

Young Master Damien's Pet

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Penny was woken up by the sudden thunderous sound of the rain, her heavy-lidded eyes trying to focus on the bar like rods that appeared in front of her. She blinked once, twice pushing herself up from the ground where it was wet due to the rain that had come through the window of the stone walls.

Confused as to where she was, she lifted herself by placing her hand on the ground. There was no light in the room she was in but ahead of her, she noticed the light spilling down through the walls on the ground where the lantern must have been placed. Going to the railings of the rods. She searched for the door, a way out and when she found it she tried opening it but the iron gate to the room was closed. The last thing she could remember was heading back home to meet Mr Joseph on her way.

"Anyone out there? Hello!" Penny shouted for anyone to hear not knowing where she was and why she was locked in a room, "Hello! Anyon-"

"Stop screaming," came a voice behind her sounding annoyed with her presence. She hadn't expected to have a company with her in here. The room was smaller than what she had at her aunt and uncle's house, "Are you trying to put me in trouble?" her head snapped to look behind at a woman who emerged from the shadows.

The woman had fiery red hair which had been tied into a plaid similar to her. Only that Penny's hair was well-groomed which included the dress that she wore compared to this woman whose blonde hair was a mess with clothes that had turned the color of her clothes into dirty white. Except for her hair, the woman was average looking in appearance.

It didn't seem that there was anyone here at the moment and this woman could give her answers, "Miss, where am I? There must be some sort of misunderstanding," and just as she was completing her sentence the woman laughed, her shoulders shaking.

"Miss? Wonder how long it has been someone called me with such...status," the woman gauged the young girl who had been put into the cell. It had been a while since the woman had company, the last one had been a boy kept

yapping until she had to wait for him to be moved to another level, "What's your name girl?"

"It's Penelope but many call me Penny," explained Penny to have the woman wave her hand. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

"I am Caitlin. Penny, this beautiful castle that you see here, you have come to be part of it. This is the slave establishment and you are in one of the cell rooms that is allowed to the slaves here."

Penny frowned listening to this. It was impossible. How could she be in the slave establishment? Had she been kidnapped?

"Miss Caitlin, there has been confusion. You see I am not supposed to be here," by what she knew, slaves were usually sold for money as a trade. It was one of the easiest and quick means of money. Though it wouldn't make one rich, it did have the slave establishment running to receive decent money by the buyers.

The woman went to walk back into the darkness and now that Penny's eyes had adjusted to the darkness, she saw the woman lie down on the ground, "None of us are supposed to be here. At least not most of us but people can

be deceiving. Going by your reaction, I can say that you don't know who sold you."

"I do!" How could Penny forget that wretched man's face and name! She looked furious. The woman who had been lying down, looked at her. For a girl who had been thrown into the slave establishment, she looked in a better spirit than the rest of the ones who were brought into the place. Either the girl was a sheltered child who knew nothing that went on in here or she was trying to keep her spirits up, "It was this man named Mr. Joseph. He came to fetch the groceries from us because the market was closed due to the heavy rain. He was late and my uncle and aunt who are old went to look for him."

"And let me guess. This uncle and aunt of yours didn't come back even after time passed but the man arrived," even in the dark and low light, one could make out the bored look Caitlin gave with a sigh, "Your case is not uncommon. Congratulations, for being sold by your relatives," her voice sounded unenthusiastic.

"They would never do that!" Penny was deeply offended that the woman would accuse the relatives who had given her roof after her mother had passed away, "It was Mr. Joseph or whoever it was who needs to be hanged for sending me here."

How many girls and boys had cried with the same hope of wanting to get out of this place. It was usually the young ones who cried and wailed. Crying for the same people who had sold them off for the sake of some money. The place didn't affect the girl yet but it would soon before breaking the spirit that she had sent here. The woman was not going to waste her time on her in explaining what had happened and therefore decided to let the girl on her own until reality would come to hit her.

"Miss Caitlin," the girl came to sit right in front of her, "Is there a way to escape from here?"

When Penny had asked the simple question to the woman who shared the same cell room, the woman started to cough before laughing, one of her hand covering her eyes while the other held her stomach. After a good ten seconds had passed, the woman sat up to clear her throat where Penny waited for her to speak with a serious expression.

"Do you think I would have been sitting here enjoying this stinky little shit hole if I knew the way to escape from here?"

Penny gave it some thought, her lips setting into a thin line to ask, "Is it there or is it not there?"

The woman stared hard at the girl.

"Yes, there is one. The one that brings the slaves in and out with the guards stationed which is the entrance," which meant there wasn't an escape route.

That night Penelope didn't sleep. She had stayed awake from the time she had woken up from her unconscious to find herself in a three-wall and the fourth one to be made of bars. Slave establishment. The very word filled her with dread and to think that she was in that place, she closed her eyes.

She didn't want to be here and like the woman who now had her back facing her as she slept on the hard cold ground said, no one ever wanted to be here. The slave establishment was far from where she lived with her uncle and aunt. Her relatives didn't have children of their own and her aunt had taken her in to fill that little hole in their life due to which, Penny refused to believe that they had sold her into this dreaded place. At least she tried for the first few hours until the woman's words began to sink into her mind.

Penny wasn't a naive girl. She had the ability to haggle with the street vendors and if needed she also had the ability to steal from them without notice. More importantly, she read people, observing them as they came and went in front of the little house she lived in. She had heard stories of how one's own family members had sold daughters and young sons to the slave establishment so that the people could be sold to the members of the higher society for a good amount of silver coins.

When did they even plan for it?! Penny looked mad at the wall.

The house was small which consisted of a kitchen, hall and a storage room to keep the vegetables they harvested. She was always there with one of them to not have heard their conspiracy of selling her off here. Was money of higher importance than her freedom? The anger that had peeked started to come down as sadness started to engulf her. Bringing her knees close to her, she hugged them to look up at the window which wouldn't allow her to see what was there outside this room except for the glimpse of the sky as it was built up near the roof of the room.

She missed her mother dearly since the time of her death. She had cried and wailed seeing her dead mother being descended down the coffin in the village cemetery. Thinking about it brought tears to the rim of her eyes but not a single drop fell out as she blinked them back away. She never knew who her father was as he had gone out of the house to never return back home when she was still a baby, leaving her and her mother all alone.

Lost in her thoughts, Penny had laid her head on her knees while staring into space when she heard someone scream outside. Startled and worried she raised her head, her eyebrows furrowed together. Getting up, she walked towards the iron bars without holding them in her hand. The bars were old and rusted where it had patchy orange and red skin that were being peeled as months and years went by.

Stepping a little closer she felt her heart quake when another scream was heard. It was a shrill painful cry which made her feel uncomfortable from where stood. As if the woman who cried out was being tortured.

"It is one of the slaves."

Turning around she saw the woman who once was sleeping on her sides had gone to sleep on her back with her skinny hand placed below her hand.

Penny couldn't help but ask in a whisper, "What are they doing to her?"

She frowned at the response she received before looking back at the empty corridor in front of her and the sides until where her eyes could reach.

Clearly, it was the hour of the night as no one had come to walk by which made her think why someone was being tortured at this hour.

"Torturing the ones who misbehave. Slaves here are nothing less to animals who are raised by the farmer who is about to sell them out for good money. The slave establishment isn't all that people speak there in the outside world," the woman's voice was quiet as her own as they spoke the words out, "What you hear outside is barely the surface of the ground that you are trying to scrape. The things that go in here are unethical, horrible as the traders who are responsible for sending us here. What you are hearing right now is a daily routine. There will be at least one who would have tried to defy and," the

woman paused to continue, "It is always the new slaves that undergo the special treatment. So think twice before you think of escaping."

Penny narrowed her eyes this time, not happy what she was hearing from the woman, "What will happen if I do?" she held her breath waiting for the woman to answer. The screams that were heard from outside filled up the silence in the little cell she was in.

"You will wish you hadn't."

Slavery in the four lands, especially here where the pureblooded vampires were rich in living wasn't illegal. The entire trade took place in the presence of the law which was maintained by the people who were part of the council. The council was built to put laws but with everything done they hadn't gone to remove this one trade.

Most of the time, people went missing and the blame was often placed on the black witches who were one of the notorious beings who usually kidnapped men, women or children for their personal use. But some of them failed to notice that it wasn't the black witches but it was the others who helped in making young ones disappear by trading their lives to the slave establishment. It was one of the easiest ways to earn money such that the lands had now come to trade people who weren't careful.

And even if her relatives had traded her, Penny hadn't planned to stay here long. She would escape and she would do it soon.

Chapter end

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