

Young master Damien's pet 11 Master Damein- Part 1

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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.

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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.

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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."

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"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.

"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.

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"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.

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than one reason. The man begged, asking his hand to be released but the pureblooded vampire was having none of it.

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"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."

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Young master Damien's pet Chapter 11 Master Damien– Part 2

The carriage at a pace that had Penny place her bare feet firmly on the surface so that she wouldn't fall from her seat. After dealing with the man and the guardsman, the man named Damien Quinn had taken her to the carriage and they now headed to his mansion.

He didn't speak to her and she had no voice right now, not after seeing Frank who had been stabbed quite brutally. She had never seen a display of blood like that and the way this pureblooded vampire had dealt as if poking a lump of meat to check if it were cooked. The only

difference was that it wasn't meat but a man's hand. Even though her hands were unbound before getting inside the carriage, she still felt as if they were still being bound by the coarse ropes that had left mark on her skin in the presence of this man who sat next to her.

Discreetly making sure he wasn't seeing, she looked from the corner of her eyes to see his leg crossed one leg over the other. His face turned to look at the window, the view outside as they passed through the hills. From where she sat, Penny could see how handsome he was with the silhouette like a shadow. Sharp jaw and cheekbones, brooding eyebrows with some of his inky black hair that fell on them.

Before he could catch her staring at him, she quickly turned her head away but subtly to make sure he didn't notice her or rather forgot that she existed. But Penny didn't know that the man had been more than aware of her presence in the carriage. Though his eyes were looking outside the window, when the girl shifted slightly away from him, his eyes moved from right to left to watch her.

While Penny tried to be quiet, her stomach had different ideas. Her stomach growled once, then twice before going on for the man to tap the front window to gain the coachmen's attention. Unlike some who had only one coachman, this man had two men riding in the front of the carriage.

"Stop at Mclair's," the one who wasn't riding nodded to direct the other coachman on the order received.

"When was the last time you had a meal?" asked the pureblooded vampire who hadn't spoken to her directly after asking who had caused the wound on her mouth.

A little taken aback from the sudden question, she turned her face to see him already looking at her, "Last evening," she answered, feeling

lightheaded due to the lack of sleep as well as food which was never sufficient for the slaves. The slaves were underfed to keep their body lean but there was also another reason for it which Damien was aware of. By providing an insufficient quantity of food to the slaves, it made them weak which made it easier to turn them obedient to listen to the guardsmen.

Seeing him not answer but continue to stare at her, Penny looked away from him. The more he stared at her, the more it got uncomfortable. She wanted to say, 'Stop staring at me!' but she wasn't courageous enough to do it. There was just something about this man that made her believe that it wouldn't be right to speak back at him, the last thing she wanted was to be stabbed by him.

Best was ignoring him and she did just that until the carriage came to a halt. When the door opened, he opened the door without waiting for the coachman, the door almost hitting the lower man to step aside bowing his head.

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She had to be careful as she stepped down from the carriage. Her hands were free but her legs weren't, they were still shackled with a single chain that connected either side of the leg so that it would prevent her from moving fast.

Penny looked at the small building that had a board put upon it 'M'claire's Inn', the man had stopped to feed her? It confused her to no end. She had heard some of the stories regarding the slaves on how difficult it was for them with their overbearing owners who treated them worse than a dog or any other lower animal.

Slaves were never treated well. They were the filth who weren't counted in society. With the various decrees of creatures who walked

on these lands like humans, vampires, pureblooded vampires, the two different witches, the society was further partitioned into a class where the pureblooded vampires were of the highest being, considered to be elites while it wasn't humans who were positioned at the bottom. There were some humans who had managed to be in the good grace of others to have a better life. It was the slaves who stood at the bottom where people didn't take their life into account.

The very purpose of the slaves was to serve the people who bought them or the people their master or mistress asked to serve. They were the caged beings who didn't have a life of their own.

Penny who had a sheltered life without having to look into this part of the world didn't know what to make of this man's behaviour. The man hadn't treated her badly but that didn't mean he would continue to be the way he was.

To think that this man had gone far enough to stop the carriage so that she could be fed, she wondered if the man was going to feed the goat before the goat was butchered, thought Penny to herself. But then, thought Penny to herself, she had been saved from her clothes being torn down for the public to see. If it weren't for him she didn't know what trauma she would have gone through after that.

When they entered the inn, Penny noticed the way some of the passersby gave her looks at the sight of her dress and the clink of the sound that came from her legs due to the metal chains. The inn looked as good as a mansion would and by the look of the people who were in here, the clothes that they wore were enough to know that this was no ordinary inn. It was designed specially for the vampires as every one of them possessed to have red eyes. Some that were light, some that were dark. Amongst them were some women who were humans who were being wooed by men.

As she continued to walk, she couldn't help but start to devise a plan so that she could run away from here without being caught. The black market was far away and now that there were no guards, all she had to do was slip from here without anyone's notice to have her life of freedom again. Ignoring the looks the people in the inn gave her, she looked for the doors and windows, every possible exit that she could make use of right now.

The young woman didn't fail to notice the whisper that went among the people while they stared at her. She continued to walk, following the man who was being led by the owner of the inn.

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Coming to an empty room, the pureblooded vampire was asked to sit and the owner left the room closed.

Penny hadn't been asked to sit therefore she continued to stand without a word. The room was small but enough to accommodate two people spaciouly for a meal.

"What's your name?" the pureblooded vampire named Damien asked, his back leaning against the cushioned chair.

"Penny, I mean Penelope," she corrected to give out her full name.

"Penny," he tested out her name as the name rolled out of his tongue, "I am Damien Quinn and from today on you shall answer to only me, do you understand," it wasn't a question but a demand. Receiving no response from her, he stood up from his seat, the chair screeching on the floor.

She took a step back when he approached her, her feet not moving too far due to the chain which almost made her stumble back and fall if it weren't for the wall that was right behind her. When her back did hit the wall, the man came to stand right in front of her.

He placed the palm of his hand on the wall right next to her head. His body leaning forward to see the girl's eyes wide.

"I noticed the little pause when you were brought to the stage. What was that about?" he asked her.

Not wanting to take a chance, she answered keeping a passive face while internally there was a fire going in there, "I don't know."

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"Really?" the closer he got, the more she tried to move until he placed another hand on the other side of her head, "Where do you think you are going little mouse? Answer me before I do something you wouldn't like," he taunted her, his eyes looking straight into the depth of her soul, "Your heart has been beating loudly since we arrived here," there was a smile on his face but it wasn't friendly in the slightest.

Penny didn't know what and how to answer it. Since the time she had started to devise a plan of escape in her head, Penny hadn't realized that her heartbeat had been fluctuating up and down for the man who had bought her to notice.

"Shall I answer it for you?" she heard him ask, the creepy smile that had made way continuing to exist on his lips. Damien Quinn was a handsome man and Penny had agreed on it the first time he had jumped on the stage to look at her but no matter how handsome he

was, there was something very dangerous about him. Maybe it was the madness in his eyes, that he didn't bother to hide.

"It was only one question," she said, her eyes staring into his.

"You speak more freely than normal slaves do. It seems like they let you go too soon. Shall we go clarify it?" the pureblooded vampire's tone was casual but he picked the smell of worry and fear that spilled out of her eyes which was clear as day, "Am I right?" he smiled, his eyes crinkling with sheer amusem.e.nt.

"I was only saying what you asked, master Damien," Penny grit her teeth yet tried to offer him a polite smile, "I apologize for offending you," she bowed her head but the bow couldn't be completed as their head bonked together.

The pureblooded vampire narrowed his eyes at her and before he could speak further, both her stomach as well as two servants of the inn entered the room with dishes that had been prepared. The servants started to place one dish after another, which watered her mouth at the sight of it. Not once had she had the privilege to look at so many dishes together that was a delight to the eyes.

Damien didn't bother to move and he rather enjoyed her expression of embarrassment in the way they stood in front of the servants who didn't actually dare to look at the customers but Penny looked flustered. When Damien went to sit down on the chair, he left her just as it is before point his hand on the ground.

"It would be rude to not ask you to sit while I eat. Sit," he said before starting to eat himself while leaving her hungry.