

Damien Pet 21

Chapter 21 - Cold sweat

She had been staring at the marble floor, the smooth white letting the light that came from the chandelier shine like glittering gold when two slices of bread were brought in front of her face. Just the smell of the butter wafting across her nose had her mouth water at the sight of it. Her stomach grumbled and she licked her lips.

Lifting her head up, she saw Damien who was speaking to his father while his hand hung in the air. Taking the opportunity, she took hold of it and quickly started to eat it. In a span of seconds, the two loaves of bread had disappeared into her stomach. As she licked the breadcrumbs off the tips of her fingers, she felt as if someone was watching her.

At first, she thought it was Damien but the man was busy eating his own meal and drinking something red which Penny guessed it to be blood. The thought of him consuming blood made her stomach flip and twist. She had never been in the company of vampires before less pureblooded vampires to see them drink blood. With the continued gaze, Penny finally looked ahead of her to see not one but two pair of eyes staring down at her. One with absolute disgust while the elder woman's lips were set in a thin line of annoyance.

"Ah, it's making my eyes hurt by merely looking at her. Did you even see how she ate? There are crumbs all over the floor," complained Grace to her mother without keeping her voice down.

As soon as Penny's eyes had narrowed, in the same haste, it had turned back to normal when she realized the two women noticing her change in expression which came out rude. Rude because none of the slaves ever had the nerve to look back at their owners or any higher-ups until now.

"What are you looking at?" Grace questioned Penny, one of her thin eyebrows raising up in question while trying to show who was the lowly creature in the room which was Penny.

If the people in the room could hear her thoughts, by now Penny would have been hung outside like a dry cloth under the sun to dry until death struck her but fortunately none of them could.

"Stop ordering my pet, Grace. If you want to order someone go buy one yourself," Damien had finished the blood tea, leaving it in a clattering sound on the table which broke the women's gaze from Penny to him.

"Why?" questioned Grace, "We are family, shouldn't we share the things together."

"Grace is right," Penny heard the mother agree to what her daughter just said and before the woman could say anything more, Damien let out a tired sigh.

His stepmother hadn't finished speaking yet he had stood up from his seat. Handing another loaf of bread to her, he spoke, "I found her. I paid for her and I was the one who brought her here. Now if you see closely, everything here indicates I, me and myself. Grace, did you forget. Your elder brother doesn't share buy your own toys to play and stay far from mine," Damien smiled looking at Grace who wasn't happy with what she heard from him.

Now that Penny had been fed, she came to notice the tense atmosphere making her wonder if she was the reason for it. She didn't know why something felt off. It seemed that Quinn's had three children but their relationship didn't seem like the normal family. Not that she was someone who knew what came under normal the terms of family relationship but she sure did feel something to be off here.

But then, he leaned over to his older sister, dropping in a kiss on her cheek and then instructed Penny,?"Follow me," Penny bent her head before following Damien. Seeing him walk through the hall and towards the entrance of the mansion, she asked him,

"Where are we going?"

"To hell. Are you going to try running away?" he asked without looking at her.

"Do you ever reply to anything straightforwardly?"

"Aren't we with a lot of questions. Got brave suddenly after having the bread?" his lips twisted when she went quiet suddenly, "I should cut down your food," Penny wasn't sure if he was joking or being serious.

Before they could step out of the mansion, a maid who stood at the door had come to help Damien wear his overcoat. Penny had been looking at the door that had been carved intricately taking away her attention where she failed to notice the maid's shaky hands as she helped the master with his coat.

Damien's sharp eyes only glared down at the maid, he stepped out along with Penny who had no shoes to protect her feet. Remembering the way both the nail and the thorn had made it's way to the bottom of her feet. She hadn't completely recovered from her health, the dizziness still lingering in her body yet this heartless vampire was making her go somewhere without telling her where. Penny knew if she were to complain, the blame would only come to fall upon her for running away from him.

Seeing Damien step out of the mansion, a servant soon got the carriage ready to stand in front of the doors where Damien stood and Penny who stood behind him.

Having not told where they were headed, Penny didn't ask again as for one thing she had come to realize this man had the habit to answer in his own way without giving out the reply that was asked for. The journey was a short one which took less than ten minutes before the carriage was pulled over.

Penny followed Damien's footsteps right behind him as he approached the door. He didn't have to knock as the door opened right away. It wasn't any butler or a maid who opened it but a young woman, a vampire who looked happy to have Damien standing in front of her doorstep.

"Mr. Quinn!" she sang his name, her eyes merely falling on Penny by a glance to look at Damien but it again darted to Penny. A frown of dislike forming on her forehead where her mood turned sour, "Who is this?" she questioned.

"This is my slave, Penny. Penny, greet Ursula Young," Damien smiled. Penny only bowed her head but the girl still didn't look pleased. The vampiress named Ursula scanned Penny from head to toe which felt similar to the time when she was in the slave establishment.

"When did you buy her?" Ursula continued with her questions.

"Two days ago," he answered, inviting himself in.?Ursula who had her attention on Penny snapped her gaze back to Damien, ignoring the slave for now.

"Would you like to have something to eat? Jannet prepared wonderful breakfast," Ursula clapped her hand. Penny noticed the obvious affections of the girl directed towards Damien while he ignored with a bored expression on his face.

"Hmm, I ate. Here. This is for you," he fished for something inside his coat to pull out a familiar-looking dress which was none other than the one Penny had been asked to wear before asking it to be removed. Her eyes slightly widened at the sight of it. Damien had told it was for someone but never had she guessed that she would have to witness the ire of the girl for what she had done. She had pulled out the strings from the dress.

An invisible cold sweat broke on her forehead and she wondered if it was too soon to be running for her life or if it was late. Her face was expressionless but the same couldn't be told for her heart.

"This is the one that we saw! The beautiful dress!" she exclaimed taking it from him and letting the dress flow so that she could take a look at it. While the vampiress was admiring the beautiful dress, Penny prayed, hoping she wouldn't notice the tear in the dress.

Damien gave Ursula a half lopsided grin which told that he knew she would like it. That didn't mean he didn't hear the human's heartbeat spike up under the excited words of the vampiress.

"Let me go try it on to show you how it looks on me. Nolan!" she called a man who appeared to be in his middle-age. He was a human, his back hunched and his head constantly down, "Take Mr. Quinn to the drawing-room and get him refreshments," she ordered before hurrying herself away from them to put on the dress.

Penny continued to stand next to the wall without leaning her back as Damien sat on the luxurious chair comfortably. She didn't have the mind to complain right now as every now and then her eyes darted to the door to see if the lady had arrived.

After minutes had passed, the vampiress finally stepped into the room to show the dress to Damien which Penny had worn previously, "Such good designs. I love it, Mr. Quinn. To think that you bought the exact piece which was sold out by the merchant," she praised him while twirling round and round to let the bottom of the dress open like a flowing umbrella.

"There is absolutely nothing that I cannot get my hands on. It suits you well, Ms. Young," Damien complimented her with a sweet smile which made the vampiress' heart melt.

While the two vampires were complimenting the dress, Penny looked closely at the dress to see where exactly had she torn. By the looks of it, everything seemed intact.

Just as she was about to let out a sigh of relief, she heard a light sound of something tear. It didn't take her time to know where the sound came from as the dress the lady wore started to tear from the top to the back, exposing her skin from behind.