

Damien Pet 28

Chapter 28 - Servants at Quinns

Damien who had finished meeting with the magistrate of the two towns away from them traveled back through his own carriage which was pulled by the four black horses attached to the front of the carriage he was in. The rain poured down from the heavens which seemed less likely from the heavens but from hell with the force it fell down on the ground and the roof of the carriage.

The coachman wore the raincoat to cover and protect himself from the oncoming rain, his face wearing something similar to the glass which avoided the rain from getting into his eyes and hindering his sight.

Damien looked outside the little window of his carriage. His dark red eyes gazed out but he wasn't looking at anything in particular. The rain seemed to have reminded him something, one side of his lips pulling up from the corner of his lips at the thought. Though he had spent many good years of his in Bonelake the rain was something he had never gotten used to. Maybe it was due to the fact that his family before relocating to Bonelake used to live in Wovile. A place where there was good amount of sun.

But lately, the wind had started to blow in a different direction which had swayed his cold heart to the slightest movement. Idle in the rain reminded him of a certain girl with jade green eyes who stood with an umbrella in her hand. A smile on her delicate lips which was the only time he had seen her smile.

Once the carriage passed through the dense green forest, the vehicle was pulled across the bridge making the carriage slightly shake as the bridge was made of stones where some of them must have come of due to the continuous rain. He made a mental note to fix it by speaking to his butler so that the bridge wouldn't collapse one day. Sure nothing would happen to him but to lose the servants would truly be a loss.

The coachman pulled the reins of the horses when they reached the entrance of the mansion. Stepping down to pull out his glasses, the servant opened the carriage door so that his master could step out of it.

"What do you think about the weather, Rowen?" Damien asked the servant who had his head bowed along with his back.

Hearing his master speak, the servant stood up with his hands folded in the front, "It is cold, master Damien," he spoke warily.

"Right it is cold," he nodded wondering if he should torture the man a little for not taking care of his dear horses. Instead of going inside, Damien Quinn walked to his horses, inspecting them one by one before he rubbed one of the horses head, "What a lovely boy you are," the servant had gone back to bowing his head to mean no disrespect to his master whom he had been working for.

When his master finally left the side of the carriage, walking inside the mansion to be greeted by the butler, the coachman let out a sigh of relief. If there was one thing he knew about his master, the man didn't like anyone talking back at him but it was something to do with every pureblooded vampire. The horses here were one of his favorites and the last time the man had found a little scratch on them, he had put him in the locker cell where servants were taken to reflect. It wasn't far from being called as a

prison as it was a cell built in the open forest. One would have to spend their days out there in the middle of the forest with no roof to protect them from the harsh rain of Bonelake.

Falcon was quick to take Damien's coat at the entrance where he was greeted by his younger step-sister Grace. The girl who was at the age of seventeen wore a pink dress, her hair which was partitioned two make two high pigtails on either side of her head.

Grace asked sweetly, "Did you finish your work, big brother?" Though Damien didn't react right away, the butler internally had raised his eyebrow at the young lady's tone. Lady Grace being nice and polite didn't exist. The young vampiress was spoilt in nature, being the youngest and the only child of the lady, she was pampered and loved in a way which the lady had misused it.

If it were to be told, out if the three children both Master Damien and Lady Grace were terrible to people. And maybe if Lady Grace at least took into consideration when there were pureblooded vampires, being partial to them while right down insulting anyone else who was lower than them. But when it came to Master Damien, Falcon didn't know how to put it right. Though he didn't differentiate the kinds he was the way he was like this with everyone.

"You look like an idiot with that hair. Why not just cut it off and save my eyes from looking at something as ugly as that."

A minute of silence came to prevail in the atmosphere, maids who were walking by didn't stop or even turn to look at the vampire siblings in the hall. The servants of Quinn's household were pretty much rocks and stones who didn't react to anything knowing well a reaction could cost them their life. Not that it hadn't happened before. Once in a while there would be a servant who would have misstepped on the line but once crossed it was done and there was no going back.

Grace's eyes widened but with her mother not around to support her, the lady had to hold her own ground and she glared at her older step-brother, "I was being nice to you, do you have to be rude?" she asked him, her eyes narrowed while still being nice to him.

"Falcon, when was the last time Grace was nice?" Damien threw his butler right below the running carriage. The poor butler didn't know what to reply and he opened and closed his mouth like a fish unsure of what to do. His master truly was heartless when it came to using people as sacrificial animals. If there was more light thrown one could see the light perspiration of sweat that began to acc.u.mulate on the servant's forehead, "Poor Falcon, even doesn't know."

Grace's eyes snapped to look at the butler of the house, a glare that was quickly dodged thankfully as he had bowed his head to avoid the possible eye contact. Being a mere servant of the house, he couldn't agree or disagree but in truth, the young vampiress had never been nice.

"What was it now then? All you had to do was respond to how your day was, it isn't that hard but instead, you comment on my appearance. Wait until I tell father and mother about it," she threatened Damien to make him chuckle.

Tilting his head to a side, he asked, "Do you think I care?" he looked at Grace with an amused smile, enjoying her getting fl.u.s.tered and angry over his remarks. Good, he thought, if she didn't he would have died utterly bored with no amus.e.m.e.nt being provided to him. The only time she was nice was when she needed something from him and something told him that it had something to do with his pet.

"You will care enough one day that you'll beg me for your forgiveness for treating me like this!" she said angrily, her sweet appearance slowly slipping by which he was waiting for.

"I look forward to that day, Grace but I should say, your petty behaviour is laughable. Such a child throwing tantrum," he started to walk away leaving her behind. The butler did the best thing he knew and followed his master but that didn't stop the lady from talking or tailing behind them.

"Is that so?" there was some sort of smugness in the way Grace asked him, she then said, "Would you tell the same if I said that Sister Maggie took the slave girl up to the attic?" the little color which the butler had saved himself in now drained down his face completely turning his face pale and he couldn't stop but internally curse at the lady for being petty. Falcon stopped right away with Damien who turned to pause his footsteps and turn to look at Grace over his shoulder.

"Maggie wouldn't do it."

"Why don't you ask sister Maggie yourself? I am sure she would love to fill you up on it. What shame that you wouldn't let me, your own sister in there but to take a slave of lower status. Tch.?I will see you at dinner if you still have an appetite," Grace smiled, showing her pearly white teeth.

The vampiress turned swiftly on her heels and walked away from them. Now Falcon wished he had been in the kitchen.

"Falcon," the servant heard his master call making him fill with dread. Very slowly he turned to look at his Master who had a grave expression on his face.

"What was Grace talking about?"