

Damien Pet 18

Chapter 18 - Be nice

Though Penny had told the man that she was feeling better, both of them knew that she was still sick which was obvious with the way her body lightly shivered along with the unsteady movements. Hearing his demands, she couldn't help but stop to look at him.

This man wasn't a pureblooded vampire but a demon in disguise thought Penny in her mind.

"What are you waiting for?" taunted Damien with a serious look, throwing his head back a little and closing his eyes before opening one to look at her, "It's really hot, a good bath would make me feel better. With your soft hands, I am sure to feel relaxed."

Penny weighed the consequences of her action and words. As she had told she was doing better, he was already making her do his job. If she went back to say she wasn't feeling well, this night creature would undress her and give her a bath. The third possibility was her taking a swing at the man but with the lack of energy in her body, there was little chance of anything going in her favour except for letting off some steam. How far would that go?

Reluctantly, she turned her body to see him shift on the bed such that he brought one of his legs to fold on the bed while leaving the other as it was so that he could face her.

She didn't dare to look at Damien. She was brave for standing up to the people she had come across since the last week. And maybe it was because she had never seen or known the darker side of the world she had lived in until now for having no fear but what Penny didn't know was that her life had already started to change since the time she had been taken into the slave establishment where there was no turning back. Her ignorance of the world she had never seen was the absence of fear that existed in her mind.

Penny who was past seventeen years of age had never been touched by a man. She had fallen in love with some of the men as she had grown up but had never taken the courage to go speak to any of them. Even if she did, the men had different interests and standards that didn't match with her, after all, women in her village weren't short of beauty. They were well known enough to attract some of the black merchants who were involved in stealing and throwing the young woman into the slave establishment.

Going close to Damien, she brought her hands up near his shirt while still not making eye contact. Her head had started to feel dizzy, unsure if it was because of the fever or it was the nervousness that was causing this reaction.

Damien was sharper than most of the pureblooded vampires. Even before she had decided to obey his words, he already knew what the outcome was going to be yet he couldn't help himself from taunting the girl. His lips twisted up when he noticed her hands shaking and heart pounding in her chest.

It wasn't something to be pleased but he was more than pleased with this little response of hers. It showed the lack of experience she had with men.

She brought her fingers up to the top of his shirt, the first blue button fumbling it in her hands which she unbuttoned after a few seconds. Bringing her hand down to remove the next one, she undid it to see his

muscled chest that was hidden beneath his shirt. They looked taunt and hard, one single mark ran across one side of his abs that looked rather serious as its stitch was visible even to her blurry eyes. She gulped and she did one wrong move of letting her gaze move up from his muscles to his collar bones. Her eyes sweeping up to see the neck and then up his face to meet his eye where he was already looking at her.

His red eyes stared right into hers as if he were looking into her very soul that made her heart shudder. The mischievous smile on his lips had fallen like the courage that had built into her before he had asked her to undress him.

Even though he was the man who had bought her from the black market where humans were degraded without any regard, he had saved her. Enough to keep her not in a place like the cells or confinement rooms of the slave establishment. By the looks of it, it was obvious that this wasn't any room but this demon's room. It was master Damien Quinn's room.

What did he want from her? First, he let her starve, and then he had let her sleep on his bed. And now he was back to taunting her and treating her like a personal maid. It felt like he was breaking and building her to only break her again.

"Master Damien," she addressed him, her head feeling dizzier by the second. Her words were innocent but it stirred something dark within the person who was in front of her. She slowly started to lean forward for her body to only fall lax into his arms as she fell unconscious.

Damien's jaw ticked at the teasing girl who had fallen asleep on his chest. This little mouse, his eyes narrowed looking down at her. The audacity of her to fall asleep without speaking what she had on her mind, he carried her to lay her head back on the pillow. When Falcon arrived back at the room with the meal, pushing the trolley in, he saw his master sitting on the bed while reading a book next to the girl who was asleep.

It seemed that the food would need to be reheated again, to make sure the butler asked, "Master Damien, shall I bring the food back again later when she's awake?"

"You can give it to the dogs, Falcon. Prepare the meal once she's awake," replied Damien flipping the page of the book he was reading, "Human's have nothing good to write. What is with this book," he threw the book right at Falcon who caught hold of it in time."

The butler wasn't an illiterate who didn't know to read or write. Therefore the writings looked gibberish in his eyes.

Curious, the butler asked, "What does the book say, master?"

"It's on how to look after pets," Damien's quick response made Falcon sigh internally. He hoped it wasn't for the girl on the bed.

"I am sure master is intelligent and doesn't need to rely on what humans have written," the butler said for Damien to hum.

"True. I should probably write one and send it to the library for copies so that they know that treating pets with care doesn't work all the time. It needs to be scolded and disciplined well," the butler had no words for his master.

After Damien, as well as the butler, had left Penny to sleep in silence, as the pureblooded vampire had work to attend to, she dreamt of the slave establishment.

She didn't know why but she cried in a room which was dark except for the coals of wood that burnt brightly in front of her, "Please no!" she cried but the man next to her heeded not a single word from her as he was used to these cries every day.

Penny's hand and the head were restricted from any movement as it had been locked with the wooden board. Her back was left bare with the dress that she had been wearing removed to make space where the slave's mark would forever come to be etched on her skin. Another man in the room walked past her to go to the coals of wood where he picked up an iron rod with a circular mark at the other end of it. The end burned bright orange and red in colour, the steam and heat coming off of it as he walked back to where Penny was held.

She begged and cried but it was to no avail. The men were doing their job. The man finally placed the hot iron on her skin making her scream further in pain. Her screams echoing on the walls of the room and she woke up from her sleep with a small gasp.

"...!"

Waking up, she noticed the room to have turned brighter which meant it was the time of the morning. She couldn't remember when was the last time she had dreamt a dream so vividly. It felt too real and when she tried to touch her back, it was as if she was placed back into the dream before being bought back to reality.

Her body trickled down with sweat, her forehead covered in it and she used her already dirty sleeve to wipe it. The sound of the fire in the room had died out, only the wind breezing in which was cool but not cold like the night before. It seemed that she was already feeling better but how couldn't she? The room she usually slept in was as cold as the night she had passed through, the floor hard with only a measly sheet to cover herself.

With the years she had lived, Penny had slept on the cold hard ground to know and feel the soft mattress on her back or body. Her mother and she never had the privilege to buy and use the cotton stuffed mattress. For a girl who hadn't tasted the luxury of sleep, the bed she was on felt nothing less to heaven what the people often spoke of after death.

Was she dead though? asked Penny to herself for her mood to dampen when she realized it wasn't so. Not that she wanted to but when the memories of last night flooded she was overcome with embarrassment.

Her body fell back and she pulled the cover-up to her face.

Not wanting to think about it, she decided to sleep for some more time when she heard someone enter the room. She prayed to God it wasn't the Damien and as if wanting to clear her doubts, she pulled down the cover to see a maid who had entered the room.

While she continued to act as if she were asleep, Penny felt the maid rustle through the trolley that was brought but with no hint of smell, she doubted if it was food that was brought in. When the maid caught sight of Penny's act where the girl was awake in the bed, the servant girl didn't bother to greet her and

instead turned away her face like she didn't even exist. The maid folded the clothes she had brought inside but left it right at the table without going to open the closet that led to clothes.

"Excuse me," Penny cleared her throat, trying to gain the maid's attention who for God knows what reason was behaving rudely towards her, "Excuse me, but do you know where master Damien is?"

The maid took a few seconds of her own to respond back, turning her face towards her, "No," came out the short reply. That wasn't helpful, she thought to herself before asking another question,

"Might you know when he might return?" asked Penny.

"No."

"What time did he leave?" Penny continued to ask for the maid to stop what she was doing and turn her entire body to look at the girl on the bed.

"I am not subjected to talk to a lowly slave like you," answered the maid, turning away and continuing her work in the room. Lowly slave? Penny's eyes narrowed.

Deciding to dive into the matter, she asked, "And how better are you compared to me?" the maid wore an apron around her thin waist. Her dress resembling some of the uniforms she had come to see in the local market who served the high mansion families. The maid was pretty with brunette hair and red eyes which meant she was a vampire. It was a given fact that vampires were better looking than normal humans. If one considered a human to be pretty, in vampire terms it meant they were average as they had better-looking people. Sure she looked dirty now, but Penny was prettier than this little maid who looked even younger than her with the way she behaved.

"Listen, you slave. I know what you are trying to do," she did? asked Penny to hear the maid speak, "Just because master bought you here and is allowing you to sleep in his room, doesn't mean you are better. I know the history of where the slaves come from and what happens to them in the slave establishment."

"Is it because you were part of it?" Penny asked with a tilt in her head making the maid narrow her eyes.

"You wish, slave," huffed the maid.

"By what I see," Penny paused to gain all the attention of the maid, "It is you who is running errands while I just finished my beauty sleep. Go on now, before I tell you were snooping in the master's room for a longer time than necessary."

"Mark my words, you will be kicked out sooner from here than you can imagine and back to where you came from. That's the slave establishment," the maid didn't stay longer to talk and left the room with a quiet click. Something told Penny that if the room didn't belong to Damien Quinn, the maid would have sure pulled the door with a loud thud.

She wanted to go to the bathroom. It was one of the reasons why she had asked for Damien but he wasn't here. When she moved her leg, she heard a lot of jingled noise beneath the cover and she pushed it aside to see the length of the chain to have been increased.

Stepping down, she walked towards the bathroom and let out a sigh of relief. At least she could use it when she could.

When she stepped out by pushing the curtain away which she had closed, she found the butler standing in front of her. When did he even come in? She hadn't heard a single step of noise in the room.

"I have brought in food for you to eat. Please have a seat at the table," the butler suggested his words and demeanour politer than his master and the fellow servant of this mansion. Penny didn't have anything against the man, but he did suggest Damien give her a cold cloth bath. Not wanting to make things difficult for him, she did as was asked and saw the butler sigh.

"Where is he?"

"Master Damien?" the butler inquired, "He is in his study working. Do you wish to see him? We can go after-"

"No," Penny was quick to dismiss it, "I don't wish to see him."

She hadn't stepped her foot outside this room and was still trying to let everything that had happened wrap around her head. This was a new place, new people whom she didn't know. Not to forget it seemed like she was yet to see a human here. Until now all she had done was meet vampires and pureblooded vampires. The vampires fell lower in position compared to the pureblooded vampires who were the master of all.

When the butler placed the food on the table, even the normal porridge that her eyes fell on smell mouth-watering, "What porridge is this?"

"This is made from the fruit avocado that had been dried and roasted before mixing it with honey and other ingredients," what a strange fruit name, thought Penny. It was the first time she had heard about it.

Penny who had been hungry for far too long that when the food was placed in front of her, she couldn't resist it and pounced on the food before taking spoonfuls into her mouth and swallowing it. In less than five minutes, she had finished the entire bowl and wished to eat more.

The butler didn't ask for a second serving, after all, she wasn't a guest but a slave that was bought home. Until and unless his master wouldn't order him to give her another serving, he wouldn't add another, not unless he had a death wish. But looking at the girl who looked sad, he wondered if he should give her another bowl. It wasn't as if Master Damien would know. At the same time the fear of what if he got caught hanged above his head. His master was a simple man, simple than most that fear lingered amongst the servants when it came to punishments received by him or any other family members.

"You can use the bath to clean yourself. The clothes have been placed on the bed which you can change into," asked the butler, he picked the bowl which was empty in front of her to place it back on the trolley, "The master asked me to inform you to be presentable. Also, he's asked to not step out of the room."

"I don't think with the length of the chain I can touch the door," Penny assured the butler grimly who nodded his head.

"That's good," the man murmured making her think what was good about her current situation, "Master Damien is a good man, so please obey his words," it felt more like a warning that praising the man. To let her know she would be in trouble if she caused any trouble here.

"I will keep that in mind," she thanked him. The butler took the trolley outside the room, exiting while leaving her all alone. Again.