

## Damien Pet 17

### Chapter 17 - Demon Doctor

As consciousness returned to Penny, her eyes opened in a haze filled view where it took her some time to adjust to her current environment. She looked at the top of the bed's ceiling?made of redwood, glass fixed above it where she could see her reflection. She looked unrecognizable or rather in a state which she hadn't imagined her to be in.

The bedposts that were carved in certain design were covered with silk-like curtains that twirled around on all four. Feeling a breeze that came through the open window, her body shivered in the cold. Getting up with an aching head that felt heavy, she looked around the lavish room that looked nothing less than a king's room.

Two chandeliers hung on each side of the room distributedly, tall candles burnt brightly, enough for the room to have light along with the fireplace that had logs of woods added into it with much of ashes, as if it were cleaned moments ago.

Her body was covered in the softest blanket she had ever had the pleasure to even touch, the pillows fashionable making one think of nothing less to butter that melts in one's mouth. The window which was open was at the right, the curtains softly blowing in as the wind moved in the room. Looking at the architecture of the room, she doubted this could be where she was staying. A servant of the house or a slave who was bought from the slave establishment was never allowed to this kind of privilege.

Penny wanted to step out of the bed, wanting to go to the bathroom but just as she tried to move her legs so that?she could place them on the carpeted floor, she felt something around her ankle. Moving the thick quilt away from her body she saw her leg being bound to one of the bedposts.

Suddenly the door to the room opened, which had been closed and she saw the Damien step inside the room alone. His eyes catching sight of her awakened self, he said,

"Humans are fragile creatures. If you hadn't escaped from me, you wouldn't have fallen sick. You should be careful how you treat yourself," he walked to her with languid movements, his eyes fell on her ankle. Putting his hand into his pocket, he pulled out the key and unlocked the chain from the bedpost but didn't make an effort to remove the anklet attached to the chain.

"If you had let me free-"

"Oh, are we still on it?" Damien's eyes twinkled as they looked at her. The girl's hair looked like a mess where her hair stuck around, her eyes smaller than usual due to the fever she had caught in the rain, "If you speak about it again, I won't think twice before taking you to the establishment to make sure you get the mark that you were meant to have before being sold.

Penny wasn't the type of?girl to go back answering everything a person said but she wasn't the kind to keep quiet when she felt she was wronged. But then, she wasn't stupid to cross over the lines which had been put around her. Not when the hawk was looking at her without blinking. With her energy drained she stopped and decided not to speak to him.

Unexpectedly, the vampire placed his warm hands on her burning forehead.

Penny's eyes, which had been dull, suddenly came to life at her mere touch. She looked into his eyes that stared into hers. "You are burning," he murmured.

"I need to go use the bathroom," she said, unable to hold in the urge to pee, "Please," she added looking away from him.

"Hmm. Go on," seeing Damien not move from the place he sat, Penny scrambled on the bed with the chain softly making noise, reminding her of her current situation. The long-chain jingled once she stepped down on the floor and dragged her feet to the bath, which was three steps away from the bed.

Damien's eyes followed the girl, taking in every single movement of hers until the curtain to the bath was pulled to close the view. On-time, his butler knocked on the door and stepped in. The butler saw the bed be empty except for the pureblooded vampire who sat with his both feet on the ground.

The butler bowed his head deep before asking, "Master Damien, the food has been heated again as asked. Would you want me to bring it up here?"

"She's awake. I don't see why not, but are you sure?"

"Sure?" the butler prompted the question to receive a look from his master.

"Will she be able to consume it, Falcon? It would be a pity if she won't be able to eat it in her current state. I will make sure you get something very fitting depending on her health if it gets better or worse," Damien smiled, his eyes crinkling that made the butler gulp.

Why wouldn't his master ask for the local doctor if he was?worried about the slave or pet as he had mentioned here to the mansion? But then, thought the butler to himself, the whole of Quinn's family, whom he had been serving for decades now didn't believe in humans or rather their value was as good as a shilling, which was actually worthless in their eyes. The family never entertained humans and even if they did, it was for beneficial reasons. With the family filled with pureblooded vampires and servants, who were a mix of half vampires and humans who didn't need to unnecessary attention, it made the butler wonder why his master had picked this particular?person to be his 'pet'.

"The food is a type of?porridge which should be easily consumable. It will also not cause any indigestion," assured Falcon.

"As you are so well versed with humans. What do you think must be done? Her body temperature has no reduced since she fell asleep," pondered Damien loudly while looking at his butler who had a good amount of knowledge when it came to humans due to his daily interactions. Damien had never bothered to look into the matters of humans as it never had concerned him except for drinking blood from them.

Falcon wasn't a human but an average vampire. His work often involved humans, to talk to them in the nearby villages depending on the errands he was sent to do.

As if remembering something, the butler wondered if he should tell it to his master knowing how impulsive and insensitive he could be.

"Spit it out," it was as if Damien had caught the thought passing across his butler's face.

"I-ah-I heard a cloth bath in the cold water should take away the heat from the body," answered the butler, his eyes still on the floor not daring to look at his master.

"Get the food here," ordered Damien to catch sight of the butler who was dawdling around as if wanting to say something, "Who knew that the food would appear here by itself," said Damien.

"Ah, master, won't bringing the doctor to be more helpful?"

"That won't be necessary," Damien was quick to dismiss the butler's suggestion, "The doctors in the villages are illiterate who know nothing. Did you know there was a case that arrived at the council a month ago? A boy who was of the age seven passed away by the hands of the doctor. The village that comes right next to the Isle town. The doctor instead of helping the boy recover, he dozed him as an experiment for his future medicines. The humans speak as if evil resides only in the creatures of the dark, but they don't know darkness lies right within and around themselves," smiled Damien, "The doctor will be the last thing I will be looking for to fix my pet."

Why did Falcon feel as if his master was referring the slave like a watch that had been broken? But the master whom he served for was a strange man, this whole house was a collection of freaks which he would never tell out loud but there were some rare moments when it was worthwhile to work at Quinn's estate. But they weren't all bad, Master Damien himself was a strange man but who wasn't? Everyone had a peculiar feature and characteristics.

If he was here today working with the Quinn's, it was because of this man who had helped him in the trial from being executed. The butler was an orphan along with his younger sister who had been taken in by his paternal uncle. He had murdered his uncle after finding his sister dead who had been molested and abused by their own uncle. No matter what the reason was, the folks where they lived had blamed the children as if it were their fault, turning Falcon into a murderer when he had killed to avenge his sister's suicide after she had been unable to take the shame that she had written in the letter.

Death was a serious matter and no matter who gave one's reason was, it wasn't enough to take the matter into one's own hands. These matters involved the council, the government that looked after the four lands. No one knew except for Damien that the papers had been shuffled as he was the one who had done it. The proofs with other information that had been recorded were changed to allow Falcon to step out as a free man before being taken in as the butler of Quinn's family.

Penny who had had been listening to the conversation of Damien and another servant, whom she assumed it to be the butler, her eyes were narrowed when she pushed the curtains away drowsily.

"How do you feel? I heard a good cloth bath would reduce the heat. Shall we try it, little mouse?" he taunted her in a teasing undertone.

"Excellent. I feel better after sleeping," she replied reaching the bed with the chain that she dragged along with her. She somewhere knew that he would not leave a chance to undress her. Slaves were usually brought for s.e.x.u.a.l pleasures. She would definitely not let this man have his way!

She heard the vampire hum before she heard him speak, "Is that so now? How about you try unbuttoning my shirt. It is time to start with your duties as my pet if you're already feeling better," he said offering her a cunning smile.

