

## Damien Pet 31

### Chapter 31 - Narcissist

Penny was looking at Damien, his serious words on the plants that were in front of them where the topic shifted from the weeds to the plants that she had pulled out. There was a certain earnest in his voice when he spoke about them as if he had planted them himself. Narcissist

This was her punishment but he was sitting next to her though in better condition than her, as her dressed not only weighed but also made her feel as if she were being frozen in the time of winter. She looked at his muddy hands which were planting the plant, "Did you get it?" she felt him flick his hand across her forehead, specks of mud falling on her nose, "Stop daydreaming and staring at me. I know I am handsome."

Narcissist man, thought Penny to see him narrow his eyes as if he had heard her speak. Could he read her mind, she gulped when his eyes didn't leave her face.

"I apologize for the rudeness," she ducked her head while wanting his hand away from her. It was better to have him away from her while keeping a good distance which would avoid any further punishments.

"Why does it feel like your apology is not sincere," he tipped his head. Getting up from his crouched position, he stood straight before looking down at her, "Don't try to play me, little mouse. I can sense when someone lies to me on my face."

"I wouldn't do that," answered Penny keeping her voice to be docile.

"Look at that hand of yours clutching beside you," he said pointing her hand which was exactly the way it was as he defined it to be, "Passive-aggressive girl. Did you know almost seventy-four percent of the population who are passive-aggressive have the ability to kill people than the ones who are outright aggressive and expressive? Those are the people you should be careful of. It is told that they kill their masters or mistress out of the anger that is stubbed in," he tapped on the side of his temple.

Was he telling that she would kill him one day? Maybe she would, thought Penny to herself. For a man who was making her drenched in the rain when she had been sick two days ago, he was expecting the right things.

Damien let out a wide grin which made the girl's heart skip a beat which was out of romantic intentions, "Thinking that I deserve what is going to come in the future?" her eyes widened when he said that, "I should probably kill you here. You will be the right decomposition for the plants, especially the ones you so gruesomely pulled out from the soil," he suggested making her gulp. She staggered slightly from where she was sitting. Was he serious? she saw him step closer.

She fell back, her bottom flat on the ground along with her hands that were on either side back in the muddy ground.

"I did not mean to offend you, Master Damien," she said hurriedly when he sat back himself on the ground but this time facing her. His eyes lit up light Christmas seeing the fear in her eyes which finally started to surface along with uncertainty.

"Everyone says that, isn't it. Don't worry, little mouse. I will make it very quick," and when his hand came to reach for her, Penny automatically closed her eyes unable to think anymore while preparing herself to the death sentence which Damien was going to put her through, "Not only did you tear the dress but also got me to pull out the weeds with you. Peasant making the master do her work."

"You were educating me, master," her eyes were still closed as she blurted it out, "I will do anything, please."

"The word anything is very vague," she heard him say, "Are you willing to dedicate your life for this master in front of you?"

"Yes!" Penny answered him like an arrow that was drawn on a bow that swished through to cut the wind.

"You will never disobey me? I need full sentences here, dear. My patience isn't that long," he tutted to frighten her further. Penny didn't want to test him as she knew when to stop and draw the line. The glint in his eyes previously was quite evident that he would be more than happy to get rid of her from this world.

Penny didn't hear him respond or ask her any question, the silence deafening her and the surrounding around her. When she felt the heat from his hand radiate on her cheek, she gulped. It was often told that though a vampire had cold blood running in their veins it wasn't the same when it came to pureblooded vampires as their temperature was warm and the opposite to the characteristics of the average low vampires.

She then felt him place his hand on her cheek making her eyes snap open to look straight into his. Penny didn't know what he was doing. This man was confusing her to no end and the remaining energy she had had was spent out on fright where she could hardly fathom on what he wanted from her. But it didn't take her long to come to the end of the line where she knew he was only using her for his own amusement and to kill time from his immortal.

The back of his fingers grazed on her cheek, turning them more muddy. The smile on his lips had toned down considerably and so did the light in his eyes which looked calmer than the times she had come across. There was a certain warmth where she heard him ask,

"Aren't you feeling cold?"

"What?" she hadn't got it in the first second. Of course, she was feeling cold. She was freezing in this weather!

But her thought went back to the way he was looking at her when he asked her the question.

With his hand still on her cheeks, Penny found it hard to open her mouth to speak. Like a butterfly that was going to fly away at the slightest movement. When he did move his hand away, his persona looking different than before, she replied to his question, "Cold," and he nodded his head.

"Did you learn your punishment or shall I leave you to pull more of the weeds?" he asked her, his face changing back to the expression which looked mischievous. Gone was that calmer look which was replaced by his usual expression, "Word, little mouse. Master is being nice, you should learn how to respect," Penny blinked back.

"I have learned from my errors, Master Damien. Please forgive me. I won't repeat again," she bowed her head to hear him hum. She was not only wet but also hungry. All she wanted right now was to eat something warm which she doubted she would get as she had been given food that had cooled down but what was she expecting? She was not even a maid but reduced to a liberal woman walking in the alley to a slave or a pet which was no less to an animal.

But weren't pets loved by their masters?

Penny looked up at him, her eyes meeting his that looked pitch black as his back faced the side of light. That wasn't what she was meaning to think, thought Penny when she imagined herself to be petted by this night creature. Shaking her head as if to rid the thoughts she finally stood up.

"Let's get back inside. Go from behind through the kitchen. We wouldn't want you dirtying the halls of the mansion now, would we?" he asked her before he started to walk away from her and then to stop. Turning to look at her over his shoulder he said, "Penelope."

Penny who had started to walk paused her footsteps suddenly at the mention of her full name by Damien, "Don't follow people in this mansion with an empty head. You will be dead meat to the wolves we have before you even know it," he smiled at her and she swallowed finally seeing him get inside the mansion through the entrance of the double doors, she walked around the mansion to finally reach the other side where the servants walked inside.

Most of the servants and house workers were not allowed to step inside or out except for the butler of the mansion. It was a basic etiquette one had to learn while working for any of the elite human or pureblooded vampire's house. The servants quarter of the Quinn was placed in a separate underground dungeon-like place to let them know that they were beneath the master and mistress' of the house.

But what Penny didn't understand was why Damien had decided to keep her in his own room? The day she had been sick, the man wasn't around the room or mansion due to which they didn't exactly share a room but what about today? If she were of the lowest of the low being that came in the whole of hierarchy, wasn't she supposed to be living in the servants quarters?

Was this how slaves were treated? unsure of it, she stepped inside the mansion through the kitchen where she caught sight of maids who were either cooking, cleaning, or chopping vegetables in the side. Falcon was nowhere to be seen but there were four maids who were all young girls.

"Look at that, it is the master's pet animal," she heard one of the maids point out at her. Penny not being subtle with her own actions turned to the maid to see who had spoken about her. It was a brown hair girl of average weight and size, her hair braided around to move past like a headband on her head, "I heard he spent a thousand gold coins on her. Can you believe it?" Penny didn't know if the maid was blind that she couldn't see that she could hear her quite well.

"She looks nothing special. Look at her clothes," the girl next to her sighed, giving Penny an overall look where she was drenched and covered in mud. She looked nothing less to a cat that was thrown into the water, "Why didn't he add her as one of the maids here, we would have less work too," she smirked, "She looks overpriced."

The first one who had spoken nodded her head, "Right. We were brought for three hundred gold coins but this one is really odd. Oh did she just glare?" the maid snickered, "Maybe master Damien is yet to try

her out. He hasn't asked any of us for blood for two days. Once she's drained, the value will come down before she's put up here with us."

"You got it wrong," Penny stopped her footsteps, turning to look at the maid who was yapping to her heart's content.

"What?"

"The pet even speaks," another maid commented.

"I said, you got it wrong. You deaf girl," Penny replied back turning the kitchen suddenly hostile, "I was bought for five thousand gold coins," she raised her hand, spreading out her fingers to emphasize her point. The maids in the kitchen looked shocked.

"You're lying. No slave has been bought for a value that high," the maid narrowed her eyes.

"I must have been special. After all. Even if I was bought for a thousand it only shows how cheap you were," smiled Penny to see the maid look mad.