

## Damien Pet 62

### Chapter 62 - Not everything is sweet- Part 2

The count of gold went on when finally a man with blonde hair with gentle appearance was the last one to let the number fall at eight hundred and ninety-nine gold coins where no other person dared to increase the gold coins on the slave that was being sold on the stage.

As free as the money came to the high society it wasn't the same when it came to the middle and lower class folks. They had to think more than twice and thrice before deciding if the slave was worth it. Of course, there were some idiots who didn't think much about their livelihood but it was only people who belonged to the higher society who could afford to throw away the gold coins without blinking their eyes.

The man who bought the slave walked towards the stage and around it so that he could collect his item and hand over the gold coins to complete the transaction. His eyes were bright red in color like many other vampires here were only a few of them had a dark iris of deep red. Walking towards the little tent, he was greeted by the guard before stepping inside to look at the slave he just bought.

"Master Robarte. I knew you would like her,"? the auctioneer spoke to the man who was looking at his slave as if pleased with his selection.

"Yes, she's lovely."

The slave girl who had been sniffing softly after the number of tears that had spilled from her eyes was surprised with the pleasant voice that came out from the man. As if wanting to take a look at the man who had bought her, she looked up at him doubtfully to catch sight of a handsome face with sharp features that had a gentle smile that was on his face.

When her eyes met his bright red eyes, he offered her a smile which made her look down immediately. After the torture that took place in the slave establishment and her back that hurt terribly due to the mark which was branded on her, she didn't know what kindness meant right now.

"I brought the girl you described just like you wanted. I hope you will be pleased with her. Unfortunately, the last one you were looking forward to was sold to another person. Uhh, the money," started the man before a bag of gold was pulled up by Robarte's servant.

"Thank you for your service," the man said, stepping closer to the girl, he raised the girls' head only to ask, "What's your name, girl?" his voice was sweet like the berries she often ate, his eyes looking down at her gently.

"A-Anne."

"What a beautiful name you have," said the vampire making her heart flutter at the patience and the sudden kindness that started to invade her, which she had been deprived for weeks now. Though she had been branded before, one of the guardsmen had branded on her back again out of punishment, the thought of it made her cry again in fear. The slave girl named Anne, had a beautiful life before she had been kidnapped and forcibly made to live and know the etiquettes for a slave where her once upon strong will had been twisted and bent to be broken over and over again.

"Don't cry," he wiped her tears, "Let's go home now," he smiled before turning around and walking out of the tent.

The slave girl followed the man and she was taken to his big mansion which was a beautiful place with a garden that surrounded it with different colors of flowers.

"Master Robarte," the housekeeper of the house bowed his head. Not looking at the slave who the master had bought home, his head was bowed before he took his master's coat.

"Good afternoon, Myles. I will be resting up in my room today," informed Robarte, his wind chime-like voice sweet and delicate.

Anne who hadn't raised her head only heard and concentrated on the man's sweet voice that sounded like honey to her own ears. The man was not only polite but also someone who had greeted his servant back. It made her wonder if she had been blessed with the right owner. Maybe if she would ask to be set free in the future he would, thought Anne to herself.

"Follow me, Anne," said the vampire who started to walk somewhere. Anne followed him until they came upon a closed door. Seeing Robarte place his right hand in his pocket as he fished for something in his key, she saw something glitter as he pulled out the key to unlock the door.

The girl stood outside the room when the vampire unlocked the room and stepped inside. As if noticing the lack of her presence inside the blonde man turned to look at her where she stood at the door, "What are you doing there? Come inside unless you're planning to stand there forever," he smiled before turning around and walking towards his patio as he closed the door.

The slave stepped inside to hear the man say, "Close the door behind you," this made the girl's heart race. Why was he asking her to close the door? Gingerly she turned her body, shutting the door closed which made the sound of click in the quiet room. As the man walked around the room, the slave girl took note of the man who had bought her. Previously she hadn't found the opportunity but right now she could see how handsome the man truly was who had bought her. High cheekbones, strong narrowed jaw with eyes that were leaner but wide enough that were prominent on his face.

"Sit down," she heard him order her looking at the bed and she did as she was told. Happy that her master was kind to her, she obeyed while watching him close the windows of the room one by one which somewhat scratched the back of her mind but she brushed it away.

After some time the man came to sit next to her, facing her as he placed one leg on the ground and the other on the bed. He raised his hand to see her flinch, "Don't be scared," he whispered, even though there was no one to hear them in this closed room.

Anne as if believing him though scared tried to stop herself from shivering when his hand went to pat her head very gently, "That's right. Calm down," he smiled at her, "There's nothing to worry about. I will take good care of you," he said as his hand smoothed the errant strands of her head as if he were petting a dog.

And just as he patted, the girl started to finally calm down, her heart settling in her chest when suddenly she felt her hair being pulled back painful making her wince in pain,

"M-master it hurts!" she cried when the man pulled her hair with a tight grip and her head fell back.

"Hurts? What are you talking about?" asked the man in confusion, not knowing what the slave was talking about, "I am loving you here, so sweetly. Stop crying," he said to her where tears had started to form in her eyes. A single tear escaping from her eyes which turned the man's expression dark.