back at the pureblooded vampire.

"I wasn't expecting to see you here. Did you come here for work?" she asked sweetly.

Penny was in pain to take note of the woman. Taking a deep breath, she finally raised her head to take note of the woman. Brown hair and pale complexion, the dress she wore was undoubtedly made of pure silk. A hat on her head to protect her face from the light which was barely there.

"Yes, I had personal work to attend to. Now that it is dealt, I must be leaving," he said directly without bothering to exchange any pleasantries with the woman which dampened her mood but she fixed it right away.

"I will see you around," she said. Damien gave her a nod before turning his back and walking from there. Penny spared one more glance, both the woman staring at each other with the briefest contact before Penny followed Damien as she limped. She walked on her heel, keeping the thorn untouched. Removing it would only lead to mud getting inside the wound and who knew what this man would do?

Reaching the carriage, Damien first sent her in as if he didn't trust her after her failed escape. Seeing her stagger, he helped her inside to sit next to her. Once the carriage door was closed, he demanded,

"Show me your leg," Penny blinked at him. So he did notice something was wrong with her leg.

"It's alright. I will remove it-"

"Continue disobeying me and you will see the consequences," he gave her a cold smile which made her raise her leg, "Such an obedient mouse," he praised her to take a look at her feet. Without a prior warning, he pulled out the thorn and pressed his thumb on the wound for her to flinch.

"Thank you," she whispered for him taking it out so soon. When he placed her feet on his thigh, she looked up at him. Was this how slaves were treated? Or was this man having some of his bolts lose in the head department? He pulled out the kerchief from his pocket, tying it around her feet.

"I might have removed the shackles of your leg but don't forget that you are my slave, little mouse," he said knotting the last of the kerchief to secure it around her feet, "Betray me, and I will punish you in ways you wished you were back in the slave establishment," he warned her with a small playful smile on his lips.