

Damien Pet 23

Chapter 23 - Stirring minds

Lady Ursula after throwing some more insults finally spoke to Damien, "What would you like help with, Mr. Quinn? Please don't take the maid's words into consideration, the servants sometimes don't know what they are speaking and who they are speaking to.

At first, Penny had felt sorry for the unknown embarrassment. As much as she wanted to get back to Damien, she hadn't realized what the person wearing the dress would feel but now, thought Penny to herself. She didn't regret it even for a second. Damien might punish her going back but the lady deserved it. But Penny was angry on Damien too for putting the maid under the dire words of her mistress.

"I have to say, I agree. People who don't belong to the same level do not understand the consequences of their actions," Damien nodded his head.

"What drink were you expecting, Mr. Quinn? I will get it personally from my kitchen," and as Lady Ursula said it to Damien, turning her body completely to look at the vampire, Penny held her breath on what Damien's response was going to be.

"I asked for her blood," Damien answered directly without a hiccup in his voice. It was a simple question that received a simple answer which was complicated. Lady Ursula's face slightly fell.

"Her blood?"

"I can see where the maid gets her traits from," Damien didn't bother to keep his opinion to himself and instead called Lady Ursula to be dimwitted as her maid was who she had slapped and kicked.

"Of course, you can take her blood, please by all means drink as much as you want," Lady Ursula stepped aside to have the maid back in view.

Damien looked at the maid who was on the ground, her head down looking ashamed. His eyes then went to move back to look at the Lady again, staring at her, "I have lost interest in her blood. I will have to search for the next best option. I am sure you don't mind doing the honor, do you, milady?"

Lady Ursula was rather happy to hear the request. If it were Damien drinking her blood, she had been more than willing to offer him her blood. She had no fear unlike the maid as she hadn't heard his entire words. The lady didn't like that Mr Quinn was going to drink from a peasant when she was here to offer her blood.

Many vampires and pureblooded vampires had their own preferences like a human would when it came to the types of food they would like to consume. It turned out that the night creatures who belonged to the high-class society often visited or invited the other humans who belonged to the elite like them so that they could drink fresh blood which was taken to be purer than the ones they got from the servants. Some of the vampires often turned their blood bank to life partners which made some of the humans hope and wish that they would be asked to get their blood sucked by one of them.

Penny watched the lady walk towards Damien proudly before putting her hand on his which he had extended, "Thank you for the meal," he murmured for the lady to let out a laugh.

"You haven't even bitten into me yet," she fluttered her eyelashes at him for him to smile back at her.

"I fear we might not have time for it," Lady Ursula was blown away by his touch and voice that his words didn't get into her small brain well.

All along, Penny stood watching Damien dip down as his fangs for the very first time came out for him to bite into Lady Ursula's neck. The sight was more than daunting for her as she had never lived out in the vampire world. The land she lived in was filled with a majority of vampires being populated but she had been living in one of the villages where vampires didn't attack the humans as it was concentrated widely with humans. All this time, she had only heard about the night creatures drinking blood from the humans but this was the first time for her to see a vampire sucking the blood out.

Damien held the lady intimately with one of his hands wrapped around her waist while the other held her neck. As he drank the blood from the woman in his arms, his eyes were closed, the room quiet with not a single sound that came from anyone or the world outside. Damien's eyes were closed as he sucked Lady Ursula's blood, the appearance making it e.r.o.t.i.c due to the position of the mouth. This must have been the only time where she saw him quiet and tamed.

Penny looked away at first but when she looked back again her nerves had started to jitter again. When Damien was finally done drinking the blood the woman in his arms turned lax with no consciousness which made her fret. He had killed another person right in front of her without a second thought.

As if tasting the fine blood in his mouth, he made a smacking sound with his lips. The lady's blood around his lips which he ran his tongue around to clean every single drop that had touched around his lips.

"Take her," he ordered the maid who had stood up from the ground. The maid this time did question and instead went to hold her lady to have the lady's weight placed on her thin hands, "We are leaving," he informed, walking out of the room without seeing the lady in a better position.

Unable to keep her burning question to herself, she asked, "Did you kill her? Is she dead?" her voice was anxious.

"What do you think of me? A murderer?" Yes, thought Penny. Damien rolled his eyes to narrow his eyes when she opened her mouth to answer him which she immediately closed, "What?" he barked which made her flinch and she stopped following him.

"You killed the man at the Inn. The owner," she pointed.

"It wasn't intentional and the man was asking for it. To add, I did not kill her. I merely took some blood from her which led to her unconscious state. She will be up in a few hours," Damien answered her with a yawn, "So tired and stressful."

"Why did you kill him?" asked Penny unable to come up with a good reason for a man to be dead.

"It appears that someone forgot that they misbehaved as well as disobeyed their master. Don't be cheeky. It won't take me more than two seconds to snap your head like a carrot," his threat was effective enough for her to shut up, "I have a lot of favours to draw out from the loose woman to kill her right now," he said to see the carriage to be brought out in front of the mansion so that they could leave.

Damien was the first one to get into the carriage and Penny followed him. It wasn't that the thought of running away from here after shutting the carriage door didn't sound entrancing but she could bet on her bad luck that she would be caught in less than a minute. Not to forget he had already spoken about punishing her once today and she had no interest to add more oil to the burning fire.

No, it wouldn't be adding oil, thought Penny as she got in, it would be her going and sitting on the already burning fire.

Seeing her quiet, Damien observed the girl who didn't utter a word, "Why did you go quiet?" he asked her. Penny gave him a disbelieving look. She was now sure that this man needed the local priests to help. Wasn't he the one who threatened her of snapping her head? "Speak," he ordered as one would at a pet animal that was to obey.

"Master Damien, if you don't mind could I delve you with a question?" asked Penny. Getting no response except for his stare, she was about to look away for him to say,

"What?"

"Is this your first time buying a slave from the black market or the slave establishment?" she asked curiously.

"You're the first one," he hummed before turning away his face from her as if he were already bored with her question.

He had turned away from her which was a sign that he didn't want to talk but he had asked her to speak. Taking liberty, she asked, "Why?" Damien turned around, getting cosy on the lush carriage seat which was a hundred times better than the local carriage that was provided for the village and townfolks who didn't own their own carriage to travel across the cities and lands.

Damien looked at her intrigued, "You have beautiful eyes, Penny," she looked taken aback from his sudden compliment but also because her name on his lips for some odd reason seemed to call sweetly in her ears. She looked down as if to gather her thoughts and asked,

"You bought me for that?" she asked him.

"Isn't that reason a good enough one?" Penny felt him lean a little towards her as he stared into her green eyes.

"There are plenty of girls who have green eyes. There was one before me who was sold to the old man," Penny reminded him.

"There was one? I must have missed due to my late arrival," as he said this, Damien only leaned further closer to her and something stirred deep down in her chest which she dismissed quickly.

Maybe that slave would be easier to tame," Penny couldn't help but not look at his full lips which were faint pink in color. She had to blink away to keep her eyes on the man who got closer to her, "What do you think?"

"W-what do I think, about what?" she scooped closer to the window and away from him. With a smug smile, he pulled himself back. Crossing his arms he looked outside the window as if he hadn't left her hanging with a question.

