

## Damien Pet 40

### Chapter 40 - Cold pureblooded vampire- Part 2

Penny was taken by the mild threat and she wondered for a minute if Damien was joking about gauging the eyes out. When she turned to look at the man, the vampire seemed to have stopped staring at her and had instead gone to go fetch himself a drink.

Damien walked to one of the empty couch where no one sat, leaning his back completely where he crossed his legs looking at the woman who was standing in the room with the young girl sitting down on her knees.

"I see you that your pet has been taking good care of yourself," he chimed in looking at the boy was hadn't raised his eyes up to look anyone but his mistress' legs where he massaged her ankles now.

"Marcus is a lovely boy, isn't he?" the woman named Sentencia smiled looking down at her slave which she had personally brought from the slave establishment, unlike Damien who had bought Penelope from the black market, "Your pet hasn't learned the code of conduct for the slaves," the vampiress said it because of the way Penny was looking at everyone without a hint of obedience in there where the slave hadn't dropped her gaze. But after seeing hearing this, Penny was smart enough to lower her eyes to the ground where she stood next to Damien.

"If you ever need help you can always send her to me," the way the vampiress said it seemed like there was something in that underlying tone of hers. Her red eyes moving from Penny to her own slave who sat at her foot serving her. She raised her bare feet, the tips of her toe coming into picture which ran on the boy's chest up to his neck and then to hold his neck in place.

"As much as Sentencia is good at it, I would personally not mind helping you, Damien," the woman who was standing in front of the girl smirked, "Give me a week and I shall fix her up."

"She will learn soon. She's a new chick in this place and what is the point of having utter obedience where I cannot punish to my heart's content," Damien grinned, his lips quirking upon his lips to have Sentencia smile as she tipped her chin knowingly, "What's gotten her in trouble?" asked Damien curious-looking down at the young girl on the ground. Surely, there was misbehavior which had led to where the girl sat now.

"She forgot who is the mistress and who is the slave," chuckled the other vampiress, she ran one of her hand across the rough whip which was in her hand. Her face smiling but the intention in her eyes unkind.

"I don't even know how you thought you could think that it was alright to serve me a green tea when I clearly said I needed it to be black. Did you turn deaf?" the woman asked.

The young girl on the ground looked terribly scared where anyone could see that she was shaking in fear. Her body had crouched on the ground to the point where her forehead now almost touched the cold marble floor. When she raised her hand with the whip before Penny could fathom what was going to happen, the whip made a shush sound that cut through the air to hit the girl's side of the body.

Penelope's eyes widened so wide at the sight and sound where she could feel the pain of the leather's touch on the skin. The slave on the ground didn't make a sound and rather swallowed the pain in with the sound of cry knowing well that making more sounds would only result in worse punishment. Penelope, on the other hand, couldn't stop not staring with her mouth agape. She looked toward Damien who only had a passive expression staring at what happened as if it didn't happen or rather didn't concern him because the girl was his salve.

She raised her body to the slightest which was when Damien turned his eyes to look at her which were vacant yet had a warning in them. She remembered what happened in the carriage.

'This is a warning for you to not to do anything when we go there'. She still remembered the way his sharp nail had cut through her wound to remind her of the times she had stepped on the nail. Her feet trembled slightly at the thought of it.

"Go, get a glass of water from the kitchen for me," he ordered her as if having her witness the slave being punished once was enough, "Now," the shock of the whip was enough to bring her to reality where she bowed her head and turned before walking out of the room.

She couldn't believe it. For a simple mistake of tea, the lady was whipping a slave. How could she do that? To turn a blind eye to what was happening right in front of her didn't feel right. Was this also what Damien meant? He had told her that he was being lenient and wanted to show how lenient he was compared to the other vampire owners who hurt the slaves abusively.

In the room where Damien sat, he saw Penny step out of the room before his eyes fell back to the slave who got whipped three more times where he finally noticed the small cry which was stifled in her closed mouth.

"That should be enough, Yuvaine," said Damien. And though the vampiress wanted to vent out her pleasure on this stupid slave of hers she stopped midway when she raised her hand ready to hit another time. If it was someone else, she would have argued but this was Damien Quinn.

"But Damien I haven't-"

"Did you know that green tea is much better than black tea? The poor thing must have enough to keep her busy with your errands," he said coolly gauging at the girl on the floor and then up at the vampiress who finally turned to look at him with a frown.