

Damien Pet 19

Chapter 19 - Am I the food?

She had been unsure to use the bath knowing well the bathroom didn't have a door of its own and if any time, the man of the room decided to enter, her very soul would combust out of shame. Penny still remembered the few days she had to spend by stripping away her clothes along with the other slaves who were part of the slave establishment.

When the water touched her skin, it took a while for the dirt, sweat and mud that had stuck to her after the fall to loosen to be pushed down to mingle with the water she was in. The tub she sat in turned light brown in colour. Unclogging and clogging the water to allow freshwater, she poured the water on her head over and over again until the knots started to smoothen at the ends of her hair.

A shiver ran down her spine making her realize she had to step out of the tub before her body would catch a cold again. Taking the towel, she gently wiped it around her body while also making sure she had cleaned herself well as she didn't want any dirt on the white fluffy towel. Peeking her head out of the curtain, she made sure that there was no one and started to dress in the dress that was previously placed on the bed by the butler, Falcon.

Penny wore the dress which was pale floral in colour with flowers that was splashed here and there. The sides near her waist had lace which she was long. Unsure of what to do she wondered if she was supposed to let them be. Unsure, she started to rotate around the lace which was thick to finally be able to tie it behind her with a small knot which she hid as if the dress was woven this way.

As she had turned and turned the lace, it emphasized her small waist which increased in width where her h.i.p.s were located before the dress flowed down. The sleeves weren't long and were rather short that stopped just before they could start properly. It was a beautiful dress, who knew that slaves had such a privilege. Maybe it wasn't that bad, she thought to herself. Penny had been so into dressing herself that it was while she was tying her hair did she wonder why she was dressing up.

She stared her reflection, a frown coming to place on her forehead. It was if she was looking forward to showing the dress she had worn. Just as thought started to invade her mind, the door opened and her head snapped to look the man who had bought her. He looked handsome, some of his hair combed back while he left the other half to hover over his forehead. His full lips set straight as he looked at her.

"The dress looks lovely," Damien complimented, taking in long strides into the room to see her in the dress, "Don't you think. I was worried that it might not look so good but I must say I have an excellent choice when it comes to most of the things," he smirked. And all the while he was blowing his own horns, Penny didn't speak a word.

And then suddenly he said, "You can now take off the dress."

Penny who had previously been frowning frowned further by his words. She took a step back without breaking his gaze.

"Little mouse, don't tell me you liked the dress," Damien tilted his head while gauging her expression which appeared to look at him sceptically, "The dress was bought for one of the high Duke's daughter. She has been asking me to meet her to shop and I thought what better way is there than gift her a dress.

She is of your height," the man raised his hand to a level where Penny was much taller making her seem like a dwarf but in truth, she was short when compared to him. He was a rather tall man like many pureblooded vampires that she had heard before. She did feel like a mouse in front of him.

When he snapped his fingers in front of her, it broke her trance-like state where she was talking to herself to look back at him. An annoyed expression came to form on her face which he smiled.

"I should discipline you to turn you to be a good one or would you rather prefer I send you to the slave establishment for some time so that you learn not to make faces to your master," upon hearing his words Penny quickly schooled her features and looked down at the floor. This demon sure knew how to use the current situation to his advantage. She regretted internally for opening her mouth and letting him know about her not being a slave.

Even though she didn't have a mark, that didn't erase the history of records of her being a slave. It was jeopardy she had put herself in which she couldn't come out.

"You didn't think I would dress up my slave like a lady now did you. I bought your clothes right here with me," he said bringing up his hand and dangling the dull faded dress which she had not noticed before. For someone like Penny, the dress she wore right now would have not been affordable and it would take her months or maybe years before she could have the courage to spend on something lavish as this. Though she wasn't happy about being a slave, it didn't mean she was unhappy wearing the dress she wore right now.

To think he was kind was a folly, thought Penny when she took hold of the dress he gave her and she took them without a word. The man was vexing and she would repay him in the right way without using many words. That was right, thought Penny to herself.

It saddened her. His words hitting deep into her chest which she already knew and was taking time to digest. She was a slave, a person beneath all the status in the world now. She was somebody before being thrown into the establishment but now she was a nobody. In this world where she had been pulled and dragged into, she was nothing more than a slave of no value or say. A servant at least had an opportunity to quit at times or be moved to another household but a slave's life was bound to the master who bought them.

Taking a deep breath, she went inside the bathroom and started to change the dress before pulling the curtain to stop his eyes from seeing her.

"How are you doing now?" she heard him ask. Penny was annoyed to talk to him and she didn't answer him when she heard him say, "If you don't want me asking you questions right in front of me while you change, I don't mind that. I am sure it will be more effective."

If Penny's eyes had the power of light, there would have been two holes in the curtain to pass through and burn the man.

"I have a headache," she answered. It was better to not lie with this man than being twisted around his finger the way he wanted. It was obvious that this man was used to having everything being played according to his rules, and even if it weren't in the rules, he appeared to be the kind who would erase and modify it to his liking. Deciding to speak, she said, "You promised to feed me."

"That I did and I think you did have a bowl. Don't tell me you are a glutton," he taunted her, his words making her press her lips together where she pulled out the dress from her body.

How dare he, Penny glared into the current. She might have been reduced to a slave but that didn't mean she had lost her pride. No woman would like to ask for another bowl when she was being called a glutton. But was pride important than her stomach right now? Penny placed her hand on her stomach.

She closed her eyes, her breathing getting shallower before she admitted, "I need more food."

"Don't worry, little mouse. You will be fed once you have worn your clothes."

While making sure he wouldn't enter the bathroom, Penny wore the dress she was given which was loose and pale white in colour. If it were the color of brown, then one could easily tell that it looked like a sack hat belonged to the vegetables. The texture of it was coarse on her skin making her itch every time she moved her body.

Before stepping out with the dress she was asked to remove, she narrowed her eyes before grinning quietly like a child who wasn't supposed to do what she planned in her mind. Finding one end of the dress she pulled out the thread, one thread after another.

Finally stepping out of the bathroom for the second time in less than half an hour, she saw Damien's eyes brighten up. He took the dress from her and said, "Don't you look lovely. Come now, let's go get you fed," without waiting for a reply from her side, he started to head to the door and opened it for her to follow.

On their way, she made sure not to lose his sight, keeping up with his footsteps to find several servants who were already on their job of working in the mansion. He led her down the curved staircase before leading her to a double door room which was already wide open.

Damien stepped inside the room and Penny followed him until her quick footsteps slowed down at the sight of four people who were seated at the dining table while Falcon stood next to the older man who sat at the head of the table. She didn't sweep her eyes for long as every one of them possessed red eyes. They were all pureblooded vampires.

Did she mishear when Damien had told her that he would feed her?

Or was it that people here were going to feed on her as she was 'the' meal?

Next chapter title: Meet the Quinn's