

Damien Pet 30

Chapter 30 - Pulling weeds

Penny stood in the rain, her eyelashes dripping with the water that slid from her wet hair to her forehead and then down to her eyes.

If she wasn't sure before, she was now that the man who had bought her from the black market was a demon in disguise. A man who was cold and evil with no heart in his chest. It wasn't just that it was dark but the rain in the air around her made it impossible to spot weeds that when Penny had bent down, crouching down on the grass to pull weeds by mistake she had pulled out the good plants which Damien had already planned to further increase her punishment.

But as Damien had said, the rain did stop making the cold wind blow on her making her shiver in the dress which was not only drenched wet but also heavy to move in as it retained a lot of water.

Now able to see the land much more clearly she looked down at what she had plucked out a grimaced internally. Kill me, thought Penny to herself. Hiding the good ones, she moved to another patch. If anyone would ask her she would blame it on the rain. There was nothing to worry, she consoled herself. The garden was well-groomed so there weren't many weeds or the unnecessary plants that had grown in here.

Penny didn't dare to look around to see if Damien was still standing there, who knew if the devil was having his own fun at the expense of her demise.

Thanks to the rain the soil had considerably loosened which made it easier to pull the weeds out while she was being careful on the actual plants. The last thing she wanted was Damien picking more faults in what she was doing. While Penny was working on the task which Damien had given her, Lady Maggie had arrived at the word of the butler who had come to deliver the news that her brother was asking for her presence at the door of the mansion.

Lady Maggie hadn't noticed the human who was in the garden and she turned to speak to her brother once she stepped out of the mansion, "You called for me, Damien?"

"I did," Damien turned to his right to meet his elder sister's eyes, a smile on his lips which looked tranquil.

Maggie's brows furrowed and she wondered what had got her brother in such a good mood. Seeing something move in the corner of her eyes, her eyes shifted to look at the garden to find the girl there, "What are you making her do this late in the night?"

"What do you think, sister?" Damien let his sister guess to see the frown on her face deepen.

"She's wet with water. She'll catch a cold," the vampiress took two steps forward when she heard her brother speak behind her.

"Bring her back and she will face the same consequences your dear Sven did."

Maggie's feet froze in mid-air and she placed it on the ground, "You wouldn't," she turned, facing her brother as they stared at each other. Thinking about what happened to the servant named Sven, she clutched her hand tightly into fists.

"Try me. There's nothing in testing, maybe you wouldn't be within your boundaries of what to do and not. Go on," he taunted his elder sister, his eyes sparkling and his lips holding a smile which was filled with its own smugness.

"Show some consideration to the lives, Damien. They are people with feelings."

"Don't patronize me, dear sister. Especially you should be the last one to tell it to me," Damien continued to smile seeing his sister starting to reflect what she said while also remembering their past together.

"It was an unintentional episode that took place before. You know it well, why won't you let it go?"

"Why not? Just because you are my sister you want me to let go of the fact that you killed a maid here for your own anger? Why because the man you loved, his interest was stolen by a servant. How did it feel? To have the blood on your hands and have the man you love look at you with so much hate that will make you want to kill yourself," he continued to taunt her a look of pain crossing over her features before she hid it behind her face.

"Taunt as much as you want brother but you are no less to me," Lady Maggie's voice was rigid as she spoke.

"Never claimed to be otherwise," Damien smiled, his eyes shifting back to look at his pet who shivered there outside in the garden, "This is just a reminder."

"You found out about me taking her to the attic. Why are you punishing her on my behalf?" Lady Maggie asked her brother who was enjoying the look in front of him.

"Obviously I cannot punish you, you are my beloved blood sister. And you might not even react, where is the joy in that?" It was the truth. Even if Damien inflicted any pain right now, the pain and annoyance caused wouldn't be enjoyable where there was a chance of her going to do the same mistake of not listening to him.

"She's going to fall sick."

"I will nurse her back to health but don't forget it is because of you that she suffers right now," his head slightly fell back when the cold breeze moved towards them, with his eyes closed he felt the air to open his eyes and look at his sister.

"It is your fault, Maggie. The girl doesn't know but you know well how much I hate intruders up in the attic which includes you."

"She wasn't only your mother but mine," defended Maggie to hear Damien give out a dry laugh before he stopped to look at her seriously.

"I haven't forgotten that. But where were you when father was about to throw everything that belonged to her? Standing there waiting to see it burnt? You were her daughter and you are my sister but there are a few things we need to draw the line, Sister Maggie. I love you but not enough to share what you couldn't protect," said Damien which Maggie nodded her head.

"Drawing lines and having your own rules are fine but they aren't for everyone not for your loved ones at least, Damien. Sometimes we don't have enough understanding at the point of time. You were more

practical than I ever have been, not giving yourself the emotions one needs," Lady Maggie gave a glance towards the girl who was in the garden.

As if they never had the serious conversation going on, Damien said, "Is she planting trees or pulling out weeds that are taking so much time," he commented twisting his lips unhappily. The weeds had been a week ago which meant not many had grown since then. Was his pet testing his patience again?

"It is dark what do you expect?" Lady Maggie stated the obvious for him to roll his eyes.

Damien didn't bother to continue the conversation with his sister and walked straight to where Penny had crouched in front of a bush.

The sky was heavy with clouds to illuminate any light on the lands of Bonelake but the little light that came from the lanterns that were hung all around the mansion gave the little light she needed to see what was near her. Catching sight of the long shadow of the man in front of her, her head snapped to look at Damien who stood behind her.

Not able to keep her thought to herself with her head feeling slightly heavy due to the wet clothes and hair, she blurted out, "You're going to pull the weed with me?"

"Sure," the man came to sit next to her which surprised Penny to no end. Her mouth slightly parted when he came and sat next to her, looking at the plants in front of them. This man was one of a kind, she thought to herself when he looked at the plants to say, "Do you want to get killed? What's with pulling good plants," he looked to his left with his hands that rested between his legs.

And though he had scolded her, the threat didn't feel a bit like a threat where she was supposed to be scared.

This man, who was a pureblooded vampire was sitting in her level, talking to her while looking at the same plants as her. Damien as if noticing that his pet wasn't listening to him snapped his fingers right in front of her which brought her back to reality.

Penny who was drenched in the rain felt a shiver run down her spine when she found him staring into her eyes which had turned dark due to the scarce light. Damien, on the other hand, saw her cheeks that had flushed pink in color. Her breathing was deep as she inhaled and exhaled. Hair that was completely wet that stuck to her scalp and some that were errant as they began to dry, looking untamed. They sat so close that Damien didn't have to put too much effort in listening to her heartbeat which had been beating in a quiet rhythm which was heard clearly in the quiet night they were surrounded by crickets.

Penny was already looking towards him and with him who was next to her, she felt as if he started to lean forward, his face moving bit by bit closer to her and her eyes widened at the close proximity they shared.

Damien caught sight of her lips where her lips pressed against each other before letting them go unconsciously. Looking like the scared mouse she was, he got even closer, angling his face close to her when she spoke out of pure nervousness,

"Master Damien."

"Hmm?" Damien was still looking at her to hear Penny utter the words,

"You are stamping the plant beneath your feet. That's not the weed," she gulped as her heart began to pick its pulse, leaving her head dizzy where she had to blink several times to get back her consciousness right.

"Says the one who has been pulling out all my good plants. Are you stupid or a plain idiot?" he asked her pulling himself back, "Utterly useless. Look at these," he pointed at a plant as if he hadn't leaned close to her. He pointed at the little plant which was yellow in color, "This isn't a decoration plant but something that is going to screw the other plants that are around it.

Lady Maggie who was standing far away from them couldn't see anything as to what they were doing except that they were sitting where she herself was perplexed with her brother. But her brother never left a chance to confuse a person. Her heart felt heavy to what Damien had to say about the past, leaving her utterly speechless. She was regretful for what happened and maybe no matter how much she wanted to change there could be nothing done to rectify it but that didn't mean the future wasn't there to avoid something that had occurred in the past.

She knew her brother, after all, she had been around him since he was born, she was his elder sister. The attic was a special place where her mother's belongings and their childhood was stored before the previous lady of the Quinn had passed away. Maggie had been an emotional woman in the past but she had changed her ways but the same couldn't say about Damien.

She hoped the girl who was sitting next to him would survive his actions.