

## Damien Pet 34

### Chapter 34 - Bedroom

It seemed like an open warning to her that that was what was going to happen if she were ever to run away. She didn't understand if it was a vampire thing but why did he want to keep her here? Was she nothing but part of his amusement where he would enjoy threatening and scaring her. He could have gone for any other slave but to her misfortune or fortune, this man had bought her not for hundreds but thousands of gold coins.

When the door to the room was knocked upon, Damien didn't even bother to look and he said, "Come inside, Falcon," it appeared that he knew just by the sound of the knock or time of who had arrived at his door. In came the butler with a trolley that had food, "Leave it here. Dismissed," Damien's words were very short and the butler didn't go stand for another extra second. He stepped out of the room, closing the door behind him.

Penny eyed the food which had delicious-looking food on it. The smell was magnificent which made her mouth water at the smell of it. Damien had his eyes on Penny, the sight of her drooling over the food that had arrived.

"Eat what you want," he said. Penny who had been staring at the food, her head snapped to look at him. He was being serious? "Did you think that is what I would say?"

"..." this man was wearing her out and soon her soul would be departing away from her body. Penny nodded to herself internally that that was what was going to happen to her if she stayed here for a couple more weeks.

"I haven't had my food this morning or noon. The master gets fed first and then comes the pet into the equation. Go sit on the bed," he ordered her. He dipped his finger in one of the dishes when his eyes didn't break away from her where he put the finger into his mouth to give a hum of approval, "So tasty," he murmured after he pulled out his finger from his mouth.

He put the food he wanted to eat on his plate one after another where Penny had to tear away her gaze from him as well as the sight of the plate that he had held in his hand, "Do you know how to cook?"

"Yes."

"What do you know to cook?" he asked her as he walked around to come and sit right next to where she was. Penny didn't know what was this art of torture but whatever it was, it was very effective. She had thought he was being gentle with her when he was toweling her wet hair but his switch in mood and personalities were like hot and cold whiplash which she wasn't able to grasp.

"The basic cooking one needs to live their life by. I don't think I can cook something like this though," she answered him without looking at him but straight at the wall which was below the fireplace.

"Right. I don't think the family of the peasants have access to the spices that are imported and sold at high prices at the black market," his words were casual. It wasn't meant to make her feel lower as that was how Damien spoke without holding back his words but that didn't mean it didn't make Penny feel small.

She had never been or had never found the opportunity to converse and mingle with the elites, making her world limited to only people of her own status.

"What are you sulking sitting there for?"

"Nothing," she didn't want to talk to him right now.

Damien's eyes slightly narrowed at her snipped answer which he disliked, "Nothing? What did I say about making you do things and you obeying me?"

Penny gritted her teeth, her jaw clenched out of the hunger, "You promised to feed me without depriving me of food."

"Who said I was depriving you of food?" Hearing this, she turned to look at him where she caught him staring at her intently, "Open your mouth, little mouse," Penny's face suddenly caught fire and she looked away.

"I can eat it myself."

"The words were very clear and you said it. I will 'feed' you, now don't be stubborn or you won't have this or anything else," Damien's eyes were lit up in amusement. Enjoying the girl's reaction where she looked utterly flustered by his words, "Say, ahhh," he sang and Penny's cheeks turned redder by the seconds that passed.

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"Doing what?"

"This," she said before adding, "Master Damien," so that she wouldn't offend him by even mistake.

Damien cocked his head to the side, his face changing one to the expression of wonderment, "But you said you wanted to eat, didn't you?"

"Yes, but-" she herself stopped not knowing what to do with this night creature who was hell-bent in torturing her. When she saw a grin start to appear on his face, she was speechless, "Why are you doing this to me?" her words and voice turned softer than usual as if she were tired.

"Because I like tormenting you. I have never felt this sense of pleasure with anyone else, do you know why that is so?" he asked her as if intrigued by his own words. Those red eyes of his looked at her unwaveringly which made her feel more exposed to his antics. Why was he saying it as if it were a good thing? Being tormented wasn't a good feeling, it was a terrible feeling.

"Because I am your slave?" she asked him, gulping down when the grin turned to a smile.

Leaning closer to her, he whispered as if it were a secret which no one was supposed to hear, "You are special, little mouse," Penny blinked back at him.

Tormenting and troubling a person meant the person was special? This man sure needed his words to be checked before he said those.

"You don't believe me," his expression suddenly flipped to one of being sad. As if suddenly hurt by the thought of her not believing, "Last chance, open your mouth or stay hungry until next night," with her

stomach grumbling, she was left with no choice but to part her mouth open, "Good girl," he praised her before feeding the food with the fork and occasionally switching it to spoon.

In that time of him feeding her, Damien didn't take one bite from the food which she noticed to look down at the plate.

"Aren't you going to eat?" She did remember him mentioning how he hadn't eaten his meal since morning and he had been starving.

"What a good pet I have who is worried about her master," saying this he put one more spoon into her mouth and the next one went to his mouth, "Soon we will have a harmonious relationship between us. Who knew that one punishment in the rain would work wonders," he chuckled, "Seems like you have a lot of things to say though right now. Open your mouth," he said again to put the spoonful of food back into her mouth.

Penny shook her head and he responded back with, "Your face tells otherwise. Just to make sure, I will take you somewhere soon when I am free. We need to make sure you know you are in good hands," she didn't understand what that meant and only continued to chew her food, "An example is I have never fed anyone until now. Except for the wolf-like dog that is chained behind at the shelter, you are the only human. You should feel privileged that this master of yours is taking time to feed you. I also call you little mouse."

"I can-"

"I know you have hands, Penny. I am not blind unless you think otherwise now," his voice was curt as if wanting to keep her where she belonged and not have her come up in status just because he called her playfully to be special, "It's a sweet name. Little mouse, you will know in time," Penny wondered if she would stay or survive until that time which Damien spoke of, "Want more?"

"I am full," she answered him. Damien didn't inquire further. One because he was too great to ask his slave the same question twice. Two because he wanted her to learn that if she needed something, she would have to voluntarily ask him without him asking her.

When it came to the time to sleep, Penny instead of sitting on the bed had stood up when the butler arrived to take the food back which was emptied along with the trolley.

Damien who had worn the soft quilt like slippers beneath his feet removed it to get inside the bed. As he sorted the blanket on him, he found Penny standing at the foot of the bed like a statue, "Do you need a special invitation to get in?"

"I will be sleeping here? I don't mind taking the floor, Master Damien. A slave shouldn't-" just as she started to reason out so that she wouldn't have to share the bed with him, she stopped speaking again with the way he looked at her right now.

"Don't test my patience, Penny. I am tired so close your mouth and get into the bed. Now."

Penny didn't like this special treatment. She didn't mind being a maid and working here but this here wasn't something acceptable yet the way he looked at her where there was no smile on his face. Damien looked nothing less to a ferocious wolf that was waiting for its prey to make a mistake so that it could pounce on the poor prey.

"Blow out the candle lights on the stand and at the top up there. You will find the pipe at the side. Get inside the bed after that," he ordered before turning his back on her for a little while so that he could pick up the book that laid in one of his drawers.

Penny searched for the pipe Damien mentioned and started to blow out the candles that were up in the chandeliers. Once she had done her work of blowing the candles while keeping only the ones near him lit as he was reading the book. She dragged her feet close to the bed...