

Getting Comfortable

After about ten minutes of driving, we pulled up to a tall stone fence with a big gate. Victor pressed the button on his car visor and the gate opened. Pretty lamps lined the driveway to the house.

It was a huge mansion. Like my house times two stacked on another three. It would take me a couple days to clean it. I didn't think I'd have as much free time as he let on.

We got out of the car, I grabbed my bags, and he led me into the house. There was marble everywhere. A big staircase looped like a giant 'C' in front of us.

"Your room is on the second oor. Come on." Victor said, hurrying up the stairs.

I went as fast as I could to stay near him. He turned right at the top of the stairs and continued down the hall. When he nally stopped, he turned to me and pointed to the door.

"You can make a sign for it so you can nd it more easily in the future. For now, just leave the door open when you leave. Across the hall is the master suite. That's the rst room I want you to focus on, after you get the kitchen settled. I will sleep there once it's done. I need the windows blacked out, furniture, curtains, and some decoration. I don't like a bare room. But, rst." He said and opened the door.

Victor pulled me into the room and turned on the light. It was three times as big as the little basement room I slept in. There was a bed as large as Harmony's with a thick blanket and pillows that weren't at.

He took me to a door that opened to a bathroom with a tub and a shower that wasn't covered in rust and moldy cracks, like the one in my basement. Next, he showed me a closet so big, I could put my little bed in it and call it my room.

It was all too much. I never imagined I'd get to have a room like this.

"You might want to buy new sheets. The person who made these purchases wasn't great at selecting quality." Victor sneered.

I went to the bed and checked the sheets. Apparently I wasn't great at selecting quality either, because they felt amazing. I was super excited to go to sleep.

"What would you like me to work on tomorrow? It's Sunday, so not much will be open. My mom says everything is closed on Sundays." I said.

"Tomorrow, Drew will come take you shopping for clothes, kitchen items, and groceries. I'll call him tonight. He'll give you a rundown on what it means to be a human servant. He's Silence's servant and has been for over a hundred years. For now, you're only a daytime servant. You're here by choice. If you choose to stay, I'll make a bond with you and give you my blood. That won't happen until you are eighteen, though." He explained.

"Alright. I'll be prepared." I answered.

"This is your home now. You are free to do as you like, just complete the work I assign rst. Would you like a tour?"

I nodded and followed him after setting down my bags.

Aside from my room, there were eight guest rooms. The master suite was practically as big as the living room in my old house. Downstairs there was an oce, living room, dining room, kitchen, family room, and library. He showed me the basement door and told me he slept there for now.

He looked about as happy as I was while living in the basement. A few times on the tour, I nearly laughed while he growled about the furniture. I would make sure my master had everything he wanted and needed as quickly as I could. He paid a lot for me and was giving me a lot, it was the least I could do.

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"I wake two hours before sunset and am usually up until an hour after dawn. The sooner I can leave the basement, the better. I'm going to give you my wallet. Use my credit card to buy whatever you want or need. I have a lot of money." He shrugged.

"I'll do what I can, Victor." I promised.

"You should get some sleep. It's after ten. Drew will be here around nine tomorrow morning. He has the code for the gate box, if you accidentally sleep in, he can come get you. He got your room set up and knows which one is yours." Victor said.

I said good night and headed back to my room. When I got there, I locked the door behind me, stripped, and climbed under the sheets. If this was low quality, I wondered what kind of heaven he was used to. I drifted off to sleep in a cocoon of comfort.

[Victor]

After Echo headed to bed, I went to my oce and sat in the cheap oce chair behind the particle board desk. I detested so much in this house. With luck, Echo would prove to be a suitable servant. According to everything Drew's friend, Gage, witnessed, she practically ran her parents' home like one.

She was a housekeeper, stylist, landscaper, chef, and handyman all in one. Echo woke around six every morning and sometimes wouldn't sleep until two in the morning. Somehow, she still had the energy to smile and take the insults that often came from her parents.

They didn't even call her their daughter while talking to me. The closest thing was when her father said he'd be in the living room with her mother. Who could just abandon their child with a hungry vampire?

Gage reported how much she and her siblings seemed to love each other. Even though they didn't try to stop their parents from making her do everything, they still cared. I could imagine, they'd stopped trying when they were young. It's hard to change the minds of some people.

I wondered what the hell they were thinking. No one could look at that demure little thing and think her anything other than innocent and pure. Certainly a draw for many of her late clients.

The rage that shot through me when she said they told her she was evil was intense. No one should ever be told that by their family. She said her siblings were meant to be, but she stole from them. I wanted to destroy her parents. She didn't steal anything!

They weren't meant to have what she did. It meant her mother knew what was in her blood. She probably had Echo enter that room on purpose ten years ago. She had to have known the scent of a higher level dhampyr would entice any vampire.

And she had to be higher level because even I could smell the allure of her blood. It was rich, but delicate. Something to be savored. Of course, I was strong enough to resist. A vampire couldn't get to my age and be unable to act sensibly. Even Springer would have been able to resist if he hadn't been such a selsh and greedy man.

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My plan was to help her rebuild herself, then let her choose the direction of her life. I felt a little guilt. Maybe I should have left Springer alive so he could apologize to her before I killed him. It was enough to see the tiny smile on her face as I informed her parents of their crimes and the knowledge of the council.

Somehow, they hadn't broken her. I knew she'd grow stronger over the next few months. Once Echo was out of the shadow of that house, I was betting she would be as cheerful and vibrant as her sister.

Even if she only stayed with me until she was eighteen, I would enjoy that distraction. It had been a couple hundred years since Geoffrey asked me to let him die. I would like to have another proper servant. Being alone was tiring at times.

I could feel dawn starting to tug at me. I groaned at the idea of having to go back down to that basement. It was so musty and dirty.

I hoped to have a bedroom within the next week or two. Something clean with fresh air and soft furnishings. At least I had it to myself, that was enough for now.