

Young master Damien's pet 8 Beginning of the auction

When the man's finger got too close to her mouth, Penny had bitten on his finger hard enough for the man to yelp in pain. She hadn't planned to bite but his touch had been repulsive enough to bring out the reaction from her.

The man glared at the slave and slapped her right across her face. Penny could feel the heat rise on the side of the cheek where she could feel her skin resonate in dull pain. The man whom she bit wanted to slap her again but the guardsman held his hand.

"One more and you'll damage the good," said the guardsman staring down at the girl who had the audacity to bite. It seemed like this one hadn't been disciplined enough but what he didn't know was that it hadn't been more than a week since the girl had been added in the slave establishment. New slaves were usually not sold right away in the market not unless someone specifically came to buy the slave directly from the establishment itself.

"This little bitch-"

"Hold your hands. Go check the stage and announce the arrival of new slaves. Gather enough of a crowd. We need to get the show running," the guardsman ordered the man who went by the name Frank. From where she stood, Penny could feel the sting of pain on her cheek and the corner of her lips. When her tongue touched the side of her lips, she tasted the metallic taste of blood. Just as she was doing, she felt herself being dragged a few steps away from where she had been standing. She flinched when the side of her head was pushed against the wall, "Do you know how important the man is? He's the one to word the news to the elites who come to buy here," the guardsman continued to push her head while she struggled for him to let go, "Don't forget that you are a slave. Let me show you what happens to the slaves who misbehave and don't listen," saying this he let go of her head.

Every slave's blind was pulled. Though it wasn't sunny and the weather of Bonelake was as usual cloudy, the light falling on her eyes after hours which made her squint her eyes like the rest of them. Penny's eyes moved to look where she was brought. Since they had arrived, the smell here wasn't pleasant but rather odd and uncomfortable. She noticed that they were in a tent but this one was less dark compared to the one they were put in the carriage. When the wind blew to move the curtain to let one peek outside, she saw people walking busily without standing in one place.

"Come now. Line up! Let's show what happens when you don't listen," said the guardsman who pulled the girl who was closest to him. Pushing her forward up the platform she could hear the voice of the man who had slapped her after she had bitten him. The slaves could see the stage that was set up for the slaves to be sold while making sure everyone who had money had a good look at who and what they were selling. Curious to what the guardsman meant, she looked at the slave who was made to walk on the stage with her hands bounded at her back.

"Good afternoon my fellow men and women. Today we have brought with us better goods than what we sold last week. Slaves who you will want to have and make use of. I promise you won't be disappointed. This is a glance to what we have today," spoke the man on the stage loud enough for everyone to hear. There was the sound of bustle which she noticed when the man spoke, "This is our first slave. Her name is Hannah. As you can see, she is a young human with black hair and pale skin," the man touched the girl's face but he didn't stop there, "Her skin is luscious and soft like silk. To let you have a look my fellow people..."

Penny heard the sudden tear of the young girl's clothes who started to cry silently. She could hardly believe what she was seeing right now. They were demoralizing a woman, treating her with no respect where the dress she wore was removed to be pushed down leaving her upper

body bare to the onlookers. What just happened was harder than the slap she had received earlier. Her eyes widened and she gulped.

Hoots and whistles were heard on the other side of where she stood now with the scared group of slaves. As brave as Penny had tried to be up to this point since she had been put in the slave establishment. She didn't have the courage to go through what just happened in front of her sight but it didn't stop her thought from wanting to bash the man's head as he continued to speak.

"Isn't she beautiful? Now, let's see how many of you value her worth. The bidding starts from thirty gold coins!" the man shouted.

Thirty gold coins?

Penny wasn't sure if she was baffled with the number of gold coins the man spoke or that he had decided to value the girl's worth to be thirty. A person couldn't be valued in terms of gold coins and thirty was nothing.

At the same time, thirty gold coins wasn't a small number. Her own family could barely collect a good three silver coins which made it difficult to collect a gold coin. It made her wonder if her relatives had really sold her, then what price had they handed her to the slave establishment? Find authorized novels in Webnovel, faster updates, better experience, Please click for visiting.

But what she didn't know was that it was the minimum limit that would come to grow to a big amount.

The girl was on the stage shivered in the cold which she could see quite clearly from behind. She felt sorry for her and wished she could do something but there was nothing she could do right now. It was her

fault that the girl was being shamed publicly. She didn't want to cause trouble to anyone here on her behalf. Not to forget, if the guardsman sensed that she had been admitted to the establishment for only a week, there were chances of her being taken back again which she didn't want. And who knew what punishment waited for her. Being the troublemaker here, she was worried about what the man on the stage would do to her.

"Fifty gold coins!"

"Anyone who is willing to buy her for more?" asked the bidder on the stage to receive a response from the crowd,

"Eighty gold coins!"

"Ninety gold coins!" If Penny wasn't in her current predicament her brows would have reached her forehead but as the amount raised so did her heartbeat. It had come to be evident that the people who were outside were the people who came from the higher society who were willing to throw money to buy themselves a slave or more.

"Anyone interested to buy the girl?" asked the bidder, "Ninety gold coins going once, going twice and THRICE! Sold to the gentleman in the grey suit. Please make sure to collect your slave at the backstage." Frank, bought the girl back inside whose clothes hadn't been fixed. The girl looked traumatized, her expression was vacant as if in shock making her feel guilty. But with the attitude of the crowd and the men here, it felt as if it was a norm to strip a slave in front of the buyers to make sure of what the slave was worth for.

When the buyer came through the other end, she caught sight of an old man who was short in stature with a few amounts of hair on his head. He smoked a pipe, his skin shrivelled but his eyes sharp on the

slave which he had bought. After the transaction was done, the girl was taken away.

Penny had thought of escaping once she would reach the market or after someone would buy her. That didn't mean she was ready to go through the humiliation of what everyone was going through, suddenly she heard a scream from the stage.

The next slave had already been taken without wasting time. Her hair pulled by the bidder so that she would scream more, "Doesn't she have a lovely voice. It is told that she sings like an angel. Age fifteen. Untouched and pure. Wouldn't you want to get your hands on her-"

The man on the stage hadn't even completed his sentence when someone in the crowd yelled, "Hundred and twenty gold coins."

"That's a lovely number to start with," the man rubbed his hands together before wincing due to the finger that had been damaged, "Anyone who wants to raise the pay and take this girl home?"

The bidding went up slowly, the number of golds moving one step after another such that the girl was sold for four hundred gold coins. It made Penny wonder as to how did people earn this amount of money? I would take her ten lives before she would be able to collect that number of gold coins while here the people were giving it away to buy them.

Finally, when it was her turn, Penny was dragged and pushed up to walk to the stage where when she stepped, her heart sunk like someone had tied a rock to her and pushed her to the deep sea. The number of people who crowded around the stage was intimidating. There were greedy, lecherous men who stood waiting for the slave to come out. Some were the local men and women who had only come to

see the show and enjoy it. Some were poised but that didn't hide the look in the eye which one held.

Though it wasn't hot, she could feel the beads of sweat forming on the back of her neck to run down on the back of her skin. It wasn't the time to think but she wondered that if vegetables were alive, this is how they would be feeling with the customers hovering over them ready to pounce.

Young master Damien's pet Chapter 8 Sold– Part 1

The Isle valley was a land where an elite or the high society class of people walked on the streets to buy expensive clothing, shoes or any other object one would fancy and also one where the middle class along with the lower class couldn't afford.

Being part of the land of the East, it was one of the attraction but not for the sole reason that it had a high-end product. A few streets and alley's away, next to the Isle valley was the black market. For namesake, it was the black market where things that were not often sold out in the open was found. From the unholy materials that were sent by the black witches to the blood of babies or children but until now the governing law of the council had done nothing to eradicate it. One of the reasons being the men and women involved here were schemingly smart.

In the past, the council had tried to remove it but the problem was that no matter how many times some of them were sent to catch most of them would flee or trick the other which turned out to be hopeless. Not to forget there were some people who depended on the items from the black market which wasn't found elsewhere. Once they had almost closed down and banned the black market to only be pressurized by the elites on how they wanted it running. After a lot of signs and meetings, the council had come to the conclusion to only keep a close

eye. One could sell all to their heart's content but if they were caught, it would be a direct way to the council prison.

A man walked through the throngs of the crowd that had formed in the centre of the black market. His hair was inky black in colour, his eyes darker than any red which looked almost black where a person could be misled to be a human if it weren't for the light in the atmosphere. He was tall, his shoulders broad, he eyes gazed around the little perimeter looking down upon the men not because they were short but because they were beneath him.

A small stick playing at the edge of his lips which was held in his teeth, he muttered, "Peasants."

"Sir Damien," a leaner man with brown hair and eyes came to stand behind him who had been trying hard to keep up with the man in the coat, "Is this where we'll be buying the tranquilizer? I thought it was the other way."

The man name Damien didn't respond, instead, he let his lazy eyes look at the shop that was set up in the corner, "Our shop is here, Kreme. Go speak to the woman in red," he ordered for the leaner man to widen his eyes.

"She's the one selling?"

Damien who had been watching the crowd and the bidder who selling a young girl while having her scream turned to look at the smaller man, "Why don't you go find out than waste my time here," Kreme nodded his head and hurriedly made his way to the shop. Putting his hands in his trouser pockets, Damien followed the man. Annoying humans didn't know what and when to speak, to increase his work the council had given a human to work with. It was a wonder how he even passed the exam last year to be part of the council.

A woman sat on a platform, her green eyes holding mirth when Kremer tried to speak to her, "Miss, do you by chance sell tranquilizers?" asked the human politely but the woman who sat in front of him didn't answer. Thinking that she might not be familiar with the word he went to explain, "It is a liquid that is blue in colour. Like-

Damien pushed the human to the side, "How many tranquilizer do you have with you?"

"One. You are late in buying them," the woman leaned forward responsively at the sight of the pureblooded vampire. The human blinked at the woman who hadn't responded to him but had readily answered his senior.

"Whom did you sell it to?"

"I don't know," she smiled coyly, "I don't ask for names. I just need the money but I might try to jog my memory for you," Kremer was now sure that the woman was hitting on his senior and was worried where this was going to go. And it wasn't because he was worried about their work being diverted but because-

Damien pulled out the silver pistol from his back, uncorking it and placing it on the woman's head. As the shop was set in between the walls and hidden such that it wouldn't be easily spotted, "You were telling?"

The woman's smile faltered, "You should learn something from the human. Such a handsome face but rude," she commented.

"That's rich seeing you to be the one not to heed to his words but to a rude person," Damien smiled, taking the pistol away from her head like he had been kidding but the woman somewhere knew that it

wasn't an empty threat, "Be a doll now and tell us whom did you sell it too?"

"It was a man with a beard, just a little around his jaw. His eyes were of two different colour. Red and black. Deep voice, hair combed back. Black in colour. That is all I remember," she answered him while Damien tried to relate her description to the man he would know. Strange, he thought. He couldn't remember anyone with two different colour of eyes as they were rare.

"How dark were his eyes?" questioned Damien.

"The red was dark," she answered apprehensively, "Don't you want to buy the tranquilizer?" she asked when the pureblooded vampire turned his back to her. Even Kreme was confused as to why they hadn't bought it, wasn't that why they had come to visit the black market?

But the man was least interested to talk to her and he walked away from there to be followed by the leaner man.

Young master Damien's pet 9 Sold- Part 1

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Young master Damien's pet Chapter 9 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 v.i.r.g.i.n."

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 v.i.r.g.i.n.s 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.

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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."

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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.