

Damien Pet 54

Chapter 54 - Father and son- Part 1

Damien's eyes fell on his younger sister whose head snapped to turn to him.

Grace rolled her eyes to say, "I am not a slave to be punished. I am a member of this family, you cannot punish me."

"Why not? Family or not we are all taught on what and how to follow. Clearly here you haven't understood to step on the boundaries we have," Damien said coolly and looked at his father again, "Don't you remember that one time father where you punished Maggie for not listening to what was told?"

Maggie who had been quiet after her step-mothers wrong accusation of her not treating the woman right looked up at from the table, staring at the wall remembering what Damien was speaking of. The memory was as fresh and colorful like it had occurred a few hours ago.

Both Maggie and Damien were young children. She had a small wolf with her, a wolf she was not to get from the forest but she got it home anyways. The wold she had picked was a wild one but that hadn't been the problem. It was the wolves mother that had come hunting near the bridge killing three of their servants. The mother wolf had been killed and to teach maggie the lesson to not bring animals home, the wolf was thrown in the fireplace of this very dining room where the fireplace was locked and closed where she could still hear the little wolf pup crying as it was killed in the fire in front of her very own eyes.

Her one single mistake of bringing the pup home had caused five death and she was solely responsible for it.

Maggie had cried that night, her mother patting her to sleep as it was the goriest thing she had come to see at that age. After that, she had been extremely careful. Unlike Damien, Maggie had the traits which she shared like the other humans making her seem less of a night creature when compared to the other two siblings of hers.

Damien glanced at his elder sister Maggie who stared at the wall for a brief moment before going back to continue eating. A smile upon her lips which showed nothing of the past that had Grace say,

"Since when did passing orders result in punishment to the owners?"

"Who is whose owner, Gracie?" Damien clicked his tongue in his mouth. His eyes going to meet his father later, "Don't tell me you approve of it father. The girl is solely my slave and no one else's. I am sure I have made it clear every single time. Do you want me to put it through your head, sister, so that you wouldn't confuse yourself with it again?"

"Grace, don't touch your brother's belongings," their father said which had Damien smiling triumphantly as if knowing how it was going to end while the young vampiress head snapped to look at her father.

"But father..." Grace trailed, her eyebrows furrowing before she quietly continued her meal.

Penny, on the other hand, had her body freeze with the previous exchange of words in the room. She couldn't help but look at Lady Maggie who had not taken part in their not so civil conversation. It

seemed that like many other houses, this one had memories buried under the false facet and words that covered itself in appearance.

Lady Fleurance didn't look pleased with her husband. Saying nothing, she walked out of the dining room with her precious daughter Grace. Lady Maggie was the next person who murmured her thanks to the butler who helped in pulling the chair back timely so that she could stand up. Like her stepfamily, she didn't speak to her father but only gave him a bow as if she was taking her leave from the dining room.

This left only Damien, his father, Penny and a few servants who were taking away the food and used plates from the room back to the kitchen. The butler walked around the room, guiding the maids what to take and not to from the table. If Penny could, she wished to walk out of the room and step outside the house for some air. But she couldn't. She was a slave after all. Unless her master said or allowed she was supposed to stay next to him.

With her breakfast completed until the last grain in the bowl, her eyes drifted across the room, as much as her height would allow right now.

Just as her eyes were scanning the people and the things around her from where she sat on the floor. She saw the two maids whom she had met in the kitchen. The girls who had bad-mouthed her. And even though they were in the same room, the maids or even for that matter any servants eyes never roamed too far from where they stood. They were trained in a manner as to obey and follow the rules of the household.

It wasn't bizarre for Penelope as she herself had once got the opportunity to serve a wealthy family where everyone had to follow the decorum of the house. But she had served the house for less than two weeks before taking her leave. It was a house of humans but nonetheless, the strictness and guidelines weren't too far from what the vampire's household.

And like every other place, the maids and servants were as nosey as any other place as if it were a competition to gossip. Penny called them the gossipmongers. The people who had nothing else to do in their lives but nitpick and laugh at things that didn't concern them without doing anything right. And no matter how much a maid gossiped, the servant could never speak with the same fervor in front of his or her owner.

Penny who was in her own world staring at people finally felt Mr. Quinn staring at her which even her master caught.

"Falcon," said Damien, "Take her back to my room."