

## Damien Pet 48

### Chapter 48 - Not getting punished?- Part 2

Penny's eyes moved to the corner, very cautiously watching him read with the utmost seriousness which she was used to seeing. Maybe this was the only time he was serious without his lopsided grin that normally stayed up in his lips as if he had planned a delicate yet successful plan of someone. Moving her gaze away from him, she pulled the blanket up to her nose, staring at the ceiling of the bed which was made of mirror. She came to realize she was an idiot for craning her neck to look at Damien when she could see him up in the mirror.

The mirror made Penny ask herself as to how much of a narcissist this man was to have a mirror fixed up in the ceiling of the bed. His midnight-black hair look ruffled as if he had run his hand over it many times, not bothered with the messy and disheveled appearance.

She waited for him to tell her anything.

"Stop staring and get to sleep."

Penny quickly closed her eyes as if to prove him wrong that she wasn't staring at him. Did he have an extra pair of eyes upon his head too? This demon creature, she thought to herself before she very discreetly in her opinion got inside the blanket.

But at the same time, she realized he hadn't placed a pillow between them. Was it too late to do it? Doing it right in front of him, God only knew what words would come out from him. She hoped that Damien would not mistake her to be one of his pillows in the middle of the night. She later realized that she hadn't thanked him.

If he hadn't appeared, there was a possibility that her arm would still not be intact to her body. She should have been careful but her catching hold of Lady Grace's hand had been more of a reflex while she was still thinking what to do.

It was the first time she had come across such a strong girl and for a minute before Damien had appeared she was sure that the vampiress would break it like a piece of carrot. She would next time be sure but had she done the right thing? No, said Penny to herself. By not listening to Lady Grace and catching her hand in the air, she had directly or indirectly waged a war. And now Penny was sure that she was going to be one of the most hated to be killed list of Lady Grace with the look she had thrown at both Damien and her before storming away from the hall.

Maybe it would be a good idea to take the two hours which Damien had proposed earlier this evening in the carriage. It didn't need much time and all she had to do was devise a plan of escape. Once she was far and away from the land of Bonelake, he wouldn't be able to do a thing.

But what about the picture? She wondered if he had lied to her. After all, they had spent less than a week together and him claiming that he had a picture of her drawn didn't add things right in her mind. Even if she took that he had a picture, it would be of no use once she would leave the land of Bonelake and go to another land. She could pick any of it and he would never know. There was Valeria, Woville, and Mythweald.

That was right, thought Penny to herself. Before her arm would be torn away from her body, she had to somehow get it done. Turning carefully to her side, she placed her cheek on the soft pillow. The irony, she thought to herself. She had been turned to a slave yet she was made to sleep on the bed with Master Damien. Wasn't that odd? She asked herself. The more she tried to learn about him, the less sense it made to know and understand him.

Right now she was pretending to sleep and getting up ask him about it would only make things suspicious. She would ask him tomorrow. Internally nodding to herself, she stared at the objects that were in front of her before she decided to close her eyes this time to actually sleep while hoping he wouldn't come to her side of the bed.

She started to head towards the edge of the bed when he realized she had left a good amount of space next to her.

Damien who was reading the book in his hand noticed the subtle movements in the bed where his pet tried to move away farther away from him. His eyes narrowed, and he caught hold of the blanket pulling it away from her in the same subtly she moved away from him which resulted in her not having a blanket that covered her anymore.

Due to the cold weather, even the fireplace which was burning in the room wasn't sufficient enough to give the heat Penny wanted. When she tried to move over to the edge of the bed, the blanket from her body slipped away. Going to pick the blanket discreetly, she tried pulling it closer to her but strangely the blanket didn't come to her. Instead, it seemed like suddenly it had turned short. She wondered why though.

The next time she pulled with a little more force it didn't move which made her feel suspicious.

'Ah...' thought Penny. She closed her eyes not knowing what to do.

"Looks like you don't need the blanket. Seeing how you have moved away from it, I am sure you will fine." He found out, thought Penny to herself and then turned around the bed where her eyes first met the mirror to see him looking at her.

When she turned around completely, she met his eyes directly where he peered down at her through his glasses with a blank expression as if she were the book.