

Damien Pet 32

Chapter 32 - Servants quarters

The butler was walking around the mansion completing his errands while trying to avoid the possible wrath of his master, Damien Quinn as he had failed to follow the orders. When he reached the kitchen he heard the maids were speaking quite loudly which they never did as they were always tuned to hushed whispers. The butler couldn't help himself from his eyes widening at the word of five thousand gold coins.

He had heard that this girl was bought for a thousand by the maids themselves who had, in turn, heard it from the coachman who had been there in the market to pick master Damien. But five thousand? Was this girl worth so much? Was she made of gold herself?! asked Falcon to himself before taking a look at the girl who was the dirtiest among everyone in the room. The shock on the servant's faces reflected on his own before he composed and stepped inside the kitchen resuming the role of his being the butler of the mansion.

"Dirting the floor where the food is prepared," he said gaining the girl's attention.

Penny bowed her head, ready to leave the kitchen so that she could make her way back to the room when the butler stopped her, "Where do you think you are going like that?"

Penny raised her hand to indicate where she was going to see a frown on his face, "Do you want your neck ripped apart? Go to the servant's quarters and take a bath there. Now."

But didn't Damien tell her to come from behind? "But he said-"

"You don't have the permission to step inside the kitchen either looking this unsightly. Until you don't wash don't step back inside," the butler was strict with the duties not being partial to anyone and only following his duties.

"Master Damien asked me to-"

"Do you want me to report you for disobedience in this household?" Falcon asked, his bright eyes trained on hers.

"How come she isn't getting punished. Don't tell me she gets special treatment," Penny could hear the maid behind her whisper to the one next to her and she finally gave up seeing the butler not budge. Going back outside the mansion from where she got in, she walked towards the servant's quarters which was rather dark and quiet as most of the servants were in the mansion right now.

The walls were made of grey stones with scarce light making her watch her footsteps.

Penny shivered in cold. The dungeons were apparently much colder than outside where even her rubbing her hands against her arms didn't help. When the light ended, she wasn't sure if this was the servant's quarters. Did she get it right or had she entered a place where she wasn't supposed to be? But then knowing there was no other place where she had caught sight of she walked in the dark until she bumped into someone, a gasp escaping from her lips.

"Who is there?" asked Penny startled to hear a chuckle from someone which was manly.

"I should ask you that," came the voice of the man, "Don't you know, the Quinn's don't take intruders. Run while you still have time before someone notices you lurking here."

"I am not an intruder. Why is there no light?" she asked as she felt blind not knowing the path from here, feeling the walls.

"There was one here but the oil must have extinguished by itself. Where are you?" she heard him ask before his hand touched her.

"What are you doing, mister?!" she asked moving away.

"Mister? Lady, I am taking you out of here and what do you mean you aren't an intruder? Clearly, you aren't a guest or you wouldn't have walked in here nor are you a servant else I would have recognized you," he said.

"I am a new servant," she introduced herself quickly. Not wanting to reveal that she was a slave which she felt ashamed of she decided to stick with being a servant for now.

"The butler didn't mention anything about it."

"Because I am new. Could you lead me to the baths?"

"Sure, give me your hand," he said but Penny was insistent on not giving it to him.

"No. You can keep speaking so that I follow your voice or you bring a lantern in here," Penny had been schemed enough for this month and didn't want to keep the tab building where she was being manipulated by strangers or her relatives.

"For a servant, you sure have high standards," the man stated, nonetheless he said, "Stay where you are while I go bring the lantern. The last thing I need is an injured woman in here."

For a few seconds, Penny was back to be surrounded by silence and she waited until she saw a light approaching her. A man who came walking towards her. He wore similar clothes to what the other servants wore which pale brown in color. Hair that looked brown in color along with matching eyes.

As his eyes fell on her, she heard him ask, "What happened to you?"

Instead, she asked, "Can you take me to the bath?" It wasn't that Penny was eager and looking forward to seeing Damien but with his order of coming around the mansion, she wasn't sure if he was going to wait for her but then why would he wait for her? Asked Penny to herself before coming upon the answer. To torture her. Yes, that would be the only reason. Her body trembled as a shiver of cold ran through her entire body.

"Did you fall down in the mud?" the man asked, his eyes that were slightly slant glancing at her with a humorous smile as if he were enjoying her situation.

Penny didn't answer and instead decided to stay quiet and after feeling awkward herself, she answered him, "I did fall down."

"The mud here is much slippery due to the contained water that takes time to go. Be careful with your footsteps," he advised before stopping, "Here it is."

Penny came to stand in front of another little passage that had a sheet of cloth-covered which looked to be like a curtain. Seeing the man wait for her to go on, she took a deep breath before going in there to see a small pond which was connected right behind to the mansion yard for the servants.

Hoping no one would come in at this hour of time, she wondered what to wear if she wears to change. Was she going to come out with the same potato sack of her dress that was square in shape? She wondered if she should go back but whom would she ask clothes for? After a lot of fo debate, a woman came from the same passage to hand her the gunny clothes, "The butler asked me to give you this."

"Thank you," she bowed her head very thankful. Penny realized she was one of the women who was previously in the kitchen with the other three maids who hadn't spoken a word before nor did she now, not more than what she was asked to.

Seeing the maid leave, she covered the curtain properly that was thin while still internally praying there would be no on to barge in as it seemed like an open bath for the servants which made her wonder if it was also used by not only women but also men. With it being the time of night, Penny consoled herself with the thought that no one would here right now and removed her dress before getting in the ice-cold water.

Her body only shivered further when she immersed her n.a.k.e.d self in it, washing as fast as she could,? she wore the dried dress which was handed out by the other maid to change into it. There was nothing she could dry her wet hair and came out of the servant's quarters, her hair dripping wet at the ends. She caught sight of two guards who were stationed where they weren't here when she was getting in as if they were present here for her sake. Was Damien keeping an eye to make sure that she didn't give a slip from here? Penny couldn't help but wonder to herself. Truth was that she hadn't even thought about it with the maid and her banter.?Getting back inside the mansion this time in a clean state, Penny saw the butler give her a look before she went up to Damien's room.

Her already cool feet touched the cold marble one step after another and thankfully she didn't have to meet any other family members on her way. Going to his door, she raised her hand ready to knock on it but instead of knocking her hand stayed mid-air wondering what to do with her having to spend the night with him from now.

Two minutes passed before the door opened with Damien looking at her, "Are you planning to sleep on the floor? You are most welcome to sleep out here, that's how most of the pets are treated," she heard him say. Not giving her an opportunity, he said, "Get in," he waited for her to step inside and when she did the door was closed. The lock on the door leaving the sound of a click which made her heart jump.

"What took you so much time? It should hardly take five minutes to clean yourself," Damien started to walk around his room while Penny stood at the corner looking at him.?He had changed his own clothes and his inky black hair looked stuck to each other as he had taken a head bath himself. He took a towel, going to the bed and sitting down.

Penny didn't know what he was doing until he looked at her, "Sit here, little mouse. We need to dry your hair or you might catch a cold."