

Damien Pet 39

Chapter 39 - Cold pureblooded vampire- Part 1

"When I was in the confinement cell, there was a nail lying on the ground which I didn't know of," no one could know with the full darkness one was surrounded and left to spend time in, "I stepped on the nail."

"Must have hurt really bad," his words suddenly turned gentle but Penny wasn't sure if she heard it right," he ran his thumb much more gently, from one side to another which made her heart leap and her body to jerk but his grip continued to be firm around her ankle.

Penny could feel his hand touching her skin, which felt warm on her making her fret.

"Master Damien," she spoke for him to respond with a hum.

"What is it?" what? What was what? He was holding her ankle without letting it go.

"Could you please let go of my leg," she kept her speech to be docile, a certain passive aggressiveness in it where she wanted him to drop her leg but instead of hearing to her request, Damien only ran his finger over her feet.

"Why? Little mouse, let me demonstrate something for you so that you can keep it in your mind. Alright?"

At first, she didn't understand what this demonstration was about until he ran his fingernail sharply against the back of her feet making her cry in pain due to it piercing over her skin.

"Please, master Damien," she could feel the burn on her feet which started to hurt. Damien's eyes fell on the girl in front of him, her face contoured in pain as he had scr.a.p.ed her skin for a small streak of blood to appear in the same place where she had previously been hurt without letting it heal properly.

Instead of letting it go, he then took the same kerchief he had offered her before to tie it back around her feet. Penny didn't understand why he had hurt her just now. This man's head was messed up for hurting her for no reason until she heard him speak,

"Keep this in mind before you do anything where we are going. One toe out of line and the punishment will be far worse than what you have experienced right now.

"I didn't do anything," she said, taking her feet away to drop it down when his grip loosened.

"But you will. Having studied you, there is a possibility that you might do something I might not be happy about. She didn't understand what he meant by it. She had been careful with her words too after getting drenched in the rain like a wet dog yet she had been punished. Penny was sure that Master Damien needed his head checked.

When the carriage was pulled over, Penny first stepped out of the carriage, her footsteps uneven due to the kerchief that was wrapped around her left foot. A huge mansion stood mighty in front of them, but black walls making it feel eerie which made her suddenly feel cautious. The dark grey clouds hovered all around in the sky, growling threateningly.

She wanted to ask him where they were but Damien didn't wait for her and instead started to walk towards the entrance of the double doors which was left open with two guards on either side of the door. Following his footsteps. Penny stepped inside for his coat which was ready to be taken and he raised his hand. For a moment, Penny was sure that he was going to make her remove his coat here like he had made her help him wear it. But he didn't.

He continued to walk to finally meet a crowd of three people where one was a man and the other two were women. One of the women sat on the plush couch with the man a seat away from her where a boy sat at her feet, massaging her legs as the boy sat on the floor. The boy looked to be around sixteen with freckles on his face.

Another woman was standing holding a whip in her hand while staring down at the girl who had kneeled down on the ground.

"Damien, how good to see you. We thought you wouldn't come," the man who was undoubtedly another vampire greeted Damien.

"I wouldn't miss such occasions. You did say it was two thousand gold coins that would be met. How could I miss it," Damien answered, the lopsided smile on his lips?

"Whom have you bought?" the woman who was sitting on the couch questioned when her eyes fell on the girl who stood behind Damien Quinn.

"So the rumor is true, Sentencia," the man said looking at Penny who had her head up looking at the people.

"What rumor?" asked the woman named Senteicia who was sitting on the couch.

"The rumors about Damien who bought a slave for himself," the man gauged Penny up and down, a smirk up his lips where his eyes held the ill intention. It made her uncomfortable but the way the women in the room gawked at her, it only made her want to go back to the room where Damien had locked her before.

The man laughed, "I was curious as to what made you spent five thousand gold coins on a lone slave,"?Penny who lacked the experience of being a slave abashedly stared back at the man before averting her eyes who was gawking her up and down. He had brown hairs which were neatly combed to the side, the top of buttons of his shirt open making him look not part of a good group but with the way she saw nothing seemed to be good here.

"Eyes of my pet Reverale and ladies," Damien warned the man with a smile that was etched on his lips brightly.

The man raised his hand up to reply, "I wasn't doing anything."

"Of course, you weren't. You wouldn't have your eyes or else," Damien laughed, in the end, leaving the room quiet.