

Damien Pet 61

Chapter 61 - Not everything is sweet- Part 1

Posting 5 parts as a mini mass release. Thank you for pushing the book to top 5~

Penelope was sure this time that the vampire world was not only heartless but also had stupid ideas of how to live. Keeping their ego's and pride while hurting not only the slaves of theirs but also themselves due to the unrequited love they held in one's heart, she didn't understand why one would do it.

Life of a human was a short one and though the vampires lived longed almost immortal in comparison to the humans whose life was numbered, a vampire should know when to uphold their pride and when to push away.

At first, Penny had been furious at the sight she caught sight at the other side of the street to see the vampiress hitting the slave in front of everyone where no one stopped the woman from lashing out on her slave, she took it that it was a common occurrence here. But after Damien said what the matter was, though she didn't know how he knew so much by just a glance at them, she felt nothing but pity. The pity wasn't just for the slave who was subjected to the humiliation but also the vampiress who was stupid.

Her eyebrows still furrowed, she wondered why the vampires were like this. They were proud creatures but also stupid in her eyes now. Someone who didn't reason right and clung on to their pride and their status in society.

Was this how every vampiress and vampire treated the slaves? Like they were objects and nothing more than that? It shouldn't have come as a surprise to her but Penny had somewhat hoped there was a little difference in the way the slaves were treated. But she should have known better. Once a value was placed on the head of the slave, there was no returning back and their entire life which they had led up until then turns to nothing but blankness like it never existed.

Her eyes slowly drifted from the front view which she hadn't been looking at clearly to look at the man who had bought her. Young master Damien Quinn as the household called him, the man wasn't anywhere near young.

If he were a human, Penny would have vouched for his age to be around twenty-seven. Almost a decade older than her but he was a vampire and not a human. And with the little knowledge she had, vampires' age varied in a great difference when it came to humans.

Damien as if he only caught her gaze turned to her, giving her a look which was calm and quiet, "Don't think too much about it, you will hurt your head and lose your sanity," was this his way of telling that there was nothing they could do about it?

As crazy as this man was with pulling the blanket away from her body and making her climb the tree where she almost hurt herself if he hadn't caught her in time, Master Damien hadn't subjected her to such ill and harsh treatment towards her.

Was this normal? Questioned Penelope to herself as she continued to look at him before looking away after she realized she had stared at him for more time than necessary.

She tried to understand him this time, trying to pick up his previous behavior with her own knowing how she had behaved with him. From where she stood she was right but was it the same when it came to the world she was put in? What if a few days ago Damien wasn't walking in the market? Penny asked herself the question.

What if she was picked by another vampire or vampiress? Would life still be the same? Not able to stop asking the questions to herself she wondered how life would be with another owner?

Penny was desperate to escape from where her relatives had dropped and pushed her in. She wanted the freedom of what she was than bend and bow her head to people who in her opinion didn't deserve it.

Walking further with Damien, she noticed a store she had seen before. She finally understood why the place felt familiar though she didn't remember why in the beginning. It was because she had seen the same store that was painted dark enough to catch her attention when Damien and she had first met. This place they had come to right after the market she had been sold yet which meant the blank market was somewhere here.

Her eyes moved left and right very carefully while her head was bent down slightly to not show disrespect to the other vampires. She wondered how many other poor souls were being sold in the black market right now.

On the other side of the Isle Valley was a route that was darker and narrower that looked nothing less to a big cave of walls where the light was shed from the sky that was scarce. The path led to the place which many often went to but didn't speak out openly about. It was the black market, the same market where Penny had been subjected in front of everyone like a showpiece. And just like Penelope, many other men and girls were brought in today to be sold so that the slave establishment could thrive on while also bringing a huge income to the people who ran it.

The auctioneer who stood on the high platform where he held a girl who looked absolutely petrified and terrified, continued to cry with silent tears that streamed down her face. The auctioneer after what happened last week had a bandage tied around his hand due to the deep wound that had been caused by one of the high-class pureblooded vampires whom he couldn't defy.

With his good hand, the man named Frank spoke to the crowd, "A v.i.r.g.i.n like many we have, she has been untouched. Smooth skin which is unblemished with her gold like hair," he lifted her golden hair up before letting it go, "One of our most beautiful girls in the establishment worth every coin you pay," the auctioneer smiled looking at the crowd.

"Three hundred gold coins!" One of the men in the crowd shouted looking at the girl hungrily.

"Three twenty gold coins!" another said.

The auctioneer who had his business-like smile on his face, gave a look of disapproval, "I am sure she will be worth your time. I assure you, she has been tested and her cries will send you straight to ecstasy!" he provoked the l.u.s.tful men in the crowd.

To make sure of it, the auctioneer, pulled her clothes down where the girl only cried harder, "P-please, no!" she screamed which didn't sit well with the auctioneer. He pushed her forward as the slave girl who

was about to be sold held on to the skimpy looking thin material of her dress which was already showcasing enough of her body.

"Five hundred gold coins!" one man shouted which got everyone murmuring as they wondered if it was going to be a repeat of what took place the previous time in the black market where the highest bidder slave was sold.

"Five hundred and ten!"

"Five seventy!!"

"Six twenty-eight gold coins!"