

Damien Pet 52

Chapter 52 - Meddling hair- Part 2

His hand slid over her but his touch was gentler than what she expected which had her eyes glued to him, "It seems alright," and suddenly he patted on her shoulder making her stagger from where she stood on the bed, "Now if you need the rules to be followed. I will leave a bunch of them with Falcon. You better make sure you follow every single one of them. Failure to do so...you know. My good pet," he patted her head as one would with their dog, "Help me with buttoning now."

Damien stood still looking, waiting for her hands to start moving.

"Master Damien," Penny started this time her eyes not meeting his eyes.

"Hm?"

"I-uh, I don't have experience in dressing anyone. Not a male at least."

"That's good. It would be troublesome if you did. You will learn slowly. Raise your hands," he instructed her, "Now keep them steady. There's no need to fear. I am not going to eat your hand."

Penny couldn't keep her hands still but nevertheless, she thought it was better to get things done quickly than prolong it. Taking both sides of the shirt, she brought it close enough to start buttoning his shirt while also making sure her fingers didn't touch his bare skin. And even though she didn't touch it, she couldn't move her gaze away which occasionally drifted to look at the expanse of his chest.

When she was done, her eyes very slowly moved up and it met his red eyes, "All done."

"Are you planning to choke me? Take off the first two buttons at the top," she noticed that in deep concentration she had buttoned his shirt until the last one of his collar where he looked much more decent than what he portrayed of himself, "You don't have to take a bath today. Follow me," he said making his way towards the door and walking out of it.

Penelope followed Damien while touching the errant hair of her head. She had taken a peek of her reflection up in the mirror of the bed which made her look nothing short of how a bird's nest looked like. Not finding the time to fix her hair, she tried to smoothen it up from the side and up by tucking the hair behind her ear over and over again.

"Stop meddling with your hair," she heard Damien say to her where she immediately put down her hand. She didn't know how he found out about it as he was walking in the front, she was sure that he had an extra eye which always kept a watch around his surroundings which wasn't visible to anyone.

The coarse material that she wore, kept moving up and down her skin almost making her want to itch some parts of her body but she couldn't. As she walked she tried to take longer steps which looked quite abnormal as the skin near her thigh itched. Damien turned to look at her making her walk the way she normally did.

She looked down at the ground, following him this time quietly without any antics. As they descended down the stairs, she caught sight of the maids and other servants who had increased in count as they cleaned the mansion's hall.

With the way it looked, it seemed like the celebration of Damien's mother was going to be grand. Penny had never had the opportunity to witness anything remotely close to the approaching celebration that was going to take place in Quinn's mansion. It was something that piqued her interest. She was interested to see how the vampires or rather how the rich celebrated unlike the poor people like herself who only wished each other before going back to their routine life.

Coming from the poor village and poorer family, there was nothing that she could relate to here which felt as if she stepped in a completely different world.

Following Damien's footsteps, she entered the dining room like any other time and sat on the ground only after Damien waved his hand for her to sit. At that time when Penny had entered the dining room, she could feel the eyes that glared right at her. It was Lady Grace, who was not only unhappy but furious to what had taken place last night.

Penny didn't have to look at her but she couldn't help but take a peek at the young vampiress who looked as if Damien had already torn whatever pet of hers he was speaking of yesterday. The girl's nostrils had flared in anger. Given that she hadn't obeyed Lady Grace's words, but she had obeyed Master Damien's to which he had not complained and seemed rather pleased that she had listened to him.

Even if Damien did tell her to listen, there were chances that Penny was not going to listen to him. It was because the vampiress was not only rude but she reminded her of the woman she had met yesterday who had whipped the slave with the leather whip. Though she didn't get to witness the scene entirely as Damien had sent her to fetch him a glass of water, she didn't miss the spot of blood that had come to stain on the slave's body. Especially the back.

Yesterday was a lot more than she could have handled and if it weren't for Damien, she might not have had an arm right now and would have bled to death.

"What was the ruckus about yesterday, Damien and Grace?" Mr. Quinn, their father asked them as he ate his breakfast. He looked at his children to gain the attention of only Grace. Damien had chosen to continue eating his meal without wanting to be disturbed, "Damien," his father stared at him.

"Damien needs to be punished for not only disregarding his sister's wishes but also not having the ability to respect the elders in this house," it was Lady Fluerance who said, passing a mere glance to her stepson. Dabbing her lips before raising the fork and putting the meat in her mouth.

"I am listening. I am not deaf," he lifted his head with a smile on his lips, taking a bite from his own fork and chewing the food.