

## Damien Pet 51

### Chapter 51 - Meddling hair- Part 1

Penny opened her jade green eyes which looked white and neat as if she had slept well.

"Did you know, little mouse, there is this house. Mandel's. They once hung the servant for not being able to follow the basic decorum of what a worker was supposed to do. All because he failed to wake up in the morning. I must say servants are really carefree to think they can sleep even after their master wakes up."

Damien's words were light as he applied something from the bottle on his face, letting a scent disperse in the wind that often surrounded him in the air. Penelope was quick to jump out of bed.

"What happened?" he asked tilting his head in question as if confused with her sudden behavior. This man really was something, she thought to herself, "Don't worry I won't hang you out in the tree. What would the point if I do that, right? Where is the lesson learned?"

Penny while still facing him pulled the blanket which had somehow reached her. Had she pulled the blanket in her sleep? Beginning to fold it, she heard him say,

"I instead like giving a good lesson to everyone. Taking away a person's life is equal to finishing your favorite dessert in a minute and having nothing there. One should learn how to savor, to prolong its existence until the very last bite."

Placing the blanket at the foot of the bed. She turned around to climb on the bed to fluff the pillow and pull the cover of the bed as she flattened it with both her hands.

"Don't you agree, little mouse?" Just as when Penny turned to face him, Damien was already there standing an inch away from her face, "I like the fact that you are quick to know what to do when I say a word. The f.u.c.k.i.n.g peasants are always so slow, they get on my nerves and I cannot help but want to..." he placed his hand on her shoulder that automatically had her shoulder straighten as if a thunderstruck her, "Break it into pieces."

The grip on her shoulder was firm and hard. Though it wasn't painful, it was a grip where she couldn't escape. She also didn't know if it was because of the mental block of what happened yesterday before she had gone to take a bath. After what his sister did by twisting her arm, she was scared to move. The last thing she wanted was to break her shoulder or any body part.

"Please don't break it. I will be sure to follow the rules," Penny spoke out hurriedly as if worried that if she disregarded or provoked him it would take him less than two seconds to break the bones in her body. If his sister itself was that strong she couldn't dare to think how strong the vampire who stood in front of her could be.

"I wasn't planning to. What gave away?" he asked her, his red eyes staring down at her. Her legs were still on the bed, standing on her knees which didn't match their height and she had to crane her head up, "Do you know how many people I have killed?"

Penny gulped softly. Why was he asking her that? "I don't know, master Damien."

He nodded his head, "More than the number of chickens that a butcher takes out from the far corner of the street," the reference he gave her bounced right behind her head which didn't give her the figure, "I have killed many until now. Blood is what is soaked in my hands," he said while not taking his eyes away from her, "Any the number of servants and slaves are the most I have killed. Not because I find enjoyment in killing them, as I said, what is the point of ending life but some really know how to annoy you by just breathing. Have you met anyone like that, little mouse?"

Penny's mouth had gone dry at the thought of what was going to happen to her. She realized that he hadn't buttoned his shirt yet.

Moving her lips she said, "There were some like that." Penny had come across many elderly women who often spouted things that were untrue. In the end, it had resulted in Penny and her mother turning hostile to the people of their villagers.

Damien raised his brow before smiling wickedly, "Of course, it shouldn't come as surprise. The lower classed people have a lot of time to gossip, isn't that right? Not that it doesn't happen in the higher class," the smile on his lips continued before the girl could voice her own opinion.

"There isn't much difference between the lower and the high class," Penny said with a straight face while feeling his finger on her shoulder which hadn't moved. It felt as if a poisonous spider had fallen to settle on her shoulder which she was worried would bite her any second if she did something she wasn't supposed to do.

"There isn't," he agreed to her, "Why do you look shocked? There are some things we both can agree upon," he grinned and for the third time, she caught the sight of the fangs. Was he planning to drink from her? Thinking about this, her heart started to thud in her chest. Damien leaned forward, his lips falling next to her ears where he whispered, "Sshh, not yet, my dear. I will keep you around me for long. You're stuck with me," he promised where Penny felt her freedom slipping further away from her fingers.

"W-why have you placed your hand on my shoulder?" she stated her fear of his close proximity.

"I was worried about my dear pet,"? he was worried? thought Penny to herself. She was worried and internally there were the church bells going off like an oncoming danger, "How's your shoulder doing now?" he asked pressing it. For now, it seemed alright but if he continued with extra pressure she wouldn't have a shoulder where he could ask for its state.