

Damien Pet 16

Chapter 16 - New home

She gulped hearing those words spoken by Damien. Her body sitting crossed while her leg, which had been injured, still resting on his lap, finally felt it being released by him as she pulled it back so that she could place it down.

A cold sweat broke on her back. His smile filled words didn't lessen the threat he had casually blurted out to her. His words made her worry.

Truthfully she didn't understand him. She had tried to figure the pureblooded vampire but the more she thought about it, the more intertwined did his character turned out to be. He had claimed that he knew she wasn't a slave or rather didn't have a mark on her but that didn't erase the fact that he wanted her by his side. Running away from him seemed to be an impossible task, every word he spoke, Penny had to make sure to listen to it carefully. He had failed to offer her food, but he had come in search of her.

All her efforts from jumping out of the window to walking in the rain through the forest appeared to be pointless. She had wasted her time, but she had tried, thought Penny to herself. To not do anything and cry about it was worse than try escaping and getting caught.

He treated her like a slave but a few minutes ago, he had picked her dirty feet to remove the thorn that had stuck to the bottom of her feet. She didn't understand what he was trying to do. But if she was sure about one thing, it was that running away any time soon wasn't an option. Not to forget the threat.

Once the carriage reached the mansion, the coachman pulled the reins of the horses to stop them right in front of the mansion. When Penny stepped out, she was gobsmacked at the sight of how large the mansion was. It was a tall, proud mansion that was painted dark grey in color which was very similar to the clouds that hovered in the sky, thundering, and growling. There were statues made of marble, situated midst the garden that looked rather strange to her.

Most of the statues she had come across until now, they were of beautiful women. Not that she was complaining about the addition of men here, but the expressions each one held here was filled with pain and angst. Their expressions, panic-stricken.

A man with a black and white attire arrived at the door, stepping out to take Damien's coat.

While Penny was busy taking in the strange statues and beautiful garden that surrounded them, the butler enquired,

"Master Damien, who is that?" Though the servant already knew, he wanted to confirm if what he understood by the young girl's clothes if it was true.

"She is my pet. Falcon, clear the room that is next to mine," the butler slowly turned his gaze from the girl to his master. So his master did buy a slave.

"Would you want it to be the left or the right one?" asked Falcon, waiting for his master's order to hear,

"On second thought, it won't be necessary," grinned Damien, his eyes began to sparkle.

"Yes, master," the butler bowed his head, "Where will she be staying then? The servants quarters?"

"Foolish Falcon, why would I ever do that?" replied Damien who was looking at Penny. He threw a look at his butler, "She will be staying in my room. Pets are not meant to be left out in the open where others can pet them," he then shifted his gaze to her. The mouse had to know who was her master, and that he would be the only one she would ever need to serve in this lifetime. She had been caught not by the cat but the wolf, and he would enjoy her slowly before devouring her very soul.

Penny who had been looking at the mansion, finally realized the two pairs of eyes that were looking at her. The man who had bought her was undoubtedly one of the rich pureblooded vampires. For him, to have spent three thousand gold coins on her, she should have known.

She was led inside, the butler in the front and Damien, a step ahead of her. As expected, the mansion was spacious enough for two more houses to be built inside it. She caught sight of maids who not once lifted their heads to look at them. There were more than six to seven of them who were either cleaning the walls and the stairs on either side of the large hall.

"You are home late," a woman came into view who looked barely past thirty. Her cheekbones were as high as the pureblooded vampire who had bought her from the market. Eyes that were blood red like her lips were painted with colour. Her brown wavy hair was left open which stopped right above her waist.

"Maggie," Damien greeted the woman who came to his side to leave a kiss in the air next to his cheek, "Mother was asking where you were last night?"

"How fortunate for her to remember," Damien joked with a hint of sarcasm.

"She was missing you. Grace has been out too," the woman named Maggie, her eyes fell on the girl who stood behind Damien. The woman's eyebrows rose slightly, "You bought a maid. We have plenty of them already," she murmured. The girl appeared to be around the age of seventeen, her blonde hair, dirty and mud sticking on her dress and some on her face. For a maid, she didn't look shabby but her brother always bought good looking girls to work for the mansion. And though every one of them stepped into the mansion alive, most of them left dead due to the lack of blood in their body.

"She isn't a maid," Damien corrected, "She is my pet," he grinned.

Penny didn't like the way the man addressed her but she neither had the energy to fight him or test his patience. She felt like an animal on display with the three pair of eyes on her which made her uncomfortable. She had been tired running with the shackles around her feet and by end of the time, it had also rained leading her dress to be drenched wet the previous night. Feeling slightly feverish, she swayed back and forth. Her head began to spin, a light ache at the bottom of her feet.

Before the girl could fall down, Damien had swiftly moved to catch hold of her in his arms. Her body turned lax in his arms as he held her with his hand around her waist. He saw her head lulled back and her eyes closed.

"Is she alright?" asked Maggie with a tilt of her head.

Servants were never of much importance in the world of the high-class society of the pureblooded vampires. Maids and the other workers were used by the elites as they pleased, like tools ready for disposition. A maid's health was of no concern.

Damien who had been smiling previously looked serious now as he placed the palm of his hand on Penny's forehead. Her forehead was burning.

"Falcon, prepare cold water," without wasting a second he carried her up the stairs and to his room.

Maggie was Damien's elder sister, the sanest of the three children of the Quinn family. Damien being the second and the third daughter, who was the youngest, Grace Quinn. Maggie had followed Damien along with the girl who was being carried and put in the same bed her brother slept in.

"What are you doing here, Maggie? Don't you have tea party to attend to?" asked Damien, his eyes watching his elder sister with hawk-like eyes.

"I was leaving. Do you need me to call the local doctor?" asked his sister seeing him tuck the girl who looked like she had rolled in the mud. Her brother had called the girl pet, which made Maggie wonder what her brother was up to. With his mood flipping mind that kept fluctuating every now and then, she didn't know what he was scheming and somewhere she pitied the girl.

"For what? She's a slave, she doesn't need one," Damien's words were curt, "Go now. You will be late," he gave her a smile that looked mischevious.

"Don't do anything to her, Damien," Maggie stated in concern.

"Don't tell me how to treat my things, Maggie. Off you go," he waited for his sister to leave. Once the vampiress left the room, the pureblooded vampire turned to look at the girl who laid asleep out of exhaustion, "My troublesome mouse. If you had stayed put, you wouldn't have fallen sick," his hand for the very first time, pushed the strands of her hair away from her face, pushing the baby hairs away and looking down at her face.

The butler who had arrived with the bowl of water knocked the door first to see the master nod his head. Once the cloth was dipped and placed on her forehead, the butler didn't mention about how his master looked somewhere smitten by the slave he had bought from the black market.