

Damien Pet 59

Chapter 59 - Life of a slave- Part 1

Penelope blinked her eyes again at the thought that she was imagining things or something had come to hover in front of her eyes but that wasn't the case at all.

"What is the matter?" Damien asked Penny who looked taken aback with his eyes color.

For the first few seconds, she stared at his black orbs of eyes which looked as dark as the color of his hair which was pitch black in color, "Y-your eyes, master Damien," she continued to stare at him where Damien turned around to walk back to where she stood on the bridge.

The wind blew, the intensity of it in her ears humming up and down as it moved around them. The loose ends of her hair were swept to the left side of her face and shoulder. Some of the baby hair hindering her eyes which she didn't dare to remove it as her eyes focussed on Damien, her eyes zeroing on his eyes which were an obvious color of darkness.

"What happened to my eyes?" she heard him ask her. Penelope was sure that his eyes were the color of red all this time that it confused her if she had been imagining him to have red eyes but that couldn't be. They were black in color. A smile crept upon his lips, "Can you guess why they turned black?"

She wasn't hallucinating after all. How could she know something she wasn't aware of.

"A vampire's eyes are supposed to be red in color. Can they change colors?" she asked him.

"They are not supposed to," then why did his eyes change color? Was he not worried that something was wrong and off about it?

It appeared that something was really wrong with him and he needed medical attention to it, "You need to see a doctor, Master Damien," at her concerned voice, Damien's lips twisted. He asked her,

"Worried about me, darling?" the term of endearment was something she wasn't expecting that caught her off guard, "Keep this to yourself now. Not many know about this," he lifted his finger to place it on his lips before turning on his heel and starting to head straight in the direction of the mansion.

Penny who stood flabbergasted had to run a little to catch up with the vampire, walking almost next to him with absolute curiosity, she watched him walk unable to move her gaze away from him. She wondered if something happened for his eyes to change color...and just as she thought about it, she realized that his eyes had been fine until now. At least until they reached the forest.

And what did he mean to keep it to herself? Didn't the others know about it?

Unable to hold back her curiosity, she asked him, "Master Damien..."

"Hmm?" he looked at her where she walked next to him on the concrete rocks of the bridge that was smoothened every three months due to the rain of the Bonelake that often chipped the first layer of its surface.

"Are you alright?" she blurted to his utter surprise before an evil smirk made its way on his face.

"You must be a masochist to ask your master who makes you do all kinds of uncomfortable things yet you ask him about his well being," his eyes sparkled as if he was sure he had found his treasure.

Penny frowned her brows, turning away her face as if it was a wrong move to ask him anything. Master Damien had the habit of spinning his words round and round until it came to where he could use it to retrieve what he wanted. Penny believed that in Damien's eyes, she was his personal pet, a slave that he had bought but in her own mind. She was her own person. A person who would one day escape from where and that day wasn't too far.

"Don't pout mouse, women look terribly ugly when they pout. It only shows how immature they are. By the way, do you need shoes?" he asked her. Penny wondered how many times the subject of her having shoes and the need to buy it had come up until now. And no matter how many times it did come up, not once had the vampire taken her to buy her a pair of shoes.

But at the same time, Penny had nodded to herself internally. The vampire she had received as a master was a sadist being. He enjoyed poking fun at her.

Her hands and legs hurt with the amount of pressure she had put on the tree while trying to climb. Franky, she had no confidence in herself when she had gone to the tree but she had done it. Did he know she would be able to do it or had he done it out of pure amusement? The first felt unreal and the latter seeming to be a possibility she shook her head earning a look from him.

Yet after everything, the curiosity in her mind continued to linger on the color of his eyes.

The sky that had been clearer started to accumulate itself with the clouds since the time they had left the mansion, walking on the bridge and to the forest.

Reaching the mansion, she found Damien who had stopped outside without going in. Signaling his coachman who was already standing in an alert position since he had witnessed the master's arrival back home, Damien turned his eyes to look at his butler who came from inside the mansion like an invisible bell had been rung.

With the master-slave bond that was placed on Falcon, he was more attuned to the person he served. Noticing the coachman who started the carriage from the shed where it was parked to pull it up in front of him and master Damien, the butler asked,

"Master Damien, are you going out?" the butler looked at the slave who stood next to his master.

"We'll be visiting the Isle Valley. I should be back in three hours. In the meantime, Kremer might come to deliver a few items. Make sure you bring everything up to my room and do not drop it. They are delicate items. Handle it yourself," the pureblooded vampire informed his butler who nodded his head.

The butler bowed his head to say, "I will make sure to get them up to your room safe, master Damien."

"Good. We'll be leaving," said Damien, not waiting for a response he took two steps towards the carriage before the carriage door was opened for him.

Falcon, stared at his master and then his slave who followed his suit without a question. He wondered where they were going. The Isle Valley was a town that sold high-end goods to the people who belonged to the higher society. Not that all the shops didn't market it to the lower class of people but because the

items sold in there were something that the poor could not afford. The town was built for the pureblooded vampires which was later allowed for the humans who were rich.

At the same time, the Isle Valley was a town that was attached or stood right adjacent to the black market. It wasn't obvious but everyone knew the location of it. And as illegal as the place was where things that were sold there were to never be owned, the items were sold to people anyways as it was the black market where goods could be hidden and be given only after the payment was done.

The butler couldn't help but think that maybe his master was going for a refund for something he had bought for a ridiculous price. With what he had seen yesterday, the slave his master bought was someone who was untamed. Somewhere he felt it was better to bring another slave. Not because he had anything against the girl but behaving like that would only cost the slave's life.

With the time he had served people in this house and also heard and seen things, the girl would die soon if she didn't know how difficult it was to live a slave's life. At least by dropping her back, the girl would still continue to live than be dead and thrown somewhere in a ditch before it would be filled with water and forgotten in time.