

## Damien Pet 63

### Chapter 63 - Not everything is sweet- Part 3

"I am being nice, what are you crying for?" asked the vampires, his eyes turning to the brightest red out of the sheer excitement. The fear turned the man on more than s.e.x did, the light in his eyes lit as he watched her squirm and cry, trying to get away from him like an insect trapped in a glass as he watched knowing there was no escape in this cobweb world, "Shh, don't cry," he tried to pacify when his hand hadn't let go of her tangled hair which pulled her scalp painfully, "Okay," he whispered before letting go of her hair to see the girl move away from him, keeping a distance as her wide brown eyes looked at him.

The slave girl didn't know what to make of as her owner apologized, "Forgive me," said the man as his hand reached towards her but her scalp still hurting, she didn't heed to him and instead leaned back to have the man's eyes narrow at her out of unpleasantness.

Suddenly the vampire came at her, his hand wrapping around the girl's neck as he dragged her up to the center of the bed, "I told you there's nothing to fear yet you are being difficult with me. The other slaves were so much better who listened, why are you being difficult, Anne? Don't you want to be loved?" he asked her with the same sweetness in his voice which now scared the girl on the bed.

"M-master, please sp-spare me. P-p-please," pleaded the human girl but her pleas fell on deaf ears as the man was not listening to her. None of her words came to fall on his ear, his eyes looking at her fearful expression.

His hand was still wrapped around her neck, pushing her to the bed so that she couldn't move her body. As her body started to thrash, his hand tightened around her neck to see the air blocking out of her body slowly. Leaning closer to her face and positioning his lips next to her ears, he whispered, "What are you scared of?"

The slave whined painfully as one of his legs was placed on her arm.

More tears slipped past her eyes which only made the man look at her confused as to why she was crying even more, "Shh," he patted her head so that she could stop crying after moving his hand away from her neck which stopped him from choking her further, "Good girl, now don't cry any further. You are to not cry," he repeated his words and the slave beneath him gasped for air, her chest heaving as he played with her hair.

The human was more than scared now, did she do something that he didn't like? But she had been quiet and mindful. Not having spoken a word unless asked to. As his hands brushed through her hair, his eyes looking at her with that serene smile, fear came to instill in her eyes.

"It's time to see if you are as pure as he spoke,"? said the man before starting to tear her clothes as she struggled to hide, trying to prevent him from taking the clothes off her body but when she did it only excited the man further.

"Master no!?" the girl screamed when she finally did manage to crawl away from the bed, falling down and running towards the door, she tried to open it but the door never opened as it was locked. The room

filled itself with the twisting and turning of the knob, the slave trying to open the door as the vampire came to stand behind her.

"Where do you think you are going?"

At the question, the girl's face snapped to look behind at the man fearful who wasn't smiling anymore. Turning back at the door she started to bang it with both her hands.

"HELP! PLEASE, ANYONE!" she hit the wooden door as hard as she could.

"So noisy," the man sighed. He rubbed his forehead.

The girl continued to bang her hand until her own headbanged right at the wall next to her. Leaving a trail of blood trickling down the wall.

The man looked at the girl who now laid on the floor unmoving. By the heart rate one could say that the girl was still alive. Walking towards the wall, he slipped his finger over the fall and put the bloody tip of his finger into his mouth. Closing his eyes, he relished the taste of it. The girl had survived much to his surprise.

Going to the other side of his room and into the bathroom, he pushed the closet which had a lock for it to slide through to allow a passage to be seen. Robarte went back to the girl, dragging her by one foot with little to no effort to take her into the secretive passage which not even his servants were aware of.

Once he had tied her legs with the chains, a room which had no window and only the light that was the lantern that was lit occasionally, he looked down at the girl. Slaves. They were such beautiful complex creatures, thought the man to himself. All they had to do was accept the fact of their living and the slaves he often picked were the ones that were complex in nature, rebellious so that he could enjoy them slowly, torturing them where he could hear them scream over and over again, the echoes ringing through the walls where it was only him, who could hear them and no one else.

Before the bid had taken place today, the auctioneer had told him how he had missed another slave who would have been perfect for him. Upon inquiry, he found out that the slave was sold. Not just sold but from what he heard in the crowd who were murmuring in front of him, the slave was sold for a high amount of five thousand gold coins. It only piqued and irritated him that much more. For a slave to be sold for such value, she must have been worth it. But what Robarte didn't know was if it weren't for Damien Quinn, the girl might have been sold for less than a thousand gold coins.

Closing the sliding door of the bathroom. The vampire came to his room to look at the blood that had been smudged on his walls. The scent of it making his head dizzy as he closed and enjoyed the wafting iron-like smell in his room.