

## **Damien Pet 33**

### **Chapter 33 - Drying wet hair**

Penny didn't object but neither did she make a move for a good ten seconds. Seeing him with his legs parted as he sat at the edge of the bed she wondered what to do.

"I can do it myself, master Damien. You don't have to do it for me," she made sure to keep her words as polite as she could. One thing she learned during her punishment was that the rain didn't matter when you were in it but it was after the rain was over and the wind blew did the actual punishment start where her clothes were utterly drenched and the air blowing on the wet clothes made it that much colder and making her shiver.

The dark clouds still hovered in the clouds. If she were to not listen to him, she didn't know if she could take another round of getting drenched in the rain. And what was the guarantee that this man would put her through something worse than the punishment she had gone through?

She was walking on eggshells around him and she had to be careful.

"Rubbish. I wouldn't want you catching a cold. Sit,"? he ordered her while waiting for her with a towel in his hand.

And whose fault was it? This man had made her sit in the rain and now was offering to dry hair which she couldn't help but be suspicious about it.

"I can make you sit if it needs to be done," Penny who had been looking at the space in between his legs down on the rug which was laid on the ground snapped her eyes to his face where she saw the bland expression on his face. It looked like he was waiting for her to break another one of his rules so that he could subject her to another punishment.

The last time someone had rubbed her wet hair, it was her mother when she a young girl but with their lives that had turned busy, she had learned to do it without her mother's help turning to be an independent woman.

Reluctantly, Penny walked towards him and sat down. Turning her back to him where she looked at the fireplace that was giving enough heat to this room. After the cold rain and cold bath where she had come walking with her body half wet and her hair wet, she was happy to feel the warmth this provided her. It made her want to get to bed and sleep. And it didn't matter if the bed wasn't soft enough. Penny was used to sleeping on mats, therefore, it didn't matter to her.

"How surprising," she heard him mutter under his breath which was meant for her to hear, "Here, I thought you would object. Such a sweet girl," he praised above her head.

She then felt him place the towel he had been holding on either side of her head.

Penny had frankly expected him to be hard on her scalp with his hands which had instantly made her close her eyes. Waiting for him to handle her roughly but it was a surprise when he wiped it gently. The touch was confusing to her.

How could a man as crazy as him to have gentle movements? It made her want to close her eyes but this time not due to pain but to the sleepiness that was catching up to her. Her stomach softly grumbled but it didn't matter. All she wanted was to have a good night's sleep.

The more he wiped with care the more confused it made her.

She then felt him move her hair away from one side to place it completely on her left shoulder.

"Why didn't you ask for a towel? Don't you know you will catch a cold again," he placed the towel to start the movement from below to the top. Some hair of her came forward. Penny tried to ignore the sweet feeling of sleepiness coming to invade her mind and she looked at the fire that crackled brightly with the woods burning in the fireplace.

"Why are you quiet? Scared that I might snap your slender neck?" asked Damien with a grin on his lips. He saw the slender nape of her neck completely exposed to his eyes and if needed he could feast on her. The blood underneath her was warm and was quietly understandable with the heat that was passing with the help of the fireplace, "How are you finding this? Speak, little mouse."

Penny opened her mouth, framing her sentence to say, "It feels good, master Damien," the best was to be in good terms with him, she thought to herself. This vampire's mood swings were hard to predict and she knew if she tried to understand him, she would lose her sanity in the process. She wondered if Damien actually meant for her to take bath in the servant's quarters. Of course, she had bathed here once but she wasn't a guest but the slave he had bought. Why would any master let their slave take a bath in their own bathroom?

"Good. From now come to me every time you take a head bath. I will be sure to wipe it for you," when she didn't reply, she felt him pull her hair lightly to gain her attention.

"Yes," she answered him.

"Yes, what?" he asked her testingly.

"Yes, master Damien. I will come to you from now," she replied. Her current situation felt nothing less to a person holding a knife on her neck only difference was that here it wasn't a knife but a pair of fangs.

Hearing him hum, she let out a sigh to hear him say, "Don't sigh. Your lack of behavior makes me think that I should take you back to the slave establishment for some good obedience. Tell me, little mouse, how did you get out so soon? Did I ask you this before? Well, still enlighten me again and don't bother to lie to him. If I find one lie I will make sure you wished you didn't. Just the truth."

Penny wondered if this was one of his games he was playing with her. Apart from her and her cellmate, or ex-cell mate of hers, no one knew what they had done.

"I can go enquire the same with the warden," hearing the warden's name Penny suddenly felt worried.

"Will you send me back there?" she asked him with a quiet voice. Penny was a brave girl but she was scared for what Damien was capable of and what he might do.

Until now all she had seen a man dead at his feet where he had sucked the blood out, he had chopped the auctioneer's fingers.

Damien had also drunk blood from a woman but this might have been something he or the other pureblooded vampires did. Penny didn't want to come in any of those options of what he had done. She had been cheeky with him but she didn't want to test it.

"Do you want me to send you there?" when she heard him ask, Penny turned her head carefully without much movement as his hands were still on her head with the towel.

"Please don't send me there," she pleaded with him. Damien tilted his head.

"How do I know you won't run away from me, little mouse?" Damien let the towel slip away from his hand, placing one of his hand on her head where he touched the wet strands of her hair which was drying up thanks to him and the fire in front of them, "I have been very lenient with you. Do you agree?"

Was this a trick question? asked Penny to herself. If she said yes, what if he punished her more severely the next time? What if she said no and he showed her anyways how sever his punishments went.

"I don't like you being quite. Speak your mind, unlike those other peasants?" his eyes shifted from her head to meet her eyes.

"I don't know," she responded back.

"I can hear the pulse here," he placed his finger on her neck, "The vein that connects to the other ones where we bite in for a good drink. Has anyone ever tasted you?"

"No, master Damien," she answered him when she realized what he meant. Having been part of a town that had almost no vampires living with them, she didn't have much exposure to the night creatures.

The man was stranger than yesterday or day before yesterday, thought Penny to herself, "So tell me. What did you do to come out without a mark?"

Damien stood up from the bed, going to place the towel in the bathroom and he came out giving her time to speak.

"I added my name in the list," Penny decided to keep the other woman's name out of it. It wasn't that she didn't want to give her credit but more than the credit she didn't want to highlight the woman but tying her to the crime that was done in the establishment. Somewhere Penny believed that Damien would take it to play it against her to harm another person who was remotely related to anything.

"You know to write?" asked Damien, a little more than surprised as it wasn't often he met a woman who knew how to read or write. And it was even rarer for humans to be well versed in the art of literature itself.

"I learned to read and a little my name," she saw him walk around the room. His bare feet padding on the ground with languid footsteps.

"What about the mark? For one I know, slaves are often branded on the first day or is it the second the branding of slaves takes place after the entry in the establishment? Even the most fortunate ones cannot evade the branding. I doubt anyone has ever escaped it. But my little mouse appears to be smart," Damien who was rummaging through his cupboard for something turned over his shoulder to look at her, his extremely intelligent, crazy eyes looking at her.

"I was sent to the confinement cell on the very first day there-"

"My, what a troublesome slave," interrupted Damien with a chuckle on his lips, "What did you do to catch the punishment on first day?"

"Slaves there are supposed to strip their clothes and then go to bathe. I refused and ended up in the confinement cell," Penny caught a pleased expression on his face as if he was happy and delighted to hear with that."

"But you had to cave in later," Penny nodded her head to his words.

"Seems like this is a loophole in the slave establishment. I will be sure to let the guards to know about it so that they can have a better check in the future," he grinned. Penny frowned slightly, "What's the matter? Don't want me to?" he asked her.

Penny didn't know why but she felt it was better the guards didn't know about it, "What if I end up there again?" it was a fear that had come to reside in her mind since she had left the slave establishment?

"If you stay here with me, you shouldn't worry about it. Unless you plan to run away now," he gave her a pointed look.