

## Damien Pet 22

### Chapter 22 - Promised punishment

The lady who wore the dress looked utterly embarrassed at the harsh tear of the dress she wore. Her hands quickly touched her shoulder to feel her skin. Penny could feel sweat beginning to form from the worry for what she had done. Her intentions had not been to insult whoever wore the dress but with her body still recovering from the fever where Damien had played her by making her wear to only remove it, she had not thought it through.

To spite him at that time, she had pulled out the strings with her nails, turning a little patch of the dress loose. She realized how childish she had been for doing something that could cost her neck right now. With her heart beginning to beat again, her hands turned clammy. Very discreetly she wiped the palms of her hand on the dress she wore.

"I must execute the man for bringing me such low-quality dress," Damien said walking towards Lady Ursula, "Sincere apologies for the dress."

"Please don't be," Lady Ursula's cheeks had turned red. Penny wasn't sure if it was because of embarrassment or anger. Maybe it was both, thought Penny and as the thought crossed Damien threw a glance at her to which she shuddered further. Oh, no. He knew she had something to do with it, didn't he? "I will close his shop. How dare he provide you with something so low!"

"Don't bother yourself with that. I will be sure to handle the matter personally," his words pressed on the word personally which further added the fret to Penny's nerves.

"Please excuse me, Mr. Quinn while I go change back my clothes,"? Lady Ursula held her hand on her shoulder.?Secretly, Lady Ursula had hoped that Damien would offer his coat to hide the little mishap that took place but he didn't make a move the coat. Damien didn't bother to nod and saw the lady leave the room.

Penny felt awful for doing something so rude. By the few words she saw Damien and her exchange, Lady Ursula was pompous and smitten by Damien Quinn which she didn't know what was so appealing except for his handsome face. The man had flippant mood which shifted left and right like a tail's whiplash. While Penny was looking at the woman leave the room who was closely followed by the maid who had entered the room previously, she failed to notice the man walk towards until he stood in front of her.

She took a couple of steps away from him until she was cornered between the two walls, "Nowhere to run anymore," Damien smiled at her making her gulp. The smile on his face fell down like water being thrown at the fire, "Tell me, little mouse, did you have anything to do with the dress?" his red eyes staring at her jade green eyes.

When he placed a hand on the wall, she heard the light thud which made her back go straighter than ever while she leaned, "Why would you think that, Master Damien?" Penny asked him, her words turning to be innocent like she was being accused of something she knew nothing of.

"Don't try to pull that face on me," she heard Damien warn her.

"What face?"

"The one that you would for the theater," Penny's eyes widened at the revelation, "I know you used to work in the theater, Penny. Don't test my patience and be a good mouse when I ask you questions," out of the whole world Penny would have not guessed for him to know about her little work which even her uncle and aunt didn't know of. As both she and her mother used to leave in another village, her relatives had no clue about it which had died down as a secret once she had left the village and moved to her relative's house after her mother's death.

"How do you know about it?" she asked him, the innocence being replaced by a wisdom which she had come to acquire with age.

A smile formed upon Damien's lips, "How do you think I know?" he questioned her question in return bringing a small frown on her forehead. Was it the slave establishment? No, they couldn't know, she said to herself to look back at him.

Damien had found out about it before even he had acquired Penny as his slave from the slave market, "Your heart has been very very noisy since I pulled out the dress for Lady Ursula. How rude of you to be damaging my goods?when I clearly said it was for someone else. Surely, you didn't think I was deaf to not hear what you were doing behind the curtains of the bathroom," pureblooded vampires had a better hearing when it came to humans, prevailing even the average vampires but no one could have heard what Penny had done. Damien only made her believe that he had heard what she had done whilst making her admit to the trouble she had caused, "And so the little mouse was trapped under the claws and paws of the wolf.?What should we do with you now?"

"Spare me," she whispered when she noticed the evil glint in his eyes that started swirl in those dark red eyes of his.

He clicked his tongue, shaking his head in the process, "I can't do that. My pet clearly has not been disciplined. If I let you this time, who knows what else you will do taking my lenience as an advantage and you know I am not kind," he tilted his head before stepping away from her, "I will make you reflect for it once we get back home. I hope you look forward to the through discipline," his smile was wide, his eyes crinkling at the ends but Penny didn't get the happy vibe from him. Rather it felt like the devil was going to suck the living soul out of her today.

The maid who had accompanied Lady Ursula returned to see Penny who looked petrified. When she looked at Mr. Quinn the man gave out a very pleasing smile that melted her human heart. Her miss had really scored a man of good fortune. Mr. Quinn was not only a handsome man but he came from authentically old vampires who had tons of money and lands with powers. But what these powers were, the servants or even some of the elites had no clue of.

"Mr. Quinn, Lady Ursula will be with you soon. Would you like to drink something in the meantime?" asked the maid trying to be as polite as possible. He must have melted her heart but that didn't mean she didn't know how to serve him with absolute respect. He was, after all, a? pureblooded vampire.

"If I asked you your blood, will you give it to me until the last drop?" Damien's tone was casual which at first made the maid think that the man was only joking. It was only after a few seconds had passed with him waiting for her reply did she realize that the man was serious.

Penny had been beating herself up over the thought of what she had done while also thinking if it was possible to push the man from the carriage on their way back home so that she could make a run from there. Her head snapped from the trance-like talk she was having in her head to hear Damien's words.

"Mr. Quinn, you want to drink my blood?" asked the maid to make sure, her body slowly quivering under his dark hooded eyes.

"Yes. I am sure that is what I told unless you are refusing me after asking me for a drink," surely the maid wasn't talking about him drinking from her! Penny bit her lip worried. One moment he appeared calm and normal, the other moment it was as if he had flipped the coin. She wondered if it was safe to interrupt their conversation but Penny wasn't an idiot. She was far from it, she nodded her head before whining to herself. If she wasn't the dress wouldn't have torn and nor would this maid be subjected to be Damien's food.

Penny had no intention to be replaced as the food right now, but Damien had just finished his meal at Quinn's mansion. Was he going to drink the maid's blood until the last drop? She doubted his words as well as intention right now. It wasn't the time for her to be wondering but she wondered it anyways if the man could grow fat if it was possible for pureblooded vampires to grow with excessive blood being drunk. She shook her head at her ridiculous thought to see the maid trembling from where she stood.

She wanted to assure the maid in the room that he wouldn't be drinking her blood, at least not until the last drop but she was a slave who had no right to interfere when her master was talking.

The maid tried to shift the conversation of him drinking her blood. She laughed softly, a pleasant laugh that sounded young, "Mr. Quinn surely wouldn't want to drink from a lowly servant as me."

"Don't worry, girl. I don't discriminate my food and drink from where it comes. A meal is a meal that needs to satisfy my stomach," he patted his stomach.

At the same time, Lady Ursula came through the doors wearing a new dress instead of the one she had worn before changing herself to the torn dress. Finding her maid standing with her head bowed and Mr. Quinn looking at her, the Lady looked at them confused. The atmosphere seemed stranger than when she had left with embarrassment.

"Is everything alright?" she asked to no one in particular but when her eyes shifted to look at Damien, a smile came to form on her lips as if she wasn't upset for the mishap with the dress.

"Your maid refuses to give me the drink I asked for," Damien chuckled, his lips twisting with mirth, tearing his gaze from the maid who was petite in the figure.

Lady Ursula frowned, furious on her maid for refusing something to the man she had been aiming to be her husband. Without asking what or why she walked to where the maid stood. The maid seeing the dress of her lady appear in her vision as she had bowed her head looked up. In time, the sound of the slap echoed through the walls of the room.

"How dare you not obey the guest and be impudent?" asked Lady Ursula. The maid held her cheek with her hand in further fear, "Don't you know who he is or have you forgotten your job here? Who are you to refuse him?" Lady Ursula kicked the girl such that the maid fell down on the ground.

Penny's eyebrows furrowed deep at the unpleasant sight. Just when she took a step forward, she heard Damien warn her,

"Don't," and Penny didn't take another step forward. Her head turned to look at him and saw his eyes taunting her to not dare cross the order he had given out to her now.