

Damien Pet 35

Chapter 35 - No where to run

It appeared that they were not only sharing the same bed but also the same blanket. Penny gingerly lifted the covers and got inside the bed while making sure she stayed as far as she could from him. If she were to move further to her left, she would only fall flat on the carpeted marble floor where there was no carpet.

She had slept on this bed before therefore she had a good memory of how soft the bed was or is but to have the vampire next to her, she doubted she would be able to sleep soundly.

Taking a peek at him, she noticed a glass that sat on top of his nose which she hadn't seen before. Did pureblooded vampires have glasses? How strange, thought Penny to herself. Seeing that he wasn't talking to her anymore and was busy reading his book, the man somewhere looked much more reasonable along with his aura which looked calmer right now as he was concentrating on now bothering anyone.

The candlelight that fell on his face from the lamp that was stationed on his side of the desk gave out a shade full appearance from where she saw. A silhouette where she took in the note that if the man wasn't odd and rude, he could be taken to be one of the decent and handsome man of the night creature community but it wasn't so. He looked sensible right now. Without wanting to disturb him, her head sank further into her pillow, pulling the blanket close to her nose where only her eyes were visible.

With her drenched in the rain and a good meal in her stomach, she slowly started to doze off until her eyes completely shut itself to take her to the dreamlands.

Damien who had been reading his book finally closed it, placing it on the table where his transparent glassed were pulled away from his face to place it atop of the book. His eyes glanced towards the girl whose face was turned to look at his side of the bed.

The girl slept peacefully, though the initial jitters that were running through her mind and nerves which were clear as the day itself she was in deep sleep now. Absolutely having no self-awareness of where she was with her guard down.

Her lashes were long which dusted on the upper part of her cheek. Her lips slightly parted as she breathed in and out. Her jade green eyes were closed which he knew always liked or tried to understand what he was trying to do which only made it that much interesting. The blanket sharing and if he were to reach further and move underneath it he was sure he would be able to reach her. The bed heating up not only because of the fireplace but also the person who slept on the bed right now. One of her hands was loosely clutched together to a fist.

She looked defenseless, just like the girl whom he had seen the first time. Going back to look at the lamp next to him. He blew the candle to dim the room and the night passed.

Penny who was in her own dreamland dreamed about her mother who was preparing something in the small kitchen of their house as Penny herself sat on top of one of the slab to look at her mother cook as she had no one else to talk to except for her own mother. The villagers weren't welcoming with a few things which had turned them hostile against the mother and the daughter, leaving them on their own.

At a certain point, the dream hazed out, waking her up because of a bird that had chirped next to the window to later fly away. As her eyes slowly started to focus back in the room. Penny felt a certain heaviness slightly above her waist which made it difficult for her to breath.

Wondering what was stopping from breathing the morning air, she looked at the top ceiling of the bed to finally shift her eyes at the arm that was wound around her waist. Penny's eyes widened to the point that she felt it was going to pop out of her eye socket.

Her eyes quickly moved to the man whom the arm belonged to, his head considerably close to her where one side of the face was resting on the pillow while the other exposed.

Oh, dear lord! Penny screamed in her mind. Scared and worried, she took his arm as carefully as she could without waking Damien up who was sound asleep. She prayed to God desperately he wouldn't wake up to look at them in this compromising situation. Her chastity would be questioned by her future husband, and the more she thought about it the more she started to panic.

Freaking out internally she raised his arm, inch by inch until it was hanging in the air and she felt his arm about to go back to hold her waist, she rolled right around to fall on the ground with a light thud.

Before he could wake up with the sound and the movements she ran to bathroom and behind the curtains to have her heart patted as she patted it above her chest due to the thudding sound it made.

That pervert master! She should have known this would happen but she had hoped for him to behave with her decently. Until now all he had done to her was torture but never doing anything close to s.e.x.u.a.l. Next time she was going to sleep she was laying pillows once he was asleep to make sure he wouldn't cross the boundaries between them. Looking at her reflection in the large mirror that was on the wall she caught sight of her where her cheeks were burning hot out of sheer embarrassment.

Taking a deep breath, she peered through the curtain to see Damien who had pulled the pillow she had her head on to hold it in his arms to sleep. No matter if it were a habit or not this vampire was not only crazy, odd, narcissist, bipolar but also a pervert now, she silently glared at him before stepping out of the bath.

Stepping outside the room didn't seem like an option at the moment as she didn't know who she was going to meet. No matter what he had made her do and had told her, there was something that had ringed in her mind. Last night when they were done pulling the weeds with his little education, he had told her not to go following people blindly here it being his own house.

With that little warning of his, she decided to listen to him. Even if he hadn't given her to eat food by herself. He had fed her like a child making her do one embarrassing thing after another. Going to stand next to the window, she gazed out at the estate of the Quinn which had nothing much in here.

Penny wondered how she would escape from here with Quinn's residence that was built at the top of the hill with a few trees around which was led through the bridge to go out from here to go anywhere. It was the bridge which was the most difficult of all was passing through there without the guards not noticing was an impossible task. Jumping from one of the rooms wasn't an option as it was surrounded by water, the shore often getting high at night where the water hitting the hill and the building could be heard. She was no swimmer to swim, all she could do was handle herself for two minutes before someone either came to pull her out or her body sunk into the water body.

Would she be able to getaway? If yes, then when was it going to happen? she asked herself these questions.

And as Penny was busy talking to herself within her mind looking out at the forest and the garden right below them where they were sitting together yesterday, she failed to notice that the man on the bed was watching every movement of hers like a hawk.

Damien had woken up when Penny had touched her soft hands on his, trying to move. Instead of taking away and being lazy, he had decided to let it be while seeing what the girl was going to do. It was amusing to see the girl trying to escape him but he didn't forget the way her slender waist felt in his arms. He himself hadn't realized holding her in his sleep, he now stared at her where she, in turn, was looking outside the window. By the line of her sight, it was evident that she wasn't looking at the garden anymore but the forest, the world beyond this mansion which he wasn't willing to send her to.

She was bound to him now. Though he hadn't placed a master-slave bond he wouldn't let her go anywhere out of his sight, not anytime soon and the truth was never. Damien didn't have the habit of letting anything go. Once his eyes were set that was it. He wasn't the kind to make impulsive decisions, never had he done and he had prided himself on it.

Since the time he had set his eyes on this human, she had already turned to his before he even bought her from the black market. The little mouse was struggling, hoping to free itself from the paws but what it didn't know was that it was never going to happen. Freedom wasn't an option it was one of the reasons he had got her to give an oath that she would abide by him through her own words.

Penny who had been staring outside finally felt the stare on her to which she turned her face to look at Damien who was up and staring at her, "How was your sleep?" he asked her.

"It was okay."

"Just okay?" he raised his eyebrows as if disappointed...