

Damien Pet 42

Chapter 42 - Society of the dark- Part 2

While Penny was having her own thoughts, people in the room couldn't turn away their ear to what he just said. With the slaves who were reduced to nothing but dust beneath the pureblooded vampires and the elite human's feet, it was an obvious treatment that the slave got with derogatory remarks who were degraded by their owners after all their lives belonged to the ones who had bought them. But very few called the slaves by their actual names which once in a while raised eyebrows of many of them.

Damien though noticing the gaze didn't bother with such silly things when he had other things to think of.

While Penny spent her time behaving like a good slave with her eyes and head down, she could stop feeling the gaze of two people in the room which were both vampire but not one belonged to her master. One was the male and the other one was the vampiress who had previously whipped the human slave. Their stares made her feel extremely cautious and aware of her surroundings were at one point she also wondered if she was not allowed to breath. Having taken a seat on the ground next to Damien, she stayed quiet while the vampires in the room were having their own conversations.

When the time to leave came, Penny was thankful for the way time had passed so slow. Hot on Damien's tail while keeping two steps distance now instead of six steps away from him at the worry of what might happen as right now, the only person she could rely on was her own master.

She had always known for women to be more rude and brutal in comparison to men when it came to showing off their power and status to others. But this vampiress, she aced all the other females she had met. Unable to gauge the nature of the vampires especially Damien, Penny came to the conclusion that they were all heartless but at the same time, she hoped her master wouldn't leave her anywhere like this so that she would be subjected to such harsh treatment. For one he had given his word that she would be safe if she stayed next to him and she depended on that one for now.

While Damien was bidding his bye to the woman, Lady Yuvain where the man Rowan stood next to her, Penny saw Lady Sentencia walking towards her.

The woman was taller than her, maybe as tall as Damien himself or maybe an inch shorter which Penny wasn't sure but her lean figure which had been hidden with the fur she had been sitting in the couch now had moved away to showcase the dress she wore hugging every inch of her body.

Though not well versed with the vampires, the one thing the humans were well well taught was to keep themselves away from a dark redded eye vampire as they were all pureblooded vampires. Her long straight brown hair went below her waist which was left open, the fringes on her forehead stopped just above her eyes which would not hinder her view. Her lips painted in a bright red color that stood out on her pale complexion face.

"What's your name, slave?" asked Lady Sentencia, her voice calmer than the other woman which appeared to be smooth and even as she asked the question.

The lady was a friend of Damien, and maybe one of the only female friend who had never bothered to court the man as she was also a distant relative of his. Lady Sentencia was as observant as her distant

cousin where she didn't fail to notice the way the girl's pulse skipped when she used the word 'slave' to refer to her.

"Penelope," Penny had no interest to greet and return pleasantries. Wasn't she also in there watching the girl get whipped without a word? Right now she only answered because it felt like a knife was placed above her head which she didn't know when it would fall down.

"Don't be hostile. It is not good for you," said Lady Sentencia as if imparting some advice which would help her get through. The vampiress didn't ask or say anything further and instead, she turned away from her to join the party who were talking to each other along with Damien where her slave boy followed right behind her. Getting back in the carriage, Damien looked at the girl who appeared to look dull.

Penny who was quiet heard Damien say, "Was it too much of shock?" he asked, his lips slightly twisted up.

The man had told her to speak freely, therefore she decided to voice her opinion while also keeping boundaries as she said, "I was born in an environment where men and women or children are not treated in a derogatory manner. People have independence and the will of their own. They would never treat anyone for a simple reason of not getting the tea right."

"Isn't that obvious? The people you lived in couldn't afford to have a decent life if one were to stop working for more than a week, having a slave treating someone like this is a far fetched thought, Penelope."

"Do you agree with what was done in there to be right then?" asked Penny, her voice quieter than before due to the inevitable that she knew was going to come to her as an answer.

"It is in the eye of the beholder and the thought the person has up in the mind," Damien raised his hand to place his finger on the temple, "Which states or allows you to perceive if it is right or wrong. It is wrong in some matter and right at the same time. Do you follow what I mean?" he asked her.

Penny frankly didn't understand and didn't go to nod. Seeing her blank expression, Damien continued to say, "It is wrong in the matter than Yuvaine whipped her slave for something the maid was not responsible for."

"She wasn't at fault?" Penny confirmed to hear a hum that only boiled the blood in her veins.

"Careful mouse. Hold the reins on your emotions, this world isn't yours but ours. Not even vampires but us the pureblooded vampires who run this world which you only believe to be yours," Penny felt as if she was in a nightmare now which was going to keep recurring until God knows when where she was stuck to this vampire with no escape, "A lot of the humans who are elites believe to be up in the same path and height as ours but in reality it is nowhere close to the truth. Because the only truth is that it is the vampires like us who hold the power and resources on how we want things to be run. A lot of them might not speak up, some will tell you they will help and maybe they will," he paused for a second before continuing to say, "But the help is nothing more than a bite to the meal which they hold."

Author's note: Don't forget to vote for the book with your power stones.