

## **Damien Pet 56**

### **Chapter 56 - The woods- Part 1**

As the mansion was built on the hill like a place where Penny had not once left the mansion on foot.

The wide bridge was made of hard rocks that had sustained the harsh weather of wind and rain of Bonelake. On either side of the bridge sat a vessel like a stone that was empty which was built at equal intervals of space. It was an opportunity to walk on the wide bridge that was up in the air as the passage from the mansion which led to the forest and connecting to the other lands which weren't isolated. But at the same time, the height of the bridge was daunting which could scare a person who had the fear of heights.

Penny found herself to be greeted by the wind due to the height she walked in on the bridge right now. She could see the sea on both her left and right while in the front walked Damien, every step of his confident and stride full as he placed his foot on the stony ground. As it was morning, with the weather not harsh as clouds hovered above them, the forest looked warm in color, giving the background to her master who walked ahead of her.

The wind ruffled her already errant hair where she had to use her hand to stop it from falling all over her face. The walk on the bridge was quiet. Once they had successfully crossed the bridge, they entered the forest like land and instead of walking on the road, she found Damien taking another route.

It made Penny wonder where they were going. Or where he was taking her. Thinking back at what happened in the dining room, she couldn't stop pondering over the family's words. There always seemed to be friction going between Damien and his sister Grace where the younger vampiress was always bent on poking her nose where it wasn't needed like making her do her job.

Remembering her arm being twisted she shook her head. Suddenly hearing a couple of birds chirp as they flew in the sky above them, it distracted Penny from her thoughts to raise her head and search where the birds were but the trees were tall and branched enough with the leaves to not allow one to view the sky but only in patches.

The trees reminded her of the time when she had tried to run away from him. Her face turned wry when she thought about it. She had escaped from him, ran in the rain continuously using the stolen money to stay in the inn but what had happened in the end? She had been caught.

Somewhere she felt that he had let her escape for his own amusement to see how far she would go. Making her run to only take away the freedom she had been so closed to.

She heard Damien speak, "I like to take walks in here. They are much quieter than back in there," he meant the mansion. It made her wonder if something was bothering him, the talk in the dining room with his father maybe? But then, every sentence that had been passed to him had been retorted back with ease, "How about you? Do you like taking walks?" he asked her.

"I think so," she answered not sure if she actually did as before even turning to a slave she often had to go back and forth through the forest of her village to help her uncle. It was something any human did but maybe it was different for a vampire, especially one who was privileged who could use the carriage and the horses on their beck and call.

"Think so," he murmured her answer. Penny didn't know what was going on in this vampire's head as she had stopped trying to understand and decipher most of the things he did as nothing ever made sense, "My sister and I often came here with our mother when she was still alive. Taking walks in the evening and hunting animals," Penny hadn't expected him to speak about his mother but as he said it, his voice didn't seem to contain the usual tone he held while he mocked and insulted people. His words appeared to sound distant as he spoke of his memory to her.

"She must have been a lovely woman," Penny responded back. For someone like Damien to think about his mother made her wonder what kind of woman the late lady was. If she considered both Damien and Lady Maggie, both their characteristics and nature were in stark contrast to one another.

Lady Maggie must have taken to be like her mother, thought Penny to herself.

Damien turned around to meet her gaze, "She was more than lovely. You should have seen her tear the caught rabbit into two halves," seeing the small surprised expression pass across her feature, he asked her, "Did you think she was kind?" his head slightly moved back, a laugh escaping his lips.

She wasn't?

"Oh, pet of mine," One corner of Damien's lips lifted up, parting his lips where he twisted his mouth as he continued to smile with his eyes shining out of mirth, "I have taken after like my mother. She was a beautiful woman, kind maybe to her children but you know how I am. My sister Maggie has taken over to be like father but we both share the traits of our mother while sweet Grace took after her mother."

Penny had no words to say. Rabbits were meat which was cooked but at the same time tearing an alive rabbit apart was a little more than gruesome in Penny's eyes. Damien then started to walk and she slowly followed him.

"Don't judge on appearances and words. Learn to see through the facade of what is in front of you than judge with the first glance. Unfortunately, not everyone is as gifted as me but I am sure you can use your brain," Penny didn't know what and why the man was lecturing her on this subject, "You might be my pet, but I would expect some difference from the other slaves and my own slave."

Penny's eyes narrowed, zeroing in on Damien's head as he said those words. Before she could think any further, his footsteps halted again as he stared at a tree to say,

"Now quick, climb up the tree and bring me the fruit."