

Damien Pet 25

Chapter 25 - Elder sister

Penny out of politeness and her current situation shook her head, "Please, allow me to do it," she wasn't a maid but she didn't mind helping the lady as a token of thanks for getting her out of the room. Before Damien had locked her in the room, he had given her the so-called 'rules' which she was meant to follow.

'Don't step out of the room. Don't eat anything except for what the butler gives you. Don't talk to anyone. Don't touch anything. Don't think about escaping. You are my slave so the only person you have to listen to is me.'

There were so many don'ts which made her wonder what he would do once he would find out that she had broken two of them. But then she could always get away with 'Lady Maggie had asked her which she couldn't refuse'.

One of the many things about him she didn't understand was that he had threatened her in Lady Ursula's mansion of how he would punish her once they would return back here. But he hadn't done anything to her except for locking her in isolation. If that was his way of punishment then she had nothing to worry about, unless, she thought to herself. Only if she disregarded the fact of him killing the owner of the Inn.

Had something happened that she wasn't aware of while she was fast asleep? Even though she had questioned him about it, he hadn't answered her. Leaving her hanging as if she didn't have to know.

"When my mother was alive, she used to make us clean the attic very often that it was one of the cleanest rooms in the entire mansion," she heard Lady Maggie speak. By the looks of the attic now, it seemed that it hadn't been cleaned for years now, "It looks like you have something to say," Penny shook her head, a small smile that came and left immediately on her lips, "It is just that Damien doesn't allow any of us to come here anymore. To be more specific, he would rather have the attic collect dust as much as it can without anything being moved," said the Lady with a smile before going to one of the trunks that was definitely moved from its place due to the harsh lines it had created on the wooden floor.

Penny who had only immersed the cloth in the bucket of water looked up from the bucket without looking at the lady. Why did it feel that the lady was going to get her into trouble?

Penny wondered if she should start counting her time. Getting out of the room seemed to be alright, but this, when the lady particularly knew that her brother wasn't okay with anyone touching the objects in here which hadn't been moved for all these years, what was going to happen to them? What was going to happen to her?

She hadn't seen all his expressions until now except for the eccentric odd ones where he often smiled, but that didn't mean somewhere the pureblooded vampires scared the very nerves of her.

"What was your name again?" asked Lady Maggie.

"Penelope," Penny answered her swiftly without a pause. The lady bent down in front of the large trunk to blow air which let the dust that had settled at the top to move away to cause a cloud of dust.

Not heeding to the lady, her hand hovered over the trunk for a few seconds before she finally wiped the top which turned the dusty top to a brown wooden. It wasn't a trunk but a box.

"My mother was a wonderful woman. She loved collecting these odd objects," said the lady, her eyes coming to meet Penny which smiled softly. The stark contrast between the two siblings she had met seemed surreal. Here was Lady Maggie who was of gentle nature, her hands moving around the trunk elegantly. A part of her brown curly hair had been taken from the sides to be pinned at the back of her head, letting the rest of her hair flow down on her back, "Often they were items which the humans used but also she picked things in the forest. Like this one," the lady had pulled out an item out from the trunk that looked like a twisted stick.

Unable to keep her curiosity to herself as she looked at the piece of stick, she asked, "What is that?"

"Let me show you," said the lady before taking another stick and rubbing them together before a red light like fire came out of it. Having never come across something like this before, she couldn't help but continue to stare at it, "This isn't any wood. When father found out about it, he had asked to throw it away. You want to know why?"

Lady Maggie created a sense of intrigue in the atmosphere where she held Penny's attention, "You won't find these sticks growing anywhere around here. And no one dares to grow it because the council has banned any and every growth of this tree. This little thing here is what is used by the black witches to fly," Lady Maggie was kind enough to give it to Penny so that she could take a look at it.

"I didn't know that," admitted Penny before asking, "Have you ever met a black witch?" she asked the lady who hummed thoughtfully.

"I have seen them fly occasionally but never have I ever come to meet them directly. I hope I do get to meet some of the witches soon so that I can twist their neck and burn their bodies. I have heard it is a wonderful feeling as they scream in pain," Lady Maggie's smile looked serene as if she were explaining how the clouds appeared in the sky. Somewhat right now, Damien and Maggie did resemble each other.

Damien had been outright strange but Lady Maggie who had appeared and seemed sane until now, Penny wanted to go back to the room. Her master was right, she should have stayed in the room.

"Don't look scared. I won't hurt you," the eldest daughter of the Quinn stated, taking the sticks from her hand and dropping it in the box before picking up another item from it. How could one stay calm when they spoke about wringing and enjoying the pain of someone, "The black witches deserve it."

"Pardon me, milady but aren't there any exceptions? Not all can be bad. There might be some who-"

"You say it because you haven't met them," there was no menace as the lady spoke her mind out freely.

"I have come across the black witches, milady."

"You have?" Lady Maggie looked at Penny who nodded her head.

"I have. And I have also met one who was innocent and wanted to live a life like any of us here," Penny pushed the cloth that had turned brown due to the dust back into the bucket of water. How could she have forgotten about it when the black witch who had done nothing had only been killed in the middle of the village where she lived by setting her on fire.

It was the time when Penny had only finished selling the wool that she had her mother had cut from their own sheep to give it to the merchant who bought from them. It was part of the money that went into running the house with just her and her mother. Just when she had collected money she had seen the woman who she had befriended for a month. To see the person set on fire just because she was a black witch, the scene still haunted her in her sleep.

"Wanted? Was she killed?" asked Lady Maggie, her gaze fixed on Penny.

"She was killed by the guard officials of the village," that was what was right in the eyes of the law and public men and women. No chance to talk was given to the black witches and Penny pitied them. It wasn't that she hadn't seen the black witches cause a ruckus but there were some she believed who were stuck to stick to dark because of the way they were born.

"I am sorry to hear it," Lady Maggie exchanged her concern, "You don't have to hide from me anything, Penelope. Feel free to speak," she voiced with a smile leaving Penny skeptical. It wasn't about her suggestion about wringing the witch's neck that had caught her attention but the way her eyes observed her. It made her feel uncomfortable.

Penny didn't want to judge the woman as unlike Damien or like the younger sister who had looked at her in disgust, this Lady had spoken to her politely without trying to offend her by treating her a slave.

It was then Lady Maggie surprised her by saying,

"I don't know what my brother was thinking when he bought you from the market. I say it because he absolutely hates slaves."