

Damien Pet 49

Chapter 49 - Smokey night- Part 1

In one swift movement, Damien pulled the blanket completely off her leaving her with nothing to cover but the dress that she wore and the air around her. His expression then suddenly changed to a sweet one, he smiled looking at her as if he meant her no harm to say, "Is this what you wanted? Have a goodnight's sleep," he pulled out his glasses to place it on the stand. Placing his book next to it and blowing the candle next to him.

Penny being stubborn, didn't ask for the blanket. After all who needed a blanket right?

An hour passed when Penny shivered in the cold weather on the bed. She needed something to cover herself or she knew she would freeze herself to death tonight. Penny had hoped that somewhere he would give it back out of pity at least but now she doubted if he even knew the word.

The room was dark but not dark enough that one would stumble around and fall. The light which came from the window seemed like the moon had made its presence finally after many days. Turning to the other side, she saw Damien who had his eyes closed with the blanket wrapped around his body. There was a good piece of blanket that was unused. She was tempted to take it from him. The little piece of blanket which would cover at least something.

She spent another hour, hoping she would fall asleep but the cold didn't let her sleep that she turned her body around. Running her hands over her arms, she could feel the goosebumps that had formed on her skin. Her hands were cold and so was her feet. Even her nose had turned wet and cold! Shivering in the middle of the night, she slowly inched closer to Damien but still with a distance where she slowly pushed her feet to get under the blanket which was left out.

She sighed softly. At least there was something that felt warm and not cold. But a body and mind were always greedy. Now that her feet had got the warmth it needed, her arms and other surfaces of the body wanted the blanket too.

Knowing she couldn't do it, she pulled away her feet too and let the cold bite her skin. Accepting it without further complaints.

Damien who was sleeping next to Penny where the girl had finally fallen asleep opened his eyes after feeling no other movements coming from the other side of the bed. How stubborn, he thought to himself. The human had to sleep quietly yet she had tried to move further and farther away. This seemed to be an apt punishment.

He saw her body curl itself due to the cold. Getting up from the bed, and walking around the room, he closed the window first. Picking up something from the table he stepped into his room's patio. Walking to look at the sea which covered the entire scene. It was a beautiful calm view. Even more beautiful to kill someone, where getting the body was impossible after it was thrown down.

Taking the cigar which he had picked up, he lit it for the ends of it to turn red in color. Letting it burn before he placed it in his mouth, biting the other end with his teeth. Taking a deep swig from it, she blew the smoke out of his mouth before taking another one. The smoke dispersed itself in seconds as if was never even there to begin with.

Once the cigarette burned out until the end, he threw it down where the little stick fell from Damien's patio. Flying in the air with a burning light started to reduce to only be extinguished when the red tip touched the surface of the water before going to float in the waves of the water.

He looked at the horizon which touched the water and the dark sky where clouds moved in time as the wind blew. Going back inside the room, he caught sight of the girl who had curled herself in her sleep due to the cold weather. The fire in the fireplace had slowed down, the logs of woods which had been previously burning bright turned to ashes.

Walking towards the fireplace, he crouched down to add logs of woods. Waiting for the smaller and leaner wood to catch fire, he finally stood up. Going back to the doors of the patio, he pulled it close, locking the doors before getting towards the bed where his eyes fell on the girl who was fast asleep.

Penelope's hair was spread out on the pillow where her head rested gently, one side of her cheek hidden while the other exposed for view. Her hand was brought close to her chest which was held in a loose fist.

The girl was utterly beautiful in Damien's eyes. She had been since he had first caught her in the rain as she carried the umbrella over her head. Standing alone in the rain while the rest of the village had gone to take shelter in their houses. He wondered if that was when she had been kidnapped.

No one wonder she was taken to the slave establishment. Sold to it. No person would stand in an isolated area like that which was nothing less to an open invitation to be taken away. As she had now fallen fast asleep, her subconscious didn't know about the space she had left next to her. Her body away from the edge of the bed where there was space now.

He looked at her features, the blonde strands of her hair to the sharp nose that was subtly pointed in a little upward in direction. Her full lips were pink in color. They appeared to be in much better condition than when he bought her from the black market.

Damien picked a piece of her long blonde hair, running his finger over the texture and feel of it.