

Damien Pet 45

Chapter 45 - Twist of the arm- Part 1

Reaching back the mansion, Penny got down to follow right behind Damien. Before becoming a slave, her hands and time were usually full. Having to do work and bring her share of money while also saving it so that she could use it-Her money! She realized the money she had been saving and storing for so long must still be there unless someone found it!

More than anything right now, Penelope couldn't stop thinking about what happened to her money that she had saved all these months. They weren't gold but it was a good worth of seventeen silver coins which was the most she had saved until now. Thinking about how her aunt and uncle had given her away for the silver coins. She wondered if she should have shared it with the old couple which might have avoided her being put into the path of being a slave. But at the same time, Penny shook her head internally.

Her relatives didn't deserve even one singly shilling from her pocket for doing something so unimaginable. Who knew there were people who had fallen down to the point that they would seel their own relative for the sake of money. But it had happened and no matter how man times she argued and went through it in her mind, everything came to the point where she was no one right now.

Damien walked ahead of her, his long stride full steps moving across the white floor. Two hours thought Penny to herself. What could be done in the two hours and what did he want to deal with?

"Brother Damien, you are back," sang Grace in a joyous tone which would have brightened up the already brightly lit room but the face of the young vampiress looked scornful. Her lips twisted and one of her eyebrows that was lifted up on her face.

"I am, sister Grace," Damien greeted her back with a lack of enthusiasm as if his mood had changed by listening to her voice, "Did you get the cards with Maggie?"

"I did. Do you want to see?"

"I will pass," he answered heading towards the stairs. Grace gave a look at the slave who was stuck like glue to her brother following him since the time he had bought her, "Wash yourself and get back to the room," her brother said to his slave where he started to ascend up the stairs. The slave girl met her eyes but didn't appear to stop or wait for her to leave. The sight of the slave in front of her who was walking towards her as she had to pass by her to reach the back of the kitchen made her lips twist in distaste.

For a slave, this one had a nerve to not even bow at her presence.

"What's your name?" Grace demanded to know the girl's name, "You!" her voice increased a level higher to finally receive the slave's attention who stopped walking.

As if appearing to be meek. Penny turned around with an innocent expression on her face, her head even lower than before so that she would get away from this vampiress.

Penelope knew something like this was going to happen. Why did she feel it that way? Because this house was filled with people who were insane or at least appeared to be like that. The little vampiress

gaze had been glued to her since Damien had disappeared up the stairs leaving her here to deal with his younger sister.

She was sure that even though she was a vampiress, this person was not fully grown but a child with tantrum issues thought Penny to herself. Clearly, they were of the same age, yet this girl had the nerve to behave impudently.

"Do you want me to pour hot oil in your ear to make sure you can still hear me?" asked Grace, crossing her arms across her chest and staring down at Penny even though they were of the same height.

Penny shook her head, her head still bowed where she looked at the expensive pair of shoe which the lady wore. It made her wonder how much they cost? Probably as much as her freedom from here, she thought wryly before coming back to the present.

"I asked what's your name, you dog," Penny wished she wasn't a slave right now. If she wasn't, regardless of her being a human or not, she would have probably gone cavewoman on her but she wasn't in the position to do it. Even though there was some sort of open war between the two siblings, the vampires would support each other while having her turned to a human chew toy. Who knew, after all, thought Penny to herself.

"It's Penny, milady," with her head still put down, she wondered what expression the vampiress was making.

"Penny what?" Penny's parted lips were going to reply back to her but Grace said, "Nevermind. A slave shouldn't even remember the name, with weeks and months, you will forget your name. Go get me blood tea," she ordered her.

"Blood what?" Penny asked back without thinking twice as the name sounded strange and it had made her doubt if she had heard it right.

"What!" Grace snapped back her for the rude behavior she had shown against her. Her voice hardened as she stepped closer to ask, "You need to be disciplined for not only being stupid but also having a lack of tact on how to behave with your mistress."

Was she her mistress? thought Penny to realize this wasn't the time to have conversations in her head.

"You aren't my mistress," she said unable to hold her tongue back from saying what was on her mind.

"You little bitch. You have the nerve to be looking up and answering now but also refusing me!" Grace gritted her teeth.

"Forgive me but master Damien told me to obey only his orders solely and no one else's. I am to answer only to him."