

Damien Pet 64

Chapter 64 - Master dont be stingey- Part 1

Damien who had spoken about buying her shoes had instead made her carry the one bag of clothes he had bought for himself. If there was one more thing she noticed when it came to the man who had bought her so happy, he not only bargained on the items he bought but also was extremely picky.

Of course, Penny could herself call to be picky if she had the option of money but this man here was far worse than a woman who shopped. They had been to more than seven shops and he had made the salesmen and women bring him clothes one after another, spending time looking with an absolute bored look on his face until he found a shirt which he was remotely interested to only drop it. One of the stores had somehow managed to impress him where he finally bought them but not to the value they had put up for.

"Make it t two gold coins," said Damien who continued to look at the fabric of the shirt he held in his hand as if he would find a hidden torn hole in the garment if he looked through over and over again.

Penny hid her face now because she was the slave who was accompanying her master but because she was embarrassed with the dealing her master did, "Master Quinn. This is handmade by and brought from the other land, look at the fabric, we cannot drop the price when the label is of twenty-nine gold coins."

"Don't be a stingy shopkeeper..." Damien's eyes narrowed to look at the tag that was on the man's chest, "Courtis."

Penny's eyes widened at the term used by Damien and if it was allowed the staff in the room would have returned the same expression as hers but they were taught to be polite to their customers and Damien Quimm was the customer none would like to lose.

"Sir, the fabric is created once in every twelve months of the year," the manager of the shop spoke politely.

"Then you must have kept stock at that time. Drop the price. Alright to make it fair, let's bring it up to five gold coins," if Penny didn't know the ridiculous amount of coins he had used to just buy her which he had bargained there too, she would have taken him to a measly vampire.

Thinking about the way Master Damien led his life, Penny pondered on how much this man was worth for. With the family mansion that looked nothing less to a king's palace and the architecture around, she could hardly fathom it. And with the amount of money and gold he possessed, she wondered if the man was stingy just for the fun of it.

"Master Quinn..." the store manager gave an awkward smile who was a lower vampire compared to the man who was trying to buy the clothes for lesser than half the price.

"How cheap are you. Your shop must be making a more than expected revenue here compared to the other shops that are lined here in the same street yet you cannot drop the price for a regular customer,"? Damien drawled his voice filled with one of disappointment, looking up from the fabric that he threw on the table.

Cheap? Thought the store manager, looking at Damien Quinn with a bewildered look on his face now.

"Did I say something wrong?" Damien asked innocently not knowing what wrong he said when he knew quite well what had caused the expression on the man's face. Penny only turned her head down more not wanting to see the witness the embarrassment and awkwardness in the room.

"Sir, the money goes to the owner and then to fabric maker with which we get little amount from it. A great man like you shouldn't be worried about money," Damien nodded his head.

"You are right. How about all of you come to work in my mansion from tomorrow. There is paintwork and some mowing to be done in the garden. One of the people in my mansion pulled out my good plants," hearing this Penny closed her eyes. Please, God, don't bring me in the conversation, prayed Penny to herself.

The storeman somehow managed to smile and then said, "How about twenty gold coins, Sir?" he saw the pureblooded vampire twist his lips thoughtfully who finally nodded to their relief.

"Alright. Twenty doesn't sound that bad. Pack it,?" said Damien, pulling out the gold coins as he counted them before pushing it on the table towards the man.

"Please pack this," the storeman said to one of his helpers who got to work of folding the shirt and place it in a bag.

Penny who was still looking at the table where Damien continued to pull out the coins to place it on the table wondered what he was up to until she heard him say, "This is your tip," Damien pulled out one little penny which only meager village men would have. To think that Damien carried it around him, Penny was gobsmacked and her eyebrows had gone up to her hairline until she began to count the coins on the table. One, two, three...eight and nine...and a brown colored penny.

Damien said, "I am being generous and giving you a large tip. Make sure you use it wisely."

The storeman had a similar expression as hers. She blinked twice before looking up at Damien. She didn't know if she was to laugh or not for the store's plight.

"We are very happy for your generosity."

"Take this mouse,?" and Penny moved forward to take hold of the next bag she was carried. After all Master Damien didn't like heavy things on his hand while he was walking.

Bowing her head to the people in the store who had put up with her master while it somewhere made her smile, she followed Damien out of the store who had a serious expression until a chuckle escaped from his lips.