

## Damien Pet 20

### Chapter 20 - Meet the Quinns

Penny who had been happy earlier when she had been told to wear the dress that was set on the bed now looked dull and withered like a trampled flower who wore a thick dress that screamed of her identity.

But that wasn't what bothered her right now. It was that there were five people who were seated looking at her before moving their gaze towards Damien.

A girl who looked to be around her same age but in terms of a pureblooded vampire spoke, "I think Damien forgot basic etiquettes of the dining room by bringing the slave in here," her eyes staring at Penny as if she were a rat that had come to spoil her meal.

"We don't allow slaves to step in here, Damien," the woman who sat next to the man sitting at the head of the table was the one to speak next who Penny guessed to be their mother. The woman had thin eyebrows that arched up, her lips painted red in color just like the girl who spoke. The vampiress' name was Grace who was the younger sister to both Damien and Maggie but not by blood. With their mother who had died early, his father had remarried where the girl came to be their step-sister.

By appearance, she looked very familiar to her mother. Blonde hair, full lips. Eyebrows that had been done just like this as her mother, making her seem older than her age while in reality, she was young, immature and spoilt. A ribbon was tied around her neck, her brown dress looking somewhere close to the color that Penny wore now.

"Don't worry, she isn't a slave," Damien had already walked around the table, ready to take a seat when he caught Penny who had stopped walking, "Are you planning to stand there?" the question was directed to Penny and she quickly hustled around to come to where he stood.

"Why don't you say something, daddy," the young pureblooded vampire girl complained in distaste. The vampiress stood up, letting the chair screech loud and clear in the quiet dining room.

"Grace," the older vampire who sat at the head of the table warned but the vampiress had already gone to walk towards where the human girl stood. Catching hold of Penny's wrist, Grace started to pull her for Damien to catch hold of her hand in return.

"What do you think you are doing there, Grace?" asked Damien, his hand getting tighter by the second on his younger sister's hand. If the hand belonged to a human, it sure was going to have blood clot with marks but even for a pureblooded vampire, the strength that Damien possessed was too much to handle.

If it were one thing the step-siblings had in common, it was that both of them were stubborn in nature. Damien's hand held Grace's hand, Grace holding Penny's wrist and Penny who stood still like a statue. Frankly, she didn't want any part of this hostile environment that was surrounding her. All she needed was food but no, that wasn't happening.

"Let go of my hand," said the vampiress, her eyes burning brightly.

"Right after you, sister. Remove your hand from her," Damien warned when his eyes flickered from his sister and then on her hand where she held on his belonging, "If you don't want to play your beloved piano anymore continue holding it and I shall fulfill your wish," he mused for his sister to move her hand away but the young vampiress didn't move away. Everyone knew how Damien's threat worked, right after his words came the immediate action and she believed if tested he would for sure break her hand without batting an eye.

"We have never had a slave enter the dining room until now. Send her out, right now," Grace gritted her teeth.

"Falcon," called Damien.

"Yes, master Damien," the butler came to his call, waiting for the order, "I need a glass of blood tea before I finish my meal. Boil it well, I don't want to find any residue in my cup," he ignored his sister's words and sat down at the table.

"Damien," his step-mother said, "Please tell me you don't intend for the slave to sit with us. Honey," she looked at her husband who had been least bothered to involve himself into the early morning family charade. He wanted to have a decent meal and was something he had been looking forward too.

"Yes, dear," he said raising his face whilst stopping from cutting the meat that was placed on his silver plate. The woman gave him a serious look to which the older vampire cleared his throat. Before his father could say anything, Damien rolled his eyes turning to look at Penny and say,

"Little mouse, sit down," he nudged his head towards the clean floor.

Penny didn't expect anything less. Even if the Quinn's family was not going to oppose the idea of her sitting at the table, she knew the demon who had asked her to sit would have something up his sleeve to annoy her further. For a servant or even the butler, it was unheard of anyone sitting and sharing the same table as their masters and mistress. And here she was a slave who was lower in status and position when compared to the servants. Sitting even near the table would be considered to be fortunate.

The floor was cold but the dress that she wore which was what most or some of the slaves wore prevented her from feeling too cold.

Penny waited that a plate would be placed in front of her and she would be given food but the time never came. It felt like something that was repeating for the second time in the presence of Damien. Various delicacies of food were brought inside the dining room, one item after another being placed on the table while being served around for Penny to only smell.

"You really did get us there for a moment, Dami," his step-mother said with a small laugh that was empty as how he saw her be. He disliked the shortened name, "Did you get her from the black market?"

"I did. Are you looking for a slave?" asked Damien while taking the loaf of bread and smearing it with meat by using a knife.

"Actually I am. It's been a while since I had one," at her chiming words, Damien said,

"Are you already bored with father? It must be the years," his father who had not involved himself in the morning conversation at the dining table looked up at his son who offered him a wink. It was no secret

in the household that Damien disliked the woman and didn't welcome her as his mother. She was a woman who couldn't be replaced by his late mother. His elder sister, Maggie who was six years older than him was a kind vampiress but he had never followed her footsteps of being an obedient child. While the elder sister was the most reasonable child out of all three children of the Quinn's the worse went to the other two children who was Damien and Grace.

His father, Gerald Quinn had married his stepmother Fleurance Heathcrow when he was of the age of fifteen. Though he didn't object to the marriage as it was what his father had decided, it didn't mean he accepted the woman to be part of his family which was known by all. Maggie was sweet enough to not cause trouble but Damien took every opportunity where the words always moved back and forth at the table by his step-mother, his step-sister and him with remarks that never stopped or got old.

When his father opened his mouth, his wife laughed again to lighten the mood. His step-mother said, "I am sure your father and I both will benefit from it. But you did well by buying a slave, this way you will know the ways of being a pureblooded vampire," Damien smiled, wanting to tell something when his sister who sat next to him spoke,

"Will you be going to the council today?" asked Maggie, being the usual diffuser of conversations that took place in the family, she tried to reach for the salt which Damien picked it for her.

"I have been asked to not go back for a week. There are other things that need to be looked into at the moment," he replied and on time, Falcon arrived with the blood tea in a cup, carrying it to the young master, "Keep it here," he directed the butler who did as told.

"How are things at the council?" his father spoke once he was done with his breakfast. He dabbed the napkin on his mouth to place it on the side of the plate, "With the recent massacre there must be a lot going on," the man enquired.

Damien nodded his head, placing the meat smeared bread on his plate, he picked up another loaf of bread this time smearing it with the butter, "The council is interrogating the Carmichael's butler over the massacre that took place in the mansion. They are hoping to find something out of it," once he was done, he passed the bread to Penny who was looking down at the floor.

Seeing this, Grace who was going to take a bite from the fork stopped midway...