

Damien Pet 53

Chapter 53 - Meddling hair- Part 3

"You really don't have manners when it comes to dealing with your elders," his stepmother accused him not happy with the way he had responded to her.

"Respect is something you gain, isn't it? What is the point of respecting someone when you don't actually respect them?" asked Damien who almost froze the dining room with his words. Even Penny who had been eating the food provided to her stopped to not make a noise from her mouth. She felt like an intruder right now where a family feud was taking place and she had no right to be here to watch it. If only she could disappear, thought to herself. It felt as if this was a daily routine for the people at the table to fight.

"I didn't say anything wrong. No need to get so tensed," Damien chuckled to himself as if he found amus.e.m.e.nt in the current scene that was presented to him, "At least it was something I learned from my mother's teachings. You earn what you pay. Don't you think so too, Maggie?"

His elder sister who had decided not to take part in the daily activity at the table with her family smiled at the remembrance of her late mother, "Yes, that is what mother used to say. But I think it fell more in line for you than me," it was a memory to both Maggie and Damien but the current lady of the house didn't take it well.

"This is what I meant last night. Both of them don't even care if I am present in the room!" Fleurance whispered to her husband. And even if it was a whisper, the people in the dining room could hear it crystal clear, "They blatantly ignore me."

Maggie who was at the table frowned, "I am sorry, mother, but I don't remember ever disrespecting you."

"What about now then?" the older vampiress raised her eyebrow in question, "You agree that I don't deserve the respect I demand-"

"Respect isn't demanded, milady, it is something you gain but don't worry. I am sure in a few more centuries if you live that long, you will earn a little bit of it." Penny's own eyes widened at Damien's unfiltered words. It was as if he didn't take care of what people thought of him and did what pleased him.

"Damien, that's too far," his father warned.

"My bad. I was only teasing mother," he said picking up the bowl in front of him and scooping a spoon from it.

Penny could tell from where she sat that her master had left everyone speechless in the room but they didn't look shocked as it seemed to be something that often happened. Not wanting to be part of it, she looked down at her food and carefully put one spoon after another as if she heard and seen nothing.

Lady Fleurance seemed like she wanted to say something but she closed her mouth, pressing her lips tightly.

"What were you speaking of, father?" asked Damien like he had caused the air of heaviness in the room.

"Grace came to me yesterday. She said that your slave you bought in here needs to be thrown back to the slave establishment as she doesn't know how to follow mere rules of the mansion and the owner," Damien's father said with his deep voice, "And I have to say I agree with her. But at the same time, I proposed her to punish the girl here right in front of us so that she would know her place than rebel towards her owner or the owner's family."

Penny who had been minding herself suddenly felt her hand freeze along with her heart after hearing what Mr. Quinn had to say. The vampiress had really gone to her father to tattle-tale on what had occurred. And Penny had thought she was joking only as a light threat.

It was as if many church bells started to ring at the back of her mind at the thought of her being sent to the slave establishment. But at the same time, fear started to occupy through her mind as to what would happen with the punishment he was speaking of in front of everyone.

Seeing Damien not speak a word, Grace looked happy, some kind of glow that came to settled on her face as if she achieved what she had planned for. Damien hadn't spoken a word yet which only made Penny worry that much more.

Finally, he then asked,

"What exactly did little Gracie come to you with, father?"

"She said the slave refused to oblige with the orders and demands that was asked with. Not only that but also had the audacity to speak back when questioned. I should say, I can't help but notice that the slave you have bought doesn't even know that when a person of higher status is talking about the slave that one should stand up and present themselves."

Penny didn't have to be told twice and she quickly stood up from the marble floor to face Mr. Quinn as well as seeing Damien who was staring at his younger sister.

She didn't meet senior Mr. Quinn's eyes as she didn't know what he had on his mind. Penny had taken the liberty to test the waters with Damien but that didn't mean she would do the same with his father. Though by the appearance he appeared to be a quiet person, she doubted he was of gentle nature. If there was something Penny had learned in her life, it was the quietest people one was to be wary of as you never knew what weapons they held behind that calm curtain.

"Is there something I missed?" asked Mr. Quinn.

"A lot," Damien stated, dropping his fork at the side of the plate and turning himself in his seat to face his father in full view, "For one that I very clearly said to little Gracie that this slave was exclusively mine. If you need a slave for yourself, go buy one in the black market. There are plenty of them and keep your eyes off from mine. Grace was well aware of it, yet she tries to poke her not so long nose in my business."

"A simple task of preparing blood tea shouldn't have been much of work," his father said and Damien nodded his head.

"Maybe, it is a simple task that requires technique. But I don't want sister dearest to get used to it. There are several maids here to fulfill and grant your demands for what you want. If she gets used to thinking, she will only ask for more with every week and what if she decides that the slave is hers and

not mine?" Damien tilted his head, waiting for a response and when he found none, he continued, "You do know father how valuable all my belongings are, as they are very expensive but this girl was about to break it. Shouldn't we teach little Gracie some manners on what is allowed and not allowed to be touched?"