

Damien Pet 29

Chapter 29 - Merciless master

Falcon gulped, his Adam's apple bobbing up and down in his throat at his master's question at him. What was he going to reply?

"Answer quickly, Falcon. Don't keep me waiting here," Damien spoke to him intimidatingly. His voice still in an even tone which had never gone high until now. The few years he came to work for this man in this very mansion as the butler, Falcon had not once heard this man raise his voice. But maybe if he raised his voice it would be less dangerous than his smiling his way which made chills run through the bones of her person.

Falcon bowed his deeply hoping his master wouldn't cut his neck off his body for the simple mistake, "Master Damien, Lady Maggie had the girl out of the room when I was asked to supervise the kitchen," as simple as the matter was, a lot of pureblooded vampires didn't allow room for mistakes.

He held his breath to hear the young master of the mansion say,

"What?" It wasn't that Damien hadn't heard it. He had heard the butler speak quite clearly. The poor butler if possible took further air into his lungs before letting it go, "How difficult is it for you to carry one single task that I give? Let me go see the girl," the butler couldn't tell how relieved he was when Damien walked up the large stairs, his long legs covering the area quickly before he came to stand in front of the door.

All he did was play with the doorknob before opening it. He hadn't placed a lock purposely wanting to see if his mouse would try to run away, though she didn't run away he didn't miss the point that she had disobeyed his words so blatantly. The girl sure had a nerve testing his patience over and over again.

He had left the door unlocked in a way to test her while also to see if he could add to her existing punishment which hadn't been handed down yet. Opening the door, he stepped inside to find the girl who was staring and looking at something outside the window in the ridiculous dress he had made her wear into. It was good that she looked terrible right now. The worse, the better it was always.

She was yet to notice him in the room. Walking to stand right behind her, he saw the reflection of her face which was reflected through the window where the atmosphere outside along with the sky had turned dark.

Penny had been thinking about what Maggie said about the corruption of hearts when her eyes finally fell on the man and she gasped loudly out of surprise. Spinning on her heel, she faced him. Staring right into Damien Quinn's red eyes which stood out the most in his face. His eyes had the fleck of curiosity as if he were trying to find something.

"How was your day, Penelope?" she saw the way his lips moved to speak to her. Her eyes switching to go back and forth from his eyes and lips before settling completely on his eyes as she caught sight of him catching her own sight.

"It was okay," she whispered below his overbearing presence as he didn't give her much space.

He hummed in response, "Look at this," he said lifting his hand up to touch her hair which made her momentarily flinch, "Don't be scared, little mouse. I won't eat you. Not right now at least," he said dusting off the little web which had got stuck on her hair, "Do you remember the instructions I gave you before I left?"

Penny had hoped he wouldn't have found out but it seemed like someone did inform him about her stepping out of the room. She wondered if it was the butler who had informed his master as he was the only one who had caught her and Lady Maggie walking out before she had headed back to the room she was in one now.

"I didn't go willingly with my own mind. I couldn't refuse Lady Maggie when she asked me to help her," Penny gave him the details before he could drag out the story of what happened torturously slow to his amusement.

"What did I ask you and what are you speaking of?" Damien sang before patting the side of her head as one would with their pet dog or cat, "But now that you have spoken about it I will let you off on this one."

Internally she frowned where she continued to stare at him. She did nothing wrong and it was true that she found it rather not pleasant to refuse his sister's offer who had wanted to take her out of here for some time which she was thankful for.

Wait, she thought to herself. Did he just say 'this one'? As his words sank in, she saw that smile of his which tugged on side of his lips as the devil had possessed.

"I cannot look away from what you did to the dress," she heard him say, "I have a very good memory which is a blessing and a cursing at the same time. Come, little mouse. It is time to punish you. Follow me," he turned himself ready to walk before he looked at her over his shoulder, "Come. The faster it is the better.

Penny didn't want to follow him but what choice did she have here? The words 'You reap what you sow' came to hit her hard and she told herself to behave and not act out impulsively. But at the same time, it was hard not to retaliate in response to his actions.

Without a word of defiance, she followed the pureblooded vampire. Walking through the corridors where the lamps were lit in the time of evening burning bright enough to make the place visible for anyone. She could see the fire burn and its luminescence spreading warmly on the walls, some which flickered in the air as if it were sizzling.

"...right?"

What? her eyes snapped at Damien who was walking in front of her and had asked her a question which she hadn't heard.

"What is with the peasants not answering quickly. Has your brain frozen like the winter?"

Penny didn't know if she should tell him that she hadn't heard him speak or the question he had asked her. A little worried that the punishment would grow, she nodded at him and said, "Yes, master Damien."

"What a wonderful spirit you have," stated Damien, glancing at her and then humming something under his tone.

Passing through the rooms and getting down the stairs which had a red carpet laid out on it, Penny followed Damien with her bare feet. Catching sight of some of the maids who passed her a look pity before going on their way as if she were a sheep that was going to be beheaded soon. And the more she thought about their expression, the more worried and anxious did she turn as it seemed like whatever this punishment was, it wasn't going to take place inside the mansion but outside as they headed towards the double door of the entrance.

When the carpet stopped, her feet touched the cold marble floor which felt utterly cold beneath her feet to spread the coldness throughout her body making her shiver. Was he going to make her clean the doors? She definitely didn't mind that, thought Penny to herself. She was more than glad to do it, but when they crossed over the main threshold to walk she was greeted to the chill air which even the jute-like dress that she wore didn't prevent it from the weather.

"Now go pluck the weeds out that have grown around the bushes and plants. I need them all pulled out and cleaned," she heard Damien instruct her, "You have all night to do it but if I catch you slacking. I will make sure to worsen the punishment. The more rules you break the more will the level of punishment increase so make sure to think twice before you do something I extremely dislike. Disobedience will not be tolerated."

It made her feel that this man was punishing her for also stepping out of the room. Though he had said he wasn't going to, it didn't mean he wouldn't add into her current tab of errors.

Was this what she had agreed to?

It was raining and not to forget dark. How was she supposed to pull out weeds when she couldn't see the ground that well.

"With your excellent eyesight, it shouldn't be a problem at all. Go on now," Damien placed his hands in his pockets, waiting for her to step down the stairs.

"It's raining," she pointed out for him to slightly tilt his head to the side.

"I am not blind, Penny. I can see it. Don't worry, the rain will stop in an hour," he responded back nonchalantly.

The fever had only left her body and he was planning to have her drenched in the rain again until she would pass out? This man was cruel and heartless! Gritting her teeth, she stepped down one stair and then another before she finally touched the concrete ground which wasn't smooth. Making her way away from the main entrance and towards the garden where the rain finally started to fall on her. It wasn't a drop or two but a good amount of water droplets that felt like someone was throwing on her.

While Penny made her way, the butler Falcon had seen the door to be open. Wondering which idiot of the servant had opened the doors, he walked towards it to find his master standing there looking at something in the garden. Curious, he treaded his footsteps carefully. Glancing at the garden his eyes widened to find his master's slave out there.

What was she doing in this rain? Not having the audacity to question or ask his master, he decided to step back but Damien had already sensed his presence.

"Where are you going, Falcon?" his master questioned making him stop in his tracks. It made him wonder if there was anyone at all who had sneaked up on him without his notice until now.

"I was passing by, Master Damien. Apologies for that," the butler bowed his head.

"Go have Lady Maggie come here. Tell her sweet brother summons her right now," the butler bowed again, obliging his master's words and almost scurrying away from there so that he could get Lady Maggie to save him. If there was anyone who could speak sense to his master, it was the elder sister but sometimes that failed epically. Most of the maids and other house servants went to the eldest daughter of Quinn to save their necks just because she appeared faintly sensible compared to the other members of the family. Working here was nothing less to walking on an eggs shell where one often worried about doing something and having their throat slit.