

Damien Pet 36

Chapter 36 - How to make a tie

Was he perhaps awake before she had dashed to the bathroom? "I give you a comfortable bed which has been specially designed to my liking which you will find nowhere in these lands and you say it was okay?" Penny thanked her stars that he wasn't talking about what she had thought and maybe he really was sleeping at that time.

"A comfortable bed doesn't assure a person a good sleep. Sometimes a hard floor with freedom gives the satisfaction of sleep which cannot be found in the restriction of a room no matter how expensive and good the bed the person sleeps," Penny wasn't meaning to offend but he had told her last night to speak to him. Taking a little liberty out of it, she spoke feeling a bit brave this morning.

Damien noticed that she was still a feisty little mouse trying to run and he didn't mind in letting her lead on that there was still hope until she would come to realize there was none of what she thought to be left. In turn, she would learn it wasn't the cat who had caught the mouse but wolf which would tear her apart if she were to lie and leave.

"You never know what insect or animal will come crawling through the floor to bite and infect you with. There are reasons sometimes why a person is shifted from one lifestyle to another," he gave her the response in the same vigor without taking her words offensively. This girl had a mouth of her own and of course, she would, thought Damien to himself which only made her that much more intriguing.

Penny didn't have a comeback to his insect retort, how was she supposed to go about it? Use a broomstick to kill the insect or her shoe? But then it didn't seem like he was actually talking about actual insects and animals. Though partly she agreed and could relate after some time that the insects could be considered in her case her uncle and aunt as well as the slave establishment people who had smuggled and kidnapped her to sell her off.

As if reading her expression, Damien said without a miss of heartbeat, "You are safe here. We'll be going out today."

"Out?"

"Yes, do you have a problem with that?" upon Damien's question, Penny asked herself, who was she to ask him that question when the great master Damien had already decided what she was going to do today.

"I would love to accompany you outside, master Damien," she bowed her head. A complete degree of change in her attitude from what she was feeling inside.

"Penny...what if I said I knew what went in that mind of yours?"

"What?" the color in her face started to drain at the thought of what if? Oh, God, she was going to die today, wasn't she? Dread was all that filled her when he chuckled.

"So easy to fool. Go get yourself cleaned. We'll be going right after breakfast," he ordered, pushing the covers off his body where the top buttons of his shirt were open making her look at the well defined manly chest of his which was taut to look at.

She quickly looked away before he would comment anything more than what he had done. Thankfully he didn't and he went to the bathing room. Penny guessed that she was supposed to go to the servant's quarters to wash. Ready to leave the room she headed to the door when she heard Damien's voice,

"Where do you think you're going?" he had pushed away from the curtain for her to see his bare torso as he had removed his shirt wearing only his loose pants that hung on his hip bones. With a little amount of difficulty, she tore away her eyes from his body that looked nothing less to a statue she had come across in the town and villages she had the opportunity to walk into.

"I-I," she stuttered, clearing her throat she said, "You said to clean..."

"What did you roll in the mud after your bath yesterday to be dirty? You don't need to take another bath. Washing your face here should be enough."

Penny sighed, to hear him ask, "What?"

"Nothing, master," speaking a word more was always harmful than speaking less seeing his eyes narrow she bowed her head. She had forgotten he was still here. This man was one day going to kill her, she just knew it, said Penny agreeing to her thoughts.

She stood with her back against the wall until he himself had taken his time to bath and getting ready where she looked away when he entered the room again. Taking the opportunity she had got to the bathing room to splash some water and wipe her face with the already used towel.

When she out, she saw him standing in front of the mirror, hearing him ask her, "Do you know to tie a tie?" he looked at her through the mirror where she came to shake her head. Penny hadn't ever got to learn how to tie one. Coming from a poorer background, men didn't have use for such accessorized clothing when they could put the same money in something more useful, "Come, stand here. Let me teach you."

Penny walked towards him, feeling quite dirty compared to him as she hadn't got to shower but then if she considered it, she was much cleaner than the time she had arrived here at the mansion. Going to him, she stood in front where he turned to face her.

Due to their close proximity again she realized how tall he was when she looked smaller in size compared to him. Damien who was wearing a grey shirt had the tie placed around his neck which was yet to be made.

"Step closer unless you have long hands that are going to stretch by themselves," he said seeing the amount of distance she had placed between them. Penny awkwardly took a step forward where he raised the two ends of the tie to show her how things went in and out and around until it was finally pushed up to settle between his neck, "Do you think you can do it?" he asked her.

Penny had tried memorizing as much as she could in the first go, nodding her head she saw Damien loosen the tie and unwind it before letting them fall down on either side of his neck, "Go ahead."

On his word, Penny raised both her hand, a little hesitant at first as she tried to remember what he had shown her, "Put it around," he instructed her when something went wrong.

"Yes, master Damien," she answered him, following his instructions closely while running her hand on the smooth velvety tie until she finally got it right. She stepped away from him, feeling a little pleased for having accomplished a simple task of learning how to make a tie.

"Such a simple girl," he commented, his words playful as he turned back to look at the mirror and himself. Penny wondered why he called her simple girl when she had only listened to his instructions on what to do. Not questioning him as he seemed to appear in a good mood, she followed him out of the room to go to the dining room.

Penny didn't have to be told twice, sitting a few steps away from Damien on the cold ground to see the other family members of the house who had already taken their respective at the table. She was given a bowl of food where she quietly ate without much noise like she didn't exist but no matter how much she tried to camouflage herself in the background, the people of the house here had a keen eye.

She had received a smile from Lady Maggie but somewhere as the vampiress turned her head away to look in the front, she looked apologetic which made her confused as to what had got the lady to have such expression on her face. And on the other side, there was the youngest sibling, Lady Grace who was surely a year or two younger to Penny herself who was looking at her with narrowed eyes.

Not knowing what the little vampiress was angry about, she tried to ignore but it was hard to concentrate on her food. She did look like a spoilt brat who liked getting her way and the friction between the siblings was something that was starkly visible.

Lady Maggie was the first one to break the silence in the room where she spoke, "Father, I would be distributing the cards tomorrow. I have got them written down and will go by the shop to make sure everything is according to how it was intended to be."

"I would like to tag along with you, Sister Maggie," Grace chimed in wanting to be part of whatever Lady Maggie was speaking of, "It is alright, right?"

"Why not," their father spoke, "You both can go pick up the cards. I have asked for more servants to help in so that Falcon will be less burdened."

"More servants?" asked Damien's step-mother, "The butler is versed with handling the servants and getting the job done. The last thing we need is servants whom we don't know if they are capable enough to handle the job without making a clumsy fool of themselves and the guests. It is, after all, an important day, dear."

The man gave her an assuring smile which looked peaceful, "They are the trusted servants of the Ericson's. The more hands to help that much better it would be for us to have the party that has is being arranged, Fleur," said Damien's father.

Penny noticed that there was an occasion coming up in the mansion here which the family was preparing for. Not knowing what it was for, she concentrated on the food she had been given but with her ears listening to Quinn's conversation.

"It is the lady's birthday," this perked her ears and Penny couldn't help but raise her head subtly wondering why the lady was referring to herself as a third person. At first, she thought it was Mr. Quinn's birthday but it wasn't so.

"Yes, like every year, she will be remembered for the lovely person she was," it dawned on Penny that they weren't speaking about this woman but Mr. Quinn's first wife, Master Damien and Lady Maggie's biological mother. Turning her gaze to look at her master, she saw him hardly bothering to involve himself in the conversation where he was picking the food with his fork and eating it like the talk wasn't taking place.