

Damien Pet 24

Chapter 24 - Questioning the question

She made sure to keep a good distance between her and Damien as the carriage rode on the muddy road. Penny even though so desperately wanted to get back to the life she once had, she didn't know if she really had a life there. She couldn't help but think that of what the woman in the cell had told her.

As much as she wanted to believe that her relatives hadn't passed her to the slave establishment, in time it seemed to be the only logical reason she could come up with. The day and the time were too coincidental for it to fall in place before she was taken away. The question was if she was sold by them, where was she supposed to go? She had no friends, she did know some of them where she lived but she doubted if any would give her a roof where she could stay.

She had nowhere to go and the more she thought about it, the more depressed she got, sulking quietly by herself in the corner that the vampire sitting with her didn't notice.

Was it to better stay here? No, she said to herself. She didn't belong in this world and it was as if fate had forcibly twisted around to push her here. To live as a slave wasn't definitely what she was looking forward to but there was something that bothered her since they had left the mansion.

If Damien was going to humor the lady, gift her and drink blood. What was the point of her bringing along with him? Was he going to drag her everywhere like a toy everywhere he went? Thinking about it, she slumped further into the seat to hear Damien say,

"What are you doing? Trying to be one with the seat? There are other things you can be one with," he suggested being cheeky himself and she pursed her lips. Deciding to be the bigger and mature person here, Penny didn't let him delve into his words further as she refused to comment on it, "You are no fun if you're going to sit this quietly. What happened to the feisty little mouse?" Damien then did something very unexpected by bringing up his hand and poking her cheeks with his finger.

"What are you doing?" Penny couldn't help herself from going to swat his hand which in turn caught her wrist like it was waiting for it to come near. A grin up his lips as he looked at her.

Damien retrieved his hand to say, "Tell me something about your family."

"I thought you already knew about it?"

"What gives way?" he asked her. Penny had come to notice the way he questioned her question with his own one.

"The theater," she replied for him to nod this head. Clutching her hand over the seat, she asked him, "Did you see me act in the theater, master Damien?" it was another thing that had been bothering her. For him to know something she hadn't given out information on was unnerving. It made her think about what else he knew about her.

"What would say if I said yes?"

"Why do you ask a question after my question?"

"Have you forgotten who is the master here, little mouse?"

"I didn't," she said, taking a deep subtle breath and letting out.

"Are you infuriated?" she heard Damien ask, turning her face she saw him offer her a smile. It was a smile mixed with amusement and delight with a hint of mischief. Were all vampires like this? Having not mingled with the night creatures she didn't know if the vampires were starkly different compared to the humans which they were.

But then Penny realized something. He hadn't smiled like this with Lady Ursula. He had been polite but there was a sort of hostility which she noticed. She didn't know him well but that didn't mean she was blind to not notice his lack of sympathy to the young lady of the mansion when her dress had torn. Thanks to her, she thought dryly to herself.

She pursed her lips, not wanting to keep crossing the boundaries as he was unknown territory to step into.

"Don't sulk, mouse. No, I haven't seen you act in the theater," he answered her previous question, "I have a place to go visit."

When the carriage did stop, Damien stepped out on the muddy ground which was wet and some patches of water that covered around the land, "Stay here," he gave her a pointed look when he saw her back straighten as if knowing what was going on in that human brain of hers.

Penny did what as he said because as she thought, this wasn't the time to leave. When the time was right, she would then leave where he wouldn't be able to catch her. Until then she would stick to his side and gain enough trust.

When the carriage's door closed, Penny leaned forward to peep out of the window. She saw Damien's back as he walked away from where she was.

A large cemetery stood in the front where the carriage had stopped with large black gates that looked rusty and old as if it were built centuries ago. The gates continued with walls of medium height, two devils looking like minions that were built at the top.

She wondered if he had come to visit his mother. What kind of person was she? Though she had concentrated mostly on her food in the dining room and the coldness below her body from where she had been sitting, she had noticed the awkward atmosphere between the family members.

It was evident that the mother and daughter duo were rude but Damien was no less when it came to his snarky replies. His sister and father appeared to be the milder people in the room which included her as she hadn't spoken a word though she wished she could.

But Penny wasn't so stupid to dig her own grave and sit in it. Damien taunted her for replies and she knew when to stop. Were they even in a master and slave relationship?

After seeing how Lady Ursula handled her maid, Penny couldn't help but feel a little fortunate that she hadn't been subjected so harshly but her punishment was yet to come. Damien had promised her that she would receive one which she wasn't looking forward to.

She scolded herself mentally for being impulsive with him. She had been a well-behaved child until now, had the establishment affected her or was it that this man was bringing out the worst in her? She couldn't tell and decided to tighten her lips for now.

When she saw Damien return back from the cemetery, the air around him was different. It was quiet as if melancholy weighed on his shoulders. But as soon as his eyes met hers, the glint in his eyes was replaced back to one with malice which made her lean back on the seat of the carriage. Going to the far end to sit.

That day Damien didn't take her anywhere else again and had instead left her behind in the mansion while he went out, leaving her alone with his two sisters and his step-mother. But he hadn't left her out in the open. He had locked her in a completely different room where she wasn't allowed to go out nor was anyone allowed to come in.

The room she was in wasn't small but it wasn't as big as Damien's room. With a bed and a bathroom that was attached to the room, she sat on the bed looking at the wall. The room didn't have an option of the balcony but it did have a window which she was thankful for. Looking through the window she caught sight of servants gardening the garden with types of equipment in their hand.

Since this morning, it hadn't rained but there was no saying if it or wouldn't by the looks of the cloud that often covered the sky like a blanket. It made the room she was in darker. No lantern was placed in here nor was there a fireplace that could keep one warm in the cold weather of what Bonelake had to offer. Due to the continuous rain that often washed over the lands, the people there never got to experience much heat on their skin.

Her eyes fell on the statues that decorated the front garden of the mansion. She couldn't shake off the strange feeling she felt when she looked at them. She had seen some statue figures that were placed in the heart of the city where she lived but this was odd to look at. It was people who looked like they were in pain and angst, the moment caught in the statue which further made her wonder why would one keep something bizarre looking in the mansion.

Of course, only vampires had such strange tastes, thought Penny to herself.

As more time passed by with the servants who were in the garden had disappeared back into the mansion to continue their work. The Quinn's mansion was built in isolation so that no one got in and out easily. But that wasn't all. The mansion wasn't surrounded at least not before the tall gates which were built before the high bridge that hung up in the air between the mansion and the grassy lands which later came in contact with the forest.

She wondered how long it would take for her to leave this place and people. If she ever continued to stay in this mansion, her fate would a day in and out be of her sitting in this room alone while waiting for time to pass.

Thankfully, Damien had upheld his deal and had informed his butler to serve her with more than one bowl as she had a big stomach.

When the door next time opened, Penny had guessed it was the butler but to her surprise, it wasn't the butler but Damien's elder sister Maggie. What was she doing here? Penny stood up from the bed, her head bowing to display respect.

"Good evening, Lady Maggie," she greeted the lady. Lady Maggie smiled, though the color of her eyes was red there was some sort of softness in them when she smiled.

"It is still noon," the lady corrected her. The seconds and minutes had been passing by quite slow and the sky covered in clouds wasn't much help to determine what time it was for Penny, "I was looking for you. I went to Damien's room to find out he had locked you here."

"Is there something I could assist you with?" asked Penny, her voice polite than the time when she had spoken to Damien.

"Would a company be too much to ask?" asked Damien's elder sister taking Penny aback. That was the last thing she would have guessed for the lady to come seek her for. Didn't lady Maggie get along with her stepsister too? "Come with me," she turned around with a smile, leaving the door open while not necessarily leaving a choice for Penny to stay in here in the room not that she wanted to.

Penny had nothing against this particular vampiress as so far she hadn't remarked anything rude to anyone in her presence. Hurriedly walking out, she felt the cloth that she wore move back and forth making her want to itch her skin desperately. She didn't walk right next to her but one step back.

Though she was an illiterate human girl, Penny knew or had heard about the elites. Enough to know how to behave in front of them so that her actions didn't offend any of them.

Lady Maggie didn't bother to ask her to come walk next to her. The lady continued to walk in silence, making her walk and cross corridors that they climbed up the stairs to go up to the attic where the woman finally stopped. Boxes and trunks were placed up here which seemed to have collected dust as if no one ever came to clean this place. Next to them were two buckets filled with little water. For a mansion that was spotless and clean, this place was rather the dustiest.

Lady Maggie picked up two cloths, handing one to Penny to say, "I had a few things that had to be cleaned. Most of them are busy and I didn't want to improvise. Don't worry I will help too," assured Lady Maggie. Penny didn't know why but she felt as if the lady was up to something or maybe it was her overthinking mind that couldn't trust anyone.