

Young master Damien's pet 10 Sold- Part 2

Penny could slowly feel fear begin to sink into her bones out of nervousness as she stood in front of the people as a display item. Though the weather was cool with the clouds dominating the sky which were dark and yet to start growling, she could feel perspiration begin to settle on her skin with every passing second that came to go by.

Her eyes didn't dare to look up, the glances were never one which were decent and of pity. Instead, most of them grinned looking up at her. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

With the way she had bit the bidder's finger as he had touched her, she feared what he was going to do. For the slaves who had done nothing, their hairs were pulled, their dress and clothes stripped for the buyer's eyes so that they could entice them to buy the slaves from the slave's establishment.

"This is Penny, young and fresh as you see. She is-" paused the bidder as he read her information which he had been given to him from the guardsman. With every slave's information recorded, the details were used during the time when the slaves could be sold with the right data. The bidder didn't go to speak aloud and instead murmured as he read the parchment which had been filled by her own relatives who had sold her.

The bidder turned to look at the guardsman and then at the slave who stood next to him. The young girl was undoubtedly pretty to look. Her feminine features better than the younger and the older ones which he had been brought here from the slave establishment. But she had been submitted only a week ago, and they never had an early sell-off of the slaves, "Excuse me, gentleman, while I go have a word. Please enjoy the sight in the meantime," Frank gave a grin with his dirty teeth and went back to meet the guardsman.

While the bidder who was auctioning the slaves left, Penny was left standing there with hundreds of eyes on her. It made her feel uncomfortable. She had tried to be brave all this time but now she was scared and regretted biting the man's hand. By the look in the man's eyes before, she knew he would strip her in front of everyone but something worse was also awaiting her. She had known that her time of arrival at the slave establishment was recorded. How would she know? It wasn't like she was a frequent visitor there. This put her in the position where the guardsman could take her back at the mere word of being a new slave.

Behind the stage where two more slaves stood, the guardsman and the bidder spoke in a rushed tone, "Are you sure we can sell her? Didn't they say they wouldn't sell a new slave until they would be trained? The girl is clearly not tamed," said the bidder.

The guardsman who had taken the parchment back from the bidder, looked into it as if he could read when he actually couldn't. Not everyone were fortunate to learn and write, leaving a lot of them uneducated. It was the elites and some rare men and women, women being scarce when it came to the lower part of the society. Looking at the scribbled words, he said, "Her name was put there. We are only following the rules and orders. The warden himself personalizes and sends the slaves to be bid. He wouldn't have added her name if she wasn't ready."

"You sure?" asked the bidder who didn't want to get into any unnecessary trouble for someone's mistake.

"Aye. Sell her cheaply. We ain't need any refund back," suggested the guardsman, giving the parchment back to the bidder.

When the bidder went back on the stage, he said, "I see some of you have eyes on this beautiful creature standing here. Wouldn't you like taking her home with you? Look at her hair," said the man loud enough to gain the attention around. As he touched her hair, Penny didn't react. This time she was obedient, "So smooth. Imagine having her in the bed with her beautiful legs wrapped around your waist as you push into her," she still didn't react but internally she cringed.

After all the imaginative crude remarks he had dropped for the previous slaves who had been brought, she had thought she would turn a deaf ear but she couldn't. The man had no shame and neither did the people who had surrounded them who had leaned forward to listen to more of what he said.

His hand was still touching her hair before he pulled it roughly for her to wince, "She will sound lovely, just like this in your arms. She had been untouched and unbitten," and this gained murmurs among the crowd, "You can have the first bite of this virgin."

Noticing the delightful whispers that came in front of her, Penny, whose face was now facing the dark sky which had turned dark guessed that virgins had higher values just like when it came to the demand of marriage.

"Fifty gold coins!" a man shouted in the crowd.

"Look at that! We have the first buyer," commented Frank in glee.

"Hundred gold coins!" Another man shouted. The time of the bidding hadn't been stated yet there were men who were eager to buy her. Frank let her hair go. He took a step forward at the crowd as the numbers started to fly one after another.

"Two hundred gold coins!" one man jumped the number. The young girl looked frightened, her heartbeat spiking with every number that moved up and higher. She saw the man who had just bid for her. It was a man in a grey suit, his eyes red in colour which meant he was a vampire. Another man stood next to him with an umbrella over his head even though it wasn't raining or was sunny. He had a look on his face which made her uneasy. It was as if something lurked around his face which anyone could see but it didn't speak of what it was.

But the number didn't stop there. The gold value on her went on to move up and in that time she saw the people who wanted to 'buy' her, it wasn't just male but there was also a female and by her attire and presence, she was another vampire. She had valued her to eight hundred gold coins, but the man in grey suit pushed his number to a thousand gold coins.

Among the crowd who bid on her, there was another man who appeared decent compared to the rest of them. Like many, his eyes were red but his appearance were gentle, tall with brown hair on his head.

Compared to all of them, she internally prayed that if someone was buying her, it would be the brown-haired man. At least he appeared decent compared to the rest who had a lecherous look in the eyes like the others.

She then heard the bidder say,

"Let us see how much more she can entice you."

When Penny's eyes moved to look at him, she gulped nervously. She saw him look at her smugly knowing what his words meant and to tell she was not scared was a lie. She wanted to cry for the shameful display in the public which she had never imagined.

She felt vulnerable and cornered. Penny had never done anything to anyone until now. She had been polite and kind, her words thought out before she spoke to make sure it didn't offend anyone unless someone meant it to be. Maybe she had stolen fruit from Mr Barne's tree occasionally which was one in number but that didn't mean she was to be decreed in such manner by God.

The bidder walked closer to her, his hand reaching to the dress which was hardly enough to cover her feminine curves on her body, when someone said,

"Five thousand gold coins."

Everyone had been concentrating their gaze on the bidder, the bidder's hand and the girl who stood there with bound hands to snap their heads seeing who had a mere slave for five thousand gold coins. It was very rare for a slave to be bid over two thousand gold coins, something that happened once in a year or two but it was rare for one to pay that amount of money.

Penny herself was shocked to hear five thousand gold coins. Her eyes were wide, mixed with shock and panic of who had bid on her. Scared that it would be someone odd.

The bidder who was standing next to Penny himself hadn't caught the man who bid the high amount that he found it would be rude to offend the person if he were to ask who had spoken just now. His hand that was hanging in the air above her shoulder moved down to rest to his side.

Murmur and whispers took around the crowd before one person after another looked at one man who stood at the back of the crowd with his hands in his trouser pockets.

Chapter end

Young master Damien's pet Chapter 10 Master Damein – Part 1

Penny who had been frightful previously looked in the direction where everyone's eyes started to move at one man from far behind. At first, the man was only a silhouette but when he started to walk, people moved away from him to make way so that he could walk.

She saw him walk where the stage was set up. Every step of his bringing him closer to where she was while his view only got clearer, his eyes were set on hers and hers on his. She had seen plenty of handsome men in her village and the town around but none could compare to this man. When he finally came close, she took note of his red eyes that were dark. His cheekbones high, eyebrows dark with a thick black straight mane that he had left to be dishevelled.

As they stared at each other, she saw something dark and dangerous lurk behind his eyes which put her on an alert. There was a piece of stick which played at the edge of his lips, stopping only when he came to stand in front of the stage.

"Master Damien!" the bidder greeted the man with a nervous undertone in his voice, "Are you buying the slave?"

The man didn't break his gaze away from the young girl who was staring just like he did. The bidder seeing this took it in a different way that the master was being offended by the girl maintaining her eye contact. Frank, pushed the girl's head down quickly and her head bent due to him pushing her down so that she would show some respect to the elite pureblooded vampire.

With the man's gaze broken away, he looked up at Frank, "Hmm, the gold will be delivered to you in an hour," the man named Damien stated not wanting to rebuke any argument.

"Of course!" Frank bowed his head with his hand still holding down the girl's head. The man stepped on the stage with one jump swiftly like a cat before standing up.

"Hands off."

"Huh?" the man didn't understand what he meant out of pure happiness that they had sold a girl for five thousand gold coins. That was money one of his kind could only dream to have.

"Take your hands off my belonging," the man didn't need to be told twice. He quickly moved his hand away from the slave whose head he had been pushing.

The source of this content is

"You can collect her from the backside of the stage," Frank replied back, keeping a step distance from the girl as the man glared down at him. Compared to Frank who was of average height for a man, this man who stood in front of them towered in his height.

With the grubby man's hand not on her anymore, Penny wanted to look at the man who had bought her but with his gaze that came back at her, she felt intimidated. With the way the man who had been rude and disgraceful with all the slaves, he now seemed like a shaking leaf.

Already having enough sight and plight of what the slaves had to go through Penny didn't want to risk looking at him.

"You can keep this one as your deposit to collect the gold," she saw the pureblooded vampire pull out a bag that jingled softly. He handed it over to Frank.

"Please master Damien. We don't need the deposit," said Frank with a small laugh to let the man know he trusted that they would be paid.

Damien didn't respond to it. Instead, he gave one look at the young woman who stood in front of him. He bit into the twig that he had been playing within his mouth. Not saying anything he turned around, jumping down from the stage that had been set up to walk around and towards the backstage. A smaller man followed him, hot on his trail who looked a little shocked just like the people who had witnessed what just happened.

Frank, clearing his throat went to sell the next slave, "We have another young girl just as beautiful as the previous one. You won't be disappointed," he shouted.

Penny was taken back in from where she had come, going back to the tent which had gotten darker before she had left. With the last but one slave now being sold out in the open, it was only the guardsman, the elder woman and her.

"Sir Damien," spoke Kreme who had caught up with the senior councilman.

Visit for the best novel reading experience

The black market was no place to wander and if it weren't for the man whom he was serving, he would have never stepped into this place. People here were not who they seem to be and it wasn't just humans and vampires who walked in and out. There were white witches and the black witches, the last thing he wanted was to be butchered by a witch to be turned and saved as a potion in the bottle. At one point Kreme had been looking at the woman who had been calling him through action which he ignored knowing how people here were.

One second and he had lost the man from his sight to make an announcement of giving out five thousand gold coins. His eyes had bulged out hearing it.

"Get the carriage here, Kreme," ordered Damien dismissing their current work as they had already acquired the information they had come for.

"Will you be going home?"

"Yes. Now quick," said Damien, spitting the twig out of his mouth before entering the tent to see the girl he had just bought.

She was the same girl, thought Damien to himself as he walked towards her. He hadn't expected to see her here, not in this state but he was here now. At first, when his eyes fell on her with the man bidding her it had caught him by surprise. It was the same girl whom he had seen a week ago in the rain. Her clothes were dirty, the one which slaves usually wore in the slave establishment. Her hair looked like it hadn't been washed for a while where it stuck above her head.

As he drank in her appearance, he found her looking at the ground without meeting his eyes.

Penny could feel the man's gaze burning at her and she wished he wasn't looking at her in such intensity that made her want to cower behind the wall. She didn't know what to do and fretted internally as to what was going to happen. When the woman in the cell room had told her the escape plan, she had thought it would be easy as there wouldn't be any guards to catch hold of her once she would be sold off. But now it worried her.

The man who had bought her, he didn't seem like an ordinary man.

The most up-to-date novels are published on

"Mr. Quinn," the guardsman bowed his head to show respect to the man. The guardsman didn't bother to make small talk and instead kept his head lowered with the last slave that had to be sold.

But the man blatantly ignored the guardsman and came to stand right in front of Penny.

Penny who had been quiet while avoiding his gaze saw the pair of leather shoes that came into view in front of her eyes. Lifting her head slowly, she found the man looking at her. As if his red eyes were inspecting her closely.

Her eyes widened when his hand shot up to hold her chin, "The cut looks fresh. Who gave it to you?" she was too shocked to reply with his sudden forwardness over her to answer. She moved her head away so that he wouldn't continue to hold her chin, "Speak."

"The man out there," she answered.

"Hmm," he replied as if in acknowledgement. Penny didn't know what they were doing standing here as she had heard the rest of the gold coins would be handed at the man's mansion. With more time passing by, Frank came back with the slave he had just sold.

"Master Damien," Frank bowed again seeing the man in front of her, "Are you looking for another slave today?"

"Do you have something sharp that you could remove the binds," said Damien glancing at the girl's bind for Frank to nod his head.

"Oh, yes we do. There must be a knife here somewhere," said the human who let go of the slave he had been holding by the arm tightly when he brought her back inside to go fetch the knife. Coming back with the small knife, the man went to the pureblooded vampire who had requested for a knife, "Here it is," he handed it over.

Updated from

"Is it sharp enough?" asked the pureblooded vampire, bringing the knife close to his face to inspect it.

"Yes, yes. Very sharp. I got it chiselled and sharpened last evening," confirmed the man.

"Lovely," remarked Damien, turning the knife in his hand. In a blink of an eye, Penny didn't know what happened but the man's hand had turned to a vegetable as it had been stabbed by the same knife he had given to the pureblooded vampire on the nearest wall. Thankfully there wasn't a table where he had stabbed it on to else the knife would have pierced through to let its sharp end to poke from the man's backhand.

The man screamed in pain of having his skin torn, feeling the burn spreading across his entire hand, "Master Damien, please forgive me!"

Penny frowned hearing this. Since the time she had the blindfold removed from her eyes, she hadn't seen him talk to the pureblooded vampire. At least not until she was being sold to the crowd.

"You damaged the precious slave I just bought. How do you mean to pay for the damage you caused?" She then realized why he did it and heart shuddered at the thought of it.

"Please forgive me," he cried in the tent. Though his voice could be heard here, one couldn't hear him from outside due to the amount of crowd that had come to form with the slaves being sold. It was one of the days in the week where people hovered in the black market for more than one reason. The man begged, asking his hand to be released but the pureblooded vampire was having none of it.

It was as if he was bored and had picked this man to be his target, "Please allow me to mend it," pleaded the human.

"Are you going to time travel?" there was a depth of huskiness as the pureblooded vampire questioned Frank whose hand had started to bleed, "Does he, Fuller?" the question was posed to the guardsman from the slave establishment who didn't dare to defy the pureblooded vampire. Penny saw him twist the knife and she cringed when the man cried out, "Are you sorry?"

For more, visit

"Yes, please forgive me," the man begged and Damien finally pulled out knife from the man's hand.

"You have the ability to strike a slave but cannot hold the same pain when it is inflicted on you?" the people who had witnessed it along with the one who was in grave pain had the thought cross in their mind that slapping and stabbing one with the knife had a lot of difference, "Pathetic. I will be taking the slave. Don't forget to collect the three thousand gold coins at the mansion."

Frank gave the man a ridiculous look, his mouth hanging open. Had the master not spoken about taking the slave for five thousand gold coins?

"We are leaving," announced the man named Damien, ready to leave when he saw the man whose hand he had steaked look at him confused.

"M-master Damien, you said you would give five thousand gold coins," after being stabbed with the knife he wasn't sure if his heart and body was ready for another attack by the man. He had heard enough of Damien Quinn.

The man came from the highest elite of the society, his family one of the oldest pureblooded vampire who had come into existence first. Though having enough money where his grandchildren wouldn't need to lift a finger for a meal, he worked for the council. But this was only his work and family background. Coming to his character or behaviour, various people gave different versions about him but one of the most common characteristics was that he was one of the evil pureblooded vampires.

Not many spoke of it, but there was always a differentiation when it came to the kind of creatures that walked on the four lands of the empire- Valeria, Bonelake, Mythweald and Woville. There were types where some didn't bother with the others and others who didn't know to mind their business. But there were some who were insane and didn't get punished. Damien Quinn was the man who belonged to this category.

Call it as luck or the connections he and his family had but the man didn't miss an opportunity to make a person suffer. His dislike for humans was not a secret but then, the man looked down upon even the vampires and some of the pureblooded vampires. His words were sharp and taunting most of the times like a snake.

Damien who had readied himself to leave with the slave who he had bought, gave a look which looked one of annoyance, "What?"

Follow current novels on

"I shall collect the gold coins in the evening," Frank corrected himself.

Young master Damien's pet Chapter 10 - Sold- Part 2

Penny could slowly feel fear begin to sink into her bones out of nervousness as she stood in front of the people as a display item. Though the weather was cool with the clouds dominating the sky which were dark and yet to start growling, she could feel perspiration begin to settle on her skin with every passing second that came to go by.

Her eyes didn't dare to look up, the glances were never one which were decent and of pity. Instead, most of them grinned looking up at her.

With the way she had bit the bidder's finger as he had touched her, she feared what he was going to do. For the slaves who had done nothing, their hairs were pulled, their dress and clothes stripped for the buyer's eyes so that they could entice them to buy the slaves from the slave's establishment.

"This is Penny, young and fresh as you see. She is-" paused the bidder as he read her information which he had been given to him from the guardsman. With every slave's information recorded, the details were used during the time when the slaves could be sold with the right data. The bidder didn't go to speak aloud and instead murmured as he read the parchment which had been filled by her own relatives who had sold her.

The bidder turned to look at the guardsman and then at the slave who stood next to him. The young girl was undoubtedly pretty to look. Her feminine features better than the younger and the older ones which he had been brought here from the slave establishment. But she had been submitted only a week ago, and they never had an early sell-off of the

slaves, "Excuse me, gentleman, while I go have a word. Please enjoy the sight in the meantime," Frank gave a grin with his dirty teeth and went back to meet the guardsman.

While the bidder who was auctioning the slaves left, Penny was left standing there with hundreds of eyes on her. It made her feel uncomfortable. She had tried to be brave all this time but now she was scared and regretted biting the man's hand. By the look in the man's eyes before, she knew he would strip her in front of everyone but something worse was also awaiting her. She had known that her time of arrival at the slave establishment was recorded. How would she know? It wasn't like she was a frequent visitor there. This put her in the position where the guardsman could take her back at the mere word of being a new slave.

Behind the stage where two more slaves stood, the guardsman and the bidder spoke in a rushed tone,

"Are you sure we can sell her? Didn't they say they wouldn't sell a new slave until they would be trained? The girl is clearly not tamed," said the bidder.

The guardsman who had taken the parchment back from the bidder, looked into it as if he could read when he actually couldn't. Not everyone were fortunate to learn and write, leaving a lot of them uneducated. It was the elites and some rare men and women, women being scarce when it came to the lower part of the society. Looking at the scribbled words, he said, "Her name was put there. We are only following the rules and orders. The warden himself personalizes and sends the slaves to be bid. He wouldn't have added her name if she wasn't ready."

"You sure?" asked the bidder who didn't want to get into any unnecessary trouble for someone's mistake.

"Aye. Sell her cheaply. We ain't need any refund back," suggested the guardsman, giving the parchment back to the bidder.

When the bidder went back on the stage, he said, "I see some of you have eyes on this beautiful creature standing her. Wouldn't you like taking her home with you? Look at her hair," said the man loud enough to gain the attention around. As he touched her hair, Penny didn't react. This time she was obedient, "So smooth. Imagine having her in the bed with her beautiful legs wrapped around your waist as you push into her," she still didn't react but internally she cringed.

After all the imaginative crude remarks he had dropped for the previous slaves who had been brought, she had thought she would turn a deaf ear but she couldn't. The man had no shame and neither did the people who had surrounded them who had leaned forward to listen to more of what he said.

His hand was still touching her hair before he pulled it roughly for her to wince, "She will sound lovely, just like this in your arms. She had been untouched and unbitten," and this gained murmurs among the crowd, "You can have the first bite of this virgin."

Noticing the delightful whispers that came in front of her, Penny, whose face was now facing the dark sky which had turned dark guessed that virgins had higher values just like when it came to the demand of marriage.

"Fifty gold coins!" a man shouted in the crowd.

"Look at that! We have the first buyer," commented Frank in glee.

"Hundred gold coins!" Another man shouted. The time of the bidding hadn't been stated yet there were men who were eager to buy her.

Frank let her hair go. He took a step forward at the crowd as the numbers started to fly one after another.

"Two hundred gold coins!" one man jumped the number. The young girl looked frightened, her heartbeat spiking with every number that moved up and higher. She saw the man who had just bid for her. It was a man in a grey suit, his eyes red in colour which meant he was a vampire. Another man stood next to him with an umbrella over his head even though it wasn't raining or was sunny. He had a look on his face which made her uneasy. It was as if something lurked around his face which anyone could see but it didn't speak of what it was.

But the number didn't stop there. The gold value on her went on to move up and in that time she saw the people who wanted to 'buy' her, it wasn't just male but there was also a female and by her attire and presence, she was another vampire. She had valued her to eight hundred gold coins, but the man in grey suit pushed his number to a thousand gold coins.

Among the crowd who bid on her, there was another man who appeared decent compared to the rest of them. Like many, his eyes were red but his appearance were gentle, tall with brown hair on his head.

Compared to all of them, she internally prayed that if someone was buying her, it would be the brown-haired man. At least he appeared decent compared to the rest who had a lecherous look in the eyes like the others.

She then heard the bidder say,

"Let us see how much more she can entice you."

When Penny's eyes moved to look at him, she gulped nervously. She saw him look at her smugly knowing what his words meant and to tell she was not scared was a lie. She wanted to cry for the shameful display in the public which she had never imagined.

She felt vulnerable and cornered. Penny had never done anything to anyone until now. She had been polite and kind, her words thought out before she spoke to make sure it didn't offend anyone unless someone meant it to be. Maybe she had stolen fruit from Mr Barne's tree occasionally which was one in number but that didn't mean she was to be decreed in such manner by God.

The bidder walked closer to her, his hand reaching to the dress which was hardly enough to cover her feminine curves on her body, when someone said,

"Five thousand gold coins."

Everyone had been concentrating their gaze on the bidder, the bidder's hand and the girl who stood there with bound hands to snap their heads seeing who had a mere slave for five thousand gold coins. It was very rare for a slave to be bid over two thousand gold coins, something that happened once in a year or two but it was rare for one to pay that amount of money.

Penny herself was shocked to hear five thousand gold coins. Her eyes were wide, mixed with shock and panic of who had bid on her. Scared that it would be someone odd.

The bidder who was standing next to Penny himself hadn't caught the man who bid the high amount that he found it would be rude to offend the person if he were to ask who had spoken just now. His hand that was hanging in the air above her shoulder moved down to rest to his side.

Murmur and whispers took around the crowd before one person after another looked at one man who stood at the back of the crowd with his hands in his trouser pockets.

Chapter end