

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.

Chapter end