

## Young Master Damien's Pet

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When the time of morning arrived where the rain had stopped at the break of dawn, the sky continued to look cloudy and dark. Every lock to the cell of the buildings were unlocked for the slaves to step outside and do work which would be assigned by the guardsmen and the warden. A metal rattled over the iron bars waking every one of them in the early hours of the day.

Penny rubbed her eyes with the edge of her palm, getting up to see the door of the cell open which made her feel slightly relieved. This meant the slaves weren't bound inside the cell room which was good news to her. At least there was a thread of hope and for a drowning man, a thread of hope was sometimes more than enough but she was yet to explore the world in here which was unknown to the outside world where she had come from.

She had only stepped out of the cell when she came to see many slaves walking past her. She noticed the way the lights in their eyes had vanished and looked dead without any expression, "Where are we going?" She asked her cellmate who started to walk to join the other slaves. Penny hurried to walk beside her with the rest of the slaves down the little corridor.

"You will see."

Penny wished her cellmate could give her more information in her replies but everything she said left a mystery which she wasn't exactly looking forward to. It was only after she saw the other slave's faces didn't she feel better to have someone who at least spoke.

"You have come on a fine day, Penny. Meet the warden. Make sure you never cross him. No matter what never fall under his eyes," said the woman. Penny's eyes searched near the walls to see a man in uniform who looked young to be called as the head in charge of the slave establishment. He had sharp red eyes that scanned the slaves that walked past him.

Just before their eyes could meet, she turned to look ahead of her. A wise decision would be to listen to the person who had lived here longer than she had. It made her question as to how long it had been since the woman had been living here. By looks, she didn't appear to be of her age and would have been someone who was at least five to six years older to her.

The slaves abruptly stopped and she wondered what had happened before she heard one of the guardsmen order them not so nicely, "Strip you, slaves!" What? Her eyes bulged wide. Her head snapping left and right to see the slaves around her starting to shed their clothes. Where they serious?!

She was in no way taking off her clothes in front of so many unknown strangers. It wouldn't have mattered if she even knew them! Stubborn, she stood with no indication of removing the clothes that she wore when the guardsmen who had given the order noticed one of the slaves who hadn't moved an inch.

"Didn't you hear what I said? Remove your clothes," the guardsman who spoke to her was buff in the physique. Pricky beard covering his jaw which was currently clenched at the disobedience caused by one of the slaves.

Even after hearing the guardsman's coarse voice which was demanding, she continued to stand still without any movement. This caught many slaves attention who had been removing their clothes until they were naked, letting the material fall on the floor before picking it up with their hands. It wasn't just the slaves but also the other two guards who had been stationed to make sure the slaves behaved while enjoying some of the views that was presented every morning in the slave establishment.

"Remove your clothes," whispered her cellmate so that the guards wouldn't hear her speak. Seeing the girl not lift a finger or react she wondered if she had gone insane. She had told her to keep a low profile in front of the warden but instead, she had decided to against the word of the guardsman right now.

Up until now, Penny had never stripped herself naked in front of anyone and she wasn't going to do it because the man had asked her to.

The warden of the slave establishment who had been looking at the scene quietly from the other side of the corridor raised his hand for the guardsman to shut his mouth immediately before he could bark any orders. He used his fingers to speak to the buff guard who nodded his head to the orders that were passed by the mere indication of fingers.

"You stay here," the guardsman barked at the girl who was definitely new to the slave establishment, "The rest step into the shower and clean yourself. Make sure to be presentable as tomorrow you will be picked to be taken to the market," he got the others moving while placing his to stop the girl from moving forward to join the rest of the naked slaves.

Penny kept a straight face not showing any sort of weakness but she wasn't sure how long she could maintain it. Internally she was scared. So scared that she wanted to bolt from there which right now was impossible. The guards had gone inside the large room where the slaves were sent to take a shower while she stood outside not realizing that the warden was right behind her with his personal guardsman. Watching her under his light-coloured red eyes.

One second she heard a snap of fingers and the next moment she was dragged by a guard to be pushed to a room where there was no window. A lantern

burned brightly but it wasn't bright enough to light the black walls that surrounded it.

She stumbled forward, falling almost on the table that was in front before she managed her footing to turn around to use her mouth to speak. It was when the Warden arrived she closed her mouth thinking if what she had done was right. This wasn't her village who was asking her to do something but the slave establishment. As the realization began to sink in, she took a step back away from the man who entered the room to have the guardsman close the door behind him with a click.

The man was tall who towered over her height not that she was short but this man was really tall. A scar ran diagonally over his lips, his eyebrows thick and dark, his eyes holding malice which she hadn't noticed previously due to the distance she had noted him before.

This wasn't good, thought Penny to herself. Her cellmate had told her to not get noted by this man and she had done just that on her first day here.

He stepped closer to her, one step after another as her heartbeat spiked up in fear. She stumbled away from him and near the table, going around as one of her hand held the surface of the wooden furniture. Not able to think straight she picked the quill that laid on the table.

When he finally came closer to her, his hand reaching to touch her face. Penny swiped the quill across his palm which tore the skin making him flinch but the man didn't back away. His hand went straight to her neck, pushing her until her back touched the wall. She felt the air slowly escape from her lungs when the warden squeezed his fingers around her neck.

The warden came close to her ear to say, "I have met many slaves like you and I have relished in the feeling of breaking them down until they felt helpless."

"L-let me go," she scratched and tried to pull his hands away from her throat. The man didn't budge. Just when she thought she had loosened his grip on her, he pushed her back with much force making her gasp.

"Disobedient slaves need to be taught their place. What makes you think that you are superior to the rest here?" the man taunted her. Taking the quill she had used against him, he stared at her before letting her go where she gasped for air, "Strip." Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, [Please click for visiting](#).

She was rubbing her neck when she heard him, "What makes you so special that you think I will strip for you when I refused to strip out there?" And she later wished she hadn't spoken back as the man didn't take her words to be

too kind. The warden raised his hand to slap her hard across her face that rung her ears.

But what the warden didn't know was that Penny had eyes another object that was lying around when he had let go of her throat. She picked the little statue that was close to her reach and she banged it right across his head to hear the stone make contact with his head. This one had taken him off guard as he hadn't expected her to strike once more.

He laughed. His laughter ringing loudly in the room of the closed space leaving Penny confused, "You really did it this time. It has been a long time since I have enjoyed a feisty woman in here. The more you try to disobey the more we are going to have fun," she gulped. There was no escape and she knew it. No matter how many times she would hit him, the man would still come to stand unaffected which meant this time she was in big trouble. His hand made way to the back of her head to pull her hair making her yelp in pain, "You are very brave to hit me. Not once but twice. You should be taught not to disobey the rules. And rule number one is, no matter what always obey what I say."

Chapter end