

## Young Master Damien's Pet

/

### Young master Damien's pet 7 Fine, I will help you!

#### Young master Damien's pet 7 Fine, I will help you!

She walked down the hallway of the slave building, the corridor narrow and long. Her left side was built with walls, her right side she passed by the cells. Some that were open and some that were closed with the slaves sitting inside.

It was Penny's fifth day in the slave establishment. She had spent two days in the confinement room which had avoided her from being branded as the other slaves. She had been careful at the word of her cellmate but it was after she had come to see the blood seeping from the dress that the slaves wore which worried her. The screams and cries in the night didn't stop and neither did it stop in the morning or the time of noon. It wasn't difficult to get into trouble with the guardsmen of the establishment but it wasn't hard to escape it either until one knew how to handle them with a sexual favor.

She had been worried about the brand mark as every slave in this establishment carried one on their body. But the marks weren't necessarily in

the commonplace which made it easier for her to hide when all the slaves were sent to take bath.

Penny who had opposed the idea of previously removing her clothes with the others had been compliant to listen to the orders of the guards without a sign or murmur of protest. It wasn't that she was comfortable stripping herself and the stares by the other slaves especially the men made it uncomfortable. The last thing she needed was a brand on her skin which would imprison her for the rest of her life here. Taking the woman, Caitlin's advice she had started to deduce the plan to get her name in the list of the slaves who would be sold in two days.

She stood with hot water dripping down her body which had turned the entire bathing area in steam which she was thankful for. Quickly washing, she picked the garment that was laid to the slaves. Wearing them, she headed out of the bath like the rest when another slave walked by her. It was a male slave, his hand pushing her arm as he walked by where he didn't bother to apologize but after walking a few feet away from her he turned to look at her and gave her a smile which wasn't polite.

Ignoring the man, she decided to walk along with the other slaves. Another thing to note here in this establishment was that, apart from the warden and the guardsmen who guarded the place, there was a hierarchy in the slaves

itself. Groups of people who often picked on the slaves who were new. Penny had been wise enough to observe and remind herself not to step into certain parts of the establishment where the guards didn't guard.

Though Caitlin had given her the idea to run away, she didn't take part in helping Penny to escape from the world of the slaves.

Coming to the far end of the corridor, she deviated her footsteps from the rest of them by slowly slipping away from the guardsman's sight who had been stationed at that corner. Peeking from behind the wall, she stared at the room where a guard stood. It was the room where every single slave's details had been recorded when a person was admitted to be a slave here.

How was she going to get inside with the guardsman standing outside the room? asked Penny to herself. Biting her lips, she stood there staring before catching sight of another guard who was walking towards where she was. Quickly turning around, she ran back to join the other slaves who were still walking out of the bath.

Going back to the cell that she was assigned to, she sat down, her hands supporting her face as her elbows rested on her lap, "There is a guard there," she whispered to her cellmate who was busy biting the split ends of her red hair. Picking one strand after another,

"There are guards everywhere," Penny sighed at the woman's lack of interest, "Haven't you ever tried to escape yourself?" the young girl asked a little curious about her cellmate. Until now, the woman had revealed nothing about herself, "When did you come here?"

"A few years ago," the woman answered. By the tone of her voice, she realized the woman wasn't interested in dwelling into her personal details. The woman then lifted her eyes to look up at Penny who had been staring at her, "The slave establishment runs with an iron fist. Getting people in here is easy but stepping out isn't. People get scared for life for what they see and experience here. You haven't seen even an inch of it yet."

"You want me to experience it," murmured Penny.

"Never told that," the woman went back to biting her hair and removing the ends of her hair with her teeth.

"Help me, please. The guard won't let me inside the room."

"Of course, he wouldn't. Do you think he will bow his head and let you in, a mere slave just like that?" her cellmate rolled her eyes, "I haven't been bitten by a dog to assist you. If you get caught, it won't be just you but I will get into severe trouble too," Penny covered her face, "And don't wail now. I don't want you crying too. I am going to sleep."

Penny started to sob in her hands, her shoulders shaking as stifled sobs surrounded the cell. In the beginning, the woman didn't pay attention to the young girl. She had seen many slaves come and go in the long-time she had stayed in the slave establishment. They cried and screamed which had turned her almost deaf. With an unbothered attitude, she laid down on the ground and closed her eyes, believing the girl would stop crying after a while.

Just as the woman started to drift away to fall asleep, she heard,

"Ahhh!!!" and her eyes snapped open. It wasn't that she hadn't heard people in here cry but the cellmates she had had until now were the quiet ones who would silently cry. Also, the scream and cry took place away from the cells which didn't disturb the sleep the way it did now. She cursed the girl under her breath.

"Stop crying! Do you think crying is going to do anything here? Fine, I will help you," the woman rubbed her temples.

Penny sobbed where she had drawn her knees close to her chest to hide her face, "Really?" came the muffled voice.

"Yeah, sure. You have my word," the woman answered half-heartedly. When the young girl raised her head there was not a single drop of tear that had

come out of her eyes and her face looking perfectly normal. The woman narrowed her eyes, "You little actress..."

Penny grinned, pushing her hand on the ground to stand up and say, "Let's go now."

"You tricked me," the woman gritted as they stepped out of the cell.

"I apologize for that. I thought it was fun," Penny hid her smile behind her hand, "I really needed your help because I wouldn't be able to do it without you. I am desperate."

"We all turn desperate. I am impressed. Where did you learn that?"

"I was part of the local theatre. The side actress," the woman nodded her head. Penny came from below the average family with her father who had left them. To make the extra amount of coins for her mother and her, she had taken the job in the theatre but were the little roles which she always landed with as the man who ran the theatre was having an affair with the lead actress, "You know a lot of things about the slave establishment, why didn't you ever try to run away?" whispered Penny as quiet as she could as they walked down the corridor keeping their head down and not looking up. It was one of the rules in the slave establishment where the slave had to keep their head down all the time.

"My luck wasn't as good as yours. Before I knew it I was branded," said Caitlin, suddenly stopping, she pulled Penny to the side where there was a little passage, "Quiet. The warden's here," if the Warden and the guardsmen next to him weren't walking as fast as they were now, she was sure that they would catch them stuck in between the two walls. Once the officials of the establishment had passed, the woman peeked carefully before stepping out with the young girl

"How often does he make rounds?" asked Penny to see the men were nowhere now.

"Two times a day. The warden is a shrewd and a cunning man. Like I said before, stay away from his sights as much as possible. With you already not obeying him, you would be in one of the noted slaves. That man enjoys torturing girls and I don't mean sexual torture. There are other ways to torture the slaves which are far worse than sexual treatment. One which will break you mentally than physically. It breaks your soul in ways you cannot fathom," the woman's voice was low, "Hurry," she said and they walked quickly, switching the corridors to step into the place where the guardsman was guarding the room which Penny had previously stepped into, "If we get caught, we are both dead sheep. I will wade the man away and try to give you the time you need to get in there and put your name."

"What about your name?" Penny didn't understand why the woman hadn't asked for her name to be included. With the way the woman smirked, it made her think that her cellmate didn't plan to leave the slave establishment.

"Your name should be enough for now. I am an old woman here when compared to you. The slave establishment prefers younger slaves to be sold for good value," saying this she pulled the sleeve off her shoulder and Caitlin stepped away from the wall, walking sultrily towards the guardsman who was standing outside the room.

Penny watched her back to see no one there as this was one of the places where the slaves didn't walk around or were rather not allowed to step into. The red-headed woman stared at the man, "Aren't you tired standing?" the young girl could tell that though the woman had call herself to be old, she was rather pretty to look at for her age which the guardsman noted. His eyes every often glancing at her shoulder.

"You shouldn't be walking here. Get back to the slave quarters," the guardsman spoke roughly while holding back the lust he felt.

From where she stood, she could see her cellmate give a sad smile, "Don't be so harsh on me," she said walking around to reach the other side of the wall, letting herself lean on the cold wall, "I was feeling lonely and..." she trailed



giving the man a look as if he could protect her from the harsh world outside. It appeared that she wasn't the only one good at acting, thought Penny.

With the guardsman who had turned his back to her and the door of the room, busying himself with the slave in front of him Penny wondered if it was her cue to go in there. Just as she was readying herself, breathing in deeply, she heard a pair of footsteps from the other corridor which made her bolt forward. Very carefully she entered the room to see stacks of parchments that were placed all over the room.

Her eyes scanned the through as quick as she could, going to the table while placing her feet on the ground quietly. She didn't have the opportunity for education but had picked and learnt the most basic writing like her name, her mother's name and some words which were common.

She tried to read and understand what was written in some of the parchments so she could know where to insert her name in. Identifying some of the words in a particular parchment, she took hold of the quill and added her name at the end of it.

Once she was done, she decided to leave the room like the way she had entered with cautious footsteps. Penny didn't wait for Caitlin and instead walked two corridors away from the room before she halted her footsteps and waited for the woman who had engrossed the guardsman in her talk when she

had left the place. Finally, when the woman caught up, both of them headed straight to their cell room as if they hadn't done anything they were not supposed to do.

When the day finally arrived, as expected, one of the guardsmen came to fetch Penny who kept a sullen face who was anxious. Her cellmate didn't react nor did she speak a word as she left. Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

"Follow me," the man said gruffly, not bothering to hear a yes or no from the young girl.

He lead her down the stairs before binding her hands in rope. Reaching the ground level, he took her to a vehicle that looked larger than the carriage she had seen pass by in the market of her town. It was dark and black in colour. The base made of wood and the top that looked similar to a tent. Inside, she caught sight of other slaves who didn't look happy and were rather quite scared and some also crying. The slaves consisted of mostly young girls, a young boy and a woman whom she guessed to be a person in her prime forties. There was one thing she noticed, up until now during the time she had walked in the establishment, not once had she seen a man over his thirties.

It seemed like the establishment found them to be useless which made her wonder what happened to the people who aged to the point they wouldn't be able to be sold in the market?

Penny was roughly pushed forward, "What are you doing standing here! Get inside with the rest of them!" the guardsman pushed her again until she climbed and sat down with the other slaves.

The carriage though built larger than the average space, it was still cramped with the number of people in here. The journey was long and when said long, it wasn't an hour or two but a journey of four hours. The carriage wasn't stopped anywhere and when it did, it was only when they had reached the part of the town where the black market was situated. The black market was a place where one could find things which were not be sold out in the open.

Penny and the other slaves couldn't see anything as when they had left the slave establishment they were blindfolded. The guardsmen weren't gentle when it came to handling the slaves. Everyone were pulled or dragged before being pushed to stand in one corner.

She heard a girl cry next to her, her sniffs audible to her ears. SMACK! The other slaves who had been crying closed their mouth when the slave next to her was slapped across the face.

"One more sound and I will make every one of you beg for your life," by the voice, Penny could tell that it was the same man who had pushed her into the carriage before, "Frank!"

"Look at these slaves. They look better than the last batch. Especially this one," it was another man who had come. Penny who had only been listening to their conversation, felt someone run their hand over face. The touch felt repulsive which made her skin crawl, "This one looks fresh. Makes me want to keep her," the man murmured, his hand continuing to run over her cheeks, chin and then up to her lips when- "ARGH!"

Penny had bit the man's finger.

Chapter end