

## Damien Pet 55

### Chapter 55 - Father and son- Part 2

She stood up with her bowl, where the utensil was passed to the maid before she was led back to Damien's room. When the long length of the dining table was cleared by the maids, all of them left before the last one closed the doors behind her before leaving the father and son in there by themselves.

"That was quite rude of what you said to Fleurance, Damien," Damien's father spoke, his red eyes looking at his son whose eyes finally decided to move to look back.

"That is equal to saying you don't respect what your deceased wife said. Don't tell me, you don't value her words anymore but of the living," tuted Damien shaking his head playfully.

"That is a low blow and not very nice of you to say that."

"I didn't say anything wrong but was only stating facts."

"Your facts are very bitter, worse than a grain of salt on the wound."

"What can I say, truth is bitter," Damien chuckled. Damien's father, Gerald's eyes twitched. His mouth twisting in distaste.

"You know she isn't that bad..."

"That's like saying you know she's bad but not too bad. Considerably bad?" Damien raised his hands when his father looked at him with a frown, "What is with the serious mood," sighing, his words turned serious, "She might be a good mother to little sister and a wonderful wife to you but she will never take mother's place."

"You need to give her a chance, to acknowledge her presence. She is a person."

"I did. I acknowledge her to be your wife, father but that is the only acknowledgment he will receive," Gerald didn't know what to say. Though his elder daughter Maggie was more accepting of the situation where he had remarried. Damien had been worse than hostile but he couldn't argue more as his current wife didn't spare her words to his son, "It's going to be your mother's birth anniversary in three days. Are you planning to skip it this year too? Your mother would have loved for you to be part of it."

The glint in Damien's eyes reduced where he gave his father a lop-sided smile, "The thought of celebrating birthdays is endearing when the person is alive," this was the time in the year Damien didn't like. Changing the subject back, he lifted his chin, "Don't you think your youngest daughter is being spoiled unnecessarily?"

"She must have taken it from you," his father's lips twisted slightly. Picking the glass of blood that was placed for him to drink, he took a sip from it.

"Touche. At least I don't go threatening to break arms for silly reasons. You need to keep an eye on that one. Never know what she will do..."

His father nodded his head as if agreeing but not voicing it in words at first, "I am aware that she tends to be like that," Gerald placed his hand under his chin, "Sometimes I wonder if it is because she feels left out by being the youngest one. It does worry me," the old man sighed.

"I will happily take up the task of beating the brattiness out of her," the evil glint in Damien's eyes was up.

"Children are supposed to get along once they grow up. You both are being difficult," the man rubbed his forehead. Seeing Damien stand up and starting to walk, he asked his son, "The Lord of Bonelake is pleased with your work."

"That is good news."

"Yes, he is a humble and kind man for a vampire lord yet he graciously looks after the land," Damien smiled as he approached the door. Humble? Kind? His father was blind as the rest of them to think like that. He doubted that Lord Nicholas' dictionary held all those words. As much as he appeared kind outwardly, it took Damien less than a ten seconds to crack open the facade the man carried behind his smooth chiseled mask.

One of Damien's many qualities was not only keen observation but his ability to look through a person's face was something that made his job easier. If Damien wasn't wrong, there was something that always lingered around the Lord of Bonelake, something very malicious which he tried to figure out.

"If not him you should look up to your cousin Alexander," upon hearing his cousin's name, Damien nodded his head, "It has been a while since he's come to visit us now. Has he been doing well?"

"I met him last week in the council room. He's been doing well," he answered his father's question before taking his leave from the dining room.

Penny was sitting on the bed when she heard the knob of the door being turned before it was opened for Damien to step inside the room as he left it open.

"We are going out," he said walking towards the closet of his room, sliding the door to pick one of his coats which was dark brown in color. Wearing it, he turned to look at her, "Let me take you out for fresh air," Penny gingerly stood up as she wasn't sure if his meaning for fresh air was fresh air itself or if it meant something else.

Following him, both Damien and Penelope walked through the halls of the mansion where they came across Damien's elder sister Lady Maggie who was talking to a maid about her room that needed to be fixed.

On seeing Lady Maggie, Penny bowed her head where the bow was returned with a small smile as the lady turned her gaze to her brother. Maggie didn't question where he was going with his slave and returned her gaze back to the maid she had been speaking to.

Damien continued to walk out where Penny followed him. She saw him not wait for the carriage, where he only walked away from the entrance. Curious she asked him,

"Are we going to the woods, master Damien?"

"Yes, my smart mouse. Fresh air equals stroll in the woods where there are no idiotic, stupid beings to get on my nerves and spout irrelevant nonsense."