

Damien Pet 41

Chapter 41 - Society of the dark- Part 1

"Are you saying it is my fault?" Yuvaine asked him.

"What do you think? What's the slave's name again? Raise your head," said Damien to have the slave girl raise her head which was contoured in pain, "Haven't you been told on what to do and not? How hard is it to remember a tea which your mistress wants?" he questioned.

When the slave didn't speak right away, Damien exhaled, "Speak, don't fear to answer," he said when the slave went to meet her mistress's eyes who glared down at her.

He saw the slave girl gulp where she finally parted her lips, "Madame Yuvaine asked for green tea not black tea."

The vampiress snapped her head to look down at her slave with anger, "The lie is going to cost you your life!"

"Hold on, Yuvaine," Damien raised his hand, "Are you sure about it? Like your mistress said, lying and changing facts of the past isn't a pleasant nature for a slave. Because you will only end up in the ground with mud over your body if you know what I am saying," the young girl pressed her head back on the ground.

"I d-do not lie, Master Damien! I only did what the m-mistress a-asked me to. I would never lie," the slave though wanted to speak loudly to clear the misunderstanding, she couldn't, knowing it would result in another punishment.

"The slave isn't lying, Yuvaine," all the vampire's gazes fell on lady Yuvaine who furrowed her brows deeper like she didn't believe it.

"I am definitely sure I asked you to bring black tea. You not only dare to defy me but also lie do you know the consequences to it? Don't forget your life is mine and I was the one who bought you from the market-"

"Lady Yuvaine," Sentencia interrupted Yuvaine, "Maybe you did misspell the word which resulted in your slave bringing something which was told to her. We all know Damien has the ability to detect and smell when there's a lie. He is an expert in it."

"How shameful for you to hitting the slave for your own fault, Lady Yuvaine," Damien tched, clicking his tongue.

The way he looked at the lady made her feel as if she was being shamed.

"That is not true."

"Then what is it?" Damien chuckled, his red eyes stared into hers where his eyes were much darker than her own. He noticed the confusion and the ego which was being shaken now, "I can see the uncertainty in your eyes in there. You are right, she is the slave you bought from the market. Giving her a better roof and decent food where the dogs would eat but don't you think it quite unkind to stoop low?"

The man who had previously been staring at Penny before being warned laughed at this as well. He had taken up a drink from the counter bar. Leaning against the counter, both his hands resting back on top on either side of the counter edge.

"Don't worry, Yuvaine. We all like to spend our frustration on the slaves. Isn't that why we bring slaves in here so that we can have them do things on our whim. Else what good are they?" asked the man.

Sentencia only smiled without another word being added to the conversation. This mansion belongs to Lady Yuvaine but to have her inviting them to witness these things were a little more than fun. The vampiress was surely one of the dumb vampiresses who liked to show off what they had to while wanting attention on them.

"Tell us Damien, for someone who never took an interest in the slaves went to buy one himself. Not to forget the outrageous money you spent to just buy her," the man asked him which got the others curious. A lot of them were aware of the dislike Damien had against the slaves where he preferred not to have one all these years but having someone for five thousand gold coins, wasn't it too much thought the ones in the room.

Damien turned his head sideways in a lazy way to see the man at the bar counter sipping his alcohol, "Hmm? Is there a rule applied to me that I cannot have one, Rowan?"

The man named Rowan Reveale laughed, "I never said you can't-"

"Then what is it? The story is very short. I went to the market, saw the first slave being auctioned and brought her. Coming to the money," Damien drawled his voice torturously slow, "I rather not have competition when I have entered something. Raising the coins that high makes sure that I am the only one who has the ability in there to buy a particular slave."

"Of course, that sounds very much like you. Who can stop Master Damien from buying what he wants," Rowan raised his glass before taking a sip from it.

Penelope who had gone in search of the kitchen met a maid to ask her to get a glass of water. After getting the glass of water in her hand, she went back the way she had come still unable to let go of what she just saw. Her hands tightened around the glass.

How could the vampires treat the humans this lowly? Was this how life worked in this side of life?

When Penny arrived back in the room, the girl who previously had been subjected to the whip was nowhere in sight but the lady was still in here with the rest of them. Her feet moved quickly towards Damien and she offered the water for him to drink, bending down for him to have an easier reach where she finally stood up when he placed the half-empty glass on the armrest not worried if it was going to fall down and break into pieces.

"Sit down, Penny," he said to her and she did as he asked a little worried over the fact that these vampires in here had no heart and would do nothing to stop themselves from deriving pleasure from the pain who were lower to them.

Penelope was the young girl who had never seen any harsh punishment sentenced to someone for a trivial matter. Sure she had heard the cry and the screams in the slave establishment but had never witnessed it in first or second hand. Visuals were too much to take than the voice. Having been reduced

to a mere slave which was the lowest of the low form where it would take more than an eternity to climb back to a normal life, she could see how people were broken, their soul bent and twisted to the point where they could do nothing but rely on their master and mistresses. She could only imagine the fate she had escaped so closely by having her name placed in the list so that she could quickly be auctioned. God only knew if she could survive if she was in there.

She came to realize that as much as a bright the pureblooded vampire's life appeared to be, the humans who weren't directly involved with them never got to see their dark side of life where without it they envied the lives they lived.