

Damien Pet 47

Chapter 47 - Not getting punished?- Part 1

Grace out of anger only turned Penny's arm to another side where the furrow between the slave's forehead increased. Damien noticing this looked at his butler who was quietly standing, raising the paper which was rolled he handed it to him,

"Take this to Lord Nicholas' mansion," the butler bowed his head, not spending another a minute as an order had been given to him, he walked towards the main doors and away from them, "Let go of her sister."

Grace tilted her head in curiosity, "Why? She doesn't even know who the mistress is. She even shows the courage to deflect me."

"Then she's done well," spoke Damien, "Now let her go or things will only turn messy if that is what you want."

"What are you going to do? Rip out my doll's heads and burn them in front of me? I am not a little girl anymore," asked Grace who had not let go of Penny's arm while she stood behind the slave.

Damien smiled, and evil smile which made Penny herself uncomfortable, "That didn't stop you from mentioning it. Does it still hurt? To have your beloved things being ruined in front of you."

"Then maybe I should do the same."

"Try and you will see the consequences," Damien's eyes settled on his sister instead of Penny, keeping her in the place where she didn't move an inch from where she stood, "Don't tell me I didn't warn you. Poor pet Panda of yours, I wonder how she would taste."

Grace knew her stepbrother wasn't bluffing to the slightest. She knew he would do it. Harming her pet. Penny finally felt her head being let go and it felt as if her soul had returned back to her body after the painful twist of her arm. She stood in between the two vampires who stared at each other. One with hate and another with amus.e.m.e.nt.

"This one is mine, so I would expect her to follow my orders and not anyone else'. Do you understand that? Now if you have something to do, get someone else to do your job."

Even though Grace who looked angry wanted to stay here and fight. She didn't believe that the fight was worth her losing her pet bird. With anger, she strode off from the hall to go to her own room. Damien looked at his step sibling storm.

Sparing a single look at the slave, he started to walk back towards the stairs saying, "Hurry now before you go looking for another trouble."

Penny wanted to speak back to him but having dealt with one pureblooded vampire was enough for the night and she didn't want to go through another similar episode. She turned around and started to walk towards the kitchen as that was where the exit was that led to the servants quarters. Not looking left or right with the maids she had already come across, she exited the mansion to finally step out to be surrounded by darkness.

The night was as dark as the other nights, but there was no sight of thunder or lightning which meant it wouldn't rain today. She caught sight of the man she had met in the servant's quarters. The man who had led her to the bath.

"You appear and disappear like a phantom," the man commented seeing her walking up towards the entrance of the quarters, "I am Rupert," he introduced himself.

Had they not introduced themselves last time? Penny couldn't remember with the amount of rain she had soaked herself in.

"Penelope," she said keeping it short to pass by him and get through the cave-like walls where this time the lantern burnt itself not brightly but in a small flame. Apparently a room was assigned down here with the slave clothes she would need. She rubbed the top of her arm where she could feel her muscle pain with the amount of turn the vampiress had done on her arm. After she was done washing she stepped out of the quarters to see the man who was still there standing outside.

Thankfully the man didn't stop her by to speak to her and she hurried herself to the pureblooded vampire's room who was waiting for her. Knocking on the door, she noticed the door to be open.

"Get inside," she heard Damien's voice. Pushing her hand gingerly, she stepped inside the room and closed the door behind her which made a soft click.

Damien laid on the bed, his back resting against the head of the bed and his legs outstretched, his ankles crossed against one over the other. He wore the framed glass which rested on the bridge of his nose as he read a book in his hand.

Penny felt like she had suddenly turned to a duck with her feet which moved very slow as she placed it on the ground. She went to stand next to the other side of the bed. Unsure of what to do now, she wondered if it was alright to get inside the bed and sleep as soon as she could. Or at least lie and act that she had fallen asleep.

As she contemplated what to do, Damien to look and speak to her, "Are you planning to sleep while standing today? Get in the bed," he raised his eyebrow. Nodding her head, she crawled in and placed her back flat on the bed at first. After a minute passed, she wondered to herself if it was alright to turn to sleep on her side so that she could have her back against him such that she wouldn't have to face him.

Truthfully she was expecting him to scold her or say anything about the scene that occurred in the hall a while ago. The more she waited with her eyes open ready to hear him speak and give her punishment, her master didn't utter a word and instead carried on to read the book in his hands.